

L. O. Ross.



TRANSPORTATION
LIBRARY
HD
6350
.R34
B87
v. 9
no. 1

JANUARY, 1885.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR.

EUGENE V. DEBS, EDITOR.

WM. F. HYNES, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Published Monthly at Terre Haute, Indiana.



Entered at the Post-office at Terre Haute, and admitted for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES

TRANSPORTATION LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



ILLUMINATED Address Cards

B. of L. F.

New designs in four colors.

Plain edge, name printed in, \$1.25 per 100.

Gilt edge, name printed in, \$1.75 per 100.

Send for samples.

GEORGE K. HAZLITT & CO.,

172 and 174 South Clark street,

CHICAGO, ILLS.



The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication, furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, \$3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Oweats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.



Send for Special Price-List to

G. & A. HAYDEN, Jacksonville, Ill.

Sole Importers for the United States.

—A great reduction in price of Guns.

12 Fine Motto Chromo Cards, name on, for 2c. stamp. 12 Hidden Name, 10c. Agents Wanted. **W. S. RICHARDS,** Folks Station, Ohio.

Gold, Silver and Nickle Plating.

A USEFUL TRADE, EASILY LEARNED.



PRICE \$3.50 In order to meet a long felt want for a convenient and portable **PLATING APPARATUS**, with which any one can do the finest quality of Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating on Watches, Chains, Rings, Knives, Forks and Spoons, I have made the above low-priced set, consisting of Tank lined with Acid-Proof Cement, Three Cells of Battery that will deposit 30 penny-weights of metal a day, Hanging Bars, Wire, Gold Solution, one quart of Silver Solution and half a gallon of Nickel. Also a box of Bright Lustre, that will give the metal the bright and lustrous appearance of finished work. Remember, these solutions are not exhausted, but will **PLATE** any number of articles if the simple Book of Instructions is followed. Any one can do it. A Woman's Work. **FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA** will send Six Chains or Rings that can be Gold Plated and sold for Two Dollars more than the whole outfit cost. Our Book, "**GOLD AND SILVER FOR THE PEOPLE**," which offers unrivalled inducements to all, sent Free. If not successful can be returned and exchanged for **MORE THAN ITS VALUE. REMEMBER**, this is a practical outfit and I will warrant it, or it can be returned at my expense. Will be sent C. O. D. if desired, upon receipt of \$1.50, balance to be collected when delivered. Next size outfit, with Tank 12x10x6, only \$5.00. **TRY IT. Profits, over 300 per cent. BOOK SENT FREE.** Address,

FREDERICK LOWEY,
96 and 98 Fulton Street, New York.



AMERICAN ELECTRIC LIGHT, 60c

A complete model Incandescent Electric Lamp, with Battery, Stand, Globe, Platina Burner, Wire, &c., with Instructions for putting in perfect operation, will be sent, post-paid, for 60 cents.

FREDERICK LOWEY,
96 Fulton Street, New York.

J. S. TOWNSEND, THE RAILROADER'S JEWELER,

1554 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ills:

Do you want a reliable watch, chain or any article in jewelry, write to me for my terms before purchasing elsewhere. Can save you from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. A good, energetic man can make from \$10.00 to \$50.00 a week by selling goods from my catalogue. Write for agents' terms. They are liberal; it will pay you. I make a specialty of fine watch repairing and manufacturing, at very moderate terms. Designs furnished free of charge. Reference: First National Bank, Chicago.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S LAST STORY.

Youth's Companion.

"Well, you're a-goin' away soon, and then you won't ask me for any more stories," said Obed Tinker, turning his open, blue-gray eyes towards me with an air of grim graciousness.

"I'm glad on't!" he added, "for I'm about dreened dry of stories. You're the biggest hand for 'em I ever see. I should think 't you'd rather read 'em printed in papers an' books an' sech, same as the other folks do."

"Oh, I can read them at home if I want to," I answered. I did not quite like to tell the old man that his stories were to be sown all over the world by the Companion. I thought he might not like to know that

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
 An' faith, he'll prent 'em."

So I expressed, as concisely as I could, my pleasure in hearing his quaint stories, and a shy sort of smile lighted up his rugged and wrinkled countenance, for, like all the rest of us, he liked a word of commendation, if it was sincere.

I had enjoyed his stories very much, and also enjoyed preserving them for the amusement of others. I was genuinely sorry to part with the grand mountain scenery, the pure, keen air and my old host; but it was late in November, and I must be home on Thanksgiving Day and take my part in the social amusements of the old home festival. After hearing the old man's last story, I concluded that in its spirit, at least, it would harmonize with that

of the day, and so I have written it out for the Thanksgiving number of the Companion.

"Well," continued the old man, in his Yankee dialect, "there was some old folks lived over to Red Hill when I was a boy, Josiah and Hanner Buck by name. He was one of the shif'less, drinkin' sort; got his livin' by sellin' odds and ends, and raisin' just enough potatoes and corn to keep the breath in his old body, though in winter-time and come summer he'd ketch trout and sell 'em to the big taverns, or snare pa'tridges and quails, or trap rabbits in the fall.

"She would pick berries, and get scarce flowers for the summer boarders, that set by sech things. She had a kind of a rocky spot up onto the mountain-side where she fetched sech things off'n her tramps, and sot 'em out till sech time as she could sell 'em.

She'd go up Lafayette, I've heerd say, an' be all day a-travellin' there an' back an' up Tuckerman's Holler, and lug a basket full of the queerest stuff! Suthin' she called Rose of Dendrum, I b'lieve, and cowberry 'n' bearberry, I dono why folks wanted 'em, but some did; and anyway it kep' her from starvin', for she made the folks pay the money into the store down here to her 'count, leest old Buck should get hold on't.

"But for all her trouble,—I forgot to tell ye she'd buried six childern over amongst the mulleins in th' old yard to Red Hill,—she was the forever-lastin'est pleasant-spoken cree-tur under the canopy! Jest as cherk as a cricket, and always tellin' about

her marcies, though 'twould take two pair of spees for anybody else to see 'em.

"Folks round here used to call her 'Thankful Hanner' for a kind of nick name, for she kep' Thank-givin' Day the hull year round.

"Josiah'd get drunk and nigh about break all the little crock'ry she'd got, and smash th' old cheers to shivers; and Aunt Hanner'd come up to the house a-smilin' real hard, and tell how pleased she was to think he'd forgot the old clock behind the door!

"It beat all! By-'n'-by, the city folks to the taverns round here kinder found her out, and how clever she was to everybody and what times she hed with her husband, and she got consider'ble help amongst 'em. One would give her a dress she'd tore a-wanderin' round the mountings, and Hanner'd sort of restorate it, as you may say, till it made her a decent gownd; and one old lady give her a soft, warm shawl, and another sent her a winter bunnet, somethin' hood-fashion, with fur onto 't, and if she didn't come to meetin' regular after that!

"Well, one winter was real drifty, the wust snows ever I see in these parts, and old Josiah he went down with his rum-jug to the store one real shiny day, and after gettin' consider'ble of a drink, besides what was in the jug, he sot out to go hum. But it had clouded over by that time an' begun to snow; and what with the thickness and the sudden drift,—for it snowed right down, I tell ye!—he lost his way, and strayed off the path up to th' edge of a piece of piney woods along there, and sot down with his back against a big tree and fell asleep.

"Somebody'd give him an old umberrell when he started, and he'd had just sense enough left to put it up before he went off, a-holdin' to the jug with one hand and to the umberrell with t'other.

Hanner meanwhiles hed mis-
he'd meet with some mis-

hap, knowin' his ways; and she knowed every foot of the mounting as well as the way up to the chamber in her own house. Soshe started out about four in the afternoon to meet him. 'Twas cold as death by that time, but she'd seen weather before, so she fit her way down tow'rdst the Centre, and hadn't got but half-way when she see the top of that umberell just peekin' out of the swale its ribs made in the drift. She knowed at onct 'twas somebody there.

"She'd fetched a big new shingle along, and she digged the old feller out with that, shouldered him, an' lugged him hum. You'd hardly believe it, but he lived through it. The worthless ones does mostly; but he friz his feet real bad—the toes came off'n the right one.

"Some folks started out a-lumberin' as soon as the snow got packed, about two days after, and stopped to Hanner's house to light their pipes, and found Josiah in this sort of condition. I tell you they felt sorry for her.

"'Why,' says she, 'I'm so thankful it wa'n't no worse! If 't hadn't been for that umbrell' I shouldn't ha' found him.'

"'But he'll mabbe lose his feet,' said John Barron, who was always a-croakin'.

"'Well, John, if he doos, he can't get no more likker,' says Hanner, a-smilin'.

"'I'll be benjehedondered,' says Dutch John, 'ef you ain't a good feller!'

"Then they all laughed, but somehow or 'nother they all looked queer, and one says, 'I'll chop for ye a spell, if the rest'll wait.'

"So they all fell to, and fixed up her wood-pile, and dug a way to the old barn, for the potatoes was under the floor on't, in a pit. And they giv' her a piece of pork and two quarts of beans and a peck of meal; not knowin' nuther if they wouldn't be short themselves before a team

come up the mounting with their supplies.

"Hanner was dreadful thankful. 'The Lord bless ye!' says she, kind of chokin' up. 'The Lord return it to ye also, for you lent it to Him when you gin it to me.'

"And Si Williams always said he b'lieved they did, for three days after a big fat deer came along, and Dutch John shot it, close to their camp. There hadn't ben a deer seen in them parts for full ten year before.

"Josiah wasn't awful spry when he did get well, but he made shift to hobble round with a stick. And what do you think? as soon as the snow went, if he didn't hunt up that jug of rum that Hanner hadn't never thought on, when she dug him out, and it give him a tearin' drunk, I tell ye!

"But the best on't was that he couldn't go astep when he *was* drunk, for he had to balance himself real careful anyway to walk, so Hanner's cups and saucers and cheers was safe. He couldn't do nothin' but lie and waller on the ground and swear.

"'Well,' ses Hanner to him, as soon as he got so 's to sense what she said, 'I never thought to be thankful to hev your toes froze off, Josiar, but I see there's good in't now. Ye can't do no great harm when you can't walk round none.'

"That was Thankful Hanner, ye see!

"July came, and she had got word to go up to the Glen House with some of her posies an' things, and 'twould take her the hull day to do 't; so she put Josiah's dinner in a pail, and helped him down to a sap-shanty jest b'low, where the' was a cool spring, so's he wouldn't want for drink. Then she fetched a comfortable along in case he wanted to sleep, for he was real rheumaticky.

"Feelin' quite safe about him, she come down onto the travelled road so's to get to the Glen.

"I'd giv' over my stage to Lemwell Camp that day, for I was goin' up to drive a load of folks from the

Glen House up Washin'ton, and as I was spinning along, I see her come out of the path, and I took her up jest for company.

"You'd have thought I'd give her a new dollarshe was so pleased. You see, she was consid'ble over sixty years of age, and walkin' wasn't all fun after the first four mile.

"She was real good to talk to, so she needn't ha' been so everlastin' thankful for the ride. She told me how she'd got their cabin fixed up; a stuffed rocker somebody'd giv' her, and Josiah 'd tinkered up a bench-like to set on, by the fire; and some little gals whose folks come to Jackson every year hed made her the beautifullest quilt that ever was and had jest fetched it to her; and their ma had giv' her a nice old carpet for her settin'-room—'twas kitchen and all, I knowed well, but she kind of prided on callin of it a settin'-room, and I wouldn't have hindered her, not for a good deal, I can tell ye.

"You'd ha' thought her house was a city-brick to hear her tell. But I'd seen it, and queer enough 'twas,—built right agin the edge of a big rock that made a back to the lower part on't, while the top run out atop of the rock, so's that up-charmber was quite a piece bigger 'n below, and made a sizable room and a place for the ladder to come up by.

"Well, I sot her down at the Glen, and got my load together and driv up Washin'ton; but the clouds come up whilst we was there, and it begun to thunder an' lighten pretty sharp down below, though we was above it all.

"But the women folks was frightened, and wouldn't go down till the storm passed clear off to th' east'ard, so when I got down to the Glen, Hanner 'd been gone full two hours.

"She told me afterwards that she didn't wait, because she expected the storm would keep me, mabbe till night time. So she walked along pretty smart as soon as the height of the rain seemed to be over. She went up the path without stopin'.

to go out of her way to the sapshanty, thinkin' to make Josiah some tea, and set out a good supper for him, for they'd give her a basket of cold vittles up to the Glen, then she thought she'd go and fetch him up to eat.

"But Land of Goshen! when she got around the bushes, and was a-steppin' forrard for to open the door, there wasn't no door! Nor no house! Nothin' but a heap of smokin' cinders an' ashes!

"Oh, dear!" says she. An' then she said it come acrost her,—aint I thankful Josiah's safe into the sap-house!

"Jest then John Barron come along. He'd seen the bolt strike, he was on t'other mounting a raspberry, and he see the smoke too, an' mistrusted suthin' was to pay, so he run over.

"The' aint nothin' to be done!" ses he.

"No," says Hanner, betwixt smilin' an' sobbin', but I'm so glad Josiah's in the sap-house."

"But he aint," says John; "for I come a-past there this minnit, and the door was wide open. There was an old comfort'ble lyin' there, so I stepped in, and there wan't nothin' else—not a grasshopper."

"Jest then he see somethin', and he says, 'You set down on that there stone, Hanner, a minnit.'

"He took down a staddle out of the bushes, and poked about in the ashes and fetched out Josiah's old brogan 'bout half burnt.

"Hanner!" ses he, real solemn, 'Josiah's got hum someway, and he's burnt too.'

"Hanner giv' a groan. She hid her face in her hands a minnit, and then she says, kinder feeble-like,—

"The Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"John Barron was beat! But I expect she did live to be thankful that Josiah was took, for we heered that a feller a-campin' out had seen him that day, and I went after the feller to find out. He said he come

down by the sap-house, and seein' the old man in there, thought to stop with him for a spell.

"Well, this city feller had a flask a-hangin' to his waist, 'long with his knife, and Josiah he see it, and the old ragin' for drink come on him. Well, he begged so hard for a swaller, that the city feller give him the flask, and if he didn't drink the hull on't! fust-class brandy, stronger 'n Samson.

"So the man thought he'd go, reck'nin' the old cretur'd be pretty drunk before long. I s'pose Josiah, gettin' the craze into him, sot out for hum, and some way hobbled up there, and the storm come on an' the lightnin' struck the cabin, and set it afire whilst he lay drunk.

"But our folks took Hanner right in. She was real helpful, and they giv' her a good home till she died, for she was took suddin before she was too fur gone to work. And when the doctor told her she was dangerous, and fact was she'd got to go, "I'm so thankful!" says she, "t Josiah went fust. He'd ha' ben dreadful lonesome without me," and then she passed to the place where there's nothin' to mar the thankfulness of the grateful heart.

"Well, that's what the last o' th' ailments done for Hanner Buck.

"Perhaps 'taint expected that folks generally'd be as thankful as she—but I calkilate the world 'd be a site better than 'tis, if like her 'twas made Thanksgivin' day all the year round."

WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD.

Cornhill Magazine.

When a man grows old most pleasures, indeed, properly so-called, are dead to him; and if, in spite of nature's warning, he will still pursue them, his experience is the reverse of that of Don Juan, who, instead of a spirit, found "her frolic grace Fitz Fulke;" he finds them the mere ghosts of his dead follies. There is nothing, for example, more pitiable than any pretensions to gallantry in

an old man. Let him adopt the role of "heavy father," "benevolent uncle," or whatever best suits his character, but at all events discard that of "lover" once for all. The only possible ground for his retaining it would be that his doing so affords amusement to his fellow-creatures, at the expense, however, of all who wear gray hair. There is another pleasure just as inappropriate, but to which old age is much more inclined—that of money getting. It has been said of it, as of whist, that it is the only pleasure that lasts. It may be so—for unfortunately I have never been in a position to test it—but certainly, to the looker-on, nothing can be more contemptible than this piling up heaps of money upon the verge of the grave. If, as the wit suggested, one could "begin the next world with it," then, indeed, such solicitude would be explicable enough. How little would people then leave behind them! How small would be the probable duties! How rare the bequests to missionary enterprise! But since it must all be left, and that so soon, how amazing is the satisfaction derived from its increase! There is an idea among the baser sort of wealthy persons that the more money they can hoard the more "respected" they are; but as a matter of fact they are the more detested for it. "How much have we lived worth?" not "How much shall we die worth?" is the question.

HOLDING UP A RAILWAY TRAIN.

The Tale of a Telegrapher on the Border.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe Road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

"I was in the office in the even-

ing," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and seizing the key, I broke in with, 'Everybody—Don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signaled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10:30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was a'

with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know it."

LEGEND OF THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

A Tale of the Wonderful Timepiece and Its Origin.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The famous Strasburg clock furnishes one of the most interesting of Rhineland tales, and it is little known in connection with the wonderful clock. A celebrated mechanic once lived in Strasburg, whose only thought was a care for his motherless daughter and to produce some lasting work of art. He brooded so much over his mechanical plans that he neglected the commonest civilities, and became known as a crank. This made his pretty daughter very unhappy, but she said nothing, in the hope that his mysterious plans would soon reach success.

A rich magistrate and a young mechanic were suitors for her hand, but she refused the dignity and power offered by the one for the humble station of the other, though her decision was kept from her father until he should complete his work. Meantime she induced him to accept her lover for a partner, and the young man soon began to manage the elder's affairs.

One day Guta, for that was her name, heard her father shouting joyously. She flew toward the mysterious chamber, followed by her

lover. The great work was done! They were admitted to look at the ingenious clockwork, now moving lightly and easily on its springs. The aged man, his white locks in disorder, his face proud and full of dignity, held the weeping girl in his arms as he gazed with a joyous awe at his wonderful work.

The inventor's name was soon on every tongue, and his fame brought members of the guild from Basel, whose citizens offered to buy the clock. Strasburg then agreed to purchase it, and selected a side chapel in the Cathedral for its reception. Basel's citizens, however, unwilling to be disappointed, urged that another such clock be made, and offered the inventor a considerable sum. Then there was excitement in Strasburg, as its glory would surely depart, were other towns, argued the citizens, to boast of an equal work of art. The master must never be permitted to construct a second clock, was the unanimous opinion.

The offended magistrate, whose pride still suffered because of Guta's rejection to his hand, now saw the opportunity he had been waiting for. He caused the inventor to be brought before a tribunal to promise never to build a second clock. He proudly and firmly declined, saying: 'God has given me talents. I have now done enough for my town and its glory. I see no harm in benefitting others by my art.' The counselors cast down their eyes before his noble look, but they nevertheless decided to blind him, as that was the only way to prevent him from constructing a second clock. The accused heard the sentence with a contemptuous look, but he finally asked that he might undergo the punishment before his work, as he wished to give it some final improvements. The request was granted.

Long and tenderly the inventor gazed at his clock, when the revengeful magistrate urged that the

execution of the sentence be hurried. At this, nerved by the taunt, the old man quietly removed the principal springs that caused the motion of the clock, and surrendered himself for torture. The clock suddenly began to whirl. The weights fell rattling to the ground. The bell struck inharmoniously thirteen times and breathed out its final sound like a wail of despair. The inventor, now blind, stood erect like a demon of revenge and cried: "Rejoice, proud citizens, in my work; the clock is destroyed and my revenge is complete!"

During the moment of consternation and horror that followed, the young artisan led the old man into the arms of his unhappy daughter. The magistrate who had incited the dreadful crime became an object of contempt, and died cursed by the people. Guta and her lover confessed their attachment, and were united, with the unfortunate inventor's blessing. The clock was finally restored in 1842, and the glory of the restorer quite equals that of the constructor.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DREAM.

Nashville Liberal.

It is not generally known that President Lincoln once dreamed that he would be assassinated. While he was neither a professor of religion, nor even fixed in his belief in one particular creed, still he was fond of reading and discussing the bible. On Sunday evenings he invariably read a chapter or two from the scriptures, and then gave his explanation of it. One evening at the White House he read several passages both from the Old and New Testaments relating to dreams, to which Mrs. Lincoln and the children gave great attention. He began to chat with them on the subject of dreams, and said he had been haunted for some days by a dream he had had. Of course they all wanted him to tell it, though Mrs. Lincoln said she didn't

believe in dreams in the least, and was astonished at him. So he proceeded to tell it. "About ten days ago I retired one night quite late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front, and could not have been long in bed when I fell into slumber, for I was very weary. During my slumber I began to dream. I thought there was a stillness about me, and I heard weeping. I thought that I got up and wandered down stairs. The same stillness was there. As I went from room to room I heard moaning and weeping. At length I came to the end room, which I entered, and there before me was a magnificent dais on which was a corpse. Here there were sentries and a crowd of people. I said to one of the soldiers: 'Who is dead at the White House?' He answered: 'The President.' 'How did he die?' I asked. 'By the hand of an assassin,' was the reply. Then I heard a great wailing all over the house, and it was so loud it seemed to awaken me. I awoke much depressed and slept no more that night. Such was my dream." From that time until his sad death Mr. Lincoln was haunted by the fear of assassination, and Mrs. Lincoln's first words after Wilkes Booth had shot him on April 14 were: "His dream was prophetic." The remark was not understood then, but when the story of his dream was subsequently told it was explained.

A NEW GATLING GUN.

Chicago Herald.

Among the most recent inventions in gunnery is a Gatling gun which can throw a battery of 104 cartridges with effect either upward or downward at any angle. Not only can a fort or intrenchment within 3,500 yards be thus rendered untenable, but scaling parties, should they ever be introduced into warfare again, would have a new terror. The new gun is a base-loading machine, worked by a spiral, and is now in the Colts armory, Hartford.

GREAT GENERALS.

The three greatest generals the world has ever produced—Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon—were all men of letters. Alexander was the friend of Aristotle, and an annotator of Homer. Cæsar's Commentaries are still classic books. Napoleon would have been a man eminent in science, had he not been an emperor. "Do you think," he said, "that if I had not been general in chief and the instrument of fate to a mighty nation, that I would have accepted place and dependence? No! I would have thrown myself into the study of the exact sciences; my path would have been that of Galileo and Newton; and since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also in my scientific labors. I should have left the memory of beautiful discoveries."

Great generals have usually been men of great strength and endurance, even when of small stature. The Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, was often eighteen hours together on horseback, and frequently rode fifty miles between breakfast and dinner. Napoleon was often as long in the saddle, and he galloped from Bayonne to Vittoria in two days. He had the remarkable faculty of sleeping quickly at will, and so recruiting his strength.

Some great generals have, however, not been noted for physical power. Agesilaus was lame and little of stature. Hannibal was an invalid, and had but one eye when he commanded at Thrasimene and Cannæ. William the Third was a man of weakly frame, and the great Frederick of Prussia was not strong. Whether strong or weak in bodily frame, no general can be great if deficient in mental vigor. Strength of mind and body go together, but the former is alone essential to a great general.

The importance of thorough military education was esteemed by no one more than by Napoleon, who

seemed to owe all to personal genius. It was he who organized all the military schools of France, remembering all his own early training at Brienne. After the peace of Tilsit he showed his friendship to the Czar Alexander most of all by sending ten of his professors to establish a military school like the polytechnic, in Russia. Mere fighting generals are always to be found; they grow plentiful at Sandhurst, or in the cricket-ground at Eton; but generals who gain victories and make conquests with the loss of few men are only to be obtained by the careful training of minds naturally strong and thoughtful.

TWAIN'S SUCCESS.

How the Humorist has Managed to Pocket the Profits.

New York Letter.

Mark Twain's use of his pen is professional, of course, but his making of books is quite mercantile. He is one of the very few authors who do not divide with publishers the profits derivable from their brains. Circumstances have favored his independence of ordinary methods of publication; and yet all that he has done other successful writers might do. Being the first of his peculiar kind of fun-makers, and possessed of a naturally droll delivery he made a small fortune early in his career, as a lecturer; and then he married a larger one. Having thus become considerable of a capitalist, he was saved from the necessity of turning his manuscript into daily bread. He could afford to devote three years to the traveling and writing for "Innocents Abroad," and when the manuscript was ready he was not hurried by any stress of finances to turn it over to a publisher of the ordinary monopolistic sort.

Mark Twain abounds in self-conceit quite as characteristically as he does in humor, and he never doubts the merit or reception of his matter. With unshakable faith in the success of that first book, he saw no

reason for desiring the name of a well-known publishing firm on the title page. And above all, he had no intention of accepting the usual conditions, which are that the author shall assume all the risk of loss, and take only about 10 per cent. of the receipts. His book was therefore printed in Hartford, under his own supervision, and sold through peddlers. The plan worked admirably, and he has followed it in nearly all his subsequent ventures. The consequence is that, instead of getting 10 cents out of every dollar which people pay for his volumes, he receives nearly 50 cents. He looks after the details of manufacture and sale; he fights his own battles of copyright; he has a profitable side business in a scrap book of his own invention; he is an example for all authors who discontentedly see publishers grow rich while to themselves come only fair livings at best.

Above all, he has hit upon a way to protect his works in England. It is perfectly feasible and simple. Our laws do not permit other than citizens to copyright their books here; but England, more just in that respect, extends copyright to foreigners, with the sole proviso that the work shall be first published in her country. Mark Twain, therefore, first publishes his books in London, a day before they are issued at home and so protects himself in both markets. Canada bothered him at first but he straightened out the red tape up there, and is now the only author who controls his writings throughout the English speaking world. The same device, substantially, is used by Dion Boucicault to protect his plays. He has them acted somewhere in England, usually by amateurs before a handful of audience, prior to their production in America. Of course, you can write a book that will sell to the extent of 100,000 or so; and now that I have told you how to save all of the profits to yourself, you may as well set about it.

THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.

Chicago Times.

The original seal of the Confederate states, which is of massive silver, is still in the hands of an ex-Confederate soldier, who treasures it carefully. It consists of a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capitol square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, corn, wheat), and having around it the words, "The Confederate States of America, Twenty-second February, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two," with the following motto: "Deo Vindice." The Confederate monument at Magnolia cemetery to the memory of the dead who fell in defense of Charleston, bears on one of its faces an enlarged representation of the great seal of the Confederate states.

A PREACHER'S TROUBLES.

Boston Globe.

A man bearing a heavy bunch of suspenders, the loose ends of which dangled about as he walked along, was going up Washington, in the neighborhood of School street. On the same thoroughfare, coming the other way, was a gentleman who was recognized to be one of our noted divines, a man who not only fills his pulpit ably on Sunday, but is well known for his good deeds and uprightness. As he meandered about among the passers, he talked earnestly to himself, and emphasized his sentiments by an occasional gesture with his right hand. Whether he was in the midst of the sixthly of his next Sunday's sermon or was only laying down the law to the wicked politicians is not known; but it is known that when he got opposite the man with the suspenders, in the course of an elaborate gesture he thrust one of his fingers through a buckle of one of the dangling suspenders, and nearly succeeded.

getting away with the article. The suspender, however, chanced to be fastened to a ring in the man's hand, and the result was that both he and the clergyman came to a sudden standstill the same moment.

"Oh, no you don't—not this time," said the man with the suspenders.

"I beg your pardon," cried the clergyman, coming in. "It was an accident."

"Oh, of course, of course," said the man with the suspenders. "Everything is always an accident when you get caught. You're a nice looking man to be going around lifting suspenders, aint you? It's jest such well-dressed old reprobates as you that do all the mischief, but you can't soft soap me with your 'beg pardons,' now, I can tell you; for I've seen you before."

"Seen me before!" gasped the minister, looking around upon the gaping crowd with apprehensive annoyance.

"Yes, sir; I've seen you before, and I know you of old; and if your face ain't stuck up in every rogue's gallery, I ain't a talking. But you struck a snag when you struck me, now, by thunder!"

"But, my dear sir——"

"Oh, go 'long," said the man with the suspenders, sternly. "You ain't going to give me any of your taffy, now, don't you forget it. You jest go right along and keep your mouth shut—and you fellers keep your eyes on your pocket books while he's around. If I weren't in such a cussed hurry I'd run him in, dashed if I wouldn't!" And the man with the suspenders, giving the minister a last withering look, passed on, swelling with the triumph of a righteous victory over wickedness.

"Is your chum a close student?" wrote a father to his son at college. "You bet he is, father," was the reply. "You couldn't borrow a V of him if you were in the last stages of starvation."

EGOTISM IN THE SHOP

Industrial World.

The opinionated man is likely to be a disturbing force wherever he may be placed, but nowhere is he more objectionable than in the factory or shop. There he is a bar to progress, a foe to improvement, unless, perchance the improvement lies in the direction of his own inclination or belief. Every man is entitled to a wholesome respect for his own opinions, but it is stating a self-evident fact to say that no man should consider that he is master of all information on any one given subject. A machinist may be a most excellent workman, and yet there are those who can tell him many things about his work that he never thought of before. An inventor may be very ingenious and have a quite fertile brain, but it is not unlikely that he could find men "within a stone's throw" who could offer him suggestions that would materially aid in perfecting his invention.

It is wonderful how little success will satisfy a man. As soon as certain mechanics are enabled to accomplish a portion of their work with reasonable skill, they at once conceive the erroneous idea that they have nothing more to learn and assume by this very attitude that they are masters of their art. Upon observing such workmen we are forcibly impressed with the belief that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

But if egotism is deleterious in the workman, how much more is it so in the manager of an establishment! If the workman is old foggyish he need not necessarily impart his antiquated notions to his co-laborers, but if the head of the establishment is such, the whole institution will be more or less influenced by his peculiarities.

The machine shop is a bad place for a man possessing an inordinate bump of self-esteem. He, like the bull in the china shop, is likely to do a great deal of harm. A machin-

ist, above all others, should be a man of enterprise and of broad comprehension. He should be a many-sided man, with a keen observation, and a power to grasp new ideas and make them valuable to himself. But when the machinist is a man of one idea, he is likely to stand in his own light and to bar the progress of others who depend upon his judgment. An inventor once went to a machinist for assistance in perfecting a new mechanical device. As is generally the case in such an undertaking, grave difficulties were encountered. The inventor, at the time when they were attempting to overcome an important obstacle suggested a somewhat novel way out of their trouble. The machinist opposed this course strenuously, because it was one he had been taught was erroneous. He would not listen to reason, and by his persistence caused the inventor to follow his plans, to the former's loss. After experimenting for a long while, the machinist was at last forced by sheer necessity to adopt the inventor's suggestions. Had he been willing to give the hints named a fair investigation, he would have saved the inventor anxiety, labor and money.

The president of a large manufacturing establishment was showing the same to some visitors, one of whom suggested to him, in a spirit of kindness that the design of a part of the plant which was then in process of erection might be improved in a material particular. This suggestion was haughtily rejected with the curt saying that he thought the men in charge knew what they were about. This might be so, but as the suggestion was an important, if not vital, one, the part of prudence would have been to have looked into the matter to see whether a mistake was not actually being made, the party making the criticism being an expert in the business. The manufacturer, it is claimed, by his stubbornness failed to avail himself of a suggestion that would save his com-

pany many thousands annually. His self-reliance in that instance cost some one dearly.

One should be willing to receive instructions from any reliable source. The adage, "We are never too old to learn," is a good one. In this era of progress, when old theories are daily being shattered, and new ideas are enthroned in their place, the man is indeed blind who says there is none capable of teaching him. Such are not the real master spirits of the age. They are the fossils, who only seemingly live. Really progressive minds are as different from them as day from night.

A LONG, LONG JOURNEY.

Detroit Free Press.

When the doctor came down stairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer the questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good night. This privilege had been denied them lately and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation.

Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives!

She was very pale but smiling, and her first words were:

"I am going on a journey!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the south," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely south," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice. "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say: "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

WHY is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? Because it's more in sorrow than in anger.

PROVED IT ON HIM.

Boston Courier.

This story, or something like it, was told by Gen. Shields when he last visited Boston. While in Kentucky he was approached by a portly, substantial-looking man, who said: "I wish to give you a piece of advice. Never deny anything. Some time ago I ran for office in this section of the country, and resolved to keep quiet whatever was said about me before the election, which was to take place in about a month. The first week they accused me of being a horse thief, but I paid no attention to it. The second week they asserted that I had been treasurer of a trust company and ran away with the funds, and that I had induced my right-hand neighbor to make over his property to me temporarily, and then refused to give it up, and still I made no defense. The fourth week they came forward with a statement that I had stolen the chickens of my left-hand neighbor, a worthy old lady, and sent her to an insane asylum. This made me indignant, and I denied it in public, and I'll be durned if they didn't go to work and prove it on me." There is a moral contained in this story which some of our political candidates might lay to heart.

PICTURES.

Who has not honored them in the ages past, and who will not honor them in the years to come? From the days of Rembrandt to those of Millais, of Titian to Bonheur, these poems on canvas have helped to constitute the substance and the soul of culture.

Who has not, even in our crowded art galleries, paused spell-bound, world-forgetful before a picture into which was worked an artist's soul? He who stands before that glimpse of peaceful woodland vista, reddening in the blood of the autumn sun, has, for a few brief moments, trod the old forest path that wound along

the meadows behind his homestead.

And that grave, quiet fellow, whose eyes lit up so suddenly before the fancy sketch of some saucy little witch, sees in one bright instant, his boyhood's idol hold languidly over the garden wall her sun hat full of golden fruit. It is curious to watch how faces change as they read these painted stories. They awaken in some only artistic admiration, but to most of us they bring memories sad or sweet, or prophecies of the future.

It is to the glory of the artist that his power is to "make a work most like the dread Creator's." So it is that the privilege of hanging good pictures on our walls is one worth working for, and when obtained it should be appreciated.

THE WORLD'S TELEGRAPHS.

Scientific American.

The telegraph appears to have made more progress in the United States than in any other country. The number of American telegraph offices in 1882 was 12,917, and the number of telegrams forwarded during the year was 40,581,177. The number of telegraph offices in Great Britain and Ireland in 1882 was 5,747, the number of telegrams forwarded being 32,965,029. Germany had 10,803 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 20,260,124. France had 6,319 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 26,260,124. Russia had 2,819 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 9,800,201. Belgium had 835 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 4,066,843. Spain had 647 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,830,186. British India had 1,025 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,032,603. Switzerland had 1,160 offices, Italy 2,590 and Austria 2,696. The number of telegrams forwarded in these three last mentioned countries was 3,046,182, 7,026,287, and 6,626,203 respectively.

AERIAL DISTURBANCE OF DYNAMITE.

Boston Gazette.

While the explosive power of dynamite is intensely local, its aerial disturbance, compared with that of gunpowder, is very small. Mr. McRoberts tells us he has often exploded a pound of dynamite hung at the end of six feet of string from a fishing-rod, held in the hand, without the smallest danger or inconvenience, and on one occasion witnessed the explosion of over a ton of nitro-glycerine from a distance of only sixty yards. It was buried about ten feet below the surface of the ground, which was of sand, and covered with water, yet, beyond the breaking of windows and the bursting of a few doors in the surrounding buildings, there was no damage done. In military service dynamite has never yet been used. As a projectile agent it has no value whatever, for so instantaneous is its action, that in a gun it would burst the breech before starting the ball, and at present no receptacle has been discovered strong enough to resist its action when confined.

SAYINGS OF LONGFELLOW.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few beams that are bright all the time.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Men of genius are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

How small a portion of our lives is it that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come. In old age we look backward to things that are past.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil, that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

The same object seen from three different points of view, the past, the present, and the future, often ex-

hibits three different faces to us, like those signboards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of the forest trees, whose seeds are sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

THE HORSE WILKES BOOTH RODE.

"She is the best saddler seen in Washington since Wilkes Booth rode out of it." The speaker was Wash Naller, and the mare alluded to was a blooded Kentucky bay, very fine and rangy, seeming almost to tremble like a modest girl at the admiration of the crowd, says the *Washington Gazette*.

"What did Booth ride?"

"Old sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course, he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do."

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him."

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single foot him down from Capitol Hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand, and not spill a drop, and at better than a four minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night,

full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

HOW TO MAKE A WIFE HAPPY.

Old Arm Chair.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband, not useful only, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that she has the sincere respect and love of her husband, and that her love and care for him are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought and her judgment respected in all matters in which she is interested and familiar with; in short, let her be loved, honored and cherished in the true spirit of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, children and society a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, toil and anxiety uncomplainingly, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress, shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. The loved and honored wife has a spring of beauty about her, a joyfulness and brightness to which the unloved wife is a stranger.

NO MONKEYING WITH THE RETURNS.

Chicago Tribune.

"You can come in now," said the family physician to the head of a house on the north side. "What are the returns?" "Three—two girls and one boy." "I want an official count, doctor. I don't want any '76 business in this." "Don't be foolish, man." "I tell you I shall suspect fraud until there is an official canvass." Then he apologized to the doctor, saying that he had been so engrossed in politics that he had forgotten where he was.

ILLITERACY.

If any one doubts the necessity or need of more funds to educate the people, we invite their attention to the official statement of the number of voters who cannot even write their own names, in thirteen States, as follows:

There are in Alabama 24,450 white and 96,408 colored.

In Arkansas 21,394 white, 34,300 colored.

In Delaware, 2,955 white, 3,787 colored.

In Florida, 4,706 white, 19,110 colored.

In Georgia, 38,571 white, 116,516 colored.

In Kentucky, 54,956 white, 43,177 colored.

In Mississippi, 12,473 white, 99,028 colored.

In Missouri, 40,655 white, 19,043 colored.

In North Carolina, 132,924 white, 93,610 colored.

In Tennessee, 46,949 white, 58,601 colored.

In Texas, 33,085 white, 29,669 colored.

"WHO'S DAT KNOCKIN'?"

Washington Republican.

"The game was in a little log cabin and there were three niggers playing poker. One of 'em was an old nigger preacher and the other two was a-kukluxin' him and winning all his money as fast as they could. I watched the game awhile, and was standing where I could see the old nigger preacher's hand. After four or five deals the old preacher got four aces dealt him before the draw."

"He turned his head clear around, and says he: 'What's dat knockin' on dat do'?"

"There wasn't anybody knocking at the door, but you see the old preacher wanted to give the other two a chance to fix up a hand. They wasn't playin' straight flushes, so he turns clear around with his back to the table, and says he: 'Who's dat knockin' at dat do'? Is dat you,

Mariah? All right. I'se comin' in a minit'!"

"One of the other fellers had two kings, and they gunned through the pack and got out the other two kings before the old preacher had time to look around the table. One of 'em bet a dollar. Then the old preacher went down in his pocket an' got all the money he had, \$47, an' put it up. 'You fellers,' says he, 'has been winnin' my money, and youse kin just as well have it all. I'se a raisin' ye forty-six dollahs.'"

"The feller that had the four kings borrowed all the money his partner had and called the preacher's raise. The old preacher raked in the pot and got up, and, says he: 'I knowed dat was you knockin' at dat do', Mariah; I'se a comin'.' Then he went out."

"CASH!"

Ethics of the Embryo Dry Goods Clerks—Three Classes of Boys.

Philadelphia Times.

One of the large dry goods stores had a new cash-boy on duty Saturday. A reporter found a group of boys standing around the newcomer, trying to explain to him his new duties.

"Say, what's your number?"

"Forty-nine."

"Oh! all right. Now, look here, Forty-nine. When you hear any one call 'Cash!' don't you be in a hurry," said an old boy. "Just let 'em call twice. That's the way we fix 'em, don't we, Jim!"

As Jim was about to reply, one of the saleswomen called "Cash!" but true to their instructions, not a boy moved. They looked at each other and went on with their talking as if they were not aware that they were put there for anything but ornaments.

"Cash-boy, here!"

This was in a strong masculine voice, and cut as short as possible. The effect was wonderful. One boy darted off in the direction of the call, and the rest straightened up as if

they had received an electric shock. The new boy was nudged and confidently told: "When you hear that voice call out it is time to dust, and don't you forget it!"

In a talk with a person who had charge of the boys, the reporter was told:

"Cash-boys are generally divided by the salesman into three classes: The boys who know everything, the boys who know nothing, and the boys who don't want to know. Take, for example, a boy of the first class; call him and start to tell him what you want him to do, and before you have half finished he knows just what you want—and usually does just what you don't want."

"Do the boys never show a disposition to attend to business in the right way?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes, with all their foolishness and fun the cash-boys are very useful in many ways. They are familiar with every nook and corner of the store, and can tell a customer where any particular line of goods is to be found just as well as anybody. People who come here shopping, and put the boys to all sorts of trouble, do not stop to think that the little fellows work for ten long hours a day, with only a half hour for dinner. Now, to expect a boy under such circumstances to attend strictly to business is hardly fair. How do the people behind the counters and the boys agree? They do not agree at all; the men do all they can to keep the boys on a go, and the boys do their best to be as slow as possible. In this way they are a success, for they always have an excuse for delays that would satisfy the most exacting."

THAT TELEPHONE GIRL AGAIN.

Oil City Derrick.

The girl had been asleep a long time when somebody called. Looking at the switch-board she observed that 1,111 was down, and leisurely raising the phone to her ear she

softly replied: "Hello! What do you want?"

"Dr. Highflyer. No. 2222."

"Hello, Highflyer! My wife is not very well to-night. She has a severe pain in the back of her neck, and complains of a sort of goneness in the abdomen."

"Got malaria colic, I guess."

"I think so. What shall I do for her?"

Here the wicked telephone girl switched on a machinist who was telling the owner of a sawmill what he thought ailed his boiler, and the answer to Doldoodle's question was as follows:

"I think she's covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it on the fire plug and wash her out. I wouldn't be surprised if she is full of mud, besides the scales. When you get through fill her up with cold water and build a good fire under her, and if she don't get hot enough to steam well in half an hour, I'll eat her."

The result is that No. 1111 does not now speak to No. 2222, and Dr. Highflyer has had the telephone taken out of the house.

HE WASN'T HER PA.

Chicago News.

A young woman went to the station to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man who resembled her paternal relative, and she rushed into his arms, huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on the mouth, the ear, the chin, and all over his patent celluloid. It was not her father, but a middle-aged traveler for a tobacco house. He took a long breath, and looked around at some other travelers and winked, as much as to say, "O, I'm such a masher!" Of course the scene could not last forever, though he wished it could.

After a spasmodic hug she looked

up in his face and shrieked. "You are not my pa!"

He said she was right.

She asked his pardon and he told her not to mention it.

"We public men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it."

She smiled a sweet, sad blushing smile and went out into the wide world, while the traveler walked to the hotel with the others. They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said of course it might look queer, but these things occurred very often with him, as they would occur with any fine looking man.

Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He looked at his shirtfront and it was gone. While he had been allowing her to play the daughter she had burglarized his shirt.

He fainted, and when they brought him to he said; "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MEMORY.

Several weeks since a representative of the Free Press was engaged in a general conversation with the late James Burns, when that gentleman remarked that he always had an idea that newspaper men must pay especial attention to the cultivation of their memory.

"It is a valuable quality, and most newspaper men, perhaps, do cultivate their memory to the best of their ability."

"Valuable quality. It is one of the best. I had that fact impressed upon my mind when a young man by that great statesman, Daniel Webster, and it was a lesson I never forgot."

Upon being asked to relate the experience, Mr. Burns told how, in 1836, Daniel Webster paid a visit to Detroit and was given a reception by the citizens at the old National

hotel, which stood where the Russel house now stands. Public exercises were held at the Cass Grove, and in the evening the reception was held and was largely attended. "I was about 26 years old," said Mr. Burns, "and had just risen to the distinction of being in business for myself. For that reason, I suppose, at all events, I know no other cause, I was invited to be privately introduced with a lot of other young business men, to Mr. Webster."

"Well, sir, I went fully impressed with the greatness of Mr. Webster and, I confess, somewhat elated over the honor thus accorded me. We all assembled in the parlor—I remember Theodore Romeyn and the late C. C. Trowbridge were among those present—fifteen or twenty in number. Presently Mr. Webster entered the room and we were introduced. A social general chat of perhaps half an hour followed, Mr. Webster talking all over the room and with no one in particular, after which we took our leave. The remarkable feature which impressed me was the fact that Mr. Webster, who had met fifteen or eighteen ordinary young men for the first time and that in a general way called us all by name and without hesitation or mistake, as we took our leave."

"I've heard that memory of names was one of Daniel Webster's strong points."

"But the story isn't finished," said Mr. Burns. "Four years later I was in New York buying goods. I had not seen or hardly thought of Mr. Webster in that time. I had just turned from Wall street to go up Broadway, when I saw a magnificent figure walking ahead of me. Confident that it was Mr. Webster I quickened my pace, passed him and at the next corner stopped to get a fair look at him. I was not mistaken in the man, and I was immediately filled with a desire to speak to him, but I was held back by the thought that he wouldn't remember a young chap like myself. I followed him a block

before I could make up my mind to accost him. Everybody on Broadway turned and looked admiringly at him as he passed, and finally I thought it would be in keeping with western character to be a little forward. So with: 'How do you do, Mr. Webster?' I stepped to his side."

"Turning slightly and half stopping in his walk he looked intently into my face an instant and said: 'Why, how do you do, Mr. Burns? I'm glad to see you, sir.' And so we walked together up to the Astor House. I actually believe he inquired after every man he met at his Detroit reception, and that he called each man by name as though they were his intimate friends. From that hour I knew the value of good memory, and from that hour I began to cultivate my own."

"And you believe your experience with Mr. Webster was of value to you?"

"Value! Well, sir, it was one of the most valuable things that ever happened to me. It prompted me to begin a sort of self-discipline, which I dare say has been worth thousands of dollars to me."

CAPACITY OF FOREIGN CHURCHES.

The size of some of the largest churches in Europe is shown by their seating capacities, as follows:

St. Peter's church at Rome will hold 54,000 persons; Milan cathedral, 47,000; St. Paul's at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's at London, 35,000; St. Petronio at Bologna, 24,000; Florence cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame at Paris, 20,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's at Vienna, 12,400; St. Dominic's at Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's at Bologna, 11,500; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's tabernacle, 7,000. Very few American churches have a seating capacity of over 1,500.

FOOD FOR FIREMEN.

Mattoon Sun.

Do firemen who complain of cross or crabbed engineers ever think that what they complain of may be the result of their own actions? If they will put themselves in his place for a short time and look at their actions from his stand-point, they may be led to understand what we are trying to impress on their minds. If some fireman who is afflicted with a disagreeable companion on the right-hand side will consider whether or not he does his part to the best of his knowledge or ability, we will undertake to point out to him the cause of the disagreeable tendency of the engineer. When laying in the round-house, are you careful to see that your engine is clean and bright, and a full supply of oil is to be found on her? If she is not in proper condition in these respects, is it your first duty in your own eyes, after you have obtained the necessary amount of sleep, to proceed to the round-house and not leave till she is, or do you, like some firemen we know, go "up town" and play billiards or stand on the street corners and talk railroad, knowing that you ought to be at work at the time you are so doing? If you will look over the list of firemen who have been promoted the last few years, and those who have either been discharged, or are now firing the worst scrap-piles on the road, you will see that the former are composed of the men who had a reputation for cleanliness and attention to business, and the latter, of those who were rarely ever at the round-house when wanted, and had to draw oil and do their cleaning (what little they did) after they were attached to their train. An engineer cannot be expected to talk pleasantly or take an interest in a man who has no higher ambition than this, and who manifests more interest in the arrival of the pay car than his prospect of advancement. Now some of you firemen who find it such a difficult

matter to get along with your task-mate, ponder over these crude but well intended remarks, and when your next turn out comes, see that everything is in good ship-shape—no engine is so old and worn out that a well-swept deck and clean boiler-head will not improve its appearance—be prompt, attentive, and evince a desire to be useful and pleasant, and the austere disposition of your engineer will vanish like coal from a mogul tank when you've got thirty-five loads chasing you up a ninety-foot grade. The old proverb, "There is no excellence without great labor," was never more fitly applied than to the disposition of a locomotive fireman.

PATTI'S DIAMONDS.

New York Sun.

Col. Mapleson was found at the New York hotel last evening, deeply immersed in a game of draw poker with two ladies and a gentleman.

"It is not a big game," he said; "only 10 cent chips, just for amusement."

He was asked about the stories current of Mme. Patti's diamonds.

"All her diamonds," he said, "are in the big safe at the Windsor hotel, where she lives. They are worth some \$300,000, and all of them were given to her. She did not buy one of them. The other day she asked me if I would like to see them. I said yes, and she said she hadn't them with her, as they were never in her possession. She said she had so many that they made her quite unhappy, as she was in constant fear of losing them.

"She got the diamonds from the safe and showed them to me, and they were indeed a wonderful collection. There were three necklaces of diamonds, one of which was presented by the Emperor Napoleon III., and another by Queen Isabella of Spain. Then there was a diamond bracelet given her by the Emperor William of Germany, and a turquoise necklace from Russia. She had the greatest quantity of

rubies and other gems set as pins, as insects and in other shapes. Sometimes when she goes on the stage she wears these all over her dress, so that she is fairly covered with gems. Her largest diamond is as large as this poker chip. It formerly belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia, and was given to Patti by the late czar. This diamond is so very valuable that she does not care to keep it, and she has told me that she would very readily sell it if she had a chance.

"She complains that she has far too much capital invested in diamonds, and as they are gifts she does not like to sell them. Besides the heavy loss of interest on the capital involved, she is at very great expense in caring for them. When she is to use them at the opera she has four men sent by Inspector Byrnes to take charge of them. She gives them a card with a pass-word to the hotel cashier, and they get the diamonds from the safe. The men carry the diamonds in a small satchel and take it to the academy in any way which they think proper, but always go by a new route on each trip. They stand behind the scenes and keep the diamonds in their possession until they are wanted, as in the second act of 'Traviata,' then they hand the diamonds to Patti's maid. The detectives follow Patti to the stage and watch her while she is on it, to see that she does not drop any of the ornaments. When she leaves the stage she returns the jewelry, and it is all examined to see that none of the stones are missing. Before I learned of this system I had often wondered at seeing her dressing-room open, and thought it would be a good chance for some sneak-thief to make a fortune. When she travels the diamonds go too, but they are never near her.

"With all these precautions they are still a great charge on her mind. She told me that on last Friday night she dreamed that the opera

chorus stood over her with knives, shouting that they wanted her diamonds. She awoke bathed in a cold perspiration. She said that nothing could induce her to keep the diamonds near her. When in England she keeps them in the Bank of England."

ORATORICAL BLUNDERS.

Young men ambitious to become orators should heed "Poor Richard's" couplet:

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

One of the temptations to which they are exposed is to clothe commonplace thoughts with ornate expressions. The attempt is a blunder, and usually ends in a ludicrous failure. An amusing illustration of this occurred, not long ago, in the common council chamber of a small Western city.

It seems that the Mayor had overstepped, in some trivial matter, the limits of his authority. A councilman, inclined to speech-making, saw in it an opportunity to parade himself before the public.

He began his speech by admitting that the Mayor's offence was only a slight irregularity, but, he added, a great conflagration is often kindled by a little fire. The seeds of anarchy may be found in that "slight irregularity," and anarchy is destructive of the principles of constitutional government. By this time the sound of his own voice and the violence of his gesticulation had so excited him that he began a constitutional argument.

"Government, gentlemen," said he, with a sweep of both arms that caused those near him to draw away, "government has three separate departments. There is the legislative, whose great function is to enact laws; there is the judicial, charged with the duty of interpreting the laws; and there is the executive,—and—and they—they tend to that part of it."

Here he made a pause, and re-

peated, "They tend—gentlemen—they tend—to—that part of it." Another pause—a vacant look at the ceiling—a very red face—and down he sat in confusion, wiping with great nervousness the perspiration from his face.

In the same city there lives a young lawyer whose name is associated with the shortest political speech on record. "Fellow-citizens!" he said, "speech is silver, but silence is golden, and I, on this occasion—I, my fellow-citizens—I—I"—and he, too, sat down, very red in the face.

The "silent" young man lacked the art of getting out of difficulty which was possessed by an old lawyer at the same bar. He once got himself into trouble by attempting to quote the familiar lines of Pope, "For, gentlemen of the jury, in the language of the poet, 'Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,—ah,—ah,—hum,—that the first time we see it we get scared, but when we see it oftener we don't mind it so much.'"

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

"Yes, George, dear, I accept your proffered love, and will be your wife," and a pair of strong arms clasped her tightly, lovingly.

"You have heard, of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat, "that father has failed?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," said George, weakening his grip a little.

"Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him, "he failed last week, and—"

"That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George, struggling to break loose, but the girl held him fast and continued:

"And settled with his creditors at two cents on the dollar, and—"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love and the happiness which the bright future has in store—"

But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE STEWARD.

Drake's Magazine

"Where is the old Steward?" inquired a traveler as he stepped on board an outgoing steamer, just previous to his departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the first speaker; "why was he kicked out?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, he got too big for his breeches, and we bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occurred within the hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on the steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and, after bestowing a casual glance round, said:

"I don't see the old steward; what has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a by-stander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No sir."

"I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door.

Looking around, the inquirer saw the smiling face of a little girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," he said, "why was the steward discharged?"

"Oh, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "Come, tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly answered. "'Cause his pants were too short!"

EFFECTS OF THE OPIUM HABIT.

The opium eater is, with respect to disposition, a creature of the most variable mood, his manner being moulded by the action of the drug. In the morning he is petulant and ill-tempered, sometimes to brutality, while the afternoon of the same day will find him graciously considerate. Those who have had experience with them know that the most truthful

people become the most daring liars after long indulgence in the use of opium. The realities of life are so blended with the distorted opium imaginings that the victim cannot distinguish between facts and fancy. So much is this the case that those who hear them talk, ignorant of their habit, are positively shocked at the glaring falsity of their statements. They jealously guard their infirmity, and it would be next to useless to question them concerning their habit. Hugging his chains, the rack would hardly draw from the victim a true statement with respect to the quantity of opium used by him if he suspected an intention to interfere with his allowance. Always with them, too, is the dread that by some unhappy combination of circumstances, lack of money, involuntary confinement, close surveillance, any or all of their obstacles, they may find themselves so situated as not to be able to procure the drug, experience having taught them the horrors of abstinence.

A COLORED PREACHER DEFENDS WIFE-BEATERS.

Philadelphia Times.

"Dere is annuder matter we is noted for, beating our wives. Now dar de scripture cums in agin. De good book says: 'Husbands, keep your wives in submission.' And how is you gwine to do dat thing? Why, beat 'em, to be sure, 'case dey needs it. Yes, gemmen, we is de kings of de yearth and we must rule de women, 'case if we don't rule them, dey is mighty app to rule us. Den, agin, if you giver a woman an inch she is more app to take an L. So I 'vises you all to do your duty and keep the women in hand.

"Now, sisters, I ain't in no wise 'posed to you when you don't tryt o get 'yond yourselves, so I will close dis here lecture by wishing you all good luck and vising you to devote your time, your eddication your 'complishments to us."

case, as I said afore, we are de kings of the yearth, and you can't bu'st that fac' if your tongues are longer and your heads pretty strong. I 'spects I don' made you sorter mad but facs must be spoken, and, as I tole you afore, the salt got to be rather sharp to keep dis yearth salted, and it don't do in no wise to let de women think dey is monstrous easy to spile, and if dey gets de upper hand dey is more 'an app to keep it.

"I specks from 'sperience, and 'sperience my frens, bredren and sisters, is a good teacher, case if any of you had my Eliza Jane for your wife you could tell den why I 'vises you to rule de women in de 'ginning, case, 'fore de Lord, when dey get de start you had just as well try to move a mountain as to rule a woman what you is 'lowed to get sot in her ways."

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Have you heard the Brocken legend of the seven sisters fair,
 With the violet eyes of Deutschland and the lustrous yellow hair,
 Who were wooed by German suitors by the dozen and the score,
 But who loved the seven Princes from the far-off English shore,
 Till one night when stars of silver studded all the blue o'erhead,
 With the seven English brothers these Teutonic maidens fled—
 Swiftly fled across the Rhineland, climbed the summit of the Hartz,
 Little dreaming they were followed by the subtlest fairy arts.
 For the jilted German suitors, vowing vengeance fast and free,
 Swore to claim the recreant fair ones ere they reached the English sea.
 So, when all the stars of silver kissed adieu the golden day,
 At the feet of seven maidens seven ghastly lovers lay,
 On the ground their fair lock streaming, and their lips were white and cold,
 While pursuing o'er the mountains came the German lovers bold,
 Seized each fond lamenting sister crying fiercely "Thou art mine!"
 And with loud, triumphant laughter hastened backward to the Rhine;
 Bore them to the ancient stronghold, to the castle firm and gray,
 Of the cruel King, their father, guarded well by night and day.
 But no bolts nor bars could hold them, for they soon were free again—
 Ah! the wilfulness of woman puzzles oft the wisest men—
 And with wings which love had lent them, to the far-off mountain sped,
 There to seek their English lovers; there to mourn their English dead.
 But, oh cruel art of magic! art that heeds not woman's tears,
 In the cold mists of the morning what is this that mocks their fears?
 Where they left their sweethearts lying, seven mountain peaks arise,
 Each with stony heads of granite, deaf to all their prayers and sighs.
 * * * * *
 Should you ever in your wand'rings climb that far-off German mountain,
 You may see the "Seven Brothers" and by each a tiny fountain;
 And the legends tell the story that has drifted down the years,
 How the seven loving sisters came each morn with bitter tears
 To bewail their fair lost lovers till they wept themselves away.
 Each became a rippling fountain—moaning, sighing there to-day.

—Agnes Fairley.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.

W.M. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM	\$1 00
SINGLE COPY	10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

JANUARY, 1885.

THE NEW YEAR.

What of the New Year 1885? Who can answer? If, like the Babylonian king, we could call to our aid the magicians, astrologers, sooth-sayers and sorcerers of all realms to furnish an answer to the query, "what of the New Year," no response worthy of a moment's consideration would reward the effort, and yet there are answers to our question which are worthy of the attention of the most thoughtful. We have a right to believe that the New Year will bring the seasons in their regular order, seed time and harvest. We have a right to believe, as long as the Almighty spans the frowning brow of the storm cloud with His covenant bow, that the tasselled corn and the bearded wheat shall come at the call of the husbandman to give the hungry bread. We know that winter which

"Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale,"

has arrived. We have a right to believe that spring will come to deck field and forest in emerald robes; that summer, with its blazing suns,

will vitalize the earth with its warmth, and that autumn, with harvest home songs, will be the final picture in the New Year's panorama. We have a right to believe that the planets will run their shining circuits around the sun, and that the order of nature will be preserved. We have a right to believe these things will occur in the future, because the records of the past warrant the conclusion. The Egyptian kings who built Thebes with its hundred gates, and Memphis with its stately temples, who hewed the obelisks and reared the pyramids to perpetuate their fame, were as solicitous as we of the present generation in regard to the future. They too, inquired, "what of the New Year." The years rolled on, cities and thrones, empires and dynasties disappeared, while the new took the place of the old. The laws which have governed the universe from the beginning are still in operation immutable and irrevocable. And yet when we inquire, what of the New Year, with all its fancied to-morrows, we are told that

"To-morrow is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar."

It is said that "wisdom disclaims the word," and that

"'Tis fancy's child, and folly is it's father,
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as
baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening."

But our purpose at this writing is to be practical rather than poetical. We have propounded the interrogatory, what of the New Year 1885? It will be replete with incidents, circumstances, opportunities and events which, in numerous stances, can be created, modified

controlled by men—not kings, autocrats, the rich and powerful alone, but by people in the more humble walks of life as well. Each individual has a right to say the New Year shall be, in numerous and important regards, “what I wish to make it,” and no law that an inscrutable God has ever decreed can thwart the high resolve. But, if the resolution is formed, there must be no procrastination in its execution. It must not be postponed. The philosophy which prompts to action must teach :

“Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
* * * Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm.”

It has been written that while
Omnipotence

“Bound all nature fast in fate,
He left free the human will.”

Accepting the proposition as absolutely true, we are forced to the conclusion that as between good and evil, the right and the wrong, men may choose. To choose the right, the good, is as certain to be productive of mental happiness and contentment as that light dispels darkness. We make no comment as to what is right or what is wrong in certain cases. We have no purpose to invite our readers into the domain of mysticism. He who abhors a lie need have no difficulty in finding the safe retreats of truth. He who resolves to lead a virtuous life will find the way. The man who says he will be true to all the obligations of integrity will sit dumb in the presence of the truth when asked for an excuse for his infidelity. And thus it will result that the New

Year 1885 will be in these regards, to all men, what they may determine it shall be.

But, what of the New Year 1885 to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen? Our theory holds good; it will be what the combined labor and loyalty of its membership shall make it—grander in proportions, more potent in its influence, and more beneficent in its operations than at any previous period of its history, or it will languish for the lack of that vitalizing power, generated by harmony, fealty to obligations, and ceaseless solicitude for its welfare.

We indulge the belief, based upon the record our Brotherhood has made in the past, that its future is to surpass the expectations of the most sanguine. We are no longer weak. Our Brotherhood is strong in numbers, potent in purpose, wise in resolution, dignified in deliberation, and beneficent in its operations; and when we ask, “what of the New Year 1885 for our Brotherhood,” we point proudly to the past, and in serene contemplation of the present we answer it will advance to new fields of conquest and usefulness, and learning from experience, it will cultivate harmony, solidify for permanence that in all its enterprises it may inaugurate success.

What, then, of the New Year, Brethren? To us it is fruitful of the pleasures of hope and the inspirations born of triumph. As we write, the Brotherhood passes in review. Its Lodge fires blaze brightly from ocean to ocean, from lake to lake; thirteen thousand Locomotive Firemen are in line of march, with banners waving in the breeze in-

scribed with the motto, "We change but in death." It is something better than a dream. It is the "substance of things hoped for." Again, what of the New Year to our beloved Brotherhood? Shall death thin our ranks? Verily, it has been so in the past, but death only makes it possible for the survivors to demonstrate to the world our fraternal kinship. Death unlocks the grand reservoirs of our benevolence and sympathy, and though we do not call the dead to life, we shall in the future, as we have done in the past, send sunshine into desolate homes made gloomy by farewells to loved ones gone.

Once more, what of the New Year 1885? Friendly greetings—to each and all "a happy New Year."

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AND LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Frankness, sincerity, unreserved candor of speech, are recognized as essentials to the success of Brotherhoods—all manly men disdain disguise. We write to-day of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in the spirit of ingenuousness. The pages of this Magazine, the recognized organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, triumphantly vindicate the assertion, that in all regards, we have treated the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in a spirit of the utmost fairness and fraternal kindness. We know that we voice the sentiments of over thirteen thousand brethren of Locomotive Firemen, when we say, that the success of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers creates neither envy nor

jealousy, but rather, pleasure and satisfaction; we would neither reduce its membership nor embarrass its operations. There are many and cogent reasons why such generous feelings should animate us: Locomotive Engineers and Locomotive Firemen are one in peril, the same dangers forever environ them when on the rail. The broken rail, the misplaced switch, the rotten bridge, the "wash-out" the collision,—indeed, catalogue the dangers, and the engineer and fireman take the risks together. Indissolubly wedded to their vocation, they stand or fall together, and this mutual peril, in the very nature of things, must be productive of hopes and fears and sympathies of such a kindred nature that argument is not required to elucidate their binding force. Nor is this all, the Locomotive Engineer is the fully developed Locomotive Fireman. The ambitious fireman anticipates the day of promotion; he works, watches and waits for the "good time coming" when he shall be in command of the "iron steed" whose speed is still the wonder of the world.

This much as prefatory. The occasion for this article is the action of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in its late Annual Convention touching the interests and privileges of members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen who are Engineers, and who hold membership in both Brotherhoods. We refer to that special enactment which declares that

"No Engineer who belongs to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen shall hereafter represent his Division."

in the Annual Conventions of Locomotive Engineers."

We confess our inability to comprehend the motive which prompted such action on the part of the representatives of Locomotive Engineers. Can it be possible, that it was designed as a *penalty* for being a Locomotive Fireman? A Fireman to-day, becomes a member of our Brotherhood for noble purposes. He desires to improve his condition morally, socially, intellectually and pecuniarily. A married man, he thinks of wife, children and home, a single man, of mother, sister, or some one dependent upon him, and desires as best he can to make some provision for them, if he should fall at his post. To-morrow he becomes an Engineer and joins the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, but retains his membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and now comes the disqualifying edict of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that no Engineer, who belongs to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, shall represent *his Division* in the Convention of Locomotive Engineers—why this disqualifying penalty? What stain has a membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen placed upon his escutcheon? What ambition did it dwarf? What obstacle did it place in the way of his promotion? What groveling ideas did it inculcate? Is it to be surmised that a Locomotive Fireman, by virtue of his associations, has imbibed sentiments of disloyalty to obligations, and is therefore disqualified to represent *his Division* where Engineers meet to deliberate? Such a theory is pre-

posterous. Just the opposite, by every process of reasoning, is the inevitable conclusion: An honorable Fireman will make an honorable Engineer. Every sentiment inculcated by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is to qualify men to act worthily their part as engineers and citizens, and these facts, *known* and *read* of the purpose and effort of our Brotherhood, only add to our perplexity when we seek to find any sufficient reason for the action of the Brotherhood of Engineers.

We do not like, even by surmise to do the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an injustice, but we confess to a feeling that the action to which we have referred, *smacks* of persecution—a purpose to embarrass our Order. It has, we are loath to confess, the appearance of the beginning of a policy designed to compel those of our membership, who are Engineers, to abandon us. In fact, there can be no other prudent construction given this very singular proceeding. But we are confident the great body of Locomotive Engineers are our friends, that is, the friends of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. There is, there can be no just reason for unkindness. We do not believe they will indorse the action of the Convention of their Order. We believe they will regard it as unwise, uncalled for; a mistake which upon due reflection will be corrected. This is said in no fawning sense, but in the spirit of fraternal frankness. Under no circumstance could the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have been induced to pass a resolution, disqualifying a member

of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers from a seat at the *Council Board* of our Order. Such a resolution would have been in flagrant violation of the spirit of justice and therefore unreasonable. The genius of our institutions is degraded when penalties are imposed for doing that which honor and justice approve. There is nothing connected with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which disqualifies its members from holding any position within the gift of the *American people*, but on the contrary, there is much to be found in its teachings calculated to qualify its members for positions of honor and trust. Taking this view of the subject, we feel persuaded that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, will, upon reflection, promptly, as soon as opportunity offers, revoke a resolution which the entire record of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen pronounces unjust, and which can result in nothing upon which men, desiring concord, rather than discord can dwell with satisfaction.

SOME HUMAN FACES.

The human face is a volume of life history written by God, with the pen of truth, dipped in the ink of destiny. Into that volume it is given us to look and there we can read the story of the past. Some of these volumes contain great lyric poems full of the graces and symphonies of existence; some contain sweet pastorals that sing of green fields and babbling brooks; some are filled with stories of sickness, sorrow and bereavement; some glower and darken with tragedies of sensuality and blood.

Let us open some of these volumes and read.

There is the face of childish innocence reflecting the beauties of the dawn of life. Truth sits enthroned there, dreaming not of the coming years. Who, seeing as humanity sees, can read in those laughing eyes aught but love and hope and joy? In this young face the painter, Destiny, has not yet begun to draw the somber lines that deepen into the shades of ruin and death.

There is the face of youth burning with the strong impulses of acquiring strength and rising hope. To that face the world seems an arena where all that is good and noble may be won by daring ambition. It is the child's face with the painter still at work upon it. Not yet has the brush been dipped in the lowering clouds that hang heavy with disappointment just beyond the horizon.

There is the face of strong manhood, pale with the load of life. Deep furrows mark the sweep of opposition's waves, but on the brow sit scorn, defiance and unconquerable will. Darkly has the painter laid on his colors but the gleam and flash of genius shine out pre-eminent. The years have marred that face, but in the marring, they have strengthened it.

There is the face of old age, seamed and wrinkled by the struggles gone through. That face rests just where the eastern slopes of the Here are lighted up by the rising glories of the There. The magnificence of the life on both shores are reflected in those aged eyes.

pect and Retrospect sit side by side on the whitened brow, the former dreaming of rest and reward in the Beyond, the latter dreaming of the defeats and victories of the past.

Oh! open volumes of life that lie all around us, why are not all of you records of noble and successful endeavors? Why are your fair pages stained with disease and crime? Why is it that the fountain so pure in its source becomes so foul on its way to the sea of eternity?

Often the innocent, trusting smile of childhood, settles into the sneer of the cynic or the leer of the debauchee.

Here is a face, once the face of girlish beauty, where the blood blushed into roses of innocence and purity; now it is covered with the paint of sin and death. A woman ruined! Divinity trampled in the dirt!

Here is a face, once the face of a happy ingenious youth. Now it is the face of the debauchee. What a change the artist, Life, has wrought here. Is it possible that behind the dark clouds now resting upon this brow once shone the sun of love and ambition? It is even so. The gambling hell, the embraces of sin-scarred women, the whisky glass, have brought the once happy boy to where he now lies in a felon's cell with the blood of murder upon his soul. Oh, what a road to travel! from the arms of a loving mother to the awful doom of a felon's death.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The Firemen's Magazine is something more than a magazine, a periodical, a pamphlet,—it is an *institu-*

tion—changing the figure, the Magazine is an organ, a means and a medium of communication—again, the Magazine is the earnest, devoted, loyal friend of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The Magazine does not assume to be oracular, prophetic, dogmatical or magisterial. Oh, no; it visits the homes and firesides of its *twenty thousand patrons* as a friend—a genial companion. Its high ambition is to embellish fellowship and gild the hours as they come and go, with the delights of fraternity. The purpose of the Magazine is to make friends and hold them in a bondage of fruitful and perpetual fruitions. In the past, the Magazine has had a grand army of friends; men and women who have stood by us, smiled upon our labors, and by ten thousand tokens of appreciation, encouraged us to go forward in the labors assigned us.

We have felt the inspiration of their friendship, and have responded, as ambition and ability permitted, to their solicitude. This January number goes forth in a new dress, and with sundry embellishments, which we dare surmise will add to its acceptability in the homes of its patrons.

The Magazine has a mission—there are periodicals published in the interest of *proprietors*, but the *proprietorship* of this Magazine, is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and the Brotherhood—the grandest that was ever organized, can make it such a triumph as the world never witnessed in Magazine literature. The “Woman's Department,” in control of Mrs. Ida A. Harper, is worth the

price of subscription—a lady of magnificent mental endowments; she writes wisely of women and of home—and home is heaven—Gods! What pictures come to us as we write of home—Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, wrote of the homes of England, where:

“ * * * Woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.”

But it was reserved for John Howard Payne, our native songster, to thrill the world with his picture of “Sweet home:”

“An exile from home, splendor dazzling in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.”

The Magazine would add to the felicities of home, and this being no small part of its mission, it confidently anticipates an increased subscription. At any rate the Magazine has a right to hope that the friends of “lang syne,” its old acquaintances, will continue to cheer us in our efforts to make the organ of the Order worthy of the encomiums which have been bestowed upon it. Standing on the threshold of 1885, we send greetings to our patrons; we shall be content when *twenty-five thousand* respond—that is our number for 1885, and we are confident we have not overestimated the loyalty and the liberality of our friends.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE RUNNING.

The above is the title of a new volume just published by Mr. Angus Sinclair, of New York. Mr. Sinclair is widely known as a contributor to the American Machinist and other scientific journals, and his book is a compilation of his best articles on the subject of locomotive engine running and man-

agement. When it is considered that Mr. Sinclair was for years a practical locomotive engineer, and gathered his knowledge from actual experience in that capacity, it will be readily seen that his work is one of more than ordinary merit. Mr. Sinclair is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and also a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and his new work will be a valuable acquisition to scientific literature.

WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

On December 16th, the great World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans, opened its doors to the public. It is the greatest exposition ever attempted upon this continent, and may be regarded as one of the most auspicious events of the century.

Realizing the great importance of this universal exposition and the absorbing interest it has awakened in the public mind, we have arranged to have a special correspondent on the ground who will furnish the Magazine with a descriptive letter each month. These letters will embrace a complete description of the Exposition with such other information as will be of special interest to our readers.

THE MONARCH.

Not he who leads the conquering hosts,
Nor mounts the highest throne,
Nor wins the loudest praise of man,
Though he achieve alone.

Not he who braves the battle's front,
When treason fierce assails,
And dares the deadly cannon's mouth,
When only hope prevails.

Nor he who smites with all his powers
The falsity of heart.
That lurks in subtle reasonings,
Or smiles in fancied art.

But he who strikes the foe within,
The part of self that keeps
The noble aspirations drowned
In mournful lotus sleeps!

Who hears afar the angels call,
And Titan-like he strives,
Until in mortal agony,
He renders the iron gyves,

And stands at last a soul confessed,
Unfettered, free, and grand;
The victor over self, becomes
The greatest monarch of the land!

—Birc^d ld.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

FLORIDA, Nov. 28, 1884.

As I took up my pen to-day, away down here in this land of flowers, to write something for the Magazine, the thought that first came was, What are the ladies particularly interested in just at this season? And I could scarcely realize that by the time the publisher puts these lines in shape the Holidays will be upon us. To one northern born and northern bred Christmas is always associated with ice and snow and the keen winds that bring color to the cheek and elasticity to the step. When we revel in the delights of fancy work and discuss the mysterious gifts, we want to draw close around a blazing fire and listen to the jingle of the sleigh bells on the streets. It destroys all the charm to sit listlessly by an open window and look out upon the flowers in the full bloom of summer while the soft breezes carry with them all our energy and animation. Turkey and mince pies and plum pudding possess no charms when the heated system demands fruit and ices and cooling drinks.

It may be all imagination but you cannot convince a Northerner that these languid southern people get half the enjoyment out of the Holidays that we do who live several degrees nearer the north pole. Imagine how absurd it would be to tell these little southern folks about that wonderful sleigh with its eight little reindeer, when they never saw a sleigh and scarcely know the meaning of snow, and it would be much more natural for them to look for Santa Claus dressed in a linen suit than robed in furs from head to foot. These southern children have pleasant times playing out under the trees every month in the year and having only to reach out their hands for flowers and fruit; and yet I cannot but think of our northern lads and lassies with their royal games of snow ball, their skating carnivals and that climax of all fun when they fasten their sleds behind some fast team and go spinning down the street. Is it only fancy or is it really true that their eyes are more sparkling, their cheeks more glowing, their limbs firmer and rounder than those of the pretty little southern blossoms who play in the sunshine all the year round?

But all these children must have a Christmas festival, of this there can be no question. "I feel unusually poor this year," said a father away down in the

central part of this state, a few days ago, "but I shall go out into the pine woods and cut a little tree, and my wife and I will decorate it with simple things, for the children must have some sort of a Christmas." This is the right spirit. It is almost inexcusable for parents to let this day pass without making some effort to enshrine it in the memory of the little ones. Unless children are very worldly it will not require much trouble or expense to make them happy. It is only after we have become older and possessed by the spirit of gain that we estimate a gift by its money value. An evergreen tree festooned with pop corn, illuminated with little candles and adorned by a few simple presents will fill a child's heart to overflowing with joy. It is easy to find out during the year what it is that the child wants above all other things, for there is generally some particular object upon which he has set his affections, the possession of which will make him perfectly happy. If possible celebrate Christmas day by bestowing upon him this coveted treasure.

There will come a time, all too soon, when the happiness of our children will pass into other hands than ours. In a few years this boy and this girl will form attachments that will bring either pleasure or sorrow for all the rest of their lives. Their destinies will be no more within our control, it will be no longer our privilege to make their lives bright. We can only look on in silence as their boat drifts down the stream. But now, while they are our very own, we will make them happy and they shall enjoy to the fullest extent that brightest of all anniversaries, the Christmas time. There may be some parents too poor to observe this day in the smallest degree, certainly there are no such cases among our readers. A little self-denial, not quite so much tobacco, a slight reduction in the ordinary expenses, and the children may have their Holiday. Make them a few small gifts, give them a better dinner than usual, take them to some place of amusement or even for a walk. Do something, say something to let them know that this is a joyful season of the year, that you are thinking of them and that you want to make them happy. They will appreciate your smallest effort and will remember it affectionately when you have passed away and their own children are clustering about their knees and saying with eager voices, "Tell us all about Christmas when you were little like we are."

Let Christmas be a family festival, a day when old feuds are forgotten and only pleasant things are remembered. Gather around the table or the fireside and enjoy

to the fullest extent the blessings of life. Think tenderly of the absent, speak lovingly to those who are present. Cherish every hour, for the time will come when all that remains of that happy circle will be a fond memory enshrined in the hearts of the few scattered ones who remain. Nor should we forget that people never grow too old not to appreciate a token of remembrance, a gift however small. The old are apt to imagine themselves neglected and sometimes it is not all imagination. We are all busy and there is such a demand for active people that those whose days of usefulness are past are sometimes overlooked. If we must remember the children, so indeed must we not forget the aged.

There is a great deal of sport in regard to the presents made between husbands and wives. The newspapers are especially facetious, printing countless jokes upon the subject. We are told, how many hints and stratagems the wife is obliged to resort to in order to obtain a present from the husband, and also how that same husband has to go down street on Christmas day and settle all the bills for his own presents received from his wife. These stories have been repeated so often one is compelled to believe they have some foundation and yet whichever way you look at them they do not seem very creditable to the husband. If he is able to afford it one cannot imagine why the wife should have to use wiles and tricks to extort a present. She did not have to do these things before marriage and certainly she is as much entitled now as then to be remembered by a gift. Nor can one understand why it is necessary that the husband should be obliged to go down street immediately after receiving the present in order to pay for it. If the wife has been industrious and economical all the year one would imagine she might have a few dollars she could call her own. And since the husband knows the wife is anxious to express her affection for him by a gift, it would seem a manly thing for him to provide her with some money for this purpose, especially as he has been receiving the profits of her time and labor without offering any equivalent in dollars and cents. It is probably not any more disagreeable for the husband to go down street and pay the bills than it is for the wife to be obliged to go in debt in order to get the present. Yet, notwithstanding these unpleasant features, husbands and wives should not fall into the habit of neglecting to remember one another at Christmas time. If it is given cheerfully and unsolicited, the wife would rather receive a token of remembrance from her husband than from anybody else in the

world; and, even if he has to pay for it, the husband would rather receive a present from his wife than have her make this same present to some other man.

In the mirth and revelry that have become so characteristic of the Holidays, we almost lose sight of the event they are intended to commemorate, and yet if we stop to listen to the bells as they ring out clear and sweet in the frosty air of the north or soft and mellow in the perfumed atmosphere of the south, we may catch the old refrain, "Peace on earth, Good-will to men, Peace, Peace, Good-will."

The same to all our readers and friends! In the cities, brilliant with countless lights and crowds of happy people; in the country where the blazing firelight shines down the long road with its untrodden paths of snow; from Canada, sitting on her icy throne, to the blooming south, smiling in all the beauty of balmy air and orange groves, goes our brave and cheery little book with greeting and welcome and Merry Christmas to all.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

After the question of, What shall I do to be saved? perhaps the next in importance at this season of the year is, What shall I make for a Christmas present? and following close upon it comes that other aggravating query, How can I make one dollar do the work of two? Ah, that is perplexing, for no matter how ample our purse it is never equal to the demands upon it. The poor look enviously at those of moderate means and the latter gaze at the very wealthy and each class says, "If I only had their money I should never have to worry." But they do not understand that the more a man has the more is expected of him and the wealthy often lose more sleep over money matters than do their poorer brothers. However we would all like more than we have, there is no denying that.

It is very easy to decide what we shall get for the children. The toy stores with their endless collection answer the question and the confectioner supplies what the toy stores lack. As they grow older, knives, skates, sleds, velocipedes, dolls and books are in order. Perhaps there is no nicer present for a boy or girl, from ten to fifteen, than a year's subscription to the St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Youth's Companion or some other first class periodical. He has a fresh delight every month. Books are always acceptable for people of all ages and they are very cheap nowadays. All of the best poets, handsomely bound, may be bought at from fifty to sixty cents a copy. Children's books may be had at every price, one dollar purchasing a large, illustrated volu-

It is harder to select for grown people. It is not in good taste for young ladies and gentlemen to exchange expensive presents. Flowers and books of course come first on the list. In this esthetic age it is not hard to select a gift. The Christmas cards grow lovelier every year and may be had for various prices, from twenty-five cents to ten dollars. They are a very graceful token of remembrance. A fan, a handkerchief box, any bit of hand painting makes a pretty present. Those ladies who are skillful with the brush are very much to be envied at Christmas time. For gentlemen there are the inevitable slippers and handkerchiefs, although many of them would prefer half a dozen shirts or a box of socks if they dared express themselves.

Wives generally expect something to wear or its equivalent in money, which they usually spend in buying something for the children. Husbands look about and say, "Well, what new piece of furniture do we need, for that is what I shall probably get for a Christmas present." Alas, how practical we become after marriage, but even this matter-of-fact life has its charms, and there is real solid comfort in that killing of two birds with one stone and while buying something that shall adorn the home, at the same time showing to the good man that he still holds a warm place in our affections and remembrance. Young people think this prosaic sort of life must be a dreadful trial but they do not understand how the most commonplace things may be sweetened and beautified by mutual love.

What a busy season is before us. What planning and working, what deep mysteries and pretty surprises. And what a welcome relief to the cold and dull monotony of the year is this beautiful Christmas time which causes all the better qualities of our nature to spring into life, to blossom and bear fruit.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

There are thousands of families in the United States who will have precisely the same kind of a dinner on Christmas day and the regulation bill of fare will be something like this: roast turkey with cranberry sauce, scalloped oysters, vegetables, celery, pie or pudding, fruit and coffee. It is almost superfluous to give any directions for baking a turkey, but for the benefit of young housekeepers it might be suggested that if the turkey is old it should be steamed an hour or two before roasting or boiled and roasted in the same liquor. There are many ways of preparing the stuffing but I have never found any I liked so well as that made by—whom do you think?—my mother-

in-law. Break up a loaf of stale bread into small pieces, add salt, pepper, a pinch of sage and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Pour over this a teacupful of boiling water, cover closely and set it on the back of the stove till thoroughly steamed. Then add two well beaten eggs stirring gently till well mixed. If it is then too stiff pour in a little rich milk or cream:

I shall never forget the first cranberries I ever cooked and nobody who tasted them will ever forget them. It was in the early day's of my married life when everything was an experiment and I had managed to burn almost all the things I had undertaken to cook. I was determined this should not happen to the cranberries so I put them in a vessel and poured over them a quart of water! I knew just how they ought to look when done and watched them very anxiously. After they had stewed a long time and still looked very "thin" I happened to think of the sugar. So I added a little at a time till I had put in fifty cents worth and still the cranberries did not look right. Then I added more water but it was of no use. They cooked for an hour or two and kept looking worse all the time. Finally I poured them out and there were two or three large vegetable dishes full of a pink, watery-looking mess that resembled anything else more than it did cranberries. When my husband came home he went into convulsions of laughter and told me to wait until Sunday and he would show me how to cook cranberries. But I did not propose to give him such a triumph as this and so, as soon as he was gone, I put on my bonnet and went over to a neighbor who had helped me out of several difficulties, and when my husband came home that evening he found as fine a dish of cranberries as anybody ever ate.

Some cooks stew them very carefully so as not to break the skins; others put them through a colander, preserving only the pulp. In the former case they seem to me a little too tart and in the latter case somewhat insipid but it is simply a matter of taste. This is a favorite way: Wash a quart of cranberries, put them into a porcelain kettle and add a pint of sugar and a teacupful of cold water. When they commence boiling, stir them with a silver or wooden spoon till the skin of each berry is broken. When they begin to thicken like jelly pour them into a bowl, which has been dipped in cold water, and when they are cold turn them out, beautifully molded, into a glass dish.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Here is a recipe that has been in our family for several generations and we

have no name for it except that we always make it on Christmas and Thanksgiving. Stem a large coffee cup full of raisins, add a spoonful or two of water and stew them gently for ten minutes. Take a quart of milk and divide into two parts. Put one of these on the stove and add a table-spoonful of butter. When it begins to boil add a table-spoonful of corn meal dissolved in a little of the cold milk, stir till perfectly smooth and remove from the fire. Then to the cold milk add three eggs well beaten with three large table-spoonfuls of sugar and into this pour slowly the boiling milk, stirring carefully so that there may be no lumps. Lastly add the stewed raisins and put into the oven. Stir every few minutes till it begins to thicken, in order to keep the raisins from settling to the bottom, and bake slowly two hours. If you are successful in making this pudding, all of your friends who taste it will ask for the recipe.

For Woman's Department:

TO THERLIG RHUE.

As I rummaged among some old papers

In searching for something to read,
I came to a Fireman's Journal,

And hurrying away with all speed:
I seated myself at the window

And carefully turning each page,
Enjoyed both the wit and the wisdom
Of the wag and the poet and sage.

Till at last I came to your poem

Which tells of "A Master in Love,"
Who had quite lost his heart out in Denver,
Where a maiden her chains 'round him wove.
Now poetry always enslaved me,

And my judgment will certainly show it,
For while you praised S. V. and his lady,
I quite fell in love with the poet.

But I see in your piece on "The Midnight Chase,"

You call yourself "Old Threlig Rhue."
Now, if that is the case, I must pull a long face,
For, no doubt, you're a married man too.
It is really too bad, and it makes me feel sad

To think it is always my fate;
If I aim for a poet, behold, e're I know it,
I find I'm a little late.

For it's leap year, you know,

And I haven't a beau—
That is, not one that writes verses;
There are plenty of swells

And numberless dudes,
But they neither have brains or long purses.
And "Leap Year" is dying and soon will be gone.

I won't have a chance to propose.
Oh, must I be left then to pine on the stem,
Like the ill-fated summer's last rose?

And if you are married, I pray you my friend,
Don't show these few lines to your wife;
For I'm not very big and I never did fight,
And I'm not ready to lay down my life.
But married or single, be that as it may,
Old or young, as the chances may be,
Among all the friends whom you fondly esteem,
Don't forget your new friend,

Effie C—.

[The above was intended for the December issue, but came in too late for publication.—Ed.]

HOUSEHOLD PRIZES.

To Woman's Department:

The ladies—airy, fairy creatures that they are—always have something on hand, and the latest craze in our town is tea, coffee and china ware. You may think that an odd conglomeration, but just wait and I'll tell you all about it.

Well, you know probably what a good cup of tea or coffee is when rightly prepared, and you know it's something that everybody (or most everybody) will have, whether they have a variety of viands or not. Taking this knowledge into consideration you see how easy it is to go out to the back fence and hallow over it to your neighbor: "Mrs. Smith, I'm getting up a tea and coffee order, you've patronized your groceryman long enough, just give me a dollar order for this month and I'll give you a tea or coffee that I'll guarantee will please you." Mrs. Smith says: "Well I'd as leave patronize you as anybody, put me down for a dollar's worth." Well, there's a starter.

Over in that other yard is Mrs. Jones shaking the tablecloth. "Oh, Mrs. Jones! I'm getting up a tea and coffee order, won't you let me order a dollar's worth for you?" Well, yes, certainly; tea and coffee is something our folks must have, if they did not have bread. I'll try a dollar's worth. By the way, Mrs. Smith is still standing at the fence, and Mrs. Jones, of course, comes too, and then you'll may be waste ten or fifteen minutes expiating on— Oh! what a lovely!—but I mustn't let the cat out yet. You run in the house, do a chore or two, but tea and coffee has its fangs fastened in your flesh and you can't sit down.

I must run across the street and tell my dear friend, Mrs. Brown, my secret. Mrs. Brown is delighted; orders a dollar's worth of tea and the same of coffee. Ha! Mrs. Gray is stopping in to get a sample of some worsted, and you say here's my chance for another dollar. Mrs. Gray says: "Why, it's really quite too delightful," and thinks to herself I'll get up an order myself for next month. Well, there's five dollars, and not quite half an hour.

You run home, put your meat on for dinner, and if it's a boil, put on enough water that it won't boil dry in a hurry, for remember tea and coffee, not meat, is uppermost in your mind now. Pick up the baby, wipe off his face, put a shawl around him, and start out to some of the neighbors down below you. You can stay a little longer on this trip, as you have baby with you.

In three quarters of an hour you have five dollars more. This is truly encouraging, not a half day gone and you've your order half filled. Why, really, you can afford to make your "hubby" a warm apple pie for dinner, and sing all the time you are doing it. Dinner over and dishes washed you need to go down town to get some new aprons for baby or some new waists for Charley. You put baby in the carriage, and as you're going out the gate you meet Mrs. — (Oh, dear, what will I call her) Thomas, going shopping also. She walks along with you: v

exchange the commonplaces on the weather, tell her about baby's last new tooth, and then open your tea and coffee battery full upon her. She surrenders, and another order is yours. You meet another lady while you are still in the conversation, and she gives you an order. You stop at three houses of dear friends (for you do not need to go outside your friends) and you have five more orders to add to the ten at home.

You do your shopping; go home, tea over you go out to a little meeting to arrange for the church an oyster supper, and you get seven or eight orders there. That night, before retiring, you count up your orders, and you find you have two or three orders over what you aspired for. All the better, for the more orders, the finer the prize. Well, that twenty dollar order was easy enough gotten, and I've three dollars over, so I might just as well make it twenty-five or thirty-five, for there's dear Carrie and Bella and Anna I haven't been to yet, and Aunt Susan and husband's mother, and, oh, lots of friends. I believe I could make it fifty as easy as twenty. Well, make it fifty if you wish, for as I said before, the larger the number the finer the prize. And now I know you are all on the *qui vive* to know what the prize is. Well, it is nothing more nor less than a handsome set of china ware, finely decorated. What woman's heart does not a nice set of dishes make glad? If you wish to know the full particulars concerning these dishes and the tea and coffee, send to New York to the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, P. O. box 289. This is as honorable a firm in every way as I have ever known to transact business. You need not be afraid to trust them in any way. I suppose they have shipped as high as 125 sets of dishes to this town, and I've yet to hear of a single complaint, and the beauty of it is the quality of the tea and coffee. It is no trashy stuff that when one order is gotten up they'd run you out of town if you'd try to get up another. It is good the first time, it is good the second time, and so on *ad infinitum*. So you see all your friends have the same privilege that you have. When you get your order filled and the people have tested it, they will all want it again, and Mrs. Jones can get one up for the next month, and Mrs. Smith for the next, and then your neighbor across the way; and then dear Carrie and Bella and Anna, for you see one is constantly running out of it, and can give a new order every month. That is the way it is worked in our town, and as I said before, it has become a perfect craze. The crazy patchwork was bad enough, but it met a speedy end in the repleteness of this brighter orb. Old and young, rich and poor, high and low, are at it in this town. It is really getting to be a regular scourge, and we'll pretty soon have to begin to eat tea and coffee as well as drink it to get rid of some of the surplus. It is not much surprising it has reached the proportions it has in this town, when a set of finely decorated (moss rose or gilt band) real china set is within the reach of any one who has energy

enough to carry a paper and pencil around and write down orders, for you won't find one in twenty-five that will refuse you. By the way, I almost forgot to mention that they give a finely decorated toilet set (of thirteen pieces) also for a thirty dollar order. Now I would like one of the dear sisters in every town our little book reaches to inaugurate it. If one person gets a set of these dishes and calls in a neighbor to see them that will be all that is necessary. She will begin an order the same day. You can get from a twenty dollar tea set of fifty-six pieces to a one hundred dollar dinner set of 125 pieces. Send for circulars and try it. And now that I've put you on the plan of it, I'm anxious to know how many follow it. Waste a penny and send me a postal card telling how you like your dishes, and if you have it fairly inaugurated. Any information I have failed to give in this I will cheerfully give on application. Address "ALEXIA," care Alexia Lodge, B. of L. F., Wells-ville, O.

BUCKEYS, OHIO, Nov. 26, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I have been an interested reader of your Magazine for some time, and, seeing nothing from the Lodge here, thought it right to encourage the boys by sending a good report. The condition of their Lodge is prosperous, and their efforts to keep it so justly merits notice. The membership is increasing steadily; applicants are carefully watched, to insure the admission of true men only. I am a Fireman's wife, and rejoice in the hope that so good a cause may progress. Samuel Hurr, one of the members in this Lodge, is lying sick; his friends are anxiously awaiting his recovery. The leader and worthy Master of Old Guard Lodge is Joseph Stewart. The teachings of this Order are elevating, and if men live up to their obligations as members should, they will shed good influence over all their associates. May God uplift and bless every good fireman, is the wish of

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I am the wife of one of the members of Just in Time Lodge, and as the ladies in this locality seem to be very quiet, I have been emboldened to say a few words for them in the Woman's Department of "our" Magazine. I have often thought: "God bless the Brotherhood." It consists of a brave and generous class of men who are found at the perilous post of duty at every hour of the day and night. Let us encourage them in every way we can; each and all of us can do a little something to help them along, and we should not fail to do it. Their motto commends itself to our best consideration, and I hope the boys may always keep it emblazoned upon their banner. With best wishes for the Brotherhood, and hoping its members may ever be "just" in time, I remain, very truly,

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

For Firemen's Magazine:

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the secret sorrow,
Of the friends we meet each day;
If we knew their hearts were troubled,
As they journey o'er life's way;
Would we not with kindly feelings
Fill their hearts with gladness here?
And with gentle hand so loving
Wipe away each falling tear?

If we knew the heartfelt anguish,
Caused from careless words we've spoken;
If we knew that years of friendship
By a hasty word be broken;
Would we add one bitter feeling
To those hearts with sorrow riven?
Should we not in deep contrition
Ask of them to be forgiven?

If we knew the friends that love us
Soon from earth would pass away,
That we never more should greet them
As we live from day to day.
Would we let our angry passions
O'er some fancied wrong arise?
Would we seek to wound their feelings
Under friendship's holy guise?

If we knew of friend or brother
Who have fallen by the way,
Should we not through kindness shield them,
Rather than their faults betray?
Better far to try and save them
Than to push them down the hill;
For in doing good to others,
We but do our Master's will.

Let our thoughts be pure and holy,
Let our deeds be just and true,
Let the faults of friends and neighbors
Be kept hidden from our view;
Let us speak unto the erring
Words of tenderness so kind,
And in doing good to others
We true happiness shall find.

SACRAMENTO, CAL. —Mrs Nellie Bloom.

FT. WAYNE, IND., December 9, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I am going to brave the danger of the waste basket, as did "Fireman's Wife," of Brockville, Ont. I am anxious to find out why the ladies who attended the Convention are so quiet. Mrs. H., of Pueblo, and Mrs. C., of Kansas City, let us hear from you. It is to be regretted that many more of the firemen's wives could not attend. We could not have had a more enjoyable time under any circumstances. We thank the "Ladies' Committee" of Toronto for their courtesies and the many pleasures we derived from them. Although Mrs. Mason was the handsomest lady at the Convention, I think Mrs. Hill, of Pueblo, was the most congenial. We left Toronto, by way of the "Grand Trunk," at 11:15 P. M. We were very fortunate in securing sleeping car accommodations, but if any of the readers have slept over a pair of trucks, on a road with high centers and low joints, they would have consoled with instead of congratulating us; we passed the time until 6 A. M. holding to the curtain. When the train stopped at Fort Gratiot, Mich., we were called to breakfast; we got up and went into the eating room, where we got a piece of Convention bread and a cup of Convention coffee, both of which were unfit to eat. The waitress said we

firemen's wives had better go to a Convention again. Returning, we hoped that a dining car would be attached to our train before noon, but to our sorrow such was not the case, and we were unable to get anything to eat until 3:30 P. M., which is another case for condolence, but we did enjoy that one meal. We all regretted that Mrs. Field was overcome by hunger and exhaustion before supplies were reached.

Although our return trip was one full of pleasures, the presence of Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Gough would have added greatly to the merriment. With kindly wishes to all the ladies whose acquaintance I made on that memorable occasion, I subscribe myself

MRS. N. PLATE.

WELLSVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 2, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

In the December number of the Magazine I see the ladies of Stratford, Canada, have organized a Lodge, the object being to promote sociability. How much such an order is needed here! I am sorry to say there is too much indifference between one brother's family and another. The boys are all right, but I think it would be a great help to them if their families were more sociable. Then, two or three could club together and get articles for the Lodge room that one person could hardly afford; it would cheer the brother's hearts and keep them in good spirits. If we can not have a Lodge now, let us call and see each other oftener. What say you?

ANXIOUS.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., Nov. 18, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

We have been constant readers of the Magazine a number of years and as we have a particular interest in the Woman's Department we have concluded to pen a few lines for the benefit of the brothers in this locality.

The members of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, are striving earnestly, and with marked success, to make their Lodge a shining star in the great constellation of Lodges.

A few personal items have come to our notice, that may be of some interest to your readers. To begin with, J. R. Melroy, who left here about a year ago, has recently been promoted and is now doing good work as an engineer. E. O'Connor, another worthy member, stole a march on the boys and captured one of Easton's fairest daughters. All the members join in hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

J. W. Sinclair, the able and enterprising Financier is one of the leaders in No. 11's ranks, while Bros. C. W. Vanatta, J. S. Gorgas and M. W. Carling are all rendering faithful service in the good cause of the Brotherhood.

Rumor has it that the worthy Master of No. 11 will soon take unto himself a better half. We shall look forward to the happy event with great pleasure.

Wishing your Brotherhood God speed in its splendid mission we remain

Very truly,

E. M. AND V.

For Womans Department:

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A New Year's greeting now I send,
To each and every absent friend,
May joy abound, your hearts to cheer,
And all life's troubles disappear.
'Tis well to try while here we stay
To better grow from day to day,
To do the work that here is given
For love of home and hope of heaven.

Then let us try with right good will
To help the weary up the hill.
No matter how small the deed may be,
'Twill bring forth fruit for us to see.
Our very best is not too good
To help the noble Brotherhood.
So let us strive, no cause for fear,
To welcome in the glad New Year.

So once again a happy year
To every friend, both far and near;
May all be bright with friend and foe
We all have crosses, well we know.
In love with self, it is our lot,
And outside grief—too soon forget;
And partings come, while here we stay,
And saddens many a New Year's day.

—G. M. S.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 7th, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

Being the wife of one of the oldest members of the Brotherhood, I have been satisfied to read and reflect on the praiseworthy contributions in the Magazine; none of which give me more pleasure than those within the confines of the Woman's Department, so ably edited by Mrs. Ida A. Harper.

Were I a man, I would lift my hat to her in respect, because I recognize in her one of the few coming "correspondents" of the present age. I also enjoy the able articles of "Irene," of Texas, to whom is due much of the credit which the Woman's Department is receiving.

Then follows the "Wife of Barnabas," whose monthly articles are sources of pleasure, and right here it occurs to me that all of the "gentler sex" talent hails from the West.

Whether there is a conclusion to draw from this fact, or whether it just happens so, I don't know, but fate rules that I am no exception, for I too am a Western production. While I am writing, the wind whistling across Lake Michigan, under the doors and through the crevices in the window frames in our little Chicago home, causes me to stay my hand a moment and offer up a prayer for my dear husband, who is at this moment rushing, with his engine, across the cold, bleak Illinois prairies.

In the December number of the Magazine, the "Wife of Barnabas" writes concerning the late Toronto Convention. I, also, was there, and I am surprised to notice that among the ladies she notes as "most prominently connected with the Order," she left out several whom I met and whom I, at least, thought were as prominently connected with the Order as those she mentioned.

I refer to Mrs. F. W. Arnold, the wife of the Grand Master, who I am sure made many warm and lasting friends among the ladies. It may be that the "Wife of Barnabas" did not meet

this excellent lady, but she must have at least heard of her. She probably forgot her when looking over her notes of the Toronto Convention. Then there were Mrs. O. E. Work, of Conneaut, O., a lovely and lively little brunette; Mrs. D. H. Davidson, of Wellsville, O., who is more quiet, she being an invalid; Mrs. A. H. Tucker, whose short visit in Toronto was regretted by those who met her; Mrs. Orville E. Fox, who kept rather secluded because she had relatives in Toronto, with whom she was visiting, and Mrs. Thomas Kinney, of Omaha, Neb., who was not able to partake of all the entertaining trips, because of the care of her little child.

There are others not spoken of by the "Wife of Barnabas," and whom my treacherous memory causes me to forget at this moment, but of whom I have thought for hours, reviewing the pleasant hours we spent together.

Now, my dear Mrs. Harper, I have heard of the fate of many letters that find their way to the "Editor's Study," but there are so few contributions from this city (which my husband told me had seven Lodges, and is, as he expressed it, the "greatest Brotherhood city in the United States,") that I trust this will not find an inglorious life in the detested and feared "waste basket."

I should like to write often if I have any encouragement.

NELLIE BLY.

FARGO, Dak., Dec. 6, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

On behalf of Fargo Lodge No. 85, I will make my first attempt at a contribution. Knowing full well how much men like to be noticed, I am sure that a mention in our department will please them.

Fargo Lodge No. 85 held her sixth annual ball on Thanksgiving night and it was one of the most successful ever given. When her boys attempt to do anything they do it right; they spare neither time nor labor in making their undertakings successful. The hall was beautifully decorated with mottoes and pictures. It was illuminated with headlights and little lamps innumerable. There were over five hundred people present; the boys looked their best and the ladies played them an even hand. The whole affair presented a brilliant appearance.

Arthur Bassett, the old reliable, was on hand ready to make himself useful wherever his services were required.

A. H. Dixon busied himself looking after the comfort of the guests, assisted by W. O'Hearn.

As little Joe Glasby got married lately the girls didn't care to waste any more time on him, so Joe was stationed at the door, where he discharged his duties very ably. The ball was socially one of the pleasantest I have ever attended and I was pleased to form the acquaintance of quite a number of wives, daughters and sisters, all of whom I would like to meet oftener. If this is welcome, I will try again.

A BROTHER'S WIFE.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Insurance Systems.

Editors Magazine:

Having in my previous article fully given my ideas in regard to the ill-considered views entertained by a majority of our membership, in regard to our mutual insurance system, and having avowed my adherence to it in spite of all this, and my belief that by making suitable provision we can not only enjoy its benefits now, but perpetuate the system to the benefit of generations as yet unborn, let us now consider how that end may be attained. I stated before, that according to my views, it might be done in three different ways.

The first plan is our present method of assessing, according to the number of deaths, but in order to make this plan a success, the individual members of our Order must give up the chimerical notion that we can be insured for \$1,500 at the rate of \$12 per year, and make up their minds to pay at least \$45 per year on an average, if they should be so fortunate—or would they call it unfortunate—to be among the last of the present membership to die. In all enterprises a general average has to be calculated, and it has passed into a proverb that "you must take the bitter with the sweet," hence we, who are at present enjoying the "sweets" of an insurance cheaper than any other system, must prepare ourselves for the—maybe—"bitter" dose to follow in the years to come. "Forewarned is forearmed," and being thus warned, let us not be surprised, or angry, if in the years to come the increasing death rate calls for ever-increasing assessments, but when they do come—as they surely will—let us, with thankful hearts to Him who has kept us through dangers seen and unseen, put a ready hand into our pockets and pay—cheerfully, not grumblingly—the amounts required to meet our obligations toward the disabled or deceased brother. This may, in times to come, require some self-control, perhaps some sacrifice, but remember that our love for the cause will be shown by the amount of our endurance for it. This plan is in use, and is probably the simplest of

any that can be devised, yet it will in the end prove more costly than either of the two other plans, for in the present plan we have failed to make any provision whatever for the future, which should be looked at in all well considered projects.

The second plan I wish to notice is this: If our present method is only to be regarded as "an experiment, which must be abandoned" sooner or later, then it would be best to give it up at once and start on a new foundation, taking lessons from other associations gotten up for the same purpose. I think I have made it clear in my former article that nothing is gained by having a large number of members belong to any mutual insurance association, because while in the case of a small society the deaths would be few and far between, and the assessments heavy for a death, in a large membership the increased number of deaths, calling for frequent assessments of smaller amounts, would aggregate about the same. When you bear in mind that fifty years time will wipe out our whole 12,000 members just as readily as the 118 members of my Lodge, you will readily see that it would be just as cheap for 100 men, or even 10 men, to insure each other, as it would be for 1,000 or 10,000, for while only one man out of 10 would have to die in five years, two a year out of the 100, 20 a year out of the 1,000, and 200 a year out of the 10,000 would have to die to extirpate the whole in 50 years, so that while in the large number the assessments would be small per death, yet their frequency would make them equal to the larger assessments, which only come once to ten of the others. Hence, I hold that each Lodge could insure its own members and do it just as cheaply as it is now done through the Grand Lodge, and by making suitable provision it can do it even cheaper in the end than our present plan. Instead of paying in \$8 or \$12 per year, or just enough to pay the death or disability claims, the Lodge should require a payment of say \$25 per year per \$1,000, or \$38 per year for \$1,500 policy, and, paying the claims out of this money, invest the surplus in some manner so as to have it earn something, and thus in time a respectable sum would accumulate, which would help pay the claims at a time when the help afforded by it would be fully appreciated, for it would come at a time when calls for money would be frequent, and when we—perhaps—had passed beyond the meridian of our days—not quite so strong and active as we once were, not able to work quite as hard or as continuously, or to earn as much money. Of course it would need a few sagacious honest men in each Lodge to take charge of this fund and to invest and re-invest it in good securities, but I think the Order can find men in its ranks with capabilities for the task.

The third plan would embrace our present system, with modifications so as to create a fund and provisions for its investment by our Grand Officers, under the supervision of the Grand Trustees and Executive Committee, and after thinking over the plan in its details, its grand

possibilities, and the resulting aggrandizement of our Order, cannot help but convince the most skeptical that great good would follow its adoption. In this, as well as in the preceding plan, the assessments should be made, say, at \$25 per year on a \$1,000 policy, or \$37 on \$1,500. I am led to fix these figures because that seems to be about the average rate at which stock life insurance companies insure persons not engaged in dangerous callings. As I have in a former article endeavored to show that we, as members, have to make up the money that is paid out to us, and that those who survive the longest will have to make up the amounts that those who die earlier have failed to pay in, it naturally becomes a question how long will we have to live to pay in our share. Fixing the policy at \$1,000 and the yearly payments at \$25, you will see it would take 40 years to pay in the amount, or in other words all our members would have to live and pay in that long in order to create a fund large enough to pay each one \$1,000. For those who die before the 40 years are up, somebody would have to continue paying just as much longer as they came short of it.

Now, let us use some figures, and for the sake of simplicity fix our policy at \$1,000 and the yearly dues at \$25 from each of our 12,000 members. Say we had death and disability claims demanding \$12.50 per member, or 150 during the first year, at its end we would have a surplus of \$150,000, and continuing at that rate for five years our surplus would be \$750,000, to which \$85,563 must be added as accrued interest at 6 per cent. per annum, which is a low rate, making a total of \$835,563 at the end of five years. At the end of ten years these figures would make a surplus of \$1,977,115 (one million nine hundred and seventy-seven thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars), in addition to paying 1,500 death and disability claims of \$1,000 each, or \$1,500,000. If this rate of payment were continued for another ten years, without more than 150 claims a year being paid, the surplus at the end of 20 years would amount to over \$5,500,000 (five million five hundred thousand), besides having paid 3,000 claims. Keeping up the same rate of accumulation for five years more, or 25 years from the start, we would have a surplus of nearly \$7,250,000 (seven million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars), which would bring in the modest sum of \$435,000 per year, if invested at 6 per cent.

Now, let us refer to the approximate number of deaths that will be almost certain to occur. In my previous article, I assumed that hardly any of the present members would be alive after fifty years. Hence we have to count on 12,000 deaths of members now in good standing. In order that our numbers remain full, it will readily be seen we will have to admit just as many new members as we have deaths or disabilities. Having paid 3,750 claims in the 25 years, and admitted 3,750 new members, we have still 8,250 of our old members to die out in the next 25 years, and also about 6,000 of the members admitted afterwards to keep up the number; this

would make about 14,250 deaths during the last 25 years of the half century, or at the rate of about 546 deaths per year. The death rate will be about the same, whether we make preparation for it or not, and just here let us see what each member would have to pay with a death-rate of 546 per year, and the policy calling for \$1,500; the total amount required will be \$819,000 (eight hundred and nineteen thousand dollars), or at the rate of a little over \$68.00 from each member. In contrast look at the handsome surplus of over seven millions, netting us over four hundred thousand dollars, or enough to pay 435 claims a year at \$1,000, without calling for a dollar from the membership, or even using one out of the capital invested, leaving only about 111 claims to be provided for by assessments, or at the rate of about \$9 from each of the 12,000 members, and then say whether it was not a good thing to exercise a little judgment, a little prudence, and to provide for the future in a rational manner. How do you suppose stock life insurance companies could live and flourish if they refused willfully and persistently to look ahead and make provision for all contingencies? See how carefully they inquire into your antecedents, even into the third generation, noting all the ills which you might probably inherit from your progenitors, and then having turned you inside out and inspected you, they turn to their mortality table, and from them compute your chances for a certain number of years of life and the amount which will insure them a good profit off of you. Why should we utterly disregard all these precautions and offer a good thing for less than its worth, for less than we can afford it to our members, and for less than they should be willing to pay?

In the last plan considered, I have calculated on yearly payments of \$25 on a \$1,000 policy. This is little less than one of my friends is paying on an endowment policy of \$1,000. Our insurance is really an endowment assurance and a better one than his, because he must die or live to a certain age before he can derive any benefit. In our insurance we get our claims on death or disability, which may overtake us at any age. No matter how much this friend may be disabled, he cannot touch a cent of money from the insurance company and his premiums must be paid promptly, or he will forfeit his policy. Having made these calculations, I am more than ever before convinced that we ought to pay into our treasury not the few dollars needed now, but just as much (or nearly so) as we would have to pay some other company for the same or a worse insurance and form a surplus of the money not needed, and thus have others help us pay our claims; not as is sometimes done by getting up entertainments and selling tickets to others, who look upon it as an act of charity to buy one, but because they have received the worth of their money in the use of ours.

That the insurance companies depend largely on the increase of their funds by judicious loans to various corporations or individuals will be

made clear when you look at the figures before alluded to; namely, \$22 a year premium on a \$1,000 insurance. It would take a man 45½ years to pay in \$1,000; hence, if the person insured died before paying 45½ yearly premiums, he would not have paid in enough to pay his policy, much less a share in the salaries, expenses and profits which it is expected to be derived from the business. It is only by the interest on the premiums paid in, and this interest being again invested, thus doubling itself every 10 or 12 years, that these insurance companies can pay their policies and the thousands of men who are in their service. If every brother were required to pay his assessments and the sum of \$12.50 a year for 25 years, as I have shown, the survivors would be able to return to a very low yearly assessment, or if they were to continue paying at that rate for 30 years no assessments at all would be necessary after that time, for all claims could be paid by the accruing interest. Like all other good things, a certain amount of energy, prudence, sacrifice and self-denial may be required to accomplish this, but the result would amply compensate us for all our efforts.

In my next, I shall endeavor to trace some of the advantages resulting from this plan, besides the mere monetary results.

X. L. C. R.

The Tramp's Observations.

Editors Magazine:

Several times during the past year *The Tramp* has appeared in the light of a traveler, but this year the role of an observer, as well, will be assumed, because I am about tired of traveling, and now, instead of taffy, I want to give the Brotherhood and our friends a few glimpses of the country at large, as well as our members the benefit of a few ideas on our Order, and the advantages derived from it as it stands to-day.

For this letter I shall confine myself to a few remarks to our members, having in view the ultimate good of all concerned. We have reached a position far in advance of labor organizations in common, and right here let us pause and compare that position with other orders of a similar nature. In order to do this, we must follow the history of those with whom we make comparisons. As a rule, bodies of men who have sought from time to time to better their own condition in life have after a few years, from some cause or other, failed. The reflective mind is apt to ask, why is this? Well, if we do not cite any particular case, the answer is difficult and leaves room for a long discussion of what might be considered evils or virtues. The principle causes which lead to the many failures of benevolent associations are: Non-supporting members, faulty constitutions, bringing sudden and radical changes of policy and mushroom growth, or rather an outgrowth of the principles and policies of those associations by large additions of new and inexperienced men. From this standpoint, I shall deal with this subject in this letter. Our Brotherhood, as a rule, loses nothing by non-supporting members in the long run. There are

exceptions, but the average delinquent in our Brotherhood becomes an outcast before he is of any very great expense to the Order, consequently he contributes less to the detriment of the Brotherhood than to his own. Certainly, if he can afford to lose the benefits derived from association with us, we need shed no tears over his unmanly departure; if he can afford to stand branded as a defaulter to a trust and false to good morals and principles, rather than contribute a few dollars to our common fund, we can easily afford to let him go. The saying goes among us, as enginemens, "You don't own that engine, she will run when you are gone," applies in this case to the Brotherhood. You don't own this Brotherhood, you only own one thirteen thousandth part of it, and it will run just the same when you are gone as now. It looks bad, however, to see an extended black list every month, but it seems that no amount of pleading will put an end to it, and while the Brotherhood loses one friend, probably valueless, the expelled man loses 13,000 whose value is unquestioned and unlimited; so I guess we can stand it if those unprincipled dogs, who fail to meet their obligations, can. The next drawback to glorious achievements is a faulty Constitution and sudden radical changes in our policies. Our Constitution, comprising "those thirty-two pages of technical print," has undergone many changes since the Hornellsville Convention, and if our present policy is pursued will undergo many more in the history of the Order. Some of these changes have been radical in the extreme, many of them beneficial in a like degree, and while the history of the Order is replete with accounts of wise and noble deeds, I believe that a policy such as we have pursued will, in the long run, cause our downfall. There are too many seeking our ruin. For us to submit to it would be a defalcation of confidence reposed in us by our friends. We cannot afford to pass unheeded the many evidences of jealousy that exist, because of our growth and standing. Still it is not the mission of this Brotherhood to create a strife, nor is it the mission of the Magazine to notice all the little petty thrusts made at us as a body of men, organized for the purpose of protecting ourselves and families in sickness and death, as well as for the promulgation of principles which shall live forever. But it is the mission of this Brotherhood to carefully note the stumbling blocks put in our way and steer clear of them, so long as we can do so without forfeiting our manhood, and then when we do have an obstacle to overcome, we can better accomplish our ends in view.

Now, my idea is this: If we would outlive the time seemingly allotted to labor organizations, we should establish a constitution, that would fill all the requirements of a large body of men, covering an immense territory and at the same time express broad and liberal views upon all conditions surrounding our situation, and then keep that constitution as our guide to a glorious success. The policy has been for each convention to undo the work accomplished by the pre-

vious one, and commence over again. This is a tree that sooner or later will be productive of evil fruit, and I say let us apply the hatchet while we are able to do so. Why not have a committee appointed to frame a constitution embracing the principles of the Order, as well as covering its requirements, and let them report to the convention succeeding the one at Philadelphia. Then, if that report is approved by the convention, let it be submitted to the popular vote of the Brotherhood for rejection or ratification, if it becomes a fact instead of a report, have a clause specifying a two-thirds vote of any convention or the Brotherhood as necessary to repeal or amend it.

The only argument I have heard against this measure, is that the boys will talk it around the round houses, and everybody will know our business. Well, that's true to a certain degree, but we will reap untold benefits in the long run, and even if the boys do talk it around the shops, it won't hurt us a great deal. Our growth has been unusually large, and we must do something to prevent our collapse from the mere weight of our own members.

Bro. T. P. O'Rourke says, "that our principles will last for all time." True enough, and it is with a feeling of pride that we recognize the fact that we are on the right side of principle. But, how about our Brotherhood? Will it last for all time, if we don't adopt such laws as will not only keep us on that side, but protect us against injury from ourselves? This subject will stand a good deal of honest thought, and if the right course is pursued, great benefits may be derived. Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

COMO, COL., December 2, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

To the 20,000 readers of the Firemen's Magazine I wish to send a New Year's greeting: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to each and all of you. On January 1, 1885, the Firemen's Magazine will start with No. 1 of Vol. 9. Nine years ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen launched this little book on the sea of literature as the mouthpiece of the Order. It was a weak and sickly affair at first, but perseverance, pluck and ability of editorial management, mingled with a keen appreciation of what was needed in this particular field, and how best to supply the necessary matter, has pushed our book to the forefront, where it stands to-day, the peer of any of its class, yielding precedence to none—a grand and lasting monument to the genius and intelligence of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Let us each and all in the coming year exert our best endeavors to not only hold it in its present proud position, but push it onward and upward to pre-eminence, so that when January, 1886, rolls around we can wish a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to 40,000 or 50,000 interested readers.

The December Magazine contains a communi-

cation from your esteemed correspondent, X. L. C. R., captioned, "Mutual Insurance Systems," to which I wish to offer a few objections. If his train of reasoning be correct, and can be ciphered down to the lowest possible limit, no mutual insurance association, conducted on the same principle as ours, can exist, no matter how small the sum fixed on as a standard of policy, and it is only a question of time when all such shall cease to live. I fail to see how this conclusion can be arrived at unless we can imagine the extinction of the human race in connection with it; because past history and present experience point to the fact that the human family is ever increasing, fulfilling the Divine injunction to "go forth and multiply;" the young spring up to take the places of those who have passed away, to fulfill the same destiny, perform the same labors, bear the same burdens, with like wants and similar means of satisfying them. The history of the Brotherhood also points to the fact that our membership is constantly and steadily on the increase, and as the future opens up before us, we see no signs of decay but a larger and more extended sphere. I must confess that the correspondent's figures perplex me, but they do not convince me. I know very little about figures, as I have never been to school or college since I attained my thirteenth year, and have had very limited opportunities since then, and I do not feel competent to dispute his arguments in that particular line; but I feel safe in asserting that his imagination and the paper he read, published by the stock life insurance companies, have together conspired to lead him to false and untenable conclusions. He seems to be imbued with the idea that because we have no standing surplus accumulating to back the enterprise, and that as each and every one of us do not pay in as much as we expect to draw out, our insurance is bound to be a failure. How so? Have we not a standing surplus in the 12,000 paying loyal members of the Order, and is not the surplus accumulating from week to week, and month to month, and year to year, as per our rapidly swelling roll of membership? If we can suppose the Brotherhood to have completed its list of membership, closed its doors to all new comers, and given out as its imperative mandate to the present members that they should pay the present rate of insurance on the assessment plan until the last one had ceased to exist, then, indeed, our system would not only be a failure, it would be rank robbery; because, when we had dwindled down to two survivors—Jack and Bob—and Jack dies, Bob alone would have to pay the amount of Jack's policy, and then go whistle for his own. But where, in the name of common sense and reason, is there the prospect of such a possibility in the future of our Order! Railroads have become a necessary and permanent institution; they have come to stay. Locomotives are absolutely essential to the successful operation of the railroads, and as long as the present system of generating steam in locomotives prevails, so long shall we have a standing

and accumulating surplus to back up our insurance system.

Again, if we are expected to pay in as much as we draw out, what is the use of maintaining and supporting a Brotherhood such as ours; paying large salaries to officials, and holding annual conclaves at enormous expense; why, it would be far cheaper, safer and more convenient to bury our money in an old sock and have our heirs dig it up after we are dead. And, oh! ye gods, what then would become of our poor eastern brothers? Why, according to your plan, and their own assertions, they could not, if we fixed the amount of policy at \$1.00, buy a half interest in one. The parallel drawn between the ten men forming a partnership and our present system of insurance is no parallel at all, and forms no argument as I can see, because, as I said before, our list of membership is not complete, nor have we any stated figure to stop at, our possibilities are unlimited, and the probabilities are that we shall continue to pay in the future as we have in the past.

He speaks of a fund invested to draw interest or profit, and deploras the fact that we have no such fund. Our insurance system was not instituted for purposes of profit, but to furnish to the members of the Order a cheap and safe means of securing those dependent on them against want and misery when death or disability should paralyze the strong arm that protected them, and I do hope we shall never see the day when the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will contaminate itself by the practice of usury.

He says that fifty years' time will be sufficient to wipe out our present membership of 12,000, and that we would have to die off at the rate of 240 per year to accomplish that fact: and at the rate of \$1,500 per death, the amount we would have to pay in one year would be \$360,000. This sum looks enormous, but we do not have to pay it. Death is not the only factor that decimates our ranks; look over the columns of the Magazine and see the large numbers who withdraw and are expelled from month to month. Again we are relieved of a large number of our members, who, as they grow older, step over on the right-hand side, join the B. of L. E. and withdraw from the B. of L. F., leaving us the young and the vigorous to sustain us.

He calls in the B. of L. E. insurance as a proof of the falsity of our system. It proves nothing, as their system is directly contrary to ours; their system, until very recently, called for a dollar a death from each member of the insurance, and the amount thus collected was the amount paid as policy; we have a standard sum of policy—\$1,500—which, with a membership of 12,000, calls for 12½ cents from each member per death, and as our membership increases the amount pro rata correspondingly decreases.

Our system as at present conducted is good, its foundations are solid, and its life is assured; we cannot afford to change it, and to abolish it would be to kill the Brotherhood. It is just as good for one as the other, the young as the old,

because we all stake an equal amount and take equal chances of reaping the benefits. If we could afford to pay a policy of \$1,000 on a small membership without hardship, we can afford to pay a policy of \$1,500 on a larger and ever-increasing membership. According to X. L. C. R.'s reasoning, working under our present system, we could not pay a policy of \$1,000 or \$500, or even \$100, and keep it up. I wonder what we have been doing since the system was adopted? If I am not mistaken, we have paid all just claims and are no nearer bankrupt now than we were a few years ago.

My idea is that it is the sum of \$1,500 the correspondent does not like, and not the system.

If I ever again meet that rhymster, Threlig Rhue, there is going to be trouble among the bards; because since Mrs. T. P. read his latest, I am continually on the "ragged edge."

Yours in B. S. & I.,

T. P. O'ROURKE.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, November 16, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Perhaps you may think it strange to hear from these regions after so long a silence on our part, but I have nevertheless undertaken to write a piece for the Magazine. Our Lodge is again at the front ready to do good work for the Brotherhood. We now number between 55 and 60 staunch and true members who are a credit to the calling and the cause. Our little Financier, W. P. Mallory, fits his position first rate, and will keep the boys straight on the books and the finances in good order. We have had several promotions among our boys, but I have seen no mention of them in the Magazine. H. M. Jones, Wm. Janders, T. H. Motter, W. P. Mallory and Henry Sorey are all on the right side and rendering faithful service as engineers. We expect to keep our Lodge well up in the front ranks, and to that end we shall all labor with perseverance and zeal.

CALAMITY DUDE.

Ode To O'Malley.

(Respectfully dedicated to John O'Malley, Delegate from Ft. Worth, Texas, to the late Toronto Convention.)

Mr. O'Malley, had you been quicker,
You'd 'ave caught the bold thief
That "touched" your new ticker.

—Eli.

But oh! you were dumb,
To shout for the sheriff to come
And search an old chum,
Whom you denounced as a bum,
For having a bit of fun

On an occasion like that.

—Dickens.

John, pay attention!
Some advice I would mention:
Don't, for the sake of your life,
Trust your dear wife
While sleeping "en route" to a convention.

—Barnabas.

Then agin me dear crature
With yer innocent nature:
"When to conventions ye go,
Watch both friend and foe"—
Is the advice of yer ould friend, the pracher.

—Shakespeare

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO, November 21, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

There has been quite a change here among our officials that will be of interest to your readers. H. J. Hemphill, Esq., has resigned and gone to Butte to take charge of the machine shops, and Mr. C. C. McPherson, our old Foreman, has been appointed Division Foreman, with headquarters at Eagle Rock. Mr. McPherson is the right man in the right place; he is a favorite with all the engineers and firemen and he is their friend, provided that they do what is right, and if they try the other game he takes a hand with them and always wins.

When Mr. Hemphill resigned, the boys made him a present of a set of beautiful drafting instruments valued at more than \$200. The present was well deserved, as Mr. Hemphill always treated all the boys exceedingly well.

Since we have been organized Bros. Orville Adams, W. R. Dean, E. B. Nye, J. Cashmore, N. C. Grant (no relation to the General), G. L. Oram, D. B. Rowland, P. Lovenson, S. L. Bristol, M. Russell, Dan. Cutting, Tommy Wharton and J. W. Frost have passed over to the right hand side and are doing credit to themselves and the Order. We are all busy, making good time, and we are correspondingly happy. Our Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and as solid as the rock from which she takes her name. Wishing success to the Brotherhood, now and always, I remain, yours fraternally, Ex.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 28, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

On Tuesday evening, November 11, 1884, as the incoming passenger train on the St. Louis Division of the I., B. & W. R. R. was nearing the city of Indianapolis, a wreck occurred which resulted in the death of Edward Goldstien, a member of Division No. 11, B. of L. E. The facts, as near as can be learned, are as follows:

Bro. Chas. Furguson was running engine No. 10; when within four miles of the city and running at a high rate of speed, he saw a flagman, but the night being dark and very foggy he was unable to see very far ahead. As soon as he saw the flag, he reversed his engine on sand, at the same time remarking to Engineer Goldstien, who was riding on the engine, that a collision was imminent. At this, Goldstien stepped to the fireman's side and jumped; in doing so, he fell in such a manner as to break his neck. The firemen ran back on the tank and was saved. Bro. Furguson, however, remained until he saw he could not stop, when he jumped, and was thrown violently to the ground and through a barbed-wire fence. He escaped with a slight fracture of the jaw-bone, besides being considerably bruised. It was a miraculous escape, considering that his engine went through four cars. This freight was due at 7 A. M. and was still occupying the main track at 5:30 P. M. The dispatcher failed to notify Bro. Furguson of this along the line, which is good evidence of neglect somewhere, which should be remedied.

WM. HUGO.

ELKHART, IND., November 27, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Thinking that a word from 162 and of the condition of affairs among the men of the Michigan Southern Division of the L. S. & M. S. might be of interest, I take my "pen in hand," etc. Prospect Lodge, now only a little over a year old, has a membership of over one hundred; to prove their worthiness and interest, allow me to say that they have in this short time furnished a hall, second to none in the United States, besides paying a weekly indemnity of \$5.00 to sick and disabled members. Added to this we have to-day a surplus of over \$300 in the hands of our worthy Financier, P. A. Hamilton. Bro. Winegardner, who has for a long time been sick, has taken his family and gone to Missouri to try and regain his health. May he soon return to us with additional strength and health. Bro. Winegardner has always been one of our most earnest workers, and filled the office of Secretary from the date of our organization until a change in his run compelled him to resign.

Business is somewhat dull on the L. S. & M. S., but we are, I guess, keeping up with the most of them.

During the visit of our Grand Officers to Elkhart they were kindly received by our esteemed M. M., Mr. Gilmore, and by our "good-natured" Foreman and Engine Dispatcher, Mr. Robinson, who always takes a pleasure in making everything agreeable for his men, and who is always ready to assist in entertaining their friends. The system of keeping the location of engines and men by Mr. R. is the most complete of any I have ever seen. He has in his office a board, 12 feet long by 5 wide; this is nicely painted and divided into different spaces for each Division. In the board are driven little hooks, on which are hung first a little brass check with the number of the engine and exactly opposite hang two tags of cardboard, the first bearing the name of the engineer and the second the name of the fireman. The board in the Elkhart office is divided into several spaces, as follows:

Michigan Division, passenger engines.
Michigan Division, freight engines.
Western Division, passenger engines.
Western Division, freight engines.
Kalamazoo Division.
Lansing Division.
Ft. Wayne Division.
Jackson Division.
Toledo Yard.
Chicago Yard.
Elkhart Yard.

Then there are spaces for engineers sick, visiting, etc., and for firemen the same; one for engines laid up; another for engines in shop; another for work train engines, and one for extra engineers and firemen. The Michigan Southern Division, which includes the entire road between Chicago and Toledo, and branches, has 237 engines and about 500 engine men. Every engine has a place on the board and so has every man, and his tag hangs directly opposite his engine

number in the proper place. Should a regular man, from sickness or some other cause, be obliged to lay off, his tag is taken from the hook and put in its proper place, and the tag of the extra man hung in its place. A glance at this board shows the location of every engine and crew on the Division and the number of extra men. To appreciate the real value of this arrangement it should be seen, and to any person interested, I assure you Mr. R. would gladly show its merits.

Division No. 248, B. of L. E., meets in B. of L. F. Hall, and under the guidance of such men as Chief Cainnon and his worthy assistant, Bradeen (who, by the way, is our traveling engineer and a good fellow, too), Fleming ("Hadley") and all the rest, they cannot be otherwise than successful; then they have the B. of L. F. boys to watch over and protect them. "That'll be all right, old boy," I hear T. L. B. say when he reads this.

KOLEY.

ALBIA, IOWA, Nov. 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Confidence Lodge is moving steadily along, with fifty good, reliable members. Of her men, there are about twenty who have gone to the right side and are doing well in the new work. Our worthy Master, Bro. Broeki, is one of the leading spirits of our Lodge and he is most faithful in the discharge of his duties. Bro. Payne has charge of our financial matters, and it is a rare occurrence for him to report a delinquency. Where Bro. Payne fails, it is useless for another to try. At our last meeting, a vote of thanks was given to Bro. Krull, our Magazine Agent, for his excellent work, he having doubled the subscription list of the previous year; he promises to do even better for the ensuing year.

Since I began writing, I have received the news of a wreck west of here. Bro. Shattuck is reported seriously injured. This is sad news and another reminder that we know not what even an hour may bring forth.

Yours fraternally, No. 102.

BONHAM, TEXAS, November 31, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Bro. Jos. Healy, of Texas Belle Lodge No. 155, organized a Lodge at Texarkana, named J. H. Selby Lodge No. 244, in honor of Bro. Selby, of Greenville, Texas. The Lodge was organized with a membership of thirteen, and many more additions are expected. All had a pleasant time and many thanks are extended to Bro. Healy for taking the initiative in the matter. A long-felt want has been filled by his work.

Bro. Healy desires to return his thanks to Mr. John Addis, Foreman of T. & P. Round House at Texarkana, for courtesies extended, having put himself to considerable trouble to favor the organization; also to Bros. Cline and Malin for valuable assistance rendered in organizing.

The Lodge has a promising future, and with their noble aim and motto in life, I wish them God speed.

NEMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 22, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Seeing nothing else in the two previous issues of your ever welcome Magazine regarding No. 60, except a full expulsion list, I hope you will grant me space to express my well-meaning ideas on one of the various causes. Several of the expelled members have not belonged to the Order eighteen months, and I think these very limited memberships prove carelessness, either with the committees appointed, or the brothers who make the appointments. No. 60 consists chiefly of employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company (with a few exceptions), and said company has four yards in this city, each of which is represented. Let a fireman from either yard be proposed, a committee from the same yard is invariably appointed. Why? Because they are usually neighbors, and it will not inconvenience them any to see the candidate? Not because they are a good and impartial investigating committee. It seems as though quantity, not quality, was their aim. Consequently, our noble Order falls in public estimation. Apparently, we are not the only Lodge that commits this sad and ruinous mistake, and I sincerely hope that every brother who may serve on such committees, will, in the future, give an impartial "favorable" or "unfavorable" report. Whether we shall always retain our good name or not, depends greatly on such committees, and we should therefore exercise great care in their selection.

GOOD WILL.

For Firemen's Magazine:

Past Year, Farewell!

Past year, farewell! the rapid surge

Of Time has swept thee by;

And who shall sing a fitting dirge?

Surely, past year, not I.

Sweet hopes have fled with thee,

While every thought is in the light

That fills eternity.

Past year, farewell! tho' joy has died

On many a hearth-stone fair;

And hearts for years to grief allied,

Still bear their weight of care.

Yet may we hope that brighter days,

Unstained by Sorrow's tears,

May wake the harp to joyous lays.

And gladden coming years.

Soon all we love will pass away,

As swift as days or years.

And tho' affection's sweetened cup

Preserves the taste of tears,

Yet, will we hope that joys more sweet,

More lasting in their bloom,

May breathe their fragrance 'round our feet,

And charm away our gloom.

Past year, farewell! the fatal sound

Of thy last hour has fell;

Deep in my memory is thy brand,

And thou dost know it well.

Each scene of sorrow, care, or pain,

Is marked with deepest trace,

In lines of light acutely plain,

Never to leave their place.

While life endures, they still will last,

Tho' eternity's valve close over the past.

—W. B. W.

LA FAYETTE, IND.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Nov. 19, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

For the second time we ask a space in the Magazine for a few words from W. A. Foster Lodge, No. 216. Last week we were made very happy with a visit from Bro. F. P. Sargent, Vice Grand Master, and we appointed a special meeting for the occasion. After the regular order of business, we were highly entertained by an address from Bro. Sargent, and with the utmost attention we all listened to his many words of encouragement and advice, and we assure Bro. Sargent that he has done much to encourage and instruct us, and that which will promote greatly to the credit of our Lodge and the interest of the Order, and we are firmly convinced that Bro. Sargent is a true and solid Brotherhood man, and one who is surely worthy of the office which he now holds, and No. 216 extends to him many thanks and a hearty welcome at any time he may come again.

A short time since, we were presented with a beautiful gift from Bro. Herbert Jones and his brother, and the officers and members all offer many thanks to Bro. Jones for this kind and generous gift, and will say more to him by and by, and we shall never forget his brother or his kindness.

We are talking strongly of having our first ball sometime in January next, and we are sure of a grand one. Bro. Alden says he shall surely attend if Bro. Swinerton sells tickets, and our worthy Master says he will take a whole box at the same price. J. G.

ST. PAUL, MINN., December 1, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

No. 61 is working her way up hill slowly but surely, and ere long we will see her on her old footing once more. We have 143 members, most all good men. Cupid is playing havoc amongst the boys. Bros. Sharpless and F. Maher are married men now. Last Wednesday evening Bro. Chas. Montgomery and Miss May F. Delaney were married at the residence of the bride's mother. Both parties are well-known in St. Paul. If Bro. M. D. Hayes doesn't keep away from East Sixth street we shall look for a—well, no matter what. Mike knows, eh, Mike! Bro. Donelson says, "If we weren't run so hard, I could get over on to Pearl street occasionally." And Bro. Sugrue says, "Let's adjourn, I want to go and see my girl." Respectfully yours,

ST. P., M. & M.

GALVESTON, TEX., Dec. 7, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Happy New Year to all, including the Magazine. The Gulf City Lodge wishes to let you know that it still holds forth "by occasional mention." Brother Petis had a close call a short time ago, but is now able to walk around and visit the shops, which makes him the hero of the hour. His engine turned bottom side up with several box cars on top of her; his fireman came out all right, but he was taken out with a

broken arm, and a compound fracture of the wrist bone and several other slight bruises. With good medical care he comes out without the loss of a joint. He says it is better to be born lucky than rich. I have not been able to attend many meetings lately—all the other boys are so regular and they have such good attendance that I am not missed. Brother Moore is Magazine agent for 1885, and you will find him a hard worker. There are some things I wanted to say about the late Convention, but Brother O'Rourke has expressed my sentiments exactly, although our ideas may be somewhat different and our thoughts may not be in the same channel. Brother Weiler deserved great credit for the interest he is taking in our insurance. With best wishes for the welfare of the Order and the future of the Magazine. MAC.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, Nov. 23, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Guide Lodge No. 125 is still progressing, keeping time to the music of prosperity. The members are all trying to help the cause along to the best of their ability, and their work commends itself to the Order very favorably. We now number fifty-six members, all in good standing, and they may be counted among the live and energetic classes that keep our Order in the forefront. Although business on the road is rather dull at present, the matrimonial market is brisk. Bros. Wm. Strouse, O. O. Green, T. H. Meredith and F. W. Snyder have all taken partners for a life voyage. May their lives be filled with happiness and prosperity.

Bro. Snyder was married to-day, and as it was our meeting day, we called on him in a body and extended our congratulations to himself and bride.

The members in this locality are generally pleased with the increase in the insurance. Wishing long life to the Brotherhood, and prosperity to its members, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

S. T. BARNHILL.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Dec. 14, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been a reader of the Firemen's Magazine for several years, and I have failed to see more than two or three articles written from Good Will Lodge No. 52. We are one hundred strong, and has the honor of having enrolled a number of members who are the possessors of diplomas from some of our best schools, who should take a more active part in furnishing food for the minds of the readers of the Magazine. As it is very embarrassing for one who never had his thoughts in print to perform such a responsible duty as to furnish interesting reading for the Magazine, I hope some of the more able writers will take a hint and furnish something more interesting. I think we ought to have more correspondence from No. 52.

Fraternally yours,

F. M. W.

The Oregon Short Line.

I am going to try and write a piece,
For I think that it is best
That the Brotherhood should know
How the boys are doing West.
Bill Chapman runs the engine seven
And is always in on time.
He is one of the finest runners
On the Oregon Short Line.

His fireman's name is Gardner,
He handles the No. two;
But I think he'll be promoted
Before the winter's through.
Zeigler runs the engine six
On the west end of the road;
He pulls gently to the station
Till all hands are aboard.

Charlie Sutter runs the twenty-seven
And pulls a gravel train,
His fireman's name is Riley,
He's got ladies on the brain.
But they both are "dandy" fellows
And are always 'round on time.
May they soon be pulling passenger
On the Oregon Short Line.

Pete McDermot runs the switch engine,
And Jewett shovels the coal,
And keeps out an eye for signals
While switching in "the hole."
They both want something better,
And will get it in due time,
And be guiding stars to others
On the Oregon Short Line.

—Dick Dolan.

HARRISBURG, PA., Dec. 9, 1883.

Editors Magazine:

If you will grant me space in your Magazine, I will say a few words for Harrisburg Lodge No. 174, nothing having been submitted in your columns in reference to it since it has been organized. I will say it is alive and active, being composed of energetic young men. We have been organized since July 8, 1883, and have a membership of sixty in good standing, and with prospects for more.

We held our second annual ball on Tuesday eve. Nov. 18. It was successful socially and financially. We had the pleasure of introducing the Hon. S. C. Wilson and wife, who passed a pleasant evening with us. They were well pleased with the manner in which the ball was conducted. Mr. Wilson is the mayor of this city.

Among our guests were several members of the B. of L. E., several members of the Conductor's Brotherhood, several members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, also Brother Fahey, of Oriole lodge No. 214. The committee deserve great credit for their efforts and their successful management.

Hoping we may live to spend many more such pleasant evenings together, I am

Fraternally

BONUS.

MESSRS. FRASER & SONS, photographers, of Toronto, desire us to say that in sending photos ordered by delegates, they sent a large number of other pictures not ordered by them, and that these pictures were sent on *approbation*. Elsewhere will be found the price list of these photos. Delegates who ordered pictures and failed to receive them will notify Fraser & Sons, 39, 41 and 43 King street East, Toronto, Ont.

PALESTINE, TEX., December 9, 1884.

Editor Magazine:

For the first time I will endeavor to make my appearance in the Magazine. The name of our Lodge is Neches and its number 156, Brother T. H. Motter at the head. It is a rare thing that we see anything in the magazine about 156, and I being a new member, have been waiting for older members to break the ice, but evidently others are waiting for it to thaw out and melt and drift off with the wheel of time. We are giving a ball that comes off on the 17th, which each and every one of us, or at least ought to, take great interest in, and as it is our first I do sincerely hope it will be a success.

Bro. Dick Monk and Bro. Henry Rhody have met with deserved promotion. But strange as it may seem, they both look quite familiar on the right side,
Yours truly,

STOKER.

PARSONS, KAN., Dec. 20, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

The subject of attendance has oftentimes been referred to. This subject being one of great importance I pen a few thoughts for the benefit of the members of our Brotherhood. The management of our lodges is practically in the hands of the officers, who must be regular in attendance, and it is a poor way to show appreciation of their efforts in the cause if the other members absent themselves. When the officers see before them rows of empty chairs, and only a few scattering members on the floor, they feel discouraged and cannot put that heart into their work that would be the case if a good percentage of the members were present. There is a certain number in every Lodge who are faithful in attendance and look out for its interest. Time after time they come to the meetings and transact the business for others. They serve on committees, and attend to much more of their work, while others doing nothing, have the same benefits in the end. By and by these brothers feel discouraged, and oftentimes begin to think that some others ought to come to the front. Are they not right? Is it just to allow a dozen or so to do all the work for a hundred or more? With large attendance the Lodge becomes prosperous, and the meetings have a great deal more interest. If our members would make up their minds to attend at every opportunity, there would be a great improvement. The work would be divided up and the general interest increased. With numerous members present the "good of the order" would be materially advanced. Let us remember our Lodge is our home, where those of congenial tastes and unsullied affections meet for mutual counsel, where the yearning heart finds others to trust and love and the unuttered wish is understood and answered, and confiding brothers live in each others lives of common feeling, and calm delight, rejoicing in prosperity and extending sweet sympathy in adversity. And if this be so, why is there so much lethargy in the Lodge—the fault is with the members. I make the asse-

to every Brotherhood Fireman that no Lodge can retrograde with an average attendance of one-half or two thirds of the members. It is the stay-at-homes that kill the interest of a Lodge.

Hence our attendance is necessary to make up a growing and progressive Lodge. "Wake up, Brothers, to a sense of duty." Come to the Lodge room and connect yourself a little closer with the proceedings of your Lodge. Do not raise your objections or remarks outside, but inside. Bring another brother with you, and make up your mind that you are going to have your say. And remember that the beautiful teachings of the Order are very soon forgotten if we stay away. They soon have no impression on our minds. But if we take an interest in what is going on, we soon feel the influence of the ever admirable lessons that are set before us and their grand principles become the controlling mediums of our lives.

Another thought and I have done. Let those who pass the threshold to join in the rites around our altars have pure hearts and clean hands, and if we are true members to our obligation we shall not fail to make this a glorious Order.

VERIX.

Who Are the Heroes?

[Respectfully Inscribed to the Employees of the Amboy Division of the P. R. R.]

Let others sing of Bludsoe, Bradley, Guild—
Well they deserve kind memory and a tear—
But he who holds his manhood undefiled,
Loyal to lowly duty, is their peer.

Are there no living heroes? Must men die
To be accounted noble, true and brave?
Are all the laurel wreaths woven to lie
On pale, unconscious brows, cold in the grave?

Is there no need of praise for him who stands
True at his humble post, whose eye unclosed
Foresees the danger, and whose faithful hand
Holds free from harm the sacred trust imposed?

To go when duty calls from fireside warm,
To walk the track with ever watchful eye,
To bear the red-light through the driving storm
Or stand to brakes when sleety crystals fly.

To hold a lever and to watch a gauge,
To set a switch, or give a signal true,
To tap a wheel, or drive a spike—a sage
Might call these trifles—but do you?

Let one of these be slighted, only one—
These daily duties of ten thousand men—
And somewhere comes the crash, the shriek, the groan;
Somewhere the roll of death is called again.

I can not think the smoke of martyrdom
From burning wrecks of human life, will rise
The sweetest incense that shall ever come
From off the altars of our sacrifice.

I can not think that He, who said "well done,"
Unto the one who in "few things" was true,
Will lightly hold us if, from sun to sun,
We faithful prove in that we have to do.

Give honor to the martyrs—those who fall,
And falling have their crown of glory won:
But honor, too, the living heroes, all
Who living lay no duty down undone.

All reverence for the dead. Let anthems ring
Above their graves, and peaceful be their rest.
This honest tribute of respect I bring
To every man who does his level best.

—Thomas B. Appleget.

LARAMIE, WYOMING, Dec. 17, 1894.

Editors Magazine:

It is with great pleasure that I inform you that our Lodge is in a healthy and prosperous condition. We are rapidly increasing in membership, and the outlook for us is very promising. Bro. W. Roth, our efficient Master, and the rest of the officers are very attentive to their duties, and keep the members actively engaged in the work of the Order. Bro. G. Haskins has gone from among us and wherever he may cast his lot he will be followed with our best wishes. Those who meet George will find him a true brother and gentlemen. Bro. W. Connors is running a switch engine in the U. & N. yards at Eagle Rock. Bros. Mansell, Edston and Brooks are hostlers here. Bros. Comes and Hansen, who were injured some time since by being thrown from their engine, are around again, but not able to resume duty yet. We are waiting to hear from some of the Laramie literary ladies through the Woman's Department of the Magazine, and hope they may respond at an early day.

TENDER FOOT.

The correspondent of Avon Lodge, No. 38, has forwarded the following budget of news: Robert Burton, the "Old Reliable" engineer of the London Branch, is a member of Avon Lodge, No. 38, so that Bro. J. Burton's father is now also his brother. Bob rode the goat in such splendid style that he led us to believe he had been there before, and was acquainted with the pranks of the animal. Joe Logan was married at Goderich last November. Joe was very sly about it, but we will forgive him this time. J. F. Drummond is the happy father of a daughter. Jim says she is a candidate for the Ladies' Society, B. of L. F. Death has recently taken away the mother of Bro. W. O'Brien, and the sister of Bro. J. W. Lamb. Both have the sincere sympathy of the members of No. 38 in this, the time of their great sorrow.

NEEDLES, CAL., Dec. 6, 1894.

Editors Magazine:

Having never seen anything in the Magazine from The Needles, I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you and the many readers of the Magazine know that we are still alive and in the land of the living, if we are away out on the "Great American Desert." We have no Lodge here, but quite a number of B. of L. F. members. We have been talking of starting a Lodge here, but so far it has been all talk.

The "boys" have not been staying here very well on account of the hard runs and poor engines. One division from Needles to Mojave is 240 miles, and from Needles to Winslow 290 miles. From Needles to Mojave it is all desert, the dustiest, sandiest kind of a desert.

The noted "Death's Valley" where so many overland emigrants lost their lives for want of water, lies about five miles from the road.

Eighty-three people in one party lost their

lives and were found by another party some time after, who found water only four feet below the surface. This was during "The days of '49" when so many had the "gold fever."

Business has been very good but at present is a little slack; but every body happy.

Johnnie Pritchett, our sub-Magazine agent from Winstow, is after everybody to subscribe for the Magazine and is meeting with good success. Johnnie is a good fellow and they can not say no to him.

Let us hear from Mrs. H. B. Jones again. There is more truth than poetry in her letter in the November number.

Let us hear from all the ladies. We have but few ladies out here and their letters in the Magazine are all the more interesting to us on that account. God bless the ladies. What would we do without them?

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable time and room in your columns, I remain

Yours fraternally,
NEEDLES.

HOUSTON, TEX. Dec. 20, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

There is talk of a big ball which is to come off some time during the holidays. The C. B. and H.'s have their annual oyster chew on the 29th of December. A. A. Ritchie, our new Magazine agent, has been promoted and is running extra on the G. H. & S. A. Al. Bergstram is running switch engine at Hempstead. Our delegate to last convention, A. O. Woodworth, was tendered a reception on his return from the north. Besides a good quantity of cake and wine, there was a fine cake with the words "Welcome Home" frosted on the top. Brother Woodworth is writing short hand in Houston. Verily the pen is mightier than the scoop. No. 146 is booming along on the hard beaten track of prosperity and will soon hold her head among the largest, under the leadership of our Master Geo. S. De Young, and our side Degree is what wakes the boys up. The ladies have organized what is known as the Social Club of the B. of L. F. with the following officers: Mrs. A. O. Woodworth, Pres.; Mrs. J. M. Chester, Vice Pres.; Mrs. Robt. Wynne, Sec.; Mrs. Chas. Goodrich, Treas.; Mrs. John Doran, Condt. We wish them all the success imaginable.

BAYOU CITY.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7, 1883.

Editors Magazine:

I have not seen anything in this month's issue of your valuable Journal concerning the death of John Flood which occurred on Saturday, November 1, occasioned by injuries received a week previous. Although not employed as a brakeman, Brother Flood had to perform the duties pertaining thereto, at the time he received his fatal injuries. Brother Flood at the time of his death was a member in good standing of United Lodge No. 60, and a staunch supporter of its principles, although being a member of the Order only about a year he had the

interests of the Order at heart, and his untimely death is deplored by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with him.

No. 60 has a membership of 85 to 90 members in good standing, but I am sorry to have to say that the majority of them are Brotherhood men in name only.

I hope it may be a long time before No. 60's ranks are invaded by death again. No. 60.

CRESTON, IOWA, December 6, 1884

Editors Magazine:

The evening of November 7, will not soon be forgotten by the members of Advance Lodge No. 101. The Lodge was in session and each member was actually engaged in his respective duties, unaware that the enemy was preparing for an attack, when a loud noise was heard outside followed by a rap at the door.

The Master asked Bro. Yearrington to find out who was there and what was wanted; Bro. Y. repaired to the anti-room and found it filled with ladies who demanded the unconditional surrender of the Lodge room. Bro. Yearrington, who, by the way is very bashful, reported that all the women in town were outside and wanted to come in. Master Burkett directed him to admit them. The door was opened and about twenty ladies walked in and stopped in front of the Master, when Mrs. Thos. Burns stepped forward and in a neat and appropriate speech, presented the Lodge a beautiful bible.

The boys were taken by surprise, but Bro. Burkett, who was equal to the emergency, in his usual happy style thanked the ladies for the present and gave them a hearty welcome. After the Master's address of thanks and welcome, Bro. Freel addressed us, giving the ladies a brief history of our Brotherhood.

The Lodge then adjourned to the residence of Mrs. S. K. Bryan, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared. Arriving there, we found the table laden with all of the delicacies of the season, of which we were invited to partake, which everyone did to his satisfaction. After supper the evening was spent in conversation and some excellent music rendered by Bro. Dain, until a late hour when the party disbanded and each wended his way home, feeling that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. Altogether it was a pleasant affair and will not soon be forgotten by the members of No. 101.

Great credit is due Mrs. H. Dain and Mrs. J. F. Bryan for managing the affair so well, not one of the boys knowing anything about it until the ladies called. Also much praise is due Mrs. Thos. Burns for the splendid manner in which she presented the bible. We hope the words of encouragement and advice spoken by her may be instilled into the minds of our members and be the means of doing much good.

We hope to hear of more of these social gatherings as they help to strengthen the ties of Brotherhood and establish the bonds of friendship between the members of our families.

ROXIE

OTTAWA, KAN., Dec. 15, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Lodge No. 154 is not often heard from through the Magazine, but she is still awake. We are getting along finely, having about forty members, and taking in from one to three every meeting. We are going to give our first annual ball Wednesday evening, Dec. 24th, and expect to have a grand time. Supt. J. L. Barnes gave us a coach from Kansas City to convey our guests in. The managing committee is doing everything in their power to make our first attempt a success.

Bro. Geo. Coleman has been married and now goes out calling in the afternoon. May they live long in peace and happiness is the wish of all. Bro. Ed. Wall has made two trips from here to Coffeyville on the right hand side of the 22. Bro. Abe Baker is sunning the 32 in the yards at night. Bro. A. G. Hake has a regular run from here to Cherryvale, and is happy. Bro. Frank Platt presides over our Lodge with becoming dignity. Bro. H. H. Volk has the right hand side of the 24 on construction train. Bro. Wm. Drum has moved to Ft. Scott, where he is raising fruit trees. Bro. Ed. Dean has left us and is now running on the C. & A. out of Bloomington and we all miss him.

We all wish prosperity to the B. of L. F.

BURG SLABS.

THE Freeport Bulletin is evidently after one of the Freeport boys, as will be seen by the following: "We have often heard of large dinner pails, but there is one over at the St. Paul railroad that 'takes the cake.' Yes, it would hold an entire bakery. This mammoth structure is divided into three equal parts and any one of them would hold enough rations to last an emigrant family from New York to San Francisco. The top of 'Jumbo' is where the eatables are stored. The tank is capable of holding about three gallons of coffee, while the other compartment is meant for storing a change of clothes, in case of a break down along the road when one might be needed. Notwithstanding the immense capacity of this pail, Joe, the fireman of engine No. 554 can knock the wadding out of it on a trip from Freeport to Racine. This record is official and must be straight."

J. H. CRONIN is authority for the statement that the Magazine Agent of Eclipse Lodge, has suspended business for the present—long enough, J. H. says, to do the matrimonial act.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***Teddy's First Love.**

Give me the sparkle of my Jenny's bright eye,
And the soul full of joy when my Jenny is nigh.
Her white neck to fondle, her soft cheek to press,
What a happy delight in my Jenny's caress.

As fresh and as fair as the morning light,
Came my Jenny to me—her smile was so bright—
Her step was as soft as the rapturous bliss
That stole o'er my soul with my own Jenny's kiss.

Scarce passes the wind, as passes the year
That saw my own Jenny so close to me here,
Her laughing black eyes looking up into mine,
Saying: "Do Teddy, Darling, please stop your cryin';
You know you are only a year in this life,
And you know very well I'm not 'Barnabas' wife."
—[Tim Fagan.

PERSONALS.

W. G. WELDEN is a loyal spirit in our cause.

R. E. JACOBS, of Syracuse is a Brotherhood man.

THE Magazine wishes all its readers a happy New Year.

CUPID VS. MOREHOUSE, is the way the Jersey City boys have it.

T. P. SMITH, of Cleveland, understands a Secretary's duties and performs them.

"THE Lightning Ticket Seller" is what the boys of No. 4 call Bro. Mitchell.

HENRY GREABING, one of the Smoky city boys has met with deserved promotion.

GEO. R. QUICK is the name of 121's efficient Financier. He is a credit to his Lodge.

THE members of No. 187, sympathize with Bro. H. Lyons in the death of his beloved child.

THE home of Bro. Thos. Watman of No. 221 has been cheered by the arrival of a little daughter.

It is said that John Tweedie, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, is the finest tonsorial artist in Indianapolis.

C. A. CRIPPS says that the "Old Post" is well watered and will blossom and bring forth good fruit.

D. V. Reed is passing around the cigars among the members of No. 217—its weight is twelve pounds.

THE men who make up Falls City Lodge No. 103, are doing good work for the Brotherhood.

A FRIENDLY call from Bro. Geo. Burgess and his amiable wife of Louisville, Ky., has been fully appreciated.

THE members of No. 42 extend their sympathies to Bro. A. J. Joss who is mourning the death of his mother.

A. C. PETTINGILL, Past Master of No. 165, has passed over to the right side. He is as good as the Wabash can produce.

HOWARD REEDER, Master of No. 60, is the right man in the right place. He handles the gavel with becoming dignity.

TOM. McCARTY is running an engine on the main line of the C. L. & W., and has the best wishes of No. 10's members.

H. O. SMITH says the boys of No. 231 are obliged to "coal consumer" for his complimentary references to the Lodge.

It is said that Bro. Shorey, of No. 4, feels very important since his wife presented him with that dimpled little daughter.

GEORGE ELLISON, of No. 134, is married to Miss Ida Parson at Camersville, Ont., October 8th, and the boys all join in best wishes.

AMONG the pleasant occurrences at Parsons, Kan., recently was the marriage of Bro. F. Curtis to Miss F. Summers, a genial young lady as her name would indicate.

W. L. SMITH is receiving the congratulations of the members of No. 139 upon his marriage to Miss Emma Atwell.

DUPELL is the proudest man in Philadelphia since his wife presented him with that darling, dimpled little daughter.

BRO. D. L. DAVENPORT returns thanks to the members of No. 64 for their kindness to himself and family in his recent affliction.

SELF HELP LODGE reports that Dennis Sheehy has a new fireman at his house, and that he looks for all the world like his "papa."

J. L. KREBS and J. N. Robinson, of No. 121, are exchanging congratulations. Each of them has been presented with a fine son.

FRED GALE's "Gal" has become a Gale—that's what the boys of No. 26 say. We have no doubt Fred makes a royal benedict.

F. HOWE and B. G. Wilcox, of No. 65, have joined the benedicts, and Bro. Bullard is rejoicing over the arrival of a twelve pound boy.

ON Thanksgiving day Bro. D. J. Sisk, of No. 213, was presented by his wife with a fine young son, who will be known as William Ralph Sisk.

JOE WHEELER, of El Paso is a tried and true representative of our craft. His Lodge occupies a commanding position in the Brotherhood.

MARRIED, on November 30th, Bro. F. Long, of No. 55, to Miss Lizzie Winters. May their life be one of happiness, is the wish of old 55.

W. S. ROGERS is home on a vacation and the boys of No. 10 are glad to see him. It is rumored that Will is preparing to pass around the cigars.

JOHN R. RAINS is the name of the new Magazine Agent of Sunset Lodge, No. 177. John is a Brotherhood man from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

SMOKY CITY LODGE No. 219 is marching forward with rapid strides. Her members are ambitious and energetic, and will keep their Lodge in the forefront.

THE sad death of little Clara, daughter of Bro. Chas. and Mrs. Merriman, is mourned by the members of Eureka Lodge No. 14, and many sympathizing friends.

THE members of Lodge No. 232 return their cordial thanks to C. E. Barkman and other members of Lodge No. 1 for a friendly visit which resulted in much good.

D. M. HILL, the worthy Financier of No. 98, has his face wreathed in smiles, owing to the addition of a young fireman to his family. Long life and prosperity to the parents.

HARRY WALTON, the gallant old veteran of Philadelphia fame, has been on the sick list, but we are glad to learn is convalescent. Harry's health is a matter of importance to our Order.

ANOTHER of Louisville's gallant members has joined the matrimonial army. Bro. Geo. Meikle, of No. 103, has taken to himself Miss Olivia Troy as his chosen companion for life.

A VALUABLE member has been added to the family of R. L. Bracy, of Evening Star No. 112, namely: A ten pound daughter. Bro. Bracy is the efficient Magazine Agent of his Lodge.

THE untimely death of Bro. L. C. Chase, Master of No. 27 and delegate to the late convention, the result of a railroad accident, will be mourned by a large circle of sympathizing friends.

THE members of No. 127 all join in wishing Bro. Thomas Wright joy and happiness in his wedded life, and hope that he and his fair partner will enjoy an abundance of this world's blessings.

IN the death of his wife, Bro. H. F. Carroll, of Success Lodge No. 33, has the sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends. Mrs. Carroll departed this life Oct. 22, 1884, after a lingering illness.

C. A. BARTELL, of No. 83, has been promoted to the right hand side, and is now running an engine on the Texas and Pacific between Fort Worth and Baird. His promotion is the reward of merit.

STONEY BURGEN, who is running a switch engine at Dallas, Texas, is congratulated by the members of No. 177 upon his marriage to Miss Minnie McGregor, one of the most amiable young ladies in the Lone Star State.

OWEN LEDDY, one of No. 60's strong supporters, who a short time ago exchanged the scoop for the throttle, has exchanged single for married life. That Owen may have a long, smooth trip is the wish of his many friends.

WE were recently honored with a call from Vice Grand Master Sargent on his return from an extensive trip through the east. Bro. Sargent is sanguine of the future of our Order and places its destinies high upon the summit of fame.

THE matrimonial market is brisk at Springfield, Ill. "Coal Pick" reports the marriage of Bro. R. Fullenwider to Miss Jones of Ottawa, Kan.; Bro. Gus Cunningham to Miss Kelly, and Bro. Jos. Girst to a St. Louis lady. These brethren are all enrolled upon the membership of Capitol Lodge No. 46, and that is sufficient guarantee that they will make good husbands.

AT the residence of Bro. Wm. Stonier, of No. 227, a magnificent little party occurred recently, on the occasion of Bro. Stonier's twenty-seventh anniversary. The boys of 227 speak of Mrs. Stonier as a superb hostess, as they enjoyed the evening immensely. Bro. Stonier was "surprised," to use a mild term, and his friends unite in wishing him many happy returns of the day.

THE presentation of a beautiful silver tea set to Bro. L. L. Hood of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150, was a most graceful tribute to one of the best men in our Order. The name of Bro. Hood was engraved upon each piece and the presentation was made in fitting words by Bro. Brice. Bro. Hood responded briefly, expressing his gratitude for the elegant gift and assuring the members that he would ever be found at his post when they demanded his services.

ONE of our Lafayette correspondents says: "Bro. Rutherford, Leindecker and Howe are now riding on the right side of tip top Brooks engines; Bro. Herman Russ is pulling passengers on the L. N. A. & C., and will 'get there Eli.' Bro. Frank Lord has been under the weather, but is worth a car load of dead men yet, while Bro. Willoughby, our esteemed Financier, tips the beam at 195 pounds and will soon turn the second hundred."

WE received a call the other day from Mr. J. B. Harris fireman on the Texas & Pacific, who is canvassing the city for subscriptions to the Firemen's Magazine published in Terre Haute, Ind. The Magazine is brim full of readable, interesting matter, and being the organ of the Brotherhood, undoubtedly receives the support it deserves. Mr. Harris is a good canvasser of pleasing address, and we are glad to be meeting with very gratifying success efforts.—[Rail and Wire, Ft. Worth, Tex.]

Grand Master Arnold at Buffalo.

Buffalo Times.

Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, met at their Lodge room, 198 Seneca street, last evening, for the purpose of receiving Grand Master F. W. Arnold. The Lodge is in a very flourishing condition, upwards of 240 members being on the list, and if those who are applicants for admission are received, Lodge No. 12 will be the largest in the Order. As an insurance company, the benefits are far in excess of other societies whose dues are more than double. The Master of the Lodge in this city is Fred Coe, of the New York Central Railway. In conversation with a Times reporter, Grand Master Arnold remarked: "I came on here from New York, where I visited the only Lodge there. Boston has a very good Lodge, and there are seven good Lodges in Chicago, with a membership of 500. As a labor organization we are greatly adverse to strikes, and firmly believe that co-operation and arbitration will achieve more in the future than strikes have done in the past. As an instance of that, the locomotive firemen on a western road received a substantial increase in wages last summer solely on account of their uniform attention to their work. I am not connected with any road at present, being compelled to devote all my time to the interests of the Order. I was fireman for some time on the Panhandle road, and reside at Terre Haute, Indiana. The Order is certainly in a very prosperous condition."

After the closing of the Lodge, the members entertained their Grand Master at a supper given in the large dining hall, and a large number of the brethren were present. The supper was in Ed. Stend's best style, and was *recherché* in every particular. After spending a very pleasant evening, with speeches and song, the company dispersed at an early hour.

AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHOS, OHIO.

We clip the following account of the ball of Fidelity Lodge No. 185 from the Delphos Herald: "The ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Schiller Hall last Monday evening had a large attendance and was a very pleasant affair. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Bluffton, Indiana, Orchestra. The floor managers, Wm. Repp, H. H. Skiles and T. B. Davis performed their duties faithfully and made it very pleasant for the dancers. Mr. John Kuhn, the able Financier of the Association, is entitled to the thanks of his Lodge for his earnest efforts to secure the success of the affair. The railroad boys carry off the palm for one of the best conducted dances ever given in Delphos."

WHITEHALL, N. Y.

The Whitehall Times gives the following account of the grand Brotherhood ball recently given there:

"On Friday evening last, the long talked of ball and concert of the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen transpired at Hall's Opera House. Doring's orchestra band, of ten pieces, was present, and the programme embraced five beautiful selections. The elegant drop curtain on the stage bore large initial letters in evergreen of two Brotherhoods, with a motto, 'Welcome All.' Two locomotive headlights were placed at each side of the stage, and the room was decorated with small flags. About 9:30 P. M., the grand march brought in view a large party of ladies and gentlemen and as we looked across the floor and saw the familiar faces of so many engineers and firemen, we wondered if the levers on fast speeding locomotives were for that one night guided by mystic automatons, or was travel temporarily suspended. After the grand march, the floor was quickly covered by dancers, when at a 'ding-

dong," so familiar, the music sent out its Choo! Choo! and the train began moving, until each form was finished and then a cry for down brakes, soon brought the festive train to a station. The first dance was but a sample of each succeeding one, until 11 p. m., when the supper was announced. The spread was superb and bountiful. Mine host, Gailey, with his excellent ability to provide rare feasts, had been equal to the occasion, and the supper was pronounced one of the best ever prepared in this place. Over 120 couples availed themselves of the feast of esculents. The repeat gave zest to festal pleasure, and after supper the enjoyments increased. At 3 a. m., the "Railroad Quadrille," was announced. The gas chandeliers were darkened, and the bright glare of two stalwart headlights sent their rays athwart the heads of the gay dancers. The signal was given, and the Railroad Quadrille was begun. The dance was rare and unique, and as the sombre and subdued light filled the hall, the sport went on, and many engineers and firemen met with their first collisions, which might have made them see stars—even though no limbs were broken or heads smashed. At 4:30 A. M., Saturday, the last dance was called, and with regrets that the end had really come. We would say here that not one unpleasant feature occurred to mar the harmony of the night. The management was perfect, and it is also a pleasure to know that the treasury of the Brotherhoods has been increased by the addition of over \$175."

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Great Eastern Lodge No. 4 gave their Fourth Annual Ball and Band Concert on the evening of November 18, and a large and select crowd was in attendance. One hundred and fifty couples tripped the "light fantastic" until the small hours of the morning, and every one seemed to have an enjoyable time. The floor committee was very dutiful and received praise on every hand. The committee returns thanks to Messrs. R. G. Hilborn, J. Doyle and J. F. Webber for valuable services rendered. Bro. Libby deserves praise for the care he took of the "wraps," and for other services he rendered. The affair was a thorough success socially and financially, and will not soon be forgotten.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

The fourth annual ball of F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, B. of L. F., was held at Flannigan's Hall, Tuesday, November 25. F. W. Arnold Lodge has the reputation of giving the most brilliant and sociable balls at East St. Louis, and this year the boys, for the fourth time, sustained their reputation. One hundred and forty couples in elegant array, promenaded in the grand march to the sound of Bishoff's orchestra. The decorations of the hall were beautiful and appropriate; a little locomotive, built by M. M. Buck, of St. Louis, was placed in the center of the musicians' stage. On one side were the mottoes, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry;" on the other, were words of "Welcome." The success of this ball is due to the committees, who performed their duties in a creditable manner. Committees were as follows: Arrangements—J. T. Sullivan, T. J. Hayes, C. A. Timlin, W. Hays and Wm. Richardson. Reception—E. Barrett, L. Menges, T. O'Leary, J. S. Hardin, E. Hayes, R. McGarrahan, J. Bisson, J. T. Benedict, M. Buckley and J. Cooper. Floor—T. Halpin, W. H. McGarrahan, R. Bennett, C. E. Long, A. O'Connell, D. Flynn, W. E. Salsbury and R. Sullivan. Supper—E. Wallace, T. Canty, M. Griffin, O. Hennel, C. Cottom, W. Ash, M. Mahoney, P. Bennett, Wm. Book and J. Clancy. The supper was furnished by Mrs. Mead, who never fails to set a good table on that occasion. At 5 o'clock in the morning the music stopped and all went home, never to regret the night they spent with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A goodly number of the knights of the black diamond assembled at the Theatre yesterday evening, as well as a fair representation from other sources. The occasion was the second annual jollification of Salt Lake Lodge No 178, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and right worthily did they sustain their well-earned reputation as caterers to the enjoyment of the public on this occasion. The three galleries were decorated with streamers covering the entire front, all representing the stars and stripes, while pendant from them and at proper intervals were the flags of all nations. Suspended from the proscenium was a banner, in the centre of which was a fine picture of a locomotive and train, the initial "B. of L. F.," appearing at the top and the words, "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry," underneath. The arrangements were excellent, the music splendid, and all the details as nearly perfect as possible. The Brotherhood deserve praise for the excellent manner in which they contributed so pleasurable an event to the records of our home amusements.—[Salt Lake Herald.

HURON, DAKOTA.

Prairie Lodge No. 170 met with great success in their late ball, as will be seen by the following extracts from a very elaborate report that appeared in the Dakota Huronite:

"All trains arriving on Thursday brought guests. Representatives from Waseca, Tracy, Watertown, Brookings, Columbia, Howarden, Athol, Pierre, and also representatives from the C., M. & St. P. and other roads, some sixty-four couples from outside of Huron being present. At about 8 o'clock P. M. guests began arriving at the Rink. Sutphen stood at the door acting as an amateur conductor, and demanded tickets or money before admittance. The hall was brilliantly illuminated, two large locomotive headlights being mounted at either end, in addition to the usual lightning facilities. Suspended above the stage and in full view was a motto, the word 'Welcome,' but the welcome the boys gave in their handshakes and jolly good wishes dimmed all else. On the east and west sides of the hall were the mottoes, 'Sobriety, Industry and Benevolence.' The national colors were displayed in conspicuous places, and around the gallery were placed red and white flags bearing the letter 'B,' and between each was hung a white and red lantern. Draperies of red, white and blue in festoons around the wall were entwined with evergreens. Evergreens ornamented the lamps, flags, headlights and every conceivable place where they would produce a pleasing effect. Each member of the Order wore an elegant silk badge trimmed with gold fringe, and each appeared to be a committee of one to see that all were made to feel at home.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Many favors have been shown to the B. of L. F. and their friends in this, their second annual reception, be it therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of Prairie Lodge No. 170, B. of L. F., be extended to Assistant General Superintendent Sanborn and to our Division Superintendent, J. S. Oliver, in passing our friends to and from Huron; to J. S. Burke, Train Master, for favoring the train men, thereby enabling many of them to be at Huron to join in our reception; to Wm. McIntosh, our foreman, and to H. J. Rice, shop clerk, for the use of headlights, lanterns, flags, etc., for trimming our hall, and also for favoring members of our Order, so they could be present at the reception; to J. A. McDonald, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Parkhouse, Miss Wood, Miss Mattice and Mrs. Nezzar, for mottoes, trimming and decorations; and to Des Moines Nursery Company for their kindness in furnishing us with evergreens; and to all others who favored us, we extend our thanks.

JAS. MARN,
S. P. MALONE,
W. H. PARKHOUSE, } Committee.

RESOLUTIONS.

PITTSBURG, PA.

At a regular meeting of Three Brothers Lodge No. 235 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we place in our Lodge room a contribution box for the benefit of members of the Order in need, the same to be used for the above cause only.

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Bro. R. H. Scott for the box, which is a very nice one, also our sincere thanks to the donors of the contributions, their names as yet being unknown to us.

JOHN BRETT,
H. N. HAWK,
A. E. BAER, } Committee.

SOUTH EASTON, PA.

At a regular meeting of Onoko Lodge No. 211, B. of L. F., held November 2d, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The mothers and wives of the members of Onoko Lodge kindly presented us with a beautiful bible, pedestal cover and book mark;

WHEREAS, This token of their esteem will be long remembered by the members of Onoko Lodge; therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mrs. Joseph Bennett, Mrs. Wilson Leshar, Frank T. Martin, J. Z. Stocker, and to all who so kindly assisted in their noble work.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. LONG,
JAS. T. WHITE,
ELIAS A. SEEK,
W. S. FRITCHMAN,
HORACE L. BREISCH, } Committee.

CHARLESTON, ILL.

At a regular meeting of Little Giant Lodge No. 187 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our worthy and well-beloved brother, J. C. Torrence, by a collision on the O. & M. R. R., which occurred November 11th; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Torrence we have lost an honored member of our Order, and we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the sorrowing wife and relatives.

Resolved, That out of respect to our deceased brother we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. R. ROMANS,
ALBERT TIARO,
W. T. MCGINNIS, } Committee.

TOPEKA, KAN.

At a regular meeting of Flower of the West Lodge No. 205, B. of L. F., held Sunday, October 26, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother J. C. Scott; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Scott our Lodge has lost one of its best members and the community an upright citizen, and although we deplore his loss, we humbly submit to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to his parents and children our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, assuring them that we share their loss and sorrow.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother; also that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

DOULAS HAWKINS,
HENRY SEELINGER,
JAMES THOMAS, } Committee.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

At a meeting of William A. Foster Lodge No. 216, Sunday, November 9, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Bro. A. W. Spurr, Master of Boston Lodge No. 57, has so kindly and willingly acted as our delegate to the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Toronto, commencing Sept. 23d, 1884, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to him our warm and sincere thanks for his kindness in so cheerfully representing this Lodge and for the very satisfactory manner in which he performed his duties.

Resolved, That we most respectfully regard his services as a mark of great interest held by him for our Lodge and its welfare.

Resolved, That we greatly appreciate the interest manifested towards us by our worthy delegate, and also the kindness and good will his Lodge "Mother No. 57," has shown us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Spurr and to the Secretary of Boston Lodge No. 57, to be read at their next meeting and to the Editor of the Magazine to be published and that they be spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

WM. E. TAYLOR,
WM. H. SWINERTON,
H. C. CLEVELAND,
H. L. CASS, } *Committee.*

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

At a meeting of Island City Lodge No. 69 B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a handsome clock, the gift of the members of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, B. of L. F.

WHEREAS, This beautiful and appropriate present and address will keep before our minds the foundation on which our Order is based and the true feeling that should exist amongst its members, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the members of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, B. of L. F., for their generous token of regard and esteem, and that we will always endeavor to prove worthy of the respect and confidence that binds us together as a Brotherhood, and be ever ready to discharge our duties to our fellow brethren.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes and also be published in our Magazine.

F. G. LAWRENCE,
E. M. MORTIMER,
R. J. TURNBULL, } *Committee.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

At a regular meeting of Orange Grove Lodge No. 97, B. of L. F., held November 10, 1884, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, through the benevolent and brotherly feelings manifested by the officers and delegates of the eleventh annual convention of the Grand Lodge of the B. of L. F., held in Toronto, Canada, they saw fit to make a donation of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to this Lodge for the benefit of our deceased Bro. H. C. Amadon's children, who are and have been dependent upon this Lodge for support since the death of their father; therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of sincere thanks be tendered to the officers and delegates of the eleventh annual convention of the B. of L. F. for the action taken in our deceased Bro. H. C. Amadon's case; and furthermore be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in our Magazine, and also a copy be presented to our delegate and esteemed Bro. Chas. Elton.

F. P. SHEPARDSON,
C. A. VOGELSANG,
J. A. KINGSLEY, } *Committee.*

CENTRAL PARK, ILL.

At a regular meeting of Central Park Lodge No. 237, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Miss Celia Lambert presented this Lodge with a beautiful Bible mark, therefore be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt thanks of the Lodge be tendered to Miss Lambert for this token of the high esteem in which she holds our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the donor, and that they be put upon our records and sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

DANIEL MILLER,
JOS. CAIN,
CHAS. FRIDHAM, } *Committee.*

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we are called upon to record the death of our Worthy Master, L. C. Chase. Nearly four weeks since an accident occurred, his engine leaving the track, which resulted in breaking his right leg above the ankle, and finally causing his death. Bro. Chase was 37 years old, and was dearly beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and little daughter and brothers and sisters to mourn his loss. The Masonic brethren of Crescent Lodge took charge of the funeral services, assisted by the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F. At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from us our Worthy Master in the prime of his life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we as a Lodge tender the grief stricken family our heartfelt sympathy in these dark hours, and point them to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and who alone can heal all wounds, and trust that He who let not a sparrow fall without His notice will watch over and protect them.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to God's will, we hope to so conduct ourselves that when we are recalled to that home from whose bourne no traveler returns, that we may be prepared to render up our accounts with joy and not with grief, as our worthy brother gave evidence.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Chase, his associates have a lost dear friend and the family a devoted husband and kind father, and the community one of its most upright and honored citizens.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a page in our minute book be suitably inscribed to his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to the officers of the B., C. R. & N. R. for favors and the interest manifested in him during his sickness.

E. L. DAY,
W. W. COFFEY,
T. J. DENISON, } *Committee.*

LEXINGTON, KY.

At a regular meeting of Ashland Lodge No. 223, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to remove from our midst our esteemed Bro. W. W. Humphrey, by accident, while in the discharge of his duty; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Humphrey this Lodge has lost one of its most esteemed members, and his grief-stricken family an affectionate and dutiful son and brother, and we, his brothers and associates, a most genial hearted friend and brother.

Resolved, That we extend to his grief-stricken

family our most heartfelt sympathy, and commend them in their deep affliction to Him who has promised to take care of his children.

Resolved, That Lodge No. 223 extend to Mr. S. R. Tuggle, Div. M. M., a vote of thanks for giving passes to members of Lodge No. 223 to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and published in our Magazine.

Geo. F. LITTLE,
A. A. SMITH,
M. H. BLEDSOE, } *Committee.*

DENVER, COL.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held October 30, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, On Wednesday, Oct. 29th, 1883, our Brother Eugene LeBert departed this life, at an age at which many of us reasonably look forward to many years of usefulness, and

WHEREAS, Brother LeBert was a firm and consistent supporter of our Order and its principles and a cherished member of this Lodge; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our late brother, this Lodge and the Order have suffered a loss which can not easily be expressed, that of a faithful, earnest worker, a firm friend, a beloved brother, and an upright, honest man, and be it further

Resolved, That, feeling the greatness of our own loss, we can most sincerely sympathize with that of the family, whose bereavement is so much greater than ours; and venture to express the hope that "Time, the healer of sorrows" may in his flight, transform their present deep grief into sweet and tender recollections; and be it further

Resolved, That, as a token of respect for the memory of our dead brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and a copy of the resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved family, and to the Magazine for publication.

C. D. BROOKS,
O. W. RICHARDSON,
L. D. BROWN, } *Committee.*

DES MOINES, IA.

At a regular meeting of Confidence Lodge No. 102 B. of L. F., held Nov. 16, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe in His infinite wisdom to remove from our circle our highly esteemed brother, Chas. L. Shattuck, who was killed in a collision on the C., B. & Q. railroad, Nov. 10, 1884, and

WHEREAS, We have lost in Brother Shattuck a good and worthy member, the B. of L. F. a warm and strong supporter, the surviving father and mother a kind and affectionate son, therefore be it

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved parents and brother and to the kindred of our dead brother our sincere sympathy, and while we cannot assuage their sorrow, we pray that the Ruler of all things may sustain and comfort them in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Supt. J. B. Maxon for his kindness in furnishing the members of the B. of L. F. with a special train, an act which will never be forgotten by the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Master Mechanics E. Jones and C. W. Eckesson for favors and courtesies shown the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

MORT BIXLER,
FRANK BROSKI,
PHILO COMBS, } *Committee.*

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

At a regular meeting of United Lodge No. 60, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst, unexpectedly, our worthy brother, John Flood, and

WHEREAS, In the sad fate of Brother Flood, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen loses an earnest supporter of our principles and a true brother, his family an affectionate husband and father, and his employers a trustworthy man, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his untimely end, and deplore the sad fate that has deprived us of the companionship of a noble-hearted brother. We are consoled by the hope that our loss is his gain, and he is now enjoying the reward of the just and good.

Resolved, That we tender the members of his bereaved family, especially his sorrow-stricken wife, our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing well how inadequate words are to lessen the desolation of her heart, and earnestly wishing that it was in our power to soften the grief and anguish of the bereaved ones.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his bereaved family and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOSIAH H. FELTERS,
JOHN BODIE,
OWEN LEDDY, } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 7, 1884.

At a regular meeting of Chamberlin Lodge No. 186, held at their hall, Nov. 29th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to summon from amongst us in the prime of manhood, our worthy Brother, Joseph Smith, who was killed while in the discharge of his duties at Werth station, on the Chicago division of the Wabash railroad, on the night of November 26th, 1884; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Smith, this Lodge has lost one of its honored members, and the community in which he lived one of its most upright citizens.

Resolved, That to the wife and brothers of this bright and happy home we offer these feeble expressions of the deep feeling of sympathy which has pervaded our hearts in their behalf at the loss of so kind a husband and brother.

Resolved, That this Lodge is under feelings of especial gratitude to the esteemed Division Master Mechanic, C. Shanks, Esq., of the Wabash railroad, for his kindness in every manner possible, and for securing the necessary transportation for the remains and relatives of deceased.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to O. S. Lyford, Esq., General Superintendent, and P. W. Drew, Esq., Master of Transportation, of the C. & E. I. R. R., for granting free transportation on the occasion.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to C. M. Stanton, Esq., Division Superintendent of the O. & M. R. R., and George W. Smith, operator at Sarnsville, for favors shown our deceased brother.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Brothers Ed. Maroney, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, and Thos. McTaggart, of Calhoun Lodge, No. 84; also, Bro. J. J. Hannahan, of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, and the employees of the Wabash railroad, for kindnesses shown our deceased brother.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the seal of the Lodge attached, be presented to the widow of the deceased, and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and also spread on the minutes of this meeting.

JOHN BRODERICH,
HENRY PATTON,
Geo. A. UPDEGRAFF, } *Committee.*

GRAND LODGE DEPARTMENT.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

NOTE—This department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

REPORT OF GRAND TRUSTEES.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS: We respectfully report that pursuant to the requirements of the Constitution, Eugene V. Debs has filed his bond with us in the sum of \$25,000, and that the said bond has been approved and endorsed by us and placed on file with Bro. Wm. F. Hynes, of Denver, Col., Chairman of the Grand Trustees.

The following is a true and correct copy of the bond:

STATE OF INDIANA, }
COUNTY OF VIGO, } SS.
CITY OF TERRE HAUTE. }

Know all men by these presents: that we, Eugene V. Debs, as principal, and D. Debs, J. G. Heintz, Philip Schloss, T. W. Harper, C. Fairbanks, R. S. Cox, L. Goodman, Wilson Naylor and U. R. Jeffers, as sureties, all of the County and State aforesaid, are firmly bound unto Wm. F. Hynes, of Denver, Col.; A. H. Tucker, of Mason City, Iowa, and C. A. Cripps, of Vincennes, Indiana, in the penal sum of Twenty-Five Thousand (\$25,000) Dollars, for the payment of which, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally by these presents.

The condition of the above obligation is such that:

WHEREAS, The above bounden Eugene V. Debs has been duly elected Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America: Now, if the said Eugene V. Debs shall faithfully keep and legally disburse all funds and moneys which may come into his hands by virtue of his office as Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the said Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and otherwise discharge the duties of said office in all things according to the laws by which said organization is governed, then this obligation shall be null and void, else to remain in full force and effect in law.

Witness our hands and seals this 15th day of October, 1884.

EUGENE V. DEBS,
JNO. G. HEINTZ,
T. W. HARPER,
ROBERT S. COX,
WILSON NAYLOR,

D. DEBS,
PHILIP SCHLOSS,
C. FAIRBANKS,
L. GOODMAN,
U. R. JEFFERS,

STATE OF INDIANA, }
COUNTY OF VIGO. } SS.

I, Andrew Grimes, Auditor of the County and in the State aforesaid, hereby certify that each of the foregoing sureties are owners of real estate in said County and State.

ANDREW GRIMES,
Auditor Vigo County.

STATE OF INDIANA, }
COUNTY OF VIGO. } SS.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the foregoing sureties are owners of real estate in the City of Terre Haute, Indiana, that they are thoroughly responsible, and fully competent to discharge the foregoing obligation.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG,
Mayor of Terre Haute.

WM. R. MCKEEN,
President Vandalia Railroad.

Approved and respectfully submitted,

WM. F. HYNES,
A. H. TUCKER,
C. A. CRIPPS,
Grand Trustees.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending November 30, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 49 and 50.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 49 and 50.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.
1	\$5	.	.	\$5 00	66
2	67
3	25	\$134	.	159 00	68
4	69	\$2	\$38	.	\$40 00
5	6	40	.	46 00	70
6	71
7	72	9	.	.	9 00
8	73
9	22	40	.	62 00	74
10	75
11	76
12	77
13	78
14	79
15	.	48	\$51	99 00	80	.	65	.	65 00
16	81
17	82	8	110	.	118 00
18	83
19	.	37	.	37 00	84	5	.	.	5 00
20	85
21	86
22	2	.	.	2 00	87
23	45	.	.	45 00	88
24	.	45	.	45 00	89	1	43	.	44 00
25	90
26	91
27	92
28	93	.	57	.	57 00
29	94	1	77	.	78 00
30	95
31	96
32	97
33	98
34	.	44	44	88 00	99
35	100
36	101
37	.	57	.	57 00	102	.	42	.	42 00
38	103
39	.	81	.	81 00	104
40	105
41	106
42	107
43	.	65	.	65 00	108
44	109
45	9	.	.	9 00	110
46	111
47	112
48	2	62	.	64 00	113	21	.	.	21 00
49	74	.	.	74 00	114
50	115
51	116
52	117
53	118
54	119
55	120
56	121
57	122
58	123
59	124	43	.	.	43 00
60	125
61	126	4	33	.	37 00
62	127	1	107	.	108 00
63	6	.	.	6 00	128
64	129
65	130

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'm'ts	Assess'm'ts 49 and 50.	Assess'm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'm'ts	Assess'm'ts 49 and 50.	Assess'm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.
131					180				
132					181				
133		\$38		\$38 00	182				
134					183				
135		67		67 00	184				
136					185		16		16 00
137					186				
138					187				
139	\$36			36 00	188	\$43			\$43 00
140		55		55 00	189				
141		57		57 00	190		23		23 00
142					191				
143	16			16 00	192				
144					193				
145					194				
146					195				
147					196				
148					197		17		17 00
149					198				
150		41		41 00	199				
151					200				
152					201				
153					202		31		31 00
154					203				
155		16		16 00	204	\$3	21		24 00
156					205				
157					206				
158					207				
159					208				
160					209				
161					210		18		18 00
162	1	100		101 00	211		25		25 00
163					212				
164					213				
165					214				
166					215				
167					216				
168					217				
169					218				
170					219	2	21		23 00
171					220				
172					221				
173					222				
174					223				
175					224				
176		14		14 00	225		19		19 00
177					226				
178					227		16		16 00
179									

Balance on hand November 1 \$3,716 50
 Received during month 2,307 00

Total \$4,023 50
 By claims Nos. 151, 152, 153 and 154 4,000 00

Balance on hand December 1 \$2,023 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of November:

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	Wm. Morrow.	63	Geo. Pugh.
5	James McAdams.	95	Wm. Bombard.
45	Benj. F. Bass.	104	Mat. Green.
46	Jas. Muldoon.	110	Thos. Buffington.
46	Joseph Henry.	156	J. Rutter.
54	J. J. Murphy.		

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of November:

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
8	Hank Robinson.*	86	Charles Zinkev.*
12	C. W. Orr.*	92	James Gorman.*
20	R. Van Horton.*	103	Wm. Bethel.*
21	Jno. Foster.*	103	Joe Cain.*
21	Wm. F. Lynch.*	103	Geo. Danner.*
21	Fred. Fuller.*	103	Andy Bierman.*
21	J. V. Blocker, Jr.†	103	Wm. Farley.*
37	F. McMillen.*	108	Wm. Hyndman.*
47	Ed. Kociemski.*	116	Jno. Pascoe.*
54	J. W. Lawson.*	120	Wm. Kemp.
54	F. M. Widgeman.*	120	G. H. O'Brien.*
54	Geo. Malone.‡	126	Gus. Gles.‡
56	Frank Kemper.*	134	F. C. Langdon.*
57	C. E. Temple.‡	140	Robert Ebert.*
57	O. W. Smith.*	156	C. H. Thomas.‡
63	E. J. Coyle.*	163	P. McCabe.*
63	Jno. Gallagher.*	163	J. N. Jennings.*
63	Geo. W. House.*	166	D. H. Falconer.‡†
71	Chas. Desbrow.*	185	Wm. Coburn.‡
74	W. H. Layton.*	180	F. B. Gunther.*
78	C. T. Kelk.*	192	B. B. Kinney.*
79	Wm. Dolan.*	193	Carl Anderson.*
84	Alfred Drolet.*	197	E. H. Benton.*
84	Thos. McDermot.*	200	F. Hutchison.‡
85	Wm. Feldier.*	217	D. McMahon.‡
85	R. Kingsley.*	218	J. M. Maloney.‡
85	Frank Mercer.*	227	Jno. Bissell.‡†

* Non-payment of dues.

† Fraud and unbecoming conduct.

‡ Defrauding Lodge.

§ Fraud.

†† Fraud and dead beat.

‡‡ Drunk and disorderly conduct.

§§ Contempt of Lodge.

JANUARY ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 53—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 1, 1884.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

161. H. W. Weaver, of Lodge 91, was killed in a railroad accident, September 2.

162. G. A. Woodside, of Lodge 156, was killed by falling from his engine, September 6.

163. C. Rogerson, of Lodge 47, died of Typhilitis, September 11.

164. R. Lund, of Lodge 95, was killed in a railroad accident, September 14.

165. J. Degnan, of Lodge 101, died of Malarial Fever, September 16.

166. C. F. Cherry, of Lodge 120, was adjudged totally disabled by Spinal Meningitis (from injuries in a railroad accident,) September 17.

167. J. V. Bush, of Lodge 80, was adjudged totally disabled, from loss of eyesight, September 17.

168. Allen Baxter, of Lodge 204, was killed in a railroad accident, September 20.

169. W. W. Edey, of Lodge 172, was killed in a railroad accident, September 20.

170. C. F. Collier, of Lodge 9, was adjudged totally disabled, by rupture and deafness, September 25.

171. E. B. Smith, of Lodge 117, was adjudged totally disabled, by Asthma, September 25.

172. C. S. McIntyre of Lodge 234, was killed by being run over by a train, September 27.

173. L. Morris, of Lodge 68, was killed in a railroad accident, October 3.

174. J. Babington, of Lodge 68, was killed in a railroad accident, October 3.

175. G. W. Sheldon of Lodge 123, was killed in a railroad accident, October 8.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership October 1, 1884, and must be paid to your Financier on or before February 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before February 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS,
G. S. and T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FRANK HALL.

Frank Hall, of the C. W. & M. R. R., will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

MEMBERS OF 149.

Frank Kerns, John Lyons and Joseph Garwood, of Just in Time Lodge No. 149, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 88.

Fred. Hillman and Thos. Brofey, of Morning Star Lodge No. 88, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 187.

Thos. Shore, Barney Lynch, A. Richardson and Geo. Cambridge, of Little Giant Lodge No. 187, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MEMBERS OF 200.

B. H. Payne and D. V. Cahill, of Great Southern Lodge No. 200, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

A. A. BROWN.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of A. A. Brown, a member of Hand in Hand Lodge No. 2, will please advise his Lodge through the Secretary, whose address is A. P. Green, 5 Calais street, Providence, R. I.

S. H. PETERSON.

S. H. Peterson, of No. 124, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

BLACK LIST.

W. O. SHELLEY

is the name of the scoundrel who has been acting as Master, Secretary and Financier of Rose City Lodge No. 45. An examination of his accounts proved him a defaulter in the sum of \$427, for which he has been expelled from the Order. We are directed by his Lodge to brand him as a hypocrite, a falsifier and a thief.

J. V. BLOCKER, JR.

We are authorized by Industrial Lodge No. 21 to publish J. V. Blocker, Jr., late Master and Financier of said Lodge, as being expelled for stealing the funds of the Lodge. No. 21 had been twice robbed by her Financiers, and intrusted the office to Blocker, who gave promise that he would be a faithful guardian of the treasury. He deceived the Lodge, however, by appropriating funds to the amount of about two hundred dollars to his own use, for which he has been expelled and branded as a perjurer and a thief. A man who would rob a Lodge under such circumstances would be guilty of any act of infamy and we have no words with which to express our loathing and contempt of such a character.

This has no reference to J. V. Blocker, Sr., his father, who is also a member of 21. He feels keenly the disgrace of his son, and has the full sympathy of the Lodge.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

GENERAL CIRCULAR No. 2, *very important*, has been mailed to you. If you have failed to receive it, you will advise us at once.

The Quarterly Report of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, for the quarter ending November 30th, has been forwarded to you.

The annual and quarterly pass words for the term beginning January 1st, 1885, have been mailed to you.

Assessment notice No. 53, for January, calling for \$1.00 from all assessable members, was mailed from the Grand Lodge office January 1st.

The new works, including Rituals and Constitutions, have been sent by express to all Lodges, and any failure to receive the same should be promptly reported to the Grand Lodge.

We desire a limited number of Magazines of the August issue of 1884, and Agents having a surplus of that issue will please forward them to the Editor, who will make due allowance for same.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

- F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

- W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- E. B. Mayo, Chairman South Pueblo, Col.
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Over St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 190 Financier
- HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St Master
A. P. Green, 5 Calais St Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Financier
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morehouse, 525 Grove St Master
G. Aucher, 202 Newark Ave Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St Financier
- GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St Financier
- CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier

- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
Wm. Burke Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier
- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. W. Caudle Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Mondays and Tuesdays
at 7:30 P. M.
T. McCullough, C. St. L. & P. Round
House Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops. Financier
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchant's Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington
St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 129 Pacific Ave. Financier
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
Ed. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Byron Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1808 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
- 23. PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Selling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St. West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Haines, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. B. K. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
G. W. Moore Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 706 S. Sixth St. Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Kee Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshler Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1146 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier

- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. P. Morse Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 818 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Wash-
ington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
J. Taylor, Box 233 Master
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Secretary
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 10 2 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 8th St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfening, 1117 W. Water
St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross
Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorcey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, Globe Hotel Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 4th
Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 4018 Wabash
Ave. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado
St. Master
C. Handy, 1009 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, Box 655, Engle-
wood, Ill. Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 10 A. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 628 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 628 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 628 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 6:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
J. B. Hamilton, Box 316 Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East
Boston, Mass. Master
J. F. McCarty, 24 East St., East
Cambridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 192 10th St., Den-
ver, Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Master
F. Mohr, 568 Canada St. Secretary
S. J. Murphy, 402 E. 7th St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona,
Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milne, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier

- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. . . . Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. . . . Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. . . . Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick, Box 672 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, Benson St. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Shipley Master
W. Piercey, 1823 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, L. Box 330 Master
J. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
L. D. Brown, 760 Arapahoe St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
J. F. Costin, 1103 E. 6th St. Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Reedhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
H. Adams Master
W. E. S. Gibson Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
G. Royal, Box 1542 Secretary
W. T. Lowrey, Box 758 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, Central Elevator Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 18th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, cor. Rusk St. and Dagat Ave Financier
- 84. CALMOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:3 P. M.
J. I'ighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
C. H. Cole, Box 1796 Secretary
P. J. Cook, L. Box 1892 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
C. C. Brooks, Box 205 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th st. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th st. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R. Yuma, Arizona Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. Warn, 659 W. Monroe St. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier

- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
D. M. Hill Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. Secretary
G. Bowden, 73 N. Fitzjohn St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 332 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C., B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1993 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesnell St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Sundays.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sunner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
J. D. Fisher, 3d and Krauss, S. St. Louis, Mo Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Broadway Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
Wm. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
M. Russell Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
R. A. Harris, Post Office St. bet. 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. Killeen, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts Secretary
J. Clark, Cor. 36th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleeson Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. P. Stringer, 333 Grey St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
Frank Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, South Quebec Master
J. T. Dewan, Hadlow Cove, South Quebec Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. A. McMullen, 18 Quince St. Secretary
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Haumer Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
F. Crawford, Box 806 Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
J. Callahan Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 133 McWilliam St. Master
J. G. Entwistle, 110 Alexander St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St. Financier

- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
George Siminon, Box 426 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St. Master
G. LaRoy, 285 Jefferson St. Secretary
J. S. Bourk, Box 142, Two Rivers
Wis Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. R. Blackwell Master
James Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson, Sutton Junction,
Quebec Secretary
M. Mulrone Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
R. Gough, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st, 2d and last Sundays at 1 P. M.
and 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sun-
day at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
G. H. Lippencott, 526 W. 61st St. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 328 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
Sidney Roberts, 28 Locomotive
St. Secretary
J. McCoil, 17 Crooka St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 810 Master
W. Fuchs Secretary
L. E. Lester Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Perra, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Walr Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
G. N. Smith Financier

- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., East Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 430 Mullett St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler ave. Secretary
W. Riggs, 420 William St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
J. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
E. K. Park, Box 56 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
T. C. Boag, L. Box 41 Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Shannon, Box 491, Portage City, Wis. Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road Secretary
I. S. Ferguson, 541 Wellington St. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 Ridge Ave. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Floyd, Box 662 Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Chilton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
John Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. L. Raleigh, Box 184 Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
Wm. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash R. R. Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
W. C. Randall Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
Thos. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 88 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
Bert Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
Wm. Powell, 361 31st St. Secretary
Wm. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 880 Hubbard St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier

- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Iowa. Master
H. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 228, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Master
R. J. Gels, Lower Cascades, Wash. Ty. Secretary
W. N. Collister, Box 287 Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
W. J. Glennan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, Box 244 Master
W. S. Griffiths Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 987 Center St., Racine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
C. E. Bayley, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
Wm. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
Wm. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
Abe Tulley, Box 223 Secretary
E. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
C. E. Cramer Master
F. M. Armstrong Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Las Vegas, N. M. Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 150 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
Jas. McKee Secretary
J. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot. Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Thomas Carroll, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
Charles Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffee St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffee St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
F. B. Hall, 300 McDenough St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1286 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DEBRICK; Oil City Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. shops Master
Wm. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St. S Side. Financier

- 219. SMOKY CITY; Alleghany, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Friday at 8 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, L. Box 185, Hunting-
ton, W. Va. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling,
Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
G. P. Irvin, Box 718 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. Reirring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 282, Port Ar-
thur, Ont. Secretary
C. Unwin, C. P. Ry. Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 503 E. Market St. Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleeker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St. Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Del.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Phil-
adelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 511 E. 6th St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St. Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d
Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ont.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry. Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. McIlvenna, C. P. Ry. Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Saturday at 8 P. M.
Wm. Douglass, 33d and Ravine Sts. Master
J. C. Sloan, 1st St., 21 Ward, E. End, Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
G. W. Cundiff, Box 18 Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Illa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and
last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
C. T. Murphy, Box 75 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
A. Watson Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St. Master
A. Sunley Secretary
J. Whitney, 306 Page Ave. Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 9 A. M.
J. M. Call Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Demo, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
J. T. Nance Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, 64 Judd St. Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave. Secretary
N. E. Nave, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and
Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. cor. Drayton and
Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 222 3d St. Master
W. C. Jackson, 353 4th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
E. Miller, Air Line Shops Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, Air Line Shops Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

NO. 2

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

I.

The regiment was fighting upon a slope of the railroad, and served as a mark for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were exchanging shots at eighty meters. The officers shouted "Down! down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained on its feet, grouped about its standard. In the broad stretch of fading sunlight, of grain in the ear, of pasture grounds, this mass of men, tossing, enveloped in a confused smoke, had the air of a herd of animals surprised in an open field by the first whirlwind of a formidable tempest.

It rained lead upon that slope. One heard only the crack of the fusilade, the hollow sound of mess-plates rolling into the ditch, and the balls, which made long vibrations from one end of the field of battle to the other, like the stretched strings of some sinister and sonorous instrument. From time to time the standard, which was raised overhead, agitated by the wind of the canister shot, sank amid the smoke; then a voice arose, grave and commanding, sounding above the fusilade, the death-rattles, the oaths of the wounded: "To the flag, my children, to the flag!" Instantly an officer leaped forward vague as a shadow in the red mist, and the heroic standard, restored to life, again soared over the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its still warm staff, escaped from a dying hand, was seized,

lifted up again, and when, as the sun disappeared, what remained of the regiment—scarcely a handful of men—slowly retreated, the standard was but a rag in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third standard-bearer of the day.

II.

This Sergeant Hornus was an old fellow with three stripes on his arm, who hardly knew how to sign his name, and had been twenty years winning promotion to the rank of a sub-officer. All the misery of a foundling, all the brutishness of the barrack could be seen on his low and resolute forehead, on his back, crooked by the knapsack, in his stolid bearing of a soldier in the ranks. With this he stuttered a little, but, to be a standard-bearer, one has no need of eloquence. On the very evening of the battle his colonel said to him: "You have the flag, my brave man, keep it." And upon his wretched campaign capote, terribly faded by the rain and the fire, the cantiniere immediately sewed the gold embroidery of a sub-lieutenant.

This was the sole ambition of a life of humility. At once the form of the old soldier straightened up. The poor creature, accustomed to march bent, his eyes on the ground, would for the future have a proud face, a glance always lifted to see that strip of bunting float and hold it upright, very high, above death, treason and defeat.

Never was a man as happy as Hornus on the days of battle, when he held his flagstaff with both hands

firmly planted in its leather support. He spoke not, he moved not. Serious as a priest, he seemed to be holding something sacred. All his life, all his strength was in his fingers, clenched around the beautiful gilded rag upon which the balls hailed, and in his eyes full of defiance which looked the Prussians straight in the face with an air of saying, "Try to take it from me!"

No one tried, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those fearfully sanguinary battles, the flag went everywhere, cut, torn, transparent with wounds; but it was always old Hornus who bore it.

III.

Then September came, the army in Metz, the siege and that long halt in the mud when the cannon rusted, when the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inactivity, by the lack of food and news, were dying of fever and weariness at the foot of their defenses. Neither chiefs nor soldiers, no one, had any further faith—Hornus still alone was confident. His tri-colored tatter was everything to him, and while he knew that it was safe it seemed to him that nothing was lost. Unfortunately, as the fighting had ceased the colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz, and the brave Hornus was somewhat like a mother whose infant is out to nurse. He thought of it incessantly. Then, when he felt too uneasy, he ran all the way to Metz, and the mere sight of it still in the same place, motionless against the wall, sent him back full of courage, of patience, bearing to his soaked tent dreams of battle, of marching in the van, with the tri-color spread out to its utmost extent floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine destroyed all these illusions. One morning Hornus, on awaking, saw the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers in groups, greatly animated, exciting each other, with the

cries of rage; with every fist lifted toward the same quarter of the city, as if their ire designated a culprit, they shouted: "Let us drag him out! Let us shoot him!" And the officers did not check them. They walked apart with bowed heads, as if ashamed to look their men in the face. It was indeed infamous. They had just read to a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, well armed, still sturdy, the order of the marshal which surrendered them to the enemy without striking a blow.

"And the standards?" asked Hornus, turning pale. The standards were given up with the rest, with the muskets, with what remained of the equipments, everything.

"Th—th—thunder of heaven!" stammered the poor man: "They shall never have 'mine!" And he started for the city on a run.

IV.

There, also, great animation reigned. National guards, citizens, gardes mobiles were shouting, agitating themselves. Deputations passed, trembling, going to the marshal's quarters. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. He spoke to himself as he ascended the Rue du Faubourg:

"Take my flag from me! God above! is it possible? Has he the right? Let him give to the Prussians what is his own—his gilded coaches and his beautiful silver plate brought from Mexico! But the standard, that's mine. It's my honor. No one shall touch it."

All these bits of phrases were torn by his speed and his stammering speech; but in his brain the old man had his idea. It was a clear, firmly fixed idea—to seize the standard, bear it away into the midst of the regiment and pass over the bodies of the Prussians with all those who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter. The colonel, who also was furious,

declined to see any one, but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, hurled himself upon the guard and shouted: "My flag—I want my flag!" At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel, I—"

"All the standards are in the arsenal; you have but to go there and get a receipt for yours."

"A receipt? What good will that do me?"

"Such is the marshal's order."

"But colonel—"

"Be quiet, will you!" And the window closed again.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"A receipt—a receipt," repeated he, mechanically. At length he walked away, comprehending but one thing, that the flag was in the arsenal and he must get it, no matter what the cost.

v.

All the doors of the arsenal were wide open to admit the Prussian army wagons which were waiting to be drawn up in the court-yard. Hornus trembled as he entered. All the other standard bearers were there, fifty or sixty officers, mournful, silent; and those wagons, somber beneath the rain, those men grouped behind them, with bare heads; it looked like a funeral.

In a corner all the standards of Bazaine's army were heaped, mixed together upon the muddy pavement. Nothing could be more sorrowful than those rags of gaudy silk, those wrecks of gold fringe and of carved staffs—all those glorious objects hurled to the ground, soiled by the rain and the mud. An officer of the commissariat took them up one by one, and as his regiment was called out each standard-bearer advanced to procure a receipt. Stiff, impassable, two Prussian officers superintended the loading of the wagons.

And you were to depart thus, oh!

holy, glorious tatters, displaying your wounds, sadly sweeping the pavement like birds with broken wings! You were to depart with the shame of beautiful things in disgrace, and each one of you would bear away a little of France. The sunlight of your long marches would remain among your faded folds. In the marks of balls you would keep the remembrance of the unknown dead, killed by chance shots beneath the banner aimed at.

"Hornus, it is your time. You are called; go and get your receipt."

A receipt, indeed!

The flag was there before him. It was truly his—the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all, and, on beholding it once more, he thought himself again upon the slope of the railroad. He heard the balls whistle, the clattering mess-plates and the voice of the colonel shouting: "To the flag, my children!" Then he saw his twenty-two fallen comrades, and himself, the twenty-third, leaped forward in his turn to lift and support the poor standard, which was reeling for want of arms. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it, to keep it until death! And now—

At these thoughts all his heart's blood mounted to his head. Drunken, beside himself, he sprang upon the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, which he grasped with all his strength; then he strove to raise it again, high overhead, straight as a mast, shouting, "To the fla—," but his voice expired in his throat. He felt the staff tremble, slip from between his hands. In that oppressive atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which hangs so heavily over surrendered cities, the flags could not float, nothing noble could live—and old Hornus fell dead, his beloved standard fluttering down upon him and reverently covering his corpse.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.

'IN AND OUT OF WALL STREET.

New York Sun.

The past week in Wall street has been in many respects a curious one. There was no indication of cheering business news. On the contrary, failure, liquidation, and cessation of work formed a predominant feature. Yet the stock market was remarkably strong, and some specialties, like the Grangers, for instance, scored a substantial advance, in spite of the report that the Rock Island, having obtained control of the Wisconsin Central, was making preparations to fight the Northwestern, and that the latter road shows a formidable decrease in earnings and is embarking in building an extension to Ogden. W. H. Vanderbilt, who talked for years about the cutting of the Northwestern watermelon, sold out his stock in anticipation of rate cutting and adverse Granger legislation, and is now reported to be selling Rock Island. The advance in the price of Northwestern and St. Paul took everybody by surprise, all the more so because the pivotal stock of the market, Union Pacific, remained sluggish and weak. Several explanations of the fact have been given by the Wall street wisecracks. One of them was that Jay Gould left the market to the big bears, headed by Cammack and Woerishoffer, with a view to allowing them to cover their shorts, as some of these gentlemen intended to go to Europe and Florida, and did not wish to have outstanding contracts. After the covering process was over, Mr. Gould was to be left to handle the market without any bear opposition. The other story was that Woerishoffer, Bill Scott, Horace Porter, D. P. Morgan, and a large banking firm, having practically the control of the West Shore, conceived the plan of buying large blocks of different stocks preparatory to the settlement of the railroad war. It depends on them to

restore West Shore rates at any day, as they have the assurance of President Rutter that the moment they stop cutting the New York Central will stop it too, these speculators went boldly into the market under the leadership of Woerishoffer. He covered his shorts, and bought large blocks of the Granger stocks, which, under the existing circumstances, were comparatively the safest to buy. The small shorts were thus shaken out along the whole line, and the market has been placed in such a condition that, if the Woerishoffer syndicate chooses to restore West Shore rates to-morrow, prices of all the leading stocks can be put five or six points higher, giving these smart men a chance to unload their speculative purchases at a handsome profit, and to start a new bear movement from a higher level. If the story is not true it is *ben trovato*, for nobody yet buys stocks for investment, and Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt, to judge by the sluggishness of the fluctuations in their specialties, must be for the present out of the market. Friends of the ex-leader of the German aver that he is too smart to allow himself to be saddled with any kind of stocks just now, but on the other hand it is reported that he has been borrowing large sums of money of late, which, of course, he would not have had occasion to do unless he had long stock to carry.

Be it as it may, the Grangers, the Vanderbilts, and the Gould stocks will be for some time to come the only ones dealt in. The rest of the list is dead, and must remain so till the general business of the country shows substantial improvement. A great deal will depend, of course, upon the issue of the railroad war, and this issue must be felt first of all by the Vanderbilt stocks.

An old blunt member of the stock exchange, on hearing the other day a party of Vanderbilt brokers talking higher prices for these securities, and especially for

New York Central, put the following conundrum to them.

"Five years ago Vanderbilt sold a big pile of Central stock and pledged his word that it would pay 8 per cent. for five years to come. The dividend was paid, but the company accumulated a floating debt of \$10,000,000. The moment the five years had expired, the dividend was reduced to 6 per cent. and \$10,000,000 worth of new bonds were issued, which Vanderbilt took up. Of course they take precedence of the stock. Now, who paid those five years' dividends, Vanderbilt or the stockholders?"

The discussing brokers answered the conundrum by another query: "Don't you think that a 6 per cent. stock is worth 88, anyhow?" The old man did not seem disposed to estimate the value of a stock by the dividends which speculative directors choose to declare and to pay out of borrowed money; so he merely muttered: "I don't care a straw what it pays. I know that it does not earn half of it, and that the stock will sell at fifty within twelve months."

The fact is that the earnings of the so-called Vanderbilt roads are cut into not by the West Shore and the old competing lines alone. One of the leading dry goods men of this city is authority for stating that long ago, and when the rates on dry goods between New York and Chicago were supposed to be strictly maintained at 75 cents, he was shipping goods at 40 cents from Pier 36, East River, via New London, the Vermont Central, and the Grand Trunk. It took them a day or two longer to reach Chicago, but that makes no difference in non-perishable goods. The company making these shipments is the National Despatch Company. There exists a similar arrangement for the St. Louis traffic. Goods are sent to Norfolk, Virginia, and thence via the Chesapeake and Ohio road.

"For the country at large it is

immaterial, however," added the dry goods merchant, "how the goods are shipped, as long as they are shipped safely and cheaply. The trouble is that there are no shipments to make. The trunk lines take now 35 cents for a hundred pounds, and naturally suffer. But they would suffer even if they charged a dollar a pound, for nothing is being forwarded West. The fall and winter business is all over in our trade, and the demand for spring goods does not begin till the middle of February; consequently whether the railroads restore rates or not, the dry goods traffic is lost to them for at least three months to come, and after the unexpired time contracts will have to be worked out. No wonder, then, that sensible men do not want to buy stocks."

The railroad magnates begin to argue of late that they have fully met the decreased earnings of their roads by heavy reductions both in the working force and in the wages. The Erie, the Lackawana, the Lake Shore, the South Western roads all boast of a large reduction in their pay rolls. But in the first place, retrenchments of this kind can neither do any good to the road bed and rolling stock nor enhance the safety and comfort of the public; and in the second place, the impoverishment of a mass of workmen must necessarily be detrimental to the country and to all branches of its business, railroads included. Constant reports of the shutting down of mills and factories and the cutting down of pay rolls are one of the most distressing elements of the existing state of affairs all over the country. Should the winter happen to be a severe one there will necessarily be a serious increase of suffering among the working masses, and this is of course a very sad prospect to behold. Keeping in view the fast spread of socialistic ideas which similar causes produced all over

Europe, the existing condition of affairs from the capitalists' and monopolists' standpoint becomes particularly alarming. Careful and diligent students of social topics aver that should ever socialism begin to gain ground here, its progress will be more violent and uncontrollable than anywhere else. Some of the pig-headed optimists argue that the reduction in wages is merely a way to bring them into conformity with the steadily decreasing cost of food and clothing. But how about the shutting up of business and the absolute discharges?

RIGOLO.

THE HEAD OF LIBERTY.

The Emblematic Device on our Coins—Taken From Life.

Inter Ocean.

The device on our coins emblematic of Liberty is no doubt devised from a similar device on the coins of the Roman Republic, anterior to Augusta, and has much of classic authority in its favor. Its adoption does not seem to have been determined by any specific act or instructions, and in fact the journals of the senate and other proceedings of congress show that the head of the president was at first intended as the device for one side of the coins.

The first coins were cents, in 1793, on which the emblem was a female head, with hair flying wildly behind. In 1795 the cap of liberty was introduced, supported on a wand projecting behind the head. In 1796 or 1797 the cap was discarded.

The first silver coins were struck in 1794. The head of liberty with flowing hair and without the cap formed the obverse. This style was retained, with slight modifications, until about the year 1808, when a more pleasing head of liberty with hair dressed and cap, was adopted. The device was taken from life, and was considered a model in good taste of the

fashion of the time. The inscription of the word Liberty was at the time transferred from the margin of the coin to the band of the cap.

The first gold coins struck in 1795 were ornamented with a head of Liberty and a cap head-dress, corresponding with the fashionable head-dress of that period. This continued until 1807, when the head-dress on the gold coins was made to conform to that on the silver. Upon the change of standard in 1834 the liberty cap of the goddess was removed from the head, and the hair confined by a band inscribed with the word liberty. The next change took place near the end of the year 1838, the hair being looped up behind and entwined with braids, a couple of stray curls hanging loosely upon the neck, and front of the head embellished with a tiara inscribed "liberty."

Since then the changes in the artistic devices and designs upon the coins have been few and unimportant. The reverse of all our larger coins has always presented to a certain extent the heraldic elements forming the arms of the Union, and no doubt in accordance with the almost universal usage of the independent sovereignties, of presenting a device on the reverse of their coinage bearing heraldic allusions more or less elaborate, to the arms of the government or sovereign authority. In the various changes made from time to time, every effort has no doubt been made to present as beautiful coins as the limited space would permit, and also to secure designs which would present no difficulty in mechanical execution. The head of "Liberty" on the standard dollar, designed by a young English engraver, is chaste and beautiful, and is considered by artists the best executed head that has ever appeared upon United States coins. It is so well distributed as to be susceptible of easy work under the die, and, like its predecessor of 1808, was taken from life.

GRANT AND LEE.**An Old Army Officer Compares their Relative Merits.**

General Keyes' Reminiscences.

In determining the relative merits of Grant and Lee, I have been careful to consider all the qualities and circumstances peculiar to each, and not only the exploits of the two generals, but also their dispositions and temperaments. The fact that the former finally conquered the latter is not by any means conclusive. If I were to see a man take up a gun weighing a thousand pounds, place it on his shoulder, and walk away with it, I should know without further investigation that he possessed extraordinary physical strength; but the gain or loss of a single battle would not prove a man to be a good or a poor general. Hannibal, Turenne, Frederick and Napoleon, all lost battles and yet they are cited among the greatest captains of all time.

"Wellington never quite lost a battle, but he was seriously checked, and in this respect Grant resembles the Englishman. At the approach of Lee or Sherman his army would shout more enthusiastically than for Grant, but when the latter came up during the fight the lines became more steady, and the soldier would adjust his aim with greater accuracy than before.

"Sherman showed wonderful vigor and sagacity when he pushed Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta, but Grant would drive his chariot through passes that Sherman would not venture to approach. There was an abatement in Lee's audacity during the twenty-four hours preceding the battle of Gettysburg, otherwise he would have won it and gained the Southern cause; but nowhere can I discover debility in Grant's movements or assaults.

"Grant could hold his enemy as in a vice, with a ruthlessness like that of Tamerlane or the Duke of Alva; and when he had accom-

plished everything he left upon the mind of his observer an impression that he possessed a reserve of force that had not been called into play. I am constrained, therefore, to assign to Ulysses S. Grant the highest rank as a military commander of all that have been born on the continent of America."

A POWERFUL LIGHT.

The lighting of Hell Gate, New York, week before last, was pronounced an entire success. The rays of the 54,000 candle power Brush-Swan light were cast far over New York, Long Island City and the Sound. Vessels forty miles out on the Sound distinguished the steady glow. During the evening a large fire in Harlem reflected its light over the upper portion of the island, and afforded an excellent opportunity to test the strength of the light. Viewed from a distance the light appeared a ball of white light, but on nearer approach it was seen to be made of nine Brush lights, each of 6,000 candle power. The lamps are placed at an elevation of 250 feet. The electric current is produced by a dynamo battery, driven by a 23 horse-power engine, and it is asserted that the Hell Gate light is the most powerful one in the world.

THE MONEY VALUE OF AN EXPRESS.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Few have any adequate conception of the money value of an express train. The handsome locomotive and elegant cars are admired as the train comes puffing into the depot, but, when seen from a financial point of view the spectator is astonished at the responsibility placed in the hands of the engineer, fireman, conductor and brakeman. A railroad official the other day gave some interesting figures as to the money value of the midday express running between New York and Hartford, which was a fair representative of the fast express tra-

on the consolidated road. There were an engine, a tender and eight cars. The engine and tender, which are always considered together, were valued at \$10,500, the baggage-car \$1,000, the postal-car \$2,000, the smoking-car \$5,000, the two ordinary passenger cars \$10,000 each, and three palace cars \$15,000 each; total, \$83,000. This is a low estimate for one of the fast expresses, as some of them, with more cars, are worth \$100,000 at least. The palace cars, put down at \$15,000, are in many cases worth an average of \$18,000. These cars came into use soon after the sleeping coaches, the first being used in 1863. In some instances they cost as high as \$25,000 and \$30,000, where the interior workmanship is very elaborate. From the figures given it will be seen that a comfortable dwelling may be built for the cost of an ordinary passenger car, and that the money expended for a palace coach would erect a handsome brick or brown-stone front residence. It is an interesting reflection that the safety of one of these costly trains, to say nothing of the passengers, devolves almost wholly upon one man—the engineer. There are other trainmen—the conductor, baggagemaster, fireman and three or four brakemen—but the hand upon the lever and the brain directing it have an immense responsibility.

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

At every moment and at every place the duke exposed himself with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence and the officers by his directions. While thus engaged several guns were leveled against him, distinguished as he was by his staff, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed

a tree near him, when he coolly observed—"That's good practice." Riding up to a regiment in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, my lads; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England?"

On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest had fallen, and the event of the battle seemed doubtful, he said, with the coolness of a spectator—"Never mind; we'll win the battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression—"Hard pounding, this, gentlemen; let us see who will pound longest." One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the duke that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its numbers, and that those who remained were so exhausted through hard fighting that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman must die on the spot we now occupy." "It is enough," returned the general; "I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate."

A FAR WEST SKETCH.

Minnesota Bazoo.

"You will have to go into the forward coach," said the conductor, as he tore off a coupon from a second-class ticket. "But the tobacco smoke is so bad, and I have such a headache," said the little woman, timidly, and the pale face was raised pleadingly. "Can't help it, ma'am. Rules of the road require passengers having second-class tickets to ride in the forward coach," was the uncompromising reply, as he passed on. "Hang your rules," blurted out a man with a fierce mustache. "Stay where you are, ma'am. You look tired; here, let me turn this seat over so you can lie down. Put your head on this grip.

Here's my overcoat; put it so," and he had her nicely tucked away before she could object. "Your ticket? All O. K. Take mine; it's to the same place, first-class, unlimited. I love to smoke. Always ride in the smoker, anyhow." And he went forward. Dinner was announced in the dining-car, and the big man came bustling in and insisted on her having dinner. She objected, evidently thinking it improper to receive so much attention from a stranger. "Kate Adams," read the big man, looking at the name on her valise. "Not Dick Adam's wife? You are? Well, by—! Why, come here; I'll kiss you, my girl! Dick's my youngest brother! Well, I'll be—! Well, well! Why, I was just going to see him. Heard he'd got flat broke, and kind o' want to set him up again." And the big man looked so happy, and the little sister-in-law so pleased that the passengers forgot to kill the "straw" lunatic that was asking a vote of the passengers on the presidential question for a daily.

CALUMNY.

The rules of politeness are never at variance with the principle of morality. Whatever is really impolite is really immoral. We have no right to offend people by our manners or conversation. We have no right to be influenced by the gossip about the people we meet. Their private affairs are none of our business. If we believe a man to be unfit company for us, we must not invite him; but if we meet him where he has been invited by others, we must treat him with civility.

If we know a man or a woman to be a grave offender, we cannot use that knowledge to injure him or her, unless it is absolutely needful for the protection of others. The greatest and best men in the world have been assailed with calumny. The purest and noblest do not always escape it. We cannot investigate as a rule; we

must disregard slanders. Where great offences become notorious, the offenders must be excommunicated. In all other cases we must give every one the benefit of a doubt, apply charitable construction, hope for the best, and consider every one innocent until he is proven guilty.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Have you made one heart happy to-day? How calmly you can seek your pillow! how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered, yet how many of these sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! how many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives, by recrimination, estrange and embitter loving hearts! How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex each other, making wounds that no human power can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day—"Strive to make some heart happy!"—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"Where were you to-night?" she asked as he came in.

"I have been over talking to Jones. Poor fellow, he has lost every dollar he had in the world, you know, in that oil deal last week. It's pretty tough to see a strong man like Jones so completely broken down, but when I thought of our comfortable home, and the snug sum we have in the bank, and compared our condition with his, I never felt so happy in my life."

HOW LOVE MAKES FOOLS OF MEN.

A good while ago one of the cleverest men in America paid a lady of my acquaintance a deal of attention and she was delighted at the outlook. She had grown tired of the ordinary routine of love-making and thought the introduction of the new element of brains might make this affair more tolerable than its predecessors. There were several charming evenings in mixed company, when very tender things were said in very bright fashion, and the lady began to think there was a good deal of fun in a flirtation after all. The dear man got on well, but before fate granted him the opportunity of a tete-a-tete with his flame it called him to a neighboring city, and in a mad hour he wrote, and he began his letter in this style: "Does my pretty one ever think of her absent sugar plum?" That settled the whole question. That nice plum might have gone on and distanced Ingersoll and Everts for wit and wisdom. She never read one sentence more of that long letter. She gazed transfixed at that first greeting, and she laid the closely-written sheets on a blazing grate, and when that man who had so good a chance arrived in town and called promptly, the servant told him her mistress had left word for Mr. S. Plum that she wouldn't be at home before the early part of 1887.

"But my name is not Plum," said the bounced.

"That's what you're called here," returned the bouncer. "You're the man."

So "they never speak as they pass by," and the lady will never forget that sentence: "Does my pretty one ever think of her absent sugar-plum?"

HOME POLITENESS.

If we want anything of our children, or our servants, we should not, merely because we have the authority to command, give a bold

order, but why not use the gentle "Please will you do this?" "I should like you to do that." "Oblige me with that." When service is rendered we are not to take it in silence, curtly, rudely, because we have a right to the service; but it is easy to say "Thanks," or "I am obliged," or "Oh, that is very nicely done." These little every day courtesies are called the small change of life, but we should be badly off in trade if we had no small change and must always deal with twenty-dollar bills; while the small change of politeness mounts up to a great sum in a lifetime. If parents have plenty of this small change of politeness on hand, it will be put in circulation in the family. The children will pay it out to each other, to servants, to playmates, and with it family peace and family affection will be largely purchased. Home is the place where true politeness tells.

**RELICS BELONGING TO A PIONEER
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.**

American Machinist.

In the blacksmith shop of New York Central's mechanical headquarters, there hangs a pair of wheels that attract but little attention, yet they are interesting and valuable relics of early railroad machinery. They are the wheels of the "De Witt Clinton," the first locomotive owned by what is now the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and the first railroad locomotive operated in the State of New York. The "De Witt Clinton" was built by the West Point Foundry Company, New York, in the beginning of 1831, from designs furnished by John B. Jarvis, Chief Engineer of the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, and made the first experimental trip on the road in July, 1831. The engine had two cylinders $5\frac{1}{2} \times 16$ inches, which were set behind the fire-box on an incline of about 40 degrees. The engine rested on four wheels connected, 4 feet 6 inches diameter. From an inspection of the wheels at

West Albany, we found the spokes were wrought iron, fastened in cast iron hubs and an outer ring of wrought iron.

This was not the first locomotive built in America for railroad service, but she was the earliest of which any portion has been preserved. Baldwin's people preserve with great care some parts of the "Old Ironsides," the first locomotive built by Matthias Baldwin, but that engine was not built for a year after the "De Witt Clinton" was in service. Mr. Buchanan, Superintendent of Motive Power of the New York Central Railroad, talks of mounting the wheels on an axle and placing them in a position where they can be readily seen.

HE HAD BEEN PAINTING.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and he had just returned home.

"Well, goodness gracious!" exclaimed his wife as she sat up in bed. "What has happened! Where have you been?"

"Been? Been (hic) paintin'."

"Painting! In the name of goodness what have you been painting?"

"Paintin' the (hic) town red, Jinny."

"Painting the town red! It looks more as if you were painting your nose red."

Then he fell across the foot of the bed a live corpse, and she spoke on just as if he could hear her.

HE MINGLED WITH THE WHIRL AND GOT LEFT.

"My son," he said, as he laid his hand on the head of his eldest born, "you have now arrived at manhood's age, and it is time you mingled with the whirl of business. Here are \$20,000. Go out and make your start in life, and lay the foundations for a competence."

The son bowed his humble head and skipped with the cash. He was just in time to bet it on the

presidential election, and when the result had been announced he went home to his father and said:

"Father, I have mingled with the whirl."

"Good boy! And—and——"

"And I have been whirled out of every dollar of the boodle you put up for me! The mingling business doesn't suit me. Let me hang around home and learn to be a burglar."

DRUNKENNESS.

When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell to even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation! Young men, with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for anyone. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows anything of his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as surely as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.

WISE WORDS.

We can refute assertions, but who can refute silence.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Surmises are not facts. Suspensions which may be unjust need not be stated.

Idleness is hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being and work its natural and most holy necessity.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human passions, emotion, language.

Nothing elevates a man so much as disinterested good-will. We, for example, most heartily wish that every man in the world had half a million and we ourselves a million.

Hugging sorrow is not the way to lessen it, though, like the nettle, trouble stings less when it is firmly grasped and not feared. Frequent disappointments teach us to mistrust our own inclinations and shrink even from vows our hearts may prompt.

Victory is not for the weak, the cowardly, the vacillating. The roar of the battle may deafen us, the smoke of the conflict dim our sight, but if our feet are firm upon the rocks of resolution, our hearts filled with divine aspiration for all that is pure and true, if our hands be the willing servants of our hearts, victory will be ours. Defeat is impossible, as God views victory and defeat.

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

Our Home.

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flagship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the main-mast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost, unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied. "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than any one else."

Narborough hesitated, his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the king.

A PASSENGER on the Auburn railroad offered the conductor a trade dollar for fare, says the *Cornellsville, N. Y., Times*. The conductor examined it and remarked: "I don't want that piece of money." "Well, give it to the company, then," replied the passenger.

WAS HE LOVED?

BY ED TOY.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the distant mountains, leaving a glowing trail in its rear, illuminating the sky with its many fanciful colors, and bringing to our gaze a rustic little cottage, surrounded with fine old cedar trees, nearly shielding it from our view. Looking at the little house, our eyes involuntarily wander to the beautiful creature, who, seated at the open window, is singing slowly a low, quaint song about her absent lover.

She loved Will Duncan with all her heart, and was wondering why he did not come home. He had been absent from her two years. He had been called away from her to Scotland, to the death-bed of his uncle, who had left him a great amount of property.

No wonder she loved him with so strong a love—he was a perfect Apollo, handsome, large black eyes, even, pearly teeth, a fine suit of curly black hair, which rested gracefully upon his head, and only 22 years old.

After settling his business he started for home. Arriving in New York he met his old friend Clarence Hoffman, and accepted his kind invitation to spend the evening with him. Hailing a passing carriage, they were driven to the grand home of Mr. Hoffman.

Seated in the parlor were Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter, Carrie, a young lady with light golden hair, large, brilliant blue eyes and a well moulded form: When the gentlemen entered, Mrs. Hoffman arose and approaching them said: "Welcome home, Mr. Duncan. This is a happy surprise, in seeing you again."

"Thank you," he said; "I am glad to be so near home once more."

He was cordially welcomed by Carrie. He was surprised when he saw her, as she had improved amazingly since last he had seen her,—

the mirthful, innocent, impulsive girl vanishing and in her place a well developed, refined and educated woman. Will had the pleasure of leading her to dinner. Conversation did not lag, and when the gentlemen sat alone over their wine, Will said to Clarence: "I wish I could stay a week with you, I know I should enjoy it very much."

"I wish you would; you will stay to-morrow anyway. Carrie gives a party to-morrow night. Most of your old friends will be here and they are anxious to welcome you home. Will you?"

Will consented. They then entered the ladies' presence. The golden rays of the moon were gently stealing through the windows and reminded him how pleasant it was out of doors. Approaching Carrie, he said: "I hope we may take advantage of this fine evening to take a short stroll."

She looked at him with a pleased smile and consented.

Placing a shawl upon her shoulders they strolled through some of the many parks and at last seated themselves in comfortable rustic chairs.

"Miss Carrie," said Will, "your brother has kindly requested me to remain to your party. Will it be agreeable to you to have me as one of your guests?"

"It will give me great pleasure," she said.

"Thank you," said he, feeling well pleased that she was anxious to have him present.

The air growing chilly and she being so lightly clad, they re-entered the house. Finding no one in the parlor, Will requested his companion to sing. Seating herself at the piano she sang his favorite song, "Only a face at the window," which carried him to a little rustic cottage and its fair occupant.

Thanking her when she had finished, and being very tired after his travels, the bell was rung, the servant appeared, and, bidding Car-

rie good-night, he was shown to his room.

The next day was passed pleasantly visiting friends. Partaking of a light dinner, they separated for their rooms to prepare for the arrival of the guests. Carrie appeared in the drawing-room in cream silk and diamonds. Passion flowers were arranged tastefully in her hair, agreeably contrasting with her fair face.

After dancing several sets, Will approached Miss Hoffman and said: "Carrie shall we take a walk through the conservatory? I leave you, you know, to-morrow and may not see you alone again."

Had he noticed her, he might have seen the two tiny tears in her eyes. She had become deeply attached to him and the thought that he was so soon to leave caused a strange feeling in her heart and she now knew that she loved him. Readily consenting, she took his arm and entered the room. "I wished to thank you for the pleasure I have had while here, and also for the kindness you and your family have shown me," he said.

"You are very welcome for the small courtesies we have shown you and I wish you would remain longer," she said as she held out her hand with a sweet fascination.

Thanking her for her kind invitation to remain, he said, "Were it possible, I would, but I must leave to-morrow."

"So soon," she said, not raising her beautiful eyes to him, they now being full of tears. "Stay, don't leave us now." The red lips were apart—the perfumed sweetness of her breath struck on his cheeks and the bewitching charm of her voice seeking the depths of his heart, showing him how grand was her love.

"Oh why did I not see this before! Did you not know that I am engaged to a sweet little lady out west? Were I not true to her, you

and myself, I would not be worthy the name of man."

"Yes, Will," she said drying her tears, "you act rightly and I see my great love for you can never be realized."

"I am so sorry this happened," said Will, "but in the future let us be as brother and sister. May we?" said he.

"It will be the next greatest pleasure to me," she said, "and as we have been absent so long we had better go to the ball room."

Next morning Will bid his friends good-bye and soon arrived at the home of Lillie Stanhope.

"Why Will," she said, as he entered her home, "how glad I am to see you again."

"Thank you," said Will. "I am delighted to be with you again."

He was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Stanhope, who invited him to partake of a bounteous repast.

When Will left an early marriage was soon to take place.

* * * * *

A lovely June evening in "bonnie Scotland." The perfume of rare flowers filled the air and the sky overhead was magnificent. Miss Lillie Stanhope is now Mrs. Will Duncan, and they are as happy as it is possible for a young married couple to be.

Will often thinks as he holds his little daughter Carrie on his knee of the beautiful lady she resembles, that loved him so, but who had departed this life for the far happier one above.

Dear reader, truth is often stranger than fiction, and our lives but a romance, the sequel of which is held by an almighty power.

DENVER, COL.

GENERAL HAZEN has the greatest sympathy for the False Prophet of Egypt. The general has had charge of the United States weather for a number of years, and knows all about it.—*Picayune*.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION.

New York Tribune.

What statisticians understand by the term center of population, it may be well to explain, is the point at which equilibrium would be reached were the country taken as a plain surface without weight, but capable of sustaining weight, and the inhabitants distributed over it in number and position as they are found at the period under consideration, each inhabitant being supposed to be of equal weight, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point in direct proportion to his distance therefrom. The first census of the United States, taken in 1790, showed the center of population to be on the eastern shore of Maryland, about twenty-two miles from Baltimore, and near the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude. From that point it has moved westward at the average rate of about fifty-one miles in a decade, never deviating as much as a degree to the north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel.

In 1880 the center was near the village of Taylorsville, Ky., about eight miles west by south of Cincinnati, the westward progress being fifty-eight miles, and the deflection to the south about eight. The census of 1890 will probably discover it in Jennings county, in southeastern Indiana. If there is no great change in the rate of western movement of population, the central point, still traveling, as it doubtless will, on a line closely corresponding to the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, will not cross the Mississippi river until 1950, when it will be found not far from the mouth of the Missouri. It is not improbable, however, that it will never reach that stream, but will remain nearly stationary somewhere in southern Illinois. There are large areas of country in the far west unfit for habitation, save where deposits of the precious metals are found, and other considerable areas

where grazing, which supports but a scanty population, will always be the chief industry. The increase of population in the trans-Mississippi region may not, therefore, much more than counterbalance the increase in the older settled portion of the country after the close of the present century. In estimating the changes and progress of the future we must not forget that, marvelous as is the growth of the new west, it is only a little more rapid than that of the great middle region between the Hudson and the Mississippi. The state of New York it must be remembered, added 700,000 to her population between 1780 and 1880. Pennsylvania 460,000, and Ohio 532,000. The increase in each of these old states would have made a western state as populous as Nebraska.

PEEVISHNESS is generally the vice of narrow minds; and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable regard of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.

"YES, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging for an instant from her handkerchief.

PLANT a No. 9 foot in a No. 8 shoe if you want to grow a good crop of corns.

WAIFS OF WITTICISM.

"Yes," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed to be willing to die for me. Now he won't even get his life insured in my favor."

A little girl, feeling herself neglected, said to her sister, "I think you had better pay some attention to me, for mamma says nobody knows what I'll do next."

"Fifty Soups" is the name of a recent publication. Not having seen it we do not know whether it is a cook book or a peep behind the scenes of the spectacular drama.

"Yes," said Mrs. Firegilt, "everybody thinks my new furniture is just splendid. It is of the Louis Cart-horse pattern, you know. Funny name, Mr. F. says, but I think it's vulgar."

"It was not the dhrop I had taken," said a Kerry peasant charged with being drunk and disorderly, "but I had a shmoke out of a neighbor's pipe, and that leaned upon me."

Boarding-house keeper.—"Why, how deftly you carve the beef, Mr. Smith. You must be an adept." Smith (with a grunt of exertion)—"Yes'm, I am; I'm a wood carver by trade."

The yearly ratio of suicides is the lowest in Naples of any of the great cities. The injunction to "See Naples and die," does not seem to be strictly obeyed.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a paper which is incombustible. Let some of our essayists get hold of it, and they will make it dry enough to burn.—*Boston Transcript*.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor. Nothing is ever to be attained without it.—*Reynolds*.

A FAIR WARNING.

An eccentric old gentleman who had married his second wife, a hoydenish young creature, entertained a party of gentlemen one afternoon, and was much chagrined at the non-appearance of his girlish spouse. Upon inquiring he ascertained that she was in the garden, and thereupon invited his guests out to be introduced to her. As they rose to accept the invitation, his son, a lad of fourteen, exclaimed: "Don't do it, dad!" "Why not?" he asked angrily. "Because," returned the boy half apologetically, "she's up a cherry tree!"

LET man never forget that his wife is his best friend, the most steadfast on earth, would do more for him in calamity, in misfortune, and sickness than any other human being; and that on this account, to say nothing of the marriage vow, made before high heaven and before men, he owes to the wife of his bosom a consideration, a tenderness, a support, and a sympathy, which should put out of sight every feeling of profit and loss the very instant they come in collision with his wife's welfare as to her body, her mind, and her affections. No man will ever lose, in the long run, by so doing, he will not lose in time, will not lose in a dying hour, nor in that great and mysterious future which lies before all.

MOSE SCHAUMBERG has been quite ill. Upon his recovery Dr. Blister presented his bill for forty-three visits at \$3 an interview, or \$129. "O, mine Gott," groaned Mose, "Death vas de pest doctor after all." "Why do you say that?" asked the astonished physician. "Because he only makes one visit," replied Mose, glaring like a demon at the doctor.

A COCKROACH, it is said, has 3,000 teeth. As much as we hate the creatures, we should feel bad for a cockroach with the toothache.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

The Course of Study—Hard Work and Strict Discipline.

Poughkeepsie Press.

The activities of West Point have no break throughout the entire year. Work beginning the 1st of September lasts to the end of the year. After a few days consumed in examination, another term begins, which lasts till the 31st of May. Then come examinations which last till about the middle of June, from whence till the 29th of August the cadets live in camp on the plain. During this period no regular studies are pursued, books being largely thrown aside for practical work, such as surveying, astronomical observations, etc. For these purposes the finest instruments are provided. Cadets are admitted to the academy as late in the year as September, when the year's studies are begun. The course lasts four years, dividing the cadets into as many classes. The fourth class, or first year's men, study mathematics, the English language, French, history, geography, the ethics and tactics of artillery and infantry, and receive instruction in fencing and bayonet exercise and military gymnastics.

In the second year, mathematics are a leading feature of the course of studies, which comprises, also, French, topography and plotting of surveys with lead pencils, pen and ink and colors, construction of the various problems in descriptive geometry, shades and shadows, and linear perspective and isomeric projections. Practical surveying in the field during the seasons of camping out aptly supplements the studies in drawing. The study of military tactics comprises practical instruction in the schools of the soldier, company and battalion, and in artillery and cavalry. With the third year the successful cadet is advanced to the study of natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, free-hand drawing and landscape in black and white, constructive and architect-

ural drawing in ink and colors, which tactics are continued, and practical military engineering added to the hard work of the period. In the last year the scope of studious pursuit is enlarged by the addition of civil and military engineering and the science of war, the Spanish language, international, constitutional and military law, outlines of the history of the world, and technical instructions in ordnance and gunnery and signaling.

The reveille call at 6 o'clock in the morning rouses him from his bunk. He and his mate forthwith prepare the room they share in common, and in half an hour's time he is seated at his breakfast. Forty minutes are given him in which to make the first meal of the day. Guard-mounting is next in order, taken in turn. Each day's guard consists of thirty-five privates and four non-commissioned officers, and the officer in command, all cadets. At 8 o'clock one-half the students are seated in recitation classes, and the other engaged in preparation for them. At half-past 9 a. m. this half take their places, leaving those who have left their classes at liberty to pursue their preparation for second recitation. This begins at 11 with half the cadets, as in the first recitation, and lasts an hour, when the remaining students take their turn for the remaining length of time. After dinner, at about 2, another period of recitation is begun, lasting an hour each for all the students, who are divided into two sections, as before. Classes are resumed at 10 minutes past 4 p. m., and last until half-past 5 p. m. Parade is the event of sunset, and in fine weather is attended by numerous admirers of the natty young fellows who take part in it. This includes the whole of the cadets in attendance at the academy. Supper succeeds the display, and at half-past 9 p. m. "taps" are heard on the drum—the signal of preparation for bed. Each student thereupon unfolds his couch

and makes ready for the night's repose. By 10 o'clock every light is out and silence broods over the quarters.

Of the calls at West Point, the bugle summons for recitation; all calls for military formation are made by means of the drum and fife. One by drum and fife, heard every morning after reveille, is understood by ailing men to mean that they report at the hospital for examination, where they become subject to the rule of Esculapius.

Every Saturday the cadet is allowed to wander at his own will anywhere within the government lines. Two hops a week during the warm months of the year assist in forming the gentlemanly deportment for which the cadet is justly celebrated, and increase his esteem for the better half of creation. Light reading amid pleasant surroundings is at his disposal in the library, or, at his pleasure, in his room. The advent of friends at the post gives him a "spell" of liberty, never indulged, however, at the expense of his progress. Interchanging calls with other cadets is a pleasure tempered with prohibitions which are wholesome and suggestive. The cadet must not smoke, nor are alcoholic drinks allowed in the rooms. He must not play cards, but chess and checkers are not interdicted. Many cadets who are musical in their tastes, play on instruments and sing. Here, better than elsewhere, may be added that attendance on divine worship once a week is compulsory.

The superintendent of the academy is the judge over his delinquents. His decisions have military sanction, and are administered with unrelenting certainty. What in the civilian student would be regarded as unnoticeable might be an important offense in the military cadet. To omit one button of the multitudinous fastenings of his coat may give the cadet a term of detention in the barrack yard, rifle in hand.

THE MANAGEMENT OF HUSBANDS.

A Woman of Experience Gives Her Opinion on the All Important Subject.

San Francisco News.

"What are you going to write about this week?" said my most particular lady friend, and I have only very few of that order. "The Management of Husbands," I replied.

"Well, that's done in a very few words," she said laughing; "give him the latch-key, kiss him good night and tell him to come in when he likes, as you are going to bed, and that man will be in leading strings forthwith."

I agree with my friend that hers is a splendid recipe; still I have an idea that I can give one quite as good and one having more nobility of purpose. There is nothing living so easily managed as the average man, but then the wife must understand diplomacy and be a tactician to the tips of her fingers. What violence or tears can never accomplish tact will. I have always thought there is something radically wrong in the marriage tie, but what it is becomes a difficult matter to define when searching into bottom facts. Men, as a rule, marry women for love, yet we see every day these one-time happy doves drifting apart and acting as though separation would be the happiest end for both. To marry for love is simply absurd. Unless there is a large amount of respect on either side the flame of love soon dies out, leaving a barren manor for the dwellers thereon. I really think those marriages are happiest where there is less flame and passion and more quiet respect in the first place, since there is always a certainty of love following in the after time, for we must respect first what we finally love.

However, supposing you have a husband whom you wish to twirl around your little finger, you must first love him "with all your heart, with all your soul," etc., and the love you feel will make it possible

to put up with all those little discrepancies which crop out in man's nature when you come to live with him; for the best of men become monotonous after a while. In the first place should your husband be a man in business, who comes home tired to death, cross and worn out, do not at once entertain him with the troubles you have gone through during the day. Do not rehearse the shortcomings of the servants or the disobedience of the children. Meet him with a smile, kiss him, take his hat and overcoat from him and let him severely alone until he has toned down his irritability with a good dinner, after which he will be in a position to listen to anything you may have to say; but I always found it an excellent plan to hide disagreeables entirely from a husband's notice. Men don't want to have a repetition of annoyances at home, when they have so many in their daily path outside, and, believe me, the effect of keeping household squabbles outside of your husband's knowledge wonderfully enhances your value as a wife. I have seen so many arrant fools fly at their husbands the moment they enter the house, and there and then give a detailed account of the troubles of the whole day, even taking to tears as an argument on their side—and O! how men hate tears; how they detest the household details; and, being naturally selfish, in fact hate anything that puts them out at home; and they are right. The bread-winner ought to be relieved from domestic jars.

Of all things when our husband comes home, see that his dinner is well cooked. Don't make a row because the meat is underdone or burnt to a stick. Rather go into the kitchen yourself and see that everything is *comme il faut*. You don't know how a man appreciates a loving welcome and a good dinner after the toil of the day. Put yourself in his place, each woman who has to toil for a fatherless flock. You

don't like to come home to a cloudy atmosphere and an ill-cooked meal. You think you are at least entitled to serene comfort at home, and if you don't get it you rebel. Why not men also?

Nothing on earth fetches a man like a good dinner and a well-dressed wife presiding. The husband who can look forward to such a state of things every day of his life will never tire of home, and the wife who studies his comfort will have little difficulty in managing him according to her will. Men are gregarious animals and will wander in spite of all allurements; but they are selfish enough to remain where they are best treated, and by taking a little trouble for a year or two of married life the years that follow will, as a rule, find the husband always glad to go back to the pretty home where smiles await him and the dinner I spoke of.

There are so many women who object to being "bossed," as they call it. My dear ladies, you can always be boss if you take the trouble. By giving in you get your own way, as you never would by fighting for it. And, after all, it is better to feel you respect your husband so much that to give in to him is not a difficulty. Of course, I am now speaking of the right kind of man. There are some men such perfect brutes that no kindness has any effect upon them. When you are unfortunate enough to catch such a one, divorce him at once, and take care how you choose the next. Nine men out of every ten are manageable, if you go the right way about it, and one great point is to act after marriage exactly as you did before. Argument and contradiction are vital enemies to married peace. Should you wish for anything particularly, don't insist upon it after refusal.

Of course you must have it, but bide your time. Some women are persistent and ask: "Why may I not? Why won't you do as I ask

you?" and irritate the man. Rather bide your time, make an extra good dinner of his favorite dishes, put a bow on of the color he likes, make home and yourself sweeter than ever. You'll get it sure, even if you have to wait. Also, when you want him to do any particular thing which you know will be for his good, for heaven's sake do not say "do it." Rather drop a hint that you think so and so would be a good thing to do. Get him interested, and then let the subject drop. I venture to say that in a short time that man will do precisely as you wished; he will never permit you to think he has traded the least bit on your common sense. Now, some women under such circumstances would crow over the husband with "I told you so, and now come to my way of thinking." Absurd, ladies, absurd; never let a man know you rule him, yet rule him in all things, if you can.

I believe that it is perfectly possible to keep your husband so perpetually in love with you that he rather likes to be ruled than not. Never ask for a new dress till after dinner, and never press your husband to buy what he can't afford. How many men are brought to ruin through the extravagance of a silly, exacting wife. The reason I say postpone requests till after feeding time is because man is so partial to good food that if it is good, and he has enough of it, his temper will be so heavenly afterward that in very gratitude he will be prepared to do anything in the world for you. Never be jealous without cause. To be jealous of the young lady whom your husband sees home, inwardly wishing her at the devil and himself in bed, is simply putting thoughts into his head which would never have entered otherwise. At the same time remember the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," and do not, on any account, trust your husband with any one who has not a great respect for herself. I may say trust

no woman, but trust your husband till you find him out. If any young woman goes for him, take the three-legged stool to her, and make yourself so doubly agreeable to the man that he will never dream of looking at another. O, what an easy task it is to manage the man you love; and really they all want managing.

When I hear men say: "I have the sweetest little wife in the world, but she is not very affectionate," or "she don't care to go out with me," etc., then I see there is a screw loose somewhere, and he goes flirting around while she stays passively at home (for the most part miserable) and not knowing how to remedy the evil. But if wives go out with their worse halves, and take their stand in this way, there would be fewer heartaches and less use for divorce laws. I should like to see my husband (if I had one) go out every day driving a splendid team alone, while I sat at home. I should just like to see him try it. I would never, in the first place, let him get into the bad habit of leaving me out of his pleasures. I would make myself so agreeable that he would always make me his fast companion, and believe me, ladies, if you would be companionable to your spouses, feed them well, dress for them, make yourself indispensable to their comfort, you could manage them as easily as a baby, and withhold not a portion of that soft flattery which is dear to every man's heart. Man thinks himself strong, but O how weak he is in the hand of a wife possessing tact. Hoping my recipe will beat that of giving the man the latch-key and going lonely to bed, I conclude.

It was no doubt a bachelor compositor, who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," got the comma in the wrong place and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

A BRAKEMAN'S PROMPT ACTION.

Chicago Herald.

"I see in a paper," said an old engineer, "that they have arrested a Nickel-Plate driver over in Indiana for failing to stop his train at a grade crossing in time to prevent an accident. His defense is that the rails were slippery. That reminds me of my own experiences. I was running a fast express one night. We were three hours behind time, and if there's anything in the world I hate, it's to finish a run behind schedule. These grade crossings of one horse roads are nuisances to the trunk lines and we had a habit of failing to stop, merely slacking up for 'em. At this crossing I had never seen a train at this time of night, and so I rounded the curve out of the cut at full tilt. I was astonished to see the target set against me, though I had time enough to stop, but it was a down grade there and the track was very slippery, and to add to the danger my air didn't work right. I whistled sharply to have the target set clear for me, but on looking I saw that a freight train was standing right over the crossing evidently intending to put a few cars on our switch. I wish I could tell you what my thoughts were at that moment. I gave the danger signal and tried to stop my train, but I had seven heavy sleepers on and we just slid down that grade in spite of all I could do. Now comes the surprising part of my story. Quicker than I can tell you, the brakeman on that freight train uncoupled a car just back of our crossing and signaled the engineer to go ahead which he did sharply, but barely in time to let us through. In fact, the pilot of my engine took the buffer of that rear car. Through that little hole we slipped and lives and property were saved. Now that brakeman was only a common railroader, yet he saw the situation at a glance. There wasn't time to run his whole

train off the crossing, nor even half of it—barely time to pull up one car-length by prompt, quick work. He kept his wits about him as I venture to say not one man in a thousand would have done, and saved my reputation, if not my life. He is now a division superintendent on one of the best roads in this country, and may good luck go with him.

POKER IN MISSOURI.

New York Sun.

"I used to be fond of poker," he said, and the expression of his face became retrospective, "but since I got four aces downed out in Missouri, I hev sorter gi'n up playin' the game."

"Your opponent had a straight flush, did he?"

"No, he had five jacks."

"That's impossible."

"Stranger, hev you ever played poker in Missouri?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if you ever do set down in a game out there, and a red eyed man whose clothes smell of cattle whittles a corner off the table, and allows that he has five jacks, jest bunch your kiards in the pack and say, 'That's good.'"

HINTS TO ENGINEERS.

Mattoon Sun.

There are very few engineers doing duty as such in this country, at the present day, but what were once firemen; yet, some of them will be found who do not consider it a part of their duty to try to make engineers of the men or boys firing for them. Now, to think that the man who is now shoveling coal, climbing out and filling the water-tank every few miles, and keeping your engine clean and bright, always wants to do these things, is a mistaken idea. He expects some time, to be an engineer himself, and it is a part of your duty to do all in your power to help him do so. When the steam goes back on him, and you look in the fire-

box and see a "hay-stack," don't cuss, but think of the time when you made "hay-stacks" yourself, and then get down and show him kindly where he made his mistake, and don't be afraid to show him too often, for the chances are that some day you will have the pleasure of hearing him say about you: "That is the man who taught me how to fire and run an engine." Wouldn't you rather hear him say that, than to point you out as "the man who got me discharged because I was green"? Then don't think it beneath your dignity to let him try his hand at the throttle a little, after he has been long enough on the engine to know something about her, it won't hurt you nor the engine, and it will make him think that you regard him as something more than a mere machine to jump at your bidding, and, that you want him to regard the right-hand side as forbidden fruit, to be neither touched nor handled. Neither will it damage your character in the eyes of the company, if you show him your orders and talk with him in regard to the action to be taken on them, and have him "look around her" once in a while and see if anything goes wrong, and by and by, put a little packing in the piston and valve stem, and if you break down, show him why, when taking down one side-rod, you always take down the other, and why you do other things under other circumstances. These things will do you no harm, but will be of much benefit to him, and will give you a fireman who will be a source of comfort to you, instead of trouble, for it is the lack of practical knowledge that makes a fireman a source of annoyance to an engineer, not an unwilling nature.

FEAR ain't based on judgment. A hog will run quicker from a brickbat den he will from a gun.—[*Plantation Philosophy.*]

BILL NYE ABROAD

He Roams about the Eternal City Picking up Lies for the Gentle Reader.

Denver Opinion.

We arrived in Rome last evening via the Rock Island, and an old cattle friend of mine from North Park, who is staying here, invited me to come and visit him during my stay in the city. He has been showing me the town, and telling me all about it. Before the Christian Era, Rome was ruled by Kings who were elected for life or during good behavior. This was done to curtail campaign expenses, so that the surplus funds could be frittered away on bread and other Roman delicacies. There is also a senate and college of pontifices, and two inch augurs who explained the will of the Gods. These augurs became at last a great bore (Etruscan relic found near a Roman corral.)

For many years there was a squabble between the patricians and the plebeans. The patricians were people who had made a good deal of money and whose blue blooded daughters showed their lineage by eloping with the family coachman. The plebeans as a rule were not checked up so high, but they generally got there, Eli, with both feet, as a proud Roman told me yesterday, as he socked his Roman nose into a tumbler of Roman punch. The present Rome is built over forty or fifty feet of debris that is between 2,000 and 3,000 years old. Those who have been in Chicago when the street gang was engaged in raking up old personalities and things that had been accumulating for fifty years, will remember the subtle odor of the deceased past. This puts a kind of damper on building here, and real estate is rather dead. At least it is not feeling well. So they only build a new house every fifty or sixty years. Then it takes half a century for the air to get fresh again. I have been trying for several days to find some Roman candles to take home with me, but have failed so

far. My next letter will be from Verona or Cheyenne—I do not know which. I've got to hear from Eli Perkins first. We agreed not to write from the same place, for we might get confused.

FOOLING A CONSCIENTIOUS CONDUCTOR.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Conductor Albright runs a train from Cincinnati to Washington. Shortly after leaving the city, about a week ago, a tall, sickly-looking man approached him and said: "Please wake me up when we get to Glen Station. Albright promised to, but when Glen Station was reached he was busy and forgot to wake the fellow. When about five miles on the other side of the station, Albright remembered the promise, and, after indulging in a very little emphatic English, backed the train to Glen Station, and, walking into the coach where the man was sleeping, said:

"Here we are, at Glen Station."

He got up, rubbed his eyes and answered: "I am very much obliged to you. I wanted to know when I got there, so I could take my medicine."

Friends persuaded Albright from handing in his resignation that day.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ABROAD.

Scenes of Railroad Travel in India—A Station in Africa.

Wonders of the Railway.

One of the curiosities of the railroad is seen in descriptions of "Scenes of Railroad Travel in India." The Hindoos arrive at the station four or five hours before the departure of a train. They are always accompanied by friends, sometimes 200 or 300 of them, and the peasant, if his stay is to be for a week or two, generally brings a bag of rice, one of flour, a supply of ghee (butter) and a donkey-load of sugar-cane, for he has heard that provisions are dear where he is going, and wants to live cheaply. But the poor fellow finds at the

last moment that the freight charges are such as to turn the tables the other way. He cannot throw away his provisions, and so he pays the bill, with many maledictions and a heavy heart. The natives are not admitted to the station till an hour before the departure of a train, so they squat on their hams outside in the sun, chewing sugar-cane, eating sweet-meats and chatting with their friends. The noise, confusion, heat and stench are something wonderful.

When the ticket office is opened the clatter of voices rises to a wild uproar as the crowd rushes in, each man fighting his way as best he can. When the native presents himself at the window he is told that the price of his ticket is, for instance: 1 rupee 6 annas. Now he has all his life been accustomed to be asked one price and to pay another, and the state of mind of the official may be imagined when he is asked if he will not take 1 rupee 2 annas. If the native does not come to terms at once the policeman at hand gives him a crack with his stick to expedite matters. The Hindoo next rushes to the freight office to get his baggage weighed, and there again he tries to beat down the price. In the meantime the train has arrived and is ready to start; but the locomotive whistles and the bell rings in vain, only one half the crowd is yet aboard.

If one of the mob wants to find a friend in the crowd, he raises so terrific a yell for him, calling him by name, that the sound drowns even the whistle. It is usually half an hour after the advertised time that the last man is in his place and the train moves off. There are no seats in the cars occupied by the natives. They all sit on the floor, first stripping themselves to the waist. The third and fourth-class cars are, one and all, distinguished by the quiet and fragrance of a monkey-house, the

roominess of a herring-barrel, and all the picturesqueness derivable from an endless welter of bare brown arms and legs, shaven crowns and shaggy black hair, white cloaks, red wrappers, blue or scarlet caps and turbans, grinning teeth, rolling black eyes, and sharp-pointed noses adorned with silver rings so large that you feel tempted to take them and give a double knock, all exhaling a mingled perfume of coconut oil and overheated humanity so strong as to knock down a fireman.

In Africa the scene is also varied. At the stations every one moves slowly and gently, as if overpowered with drowsiness. In the baggage department there is a dark fellow with a red fez, who pays no attention to the clamors of the crowd who want their baggage checked. Here are men and women selling curds, lettuce and black bread, all eagerly purchased by the passenger. All at once the station agent rings a large dinner-bell which he has been carrying for a half-hour on his shoulder, a guard in red fez closes the doors, the blue gowns and bare feet, the water-jugs

and prayer-mats and carpets, the tins and brass-waiters are all stowed away, and, without whistling or puffing, the engine moves from the shadowy station to the intense white sunshine. At every station there is a loud outcry for water to wash the hands, this being a necessary preliminary to prayer, and the Turks, not wishing to lose any time, pray during most of the trip, while bad meals at incredible prices are to be had at occasional stations."

GREEN LAWYER, DRY CLIENT.

New York World.

A prominent lawyer now practicing in this city tells the following: "An old darkey was under indictment for some trivial offense and was without counsel. The judge appointed me to defend him. I was young and very fresh at the time, and it was my first case in court. As I went forward to consult with my client he turned to the judge and said: 'Yo' honnah, am dis de lawyer what am de-pointed to offend me?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the old darkey, 'take him away, jedge; I pleads guilty.'"

WHY IS IT?

When the land is full of workers, busy hands and brains.
And the craftsmen and the thinkers feel about them viewless chains;
When the laborer is cheated of the work his hand has wrought,
And the thinker, vain of logic, sees that reason comes to naught,

When the forces men have harnessed, and have trained to do their will,
Ought to leave no homeless people and no hungry mouths to fill.
But have proved themselves the servants of the shrewd and selfish few
While the many get but little from the work they find to do;

When the labor of a million goes to swell the gains of one
And the serfs of ancient Egypt slaved beneath the burning sun;
When the schemer and the sharper hold the wealth and rule the land,
Sucking dry the thinker's brain and mortgaging the craftma'n's hands;

When the many shear the sheep, and a few secure the wool,
And the gallows claims its victims, and costly jails are full;
Then the men who dreamed of progress, and had hoped for ease and bliss
While they weep and wonder vainly, ask each other, Why is this?

Then the thinker, while confessing that his vision yet is dim,
Says that one thing very clearly is apparent unto him:
That the people, blind or heedless, put themselves beneath the rule
Either of the selfish knave, or worse, perhaps, the sodden fool.

—Edward Willet.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.

WM. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00

SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

THE LESSONS OF ELECTIONS.

On the 4th day of November last, by the fiat of the American people, the machinery of the Federal Government was transferred to new hands, as provided by the laws of the Republic. It is no part of our purpose to write of the incidents of the partisan struggle which resulted in a change of public servants. We shall indulge in neither eulogistic nor denunciatory comments upon parties or party leaders. The Magazine is not partisan, but the patrons of the Magazine are profoundly interested in the lessons of elections, that it is say, that class of elections which can be said to have any appreciable effect upon the general welfare. In this connection, it may be prudently said that elections, particularly those which relate to state and federal affairs, have a profounder significance than in any other country, where the ballot is used to settle any questions relating to the public weal. Here, with a few exceptions, the sovereignty of citizen-

ship is acknowledged. Manhood sovereignty is supreme. It is secured to the humblest toiler, as certainly as to the millionaire. In the presence of the ballot box all men are equal, and this lesson of elections is one that can be studied with profit by those who entertain misgivings, touching the capabilities of men for self-government. There is no grander spectacle presented for the contemplation of mankind, than when fifty-five millions of free people, quietly, in a day, designate at the ballot box who shall be their rulers, their law makers, their public servants, and what shall be the policy of their government. It would be profitable, in this article, to refer particularly to all the lessons which elections teach, and which invite serious reflection, in so far as such lessons relate to policy, and measures, rather than to men. The students of events will not fail to notice that one of the lessons taught by the recent Presidential election had special reference to labor interests. The speeches, the documents, the press, discussed, with more or less directness, labor topics. The industries of the country and the industrial classes came in for a larger share of attention than was ever before awarded to them, and it is therefore prudent to assume that the most important lessons of the election relate to the labor interests of the country. If this proposition is true, if all the facts warrant the conclusion, then it may be said that labor has advanced in the direction of influence to a plane upon which it may achieve tri-

umphs in the future fraught with inestimable blessings. The lesson of the election which may be studied by laboring men with special profit teaches that by national unification, legislation can be so shaped that the wealth, which labor creates, shall be equitably distributed. That means not only honest pay for an honest day's work, but that the government shall not tax labor to any extent beyond its absolute need, when economically administered. There can be no equitable distribution of the wealth which labor creates (and labor creates all wealth), if labor is taxed to any extent to maintain monopolies, and the lesson of the late election teaches the fact, beyond controversy, not because Cleveland was elected or Blaine defeated, but because the labor interests of the country were brought into such commanding prominence as to teach laboring men that, united and harmonious, they can dictate the policy of the government without reference to which party triumphs. In discussing the lesson of the election, in so far as the labor interests of the country are concerned, we remark that the laws should be so framed as to prevent men or corporations from collecting dividends upon what is known as "watered stock." One illustration will suffice: It is known that the Western Union Telegraph Company collects dividends on \$80,000,000, when the investments of the corporation do not exceed \$40,000,000. If, as is now universally conceded, labor creates all the wealth of the country, it also pays all the

debts, all the dividends; hence, laws which permit such gross injustice as the collection of dividends on "water," must be, in the nature of things, vicious. Such laws strike labor a staggering blow. And the lesson of the late election demonstrates that the united protest of laboring men against such monstrous injustice will hasten the era of reform. Labor has the ballot, and can wield it intelligently, and when it strikes at wrongs, the result of legislation, or the want of legislation, it may hope to achieve results fraught with incalculable blessings to society.

In the August number of the *North American Review*, a writer upon "The Encroachments of Capital" begins by saying: "It is one of the maxims of Machiavelli, that in order to preserve soundness and health, all nations should often go back to first principles," and the reason given, is that each form of government is usually framed in the outset on principles which belong to its best conditions, and that all departures, to any serious extent, are unnatural and therefore dangerous. As a general proposition, Machiavelli, in the light of events, must be regarded as a false theorist. In times gone by, when it was assumed that the few had a "divine right" to rule over the many, it may have been true that "governments were framed in the outset on principles which belonged to their best condition," but such a theory has long since been exploded, and finds few advocates in lands where the ballot, in the hands of the masses, dictates rulers and

measures. In the United States, however, it is true, that the government in the outset was framed upon principles which belonged to its best condition, and, therefore, it is the part of wisdom for the people to often go back to first principles, if they would escape "unnatural and dangerous" departures. If capital is making encroachments in the United States, upon whom does the invasion bear most heavily? Certainly not upon the rich. Whose rights are dangerously infringed? Whose interests are the most seriously imperiled? The few do not complain. Capitalists are content. Just here the question arises. If capital is making encroachments, as is claimed, is the wrong perpetrated under cover of law, or is the injustice in violation of the statutes? In either case, the lesson of election teaches the remedy. It should be understood that labor is self-reliant. Labor demands to be let severely alone. It does not demand that wages shall be determined by statute, but it does demand that the statutes shall not embarrass labor, place obstacles in its way, impoverish and degrade it, and, if elections teach anything, they voice the declaration that labor with the ballot in its hands can remedy the glaring evils which environ it. It can deprive monopoly of its power for much of the evil it inflicts.

It is well known that capitalists combine to "corner" the essentials of life, bread and meat, by which prices are made to advance, and labor made to suffer. If the laws shield such nefarious transactions,

they are vicious and should be repealed, and others enacted in consonance with the sentiments of all honest men, and labor has the power to apply the remedy. The subject suggests a broader field of thought, but our space forbids elaboration. We may refer to it again. For the present, it must suffice to say that the lesson of elections teaches working men that their duty to themselves and to the state, is to protest at the ballot box against legislation which in its operation compels labor to bear an undue proportion of burdens, and receive too small a share of the wealth it creates.

GOLD AND SILVER.

The fifty thousand readers of the Magazine are, we conclude, as deeply interested in the "money question," in all of its phases, as any other class of American citizens. It belongs to a class of topics that will not "down" at the bidding of princes, potentates or parliaments. It will not be silenced. It is forever coming to the front. It invites discussion; indeed, demands a hearing. It touches the purse, and therefore the prosperity of men and nations. As population increases, as the area of commerce widens and extends, the money question grows in importance. In what we have to say, at this writing, upon the subject, we shall not consider "paper money," since, governments in want of that description of "currency," can always and promptly supply their necessities; hence, gold and silver is our theme. It is interesting to know

that the first mention made of gold was about 4,000 years before Christ, nearly 6,000 years ago. In the description of Eden, it appears that a river took its rise in that favored spot, the world-renowned oasis, the "Paradise Lost." This river, which at its fountain head is without a name, "flowed out of Eden," and finally parted into four rivers. The record says: "The first was called Pison, that is it which compasses the land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx stone." Silver came into notice at a later date, about 1,860 years before Christ, but when we do hear of it, it is "money." Abraham, the patriarch, wanted a burying place for his wife, Sarah, and he paid Ephron, the Hittite, "four hundred shekles of silver, current money with the merchant," for Machpila, a burying place, which was about \$250.00 of modern coinage. It is something to have a starting point in the discussion of the gold and silver question. It is interesting to note that in referring to the land of Havilah, not a word is said about the soil, its capacity to produce any of the food crops. We are not told that an acre of it was arable. The value of the land consisted in the facts that it produced gold, bdellium, some sort of a gum, and the onyx stone, suitable for decorative purposes; but when silver is mentioned, it is as "current money of the merchant," the shekel "of the daddies," and all along the centuries, for more than three thousand years, silver has maintained its place as "current money of the merchant."

Conjecture and calculation have combined to give the present generation an estimate of the amount of gold and silver which have been obtained from the surface and mines of the earth, from the earliest times to the close of 1879. Previous to the Christian era, the amount obtained is given as follows: Gold, \$1,415,000,000; silver, \$2,913,000,000; total, \$4,328,000,000; and, since that date, we have: gold, \$12,653,374,000, and silver, \$8,402,000,000, a grand total, gold and silver, of \$25,383,374,000. In this estimate it is shown that the production of gold exceeds that of silver \$2,753,374,000. In 1878, it was estimated that the world's production of silver and gold amounted to \$234,000,000—gold, \$140,000,000, and silver, \$94,000,000.

In this connection it will be interesting to note what the United States have done, and are doing, in supplying the world with the "precious metals." It is stated upon what is admitted to be high authority, that from 1793 to June 30, 1883, the domestic production of gold and silver amounted to \$1,498,129,344, as follows: gold, \$1,208,515,596, and silver, \$289,613,848. This estimate shows a difference in favor of gold of \$918,901,748. The total domestic production of the year 1882 was \$79,300,000, of which \$32,500,000 was gold, and \$46,800,000 silver, the excess of silver over gold being \$14,300,000.

Referring to European governments, it will be interesting to note the condition of their currency affairs. The following are the latest figures:

Countries.	Population	Paper Money	Gold.	Silver.
Austria	36,000,000	\$322,838,854	\$43,200,000	\$27,380,000
Belgium	5,500,000	58,419,000	110,000,000	64,000,000
Denmark	2,000,000	19,000,000	20,000,000	5,000,000
France	37,000,000	467,000,000	734,000,000	425,000,000
Germany	43,000,000	223,000,000	328,000,000	215,000,000
Greece	32,000,000	208,000,000	617,000,000	97,000,000
Italy	1,500,000	13,000,000	480,000,000	3,000,000
Netherlands	27,000,000	185,000,000	17,000,000	20,000,000
Norway	4,000,000	75,000,000	20,000,000	58,000,000
Portugal	2,000,000	11,000,000	10,000,000	1,200,000
Russia	5,000,000	80,000,000	100,000,000	15,000,000
Spain	87,000,000	588,000,000	98,000,000	42,000,000
Sweden	17,000,000	34,000,000	130,000,000	70,000,000
Switzerland	5,000,000	12,000,000	15,000,000	3,000,000
Turkey	3,000,000	22,000,000	60,000,000	35,000,000
	310,500,000	\$2,325,357,854	\$2,287,900,000	\$1,080,380,000

It will be observed that in the European countries named, paper money constitutes more than one-third of the currency, and that they hold about \$2.00 in gold for one in silver, notwithstanding which, in current discussions, we are informed there is danger that silver will displace gold, and bring on wide-spread business disasters.

Turning from this branch of the subject for the present, we find it interesting to consult the records in regard to coinage. It is believed that the first coins were of brass, and were used about 1,100 years before Christ, and we are told that Phidow, tyrant of Argot, coined gold and silver 62 years before the Christian era. The records show that money was coined in Rome under Servius Tullius, about 600 years before Christ. It is stated, however, that the most ancient known coins are Macedonian, of the

fifth century before Christ. It is said that only brass money was in use in Rome previous to 269 years before Christ, when Fabius Pictor coined silver. It is said that gold was coined 206 years before Christ. The coin of the Spartans was iron, and of Britain's tin. The portrait of Julius Cæsar was the first to appear on coins, which was done by permission of the Roman senate. Previous to this concession, the image on the Roman coins was that of some of the deities, or of those who had received divine honors. Coming down to a period of what may be termed authentic history, we are informed that groats were the largest silver coin in England in the year 1351, and the first gold pieces (6 shillings) were coined by Henry III, A. D., 1257, and guineas in 1637.

In the United States the mint was established in 1792, and from 1793 to 1882, was as follows:

Gold	\$1,211,837,186
Silver	319,983,408
Minor coin	13,688,277
Total	\$1,545,508,872

For 1883 and 1884:

Gold, say	\$ 71,773,955
Silver, say	57,671,920
Minor coins	2,856,614
Total	\$1,677,911,861

Deducting from the above sum total, the minor coinage \$16,544,891, we have as a remainder, \$1,666,366,470 of the total coinage of the country, since 1793. The estimate now is, that there is in the country, held by the treasury, the banks and the people, above \$607,000,000 in gold, and \$198,000,000 in silver, showing that of the total coinage \$856,366,470 have been exported, and used in the arts.

From the foundation of the Gov-

ernment down to 1873, the silver dollar not only maintained its place as equal to gold, but was most of the time of greater value than the gold dollar, but in 1873 legislation was had in Congress by which its coinage was mysteriously terminated, but in 1878 the "dollar of the daddies" was re-enthroned as a legal tender coin for all public and private debts, and that is its position to-day in the United States. In bringing the silver dollar back to its ancient place in the coins of the land, by the act of February 28th, 1878, Congress provided for the coinage of \$2,000,000 per month, and since that date \$187,180,829 have been coined. Of this amount \$41,000,000 are in the hands of the people and in circulation, and \$104,988,531 are in circulation in the form of silver certificates, leaving to the government the ownership of \$41,192,298. This is about as near accuracy of statement as the subject permits, and serves to bring into special prominence the positions occupied by the advocates and opponents of the silver dollar. Those who antagonize the silver dollar, attack it in different ways. One class would stop its coinage, another would rob it of its legal tender quality, and another still would increase its weight and size by making it contain 480 grains instead of $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of silver. These are all monometalists. They want gold, and only gold, recognized as a standard coin. They predict all sorts of dire calamities if Congress persists in coining a dollar of $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains. They assume that a country with a vast accumu-

lation of standard silver dollars is liable to be reduced to bankruptcy. They ignore the fact that the government of the United States owes a debt of \$1,884,000,000, every dollar of which is payable in coin gold and silver—as certainly in silver as in gold. They ignore the fact that in making payments of the vast annual expenses of the government, the "net ordinary expenditures," amounting to about \$200,000,000, silver dollars can be used as certainly as gold or greenbacks. In the transaction of the financial affairs of the government, they demand that gold shall be paid, and that silver shall be degraded, and from the day Congress restored the silver dollar to the legal tender coinage of the government, then monometalists, then gold standard advocates, when in power, and they have been continually in power, have sought by every possible device to degrade the silver dollar, and yet we have shown 145,988,531 of these dollars are in circulation, thereby contributing to the business prosperity of the country. It is held by these single gold standard advocates that the United States should put 480 grains of silver in a dollar to make them equal in value to a gold dollar, when it is known that every country in the world, except Mexico and Japan, have a smaller proportion of silver in their coinage than the United States have. Manifestly, the opposition comes from the creditor class, the bondholders of the world, the bankers, the speculators upon the misfortunes of mankind. The debtor class, everywhere the progressive, enterprising, work-

ing class, are the bi-metalists, the double-standard advocates. These friends of the silver dollar are not unmindful of the predictions of calamities which the gold advocates have put forward, nor are they unmindful of the fact that they have been from the first false prophets. They are advised that these mono-metalists have sought to make their predictions true, but they have failed, and it is to be presumed that the time is near at hand when the law relating to the standard silver dollar will be enforced, in which event, not a dollar will remain in the vaults of the treasury at the close of the next fiscal year. This would seem reasonable from the fact that under the laws of the Republic, every creditor of the government is bound to take silver dollars, provided they are tendered by the financial officials. The bondholders are the last people in the world to complain. They agreed to take in payment the standard coin of the country. It was the law, and a certain proportion in payment of these bonds should have been silver dollars, but so far, not one dollar have they been required to accept, nor have they taken a dollar. It may be different in the future, and if the laws of Congress are obeyed, it will be different. Then silver will circulate. It will be paid out to bondholders for principal and interest, for all miscellaneous obligations, to the army and the navy, to Indians and to pensioners, and this done, the discussion of the silver question will cease for a time to disturb the equanimity of commerce and business affairs generally.

As it stands, the silver dollar is the friend of the workingman, and the more there are of them the better it is for all classes of toilers, and those who denounce the coin, who seek to degrade or demonetize it, are the special friends and favorites of bondholders and the creditor class, whose interests would be best subserved by the triumph of mono-metalism.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has taught, from its inception to the present time, and shall continue to teach and demonstrate the truth of this teaching, the identity of the interests of capital and labor, believing that all their business relations conducted with this fact in view, will be harmonious and friendly, and avoid what might otherwise result in discord and strife. When this school of education is abandoned by our Brotherhood, then indeed we will not know the seasons from each other nor the day from the night.

That the results following the establishment of this truth on the side of labor may be full and complete, it is necessary that capital should manifest a disposition to meet labor a generous half way, thereby showing its appreciation of our efforts in that direction. Nor do we know of any more intelligible or comprehensive plan of displaying its sincerity in advancing the teaching of this doctrine, than by paying to its employee a fair and just compensation for their labor, and conceding to them those considerations for their feelings, that they claim for themselves, and that all men shall receive from each other, particularly the humble from the exalted.

Looking at this matter from the standpoint of modern civilization, and seeing the advantageous position that the employer naturally

occupies, it seems to us that the very polish of our highly lauded politeness, requiring those of higher rank or station in life to be a little more condescending in their manner and bearing towards those who are beneath them in the social scale, than to their equals, has been entirely ignored, if it ever existed, much less the alleged chivalry that pretends to throw its shielding and protecting arm over the weak as against the strong. While these things are eminently true in our organization, they are sadly wanting in the body politic. Much of the success of business ventures and enterprises, depends upon the faithful discharge of the duties of employees, and we may add that the honest fulfillment of these duties proceeds, in a great measure, from the just remuneration given to the labor employed. The lower animals receive for their labor a sufficient quantity of food and the necessary care to insure health. Man, the masterpiece of God's creation, and bearing the impress of the Creator on his soul, needs more than this; yet there are thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands in our very midst whose reward for their toil of ten hours a day, does not reach that of the horse.

There never lived a king, emperor or potentate, no matter how wealthy or powerful, whose family affections were stronger, whose sympathies were deeper or wider, whose sense of justice was keener, or whose love of the beautiful was more tender than the humblest peasant in his kingdom, or laborer in the workshop; and if there is or has been such, it is not owing to his exalted position or amassed wealth.

We say this in reference to the arrogance and petty tyranny that certain railroad managers and their subordinates practice upon the employees under their charge. A mark of respect or consideration never comes from them to the wage-worker.

Such are the tools, debased and narrow-minded, that some of our capitalists and railroad corporations employ, who, with the concrete soul of a Shylock, wrench every particle of energy from their employee, leaving him in return for a faithful service of perhaps ten or twenty years, a broken and shattered health, a premature old age, and a family in poverty. Death ends his misery and adds to that of his wife and children. When such crimes are permitted to continue, let not the student of history look aghast at the record.

The school of the Brotherhood has given to railroad corporations, (and we appeal to the annals of the organization to prove the assertion) a body of men not only efficient in their work, but honest in its performance, displaying an individual interest in the care and protection of property, directly or indirectly under their charge. Then, in view of this fact, we ask in all reason that these men receive a just compensation for their labor. True the great bulk of our enginemen receive fair wages, but there are many who do not, and for these do we plead. Some of our eastern railroads barely pay their men sufficient to keep body and soul together. These men have tasted of every danger within the compass of their hazardous calling, they have felt the severity of every storm that swept their course but the existing circumstances make their contemplation of the future, their bitterest cup of suffering.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

Recently Henry George has written a work with the above title. Every laborer in the land should read and study it well. There is much thought in it and much melancholy truth. Some of the pictures drawn by this master mind are very dark indeed, but before he quits his task he points out a remedy. He says: "From all parts of

the civilized world come complaints of industrial depression; of labor condemned to involuntary idleness; of capital massed and wasting; of pecuniary distress among business men; of want and suffering and anxiety among working classes. All the dull, deadening pain, all the keen, maddening anguish, that to great masses of men are involved in the words "hard times" afflict the world to-day.

"Where population is densest, wealth greatest, and the machinery of production and exchange most highly developed, we find the deepest poverty, the sharpest struggle for existence, and the most enforced idleness."

"And unpleasant as it may be to admit it, it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty or to lighten the burden of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which a century ago the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized, large classes are maintained by charity or live on the verge of recourse to it; amid the greatest accumulations of wealth, men die of starvation, and puny infants suckle dry breasts; while everywhere the greed of gain, the worship of wealth, shows the force of the fear of want. The promised land flies before us like the mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn as we grasp them to apples of Sodom that crumble at the touch."

This is the picture Mr. George draws of civilized countries under our present progress. He concludes

after a careful survey of the field of human effort that poverty is the associate of what has been called modern progress. Why this is so Mr. George undertakes to answer in his work. He shows why it is that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; why it is that the laboring man finds it such hard work to live in a land where a few men grow enormously wealthy.

Mr. George is earnest in his efforts to get at the bottom of our social difficulties and he says in his opening chapter: "I propose to beg no question, to shrink from no conclusion, but to follow the truth wherever it may lead. Upon us is the responsibility of seeking the law, for in the very heart of our civilization to-day women faint and little children moan. But what that law may be is not our affair. If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that have long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back."

These words breathe the spirit of the enthusiast and the fearless reformer, and Mr. George has fully maintained himself in both characters. His recent visit to England, Ireland and Scotland, and his lectures there have done more to awaken interest in the laboring men of those countries and their condition than anything that has occurred this century. We will present to our readers from time to time some of Mr. George's ideas on current labor topics, knowing that profit will come from their study.

THE PRIZES.

The prizes offered by the Grand Lodge to Magazine Agents securing the highest number of paid subscribers for 1884, in proportion to the membership of their respective Lodges, have been awarded as follows:

The first prize, consisting of a beautiful silk banner (for the Lodge) and \$50.00 in cash (for the

agent), was awarded to Texas Belle Lodge No. 155, J. W. Price, agent. Bro. Price secured 151½ paid subscriptions with a membership of 19, making a ratio of 7.97.

The second prize, consisting of a Gents' Hunting Case Gold Watch, was awarded to N. B. Whyers, of Mt. Whitney Lodge No. 139, who secured 200 paid subscribers with a membership of 36, making a ratio of 5.55.

The third prize, consisting of a Lady's Gold Watch, was awarded to J. F. Mitchell, of Re-Echo Lodge No. 195, who secured 184 paid subscribers with a membership of 34, making a ratio of 5.41.

The fourth prize, consisting of \$25.00 in cash, was awarded to A. Heenan, of Magic City Lodge No. 114, who secured 133 paid subscribers with a membership of 25, making a ratio of 5.32.

The prizes were awarded according to the membership, subscriptions and payments of Lodges as they appeared on the Grand Lodge records December 31st. Other Lodges, notably Nos. 59 and 127, had larger circulations than those to whom the prizes were awarded, but owing to their increased membership their ratio was reduced. Lodge 59 had 480 subscribers and Lodge No. 127 had 527, the latter having secured the largest circulation of any Lodge in the Order.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd.
Though you roll in royal billions
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant,
Whether rich or poor or proud,—
Remember that there is isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory.
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud!

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

THE SOUTHERN CHAUTAUQUA.

It has been my pleasure, for several seasons, to write for various papers and magazines an account of the great summer university at Chautauqua, N. Y., where every year more than a hundred thousand people avail themselves of its rare educational advantages. It is a resort which combines opportunities for health, recreation and mental improvement, and, since its inauguration eleven years ago, various branches have been organized in different parts of the country. It remains, however, for the year 1885, which witnesses the opening of the great southern Exposition, to mark, also, the first season of the Southern Chautauqua. There has long been a need of such an institution in the south, both for the benefit of its own residents and also of the many northern people who come down here every season, either for health or pleasure.

The committee appointed for this purpose, after careful deliberation, decided upon northwestern Florida as the best situation, and here, upon the shores of fair Lake de Funiak, was located the New Chautauqua, eighty miles northeast of Pensacola and an equal distance northwest of Tallahassee, on the Atlantic and Pensacola R. R. and easy of access from any point north or south. Those who have been in Florida, at places remote from railroads and telegraph, will appreciate this fact. This location possesses many other advantages. It is the highest point of land in the state, being nearly three hundred feet above the sea level and sloping away to the gulf. But the particular advantage it possesses over most portions of Florida is its almost complete freedom from fogs. The atmosphere is dry and bracing and the salt air of the ocean, coming eighteen miles through the pine woods, is as invigorating as wine. You long to bring hither all your friends who suffer from lung and bronchial troubles or from weakness of any kind and let them bask in the mellow sunshine and find renewed health in every breath of the vitalized air.

On the very top of this ridge is a miniature lake, dimpling and sparkling in the sunshine, one of nature's exquisite gems. It has neither inlet nor outlet and is probably the overflow of a number of springs, as the water is so clear and pure it is used for drinking and cooking purposes. It has a depth of over sixty feet and its margin is almost per-

flectly round. It has a broad, smooth beach which is being made into a charming drive, and its shores slope upward on every side to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet. Upon these gentle slopes, thickly carpeted with the pine needles, are being built the Amphitheatre, the School of Philosophy, the Art Conservatory, the Cooking School and many cottages and boarding houses. I spent one day rambling about the grounds with a Bishop of the Methodist church, a most delightful companion, and when we reached the hotel he turned, gazed admiringly over the pretty scene and said, "Well, they need just one thing more here and that is a Bishop's residence."

The Chautauqua Assembly will begin on the Tenth of February and continue one month. Great care and expense have been lavished on the programme and it will be exceedingly instructive and entertaining. Lessons will be given in drawing, etching, painting repousse or hammered brass, wood-carving, clay modeling, and every description of needle work. For the more practical, a model Cooking school will afford every opportunity for learning the domestic accomplishments. There will be a special department for theological training, including the best of instruction in Greek, in Art and Archaeology, with many illustrations, in Doctrinal and Practical theology, and a comprehensive Sunday School Normal. A thorough course of Elocution will be given by efficient teachers and an excellent School of Music will be opened, including voice culture, harmony, etc. In addition there will be a Kindergarten and various departments for children.

The programme will include lectures by Talmage, Geo. W. Cable, Gen. Loring, S. G. Smith, D. D., of St Paul, Hon. Geo. W. Bain, Rev. S. P. Henson, of Chicago, Prof. C. E. Underhill, of New York, the eloquent Wallace Bruce, and many others. C. E. Bolton, of Cleveland, Ohio, with his magnificent collection of stereopticon views, Sau Ah Brah, of Burmah, the Von Folkensteins, of Jerusalem, and other foreign lecturers will add to the interest of the season, while the Meigs sisters and the exquisite soloist, Mrs. Hull, of New York, will give variety to the brilliant programme above. It is supposed that many of the great crowds who will attend the New Orleans Exposition will make arrangements to visit the Southern Chautauqua, as most of the railroads issue stop-over coupons for this place.

It may not be out of place to mention briefly a few of the names of the Board of Managers. The Superintendent of

Instruction is Dr. A. H. Gillet, of Cincinnati, who would have taken Dr. Vincent's place had that gentleman been elected Bishop. The President is Col. J. W. Sloss, sometimes called the "Iron King of Alabama," a very wealthy gentleman and proprietor of several mines and blast furnaces. Another member is Col. W. D. Chipley, of Pensacola, Vice President and General Superintendent of the A. & P. R. R., and a very prominent man in the South. Another is Mr. T. T. Wright, the largest dry goods merchant in this part of the country. And another is Bishop J. W. Walden, of Cincinnati. There are a number of other names equally distinguished. The Secretary and Business Manager is C. C. Banfill, a highly competent gentleman, formerly of Iowa, but now located at the New Chautauqua.

It is the intention to make Lake de Funiak a permanent place of resort. At no time in the summer does the thermometer rise above ninety degrees, on account of the steady gulf breeze, and it will be popular among Southern people during the hot months; and when the winds are chill and the frosts grow keen, the Northerner who has once tasted the calm delight of a Florida winter will hasten toward the land of sunshine and flowers, taking with him all the friends who can be persuaded by his alluring pictures. The demand for a mild climate will never grow less, and Lake de Funiak possesses those qualities which will make steadfast friends of all who once come under its sweet and healthful influence.

A PUNGENT punster says that the modern coachman drives his employer's horses to the halter and his daughter to the altar, bridles the horse and brides the daughter.

WE were very proud of our Magazine last month and consider that it is not surpassed by any Labor periodical in the world. The Literary Department is bright, instructive and clean enough to enter any home in the land. The Editorial is of the highest order and expresses the wealth of a master mind. The Woman's Department is constantly improving, thanks to our contributors, who are furnishing most excellent material. The Business Department is clear, concise and comprehensive. If the Firemen's Magazine shall progress in the future as in the past it will finally rank among the very best periodicals in the United States. Give to it your cordial support and encouragement and it will continue to be what it now is, the pride of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

It has been said that there is no better evidence of a woman's health than her ability to eat a hearty breakfast, except (as a cruel correspondent adds) her ability to get up in the morning, start the fire and cook one.

A "FRIEND to the Brotherhood" wishes to return her thanks to Lone Star Lodge No. 1 for an invitation to their recent ball. She says "Notwithstanding the evening was cold and gloomy, the ball was in every respect a grand success, splendid music, nice dancing and an elegant supper. Wishing the Lone Star future prosperity and a happy New Year, I remain as ever, a true friend."

OUT IN THE WORLD.

It is estimated that there are 25,000 girls and young women in Chicago who are endeavoring to support themselves by honorable labor.

The members of the National Association of Stationary Engineers have made their wives members of the organization. This is perfectly proper. They run the engine and their wives run them.

In Painesville, Ohio, Miss Lizzie Green has been appointed Deputy County Recorder. In the same city Miss M. J. Bartlett has recently been sworn in as deputy clerk. Both young ladies are great favorites in society.

INDIANA.—Miss Carrie Henderson has shown herself to be possessed of so much talent for wood carving, that Mr. Pitman, of the Cincinnati School of Design, has offered to give her instructions free of charge. Miss Henderson is now in Cincinnati.—*Times*.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, the author of the Centennial poem read at the opening of the New Orleans Exposition, is a resident of the Crescent City, and is widely and favorably known in the literary world through her graceful poems over the signature of "Xariffa".

IOWA.—Mrs. Emma P. Ewing will superintend a school of Domestic Economy in connection with the Iowa Agricultural College. It will have a special faculty, special course of study, etc., and its design will be to thoroughly fit woman for every department of the household. It will be the only school of the kind in the world.

The ability of the average American school-marm to take care of herself is renewedly illustrated in the case of Miss Mattie Worley, a teacher in Greenwood county, Kansas. She has earned enough money by teaching, to buy 100 acres of land, although she is not twenty years old and has been receiving only \$40 per month.

The Iowa Wesleyan University, of Mount Pleasant, has just closed its Thirtieth Commencement. Every prize save one—and that was a draw—was taken by lady students. The prize in Chemistry, Science, Literature, and even in Geometry, were triumphantly carried off by the female pupils. The University is an institution of high grade, under control of the Iowa Conference, and is rigid in its demands for high scholarship, and impartial in all its methods.

Chief justice Green, of Washington Territory, where women can vote and serve as jurors, said recently in a charge to the grand jury: "Twelve terms of court, ladies and gentlemen, I have now held, in which women have served as grand and petit jurors, and it is certainly a fact beyond dispute that no other twelve terms so

salutary for restraint of crime have ever been held in this Territory."

Said a good sister in her testimony at a camp-meeting: "My husband opposed my coming to this sacred spot, but I can truthfully say that in coming here I have received a blessing, and I know when I reach home my husband will get a blessing." No one seemed to doubt her.—*Columbus Dispatch*

Proud mother—"Do you know, my dear, I believe our baby will be a singer, perhaps a great tenor like Brignoli or Campanini?" Tired father—"He strikes high C mightily often, if that's what you mean." "Yes, the tones are so sweet and shrill. I hope we will be able to have his voice cultivated in Europe." "By Jove! good idea. Send him now."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table upon her lord and master, "tell me, what was it that first attracted you to me? What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said: "I give it up."

"Hubby, did you mail any letter?"
"Yes, my dear. Had to run like fury to catch the first mail."

"Why, here it is in your pocket now."

"Hey? Um—a—yes, so it is—no, this isn't your letter; this is—that is, this isn't the one you wrote; this is the one you were going to write and forgot—"

"John Henry!"

"No, Mary, I did not mail your letter."

"Well, I'm awfully glad. I want to add a postscript."

"Well," he said to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

"O! I'll leave that to you," was the reply, "you can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for a year. By that time I will know whether I ought to give you \$100 or nothing."

"No, No," said the clergyman, who is a married man himself, "make it \$3 now."

Miss Frances E. Willard calls the attention of women who desire to engage in ministerial work to the Evangelistic Department of the W. C. T. U., and asks "earnest women everywhere, including graduates of Smith, Wellesly, and other 'schools of the Prophetesses'" to correspond with the superintendent of that branch of work, Mrs. Hannah W. Smith, 4,653 Main street, Germantown, Penn. Miss Willard says: "This Department will be glad to welcome to its ranks any competent woman who desires to be a minister, and who believes that the 'glad tidings' can be carried successfully to the perishing world by the half of humanity which has most reason for gratitude to Him who declared 'that there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus.'"

So far as we know, Miss Baker is the second Orthodox Congregational woman who has been ordained to the ministry, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell being the first. Miss Brown was ordained and settled in South Butler, N. Y., about thirty years ago. Unitarian and Universalist women have been ordained, also, one Methodist woman, Rev. Annie H. Shaw. Other women preach by license. Slowly but surely the world will accept the ministry of women. It will see the need of every influence that can help in the direction of a clearer moral sense, and of higher and finer ideals of life. The tools belong to those who can use them. Whatever is fit to be done at all may with propriety be done by anybody who can do it well."

As an instance of the advanced position of some of the foreign countries over our half-way republic, the following beautiful occurrence is cited in the crowning of the Czar of Russia a few

months ago: "At a point in the ceremony, the Emperor took the imperial crown from his own head, and placed it just for a moment on the brow of the Empress, the sweet and gentle Maria Dagmar, who knelt before him. Just a moment it rested there, and then he restored it to its rightful place, and gave her her own queenly diadem. It was but a touch, but it halved the empire of Russia, and made Maria Dagmar Empress of all the "Russias."

In an interview published in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, Mrs. Julia Holmes Smith, Special Commissioner for the Northwest, expressed the opinion that the woman's exhibit will show a decided advance since the Centennial, particularly in art and inventions. It is surprising to see the number of patent models in our section of the display. From Dakota there are principally agricultural products; so many of the women in that Territory are practical farmers. Nebraska, as far away from the centers of civilization as it seems, has contributed principally art work and paintings. Minnesota has some of everything, it seems to me, from art embroidery to pickles and preserves. The Hoosier State—Indiana—has been very energetic in making collections, and will, besides china painting, embroidery and books, contribute a very interesting educational exhibit. Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the principal of the Girls' Scientific School in Indianapolis, has this special branch in charge.

"I think it will be found that we will surpass in many things the Woman's Pavilion at the Centennial, of which Mrs. Gillespie, the president, was justly so proud. In silk culture and wood carving particularly, women have made great strides. We could fill easily from the Northwest alone, double the space that has been allotted to us.

GEORGIA.—The question of woman's rights has had its first test in the Georgia Legislature, and resulted in favor of the woman. It arose over a resolution instructing the Clerk of the House to employ women to perform clerical labor. In the debate that ensued it was argued that true public policy dictated the opening of every avenue of labor to woman. Dr. Felton alleged that the employment of female clerks in the National Government was inaugurated by a distinguished Georgian; that woman should enjoy the emoluments as well as the burdens of government. "Let the men," said he, "go into the field and plow and dig, and leave the women such positions as they can fill." An attempt to table the motion was defeated overwhelmingly, and the original motion passed. It was developed that the Legislature of Georgia are in favor of woman's rights to the full extent of woman's liability to government.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is seldom that a rich young man elopes with a poor girl. The sacrifices in love are all made on the woman's side.

Some woman perils her life for her country every time a soldier is born. Day and night she does picket duty by his cradle. For years she is his quartermaster, and gathers his rations. And then when he becomes a man and a voter, shall he say to his mother, "If you want to vote you must first kill somebody." It is a coward's argument.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because—and only because—they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession of either malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but should with the most careful watchfulness guard themselves against every temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies for life

by it. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable.

One of our type setters was a bright, intelligent girl, a student of Boston University, who was earning her education in that way. One day two gaunt and ragged young men came in and asked for work. Partly out of pity for their forlorn appearance, a job was given them. They were satisfied with the pay offered, and went to work. Presently they found out that the young woman before mentioned was receiving the same pay per thousand ems that they were. They immediately threw up their situation and left. Their manly dignity would not allow them to stay in an office where they were paid at the same rate as a woman. Was it the woman's fault? Was it a result of the law of supply and demand? Not a bit. It was a result of pure prejudice.—*Woman's Journal*.

I have no plea for the Magdalene and her sin. She merits by her fault her punishment. But if you must be merciless to her, be just to him whose guilt is greater. In the name of purity, in the name of womanhood, in the name of God, I charge you women of our homes that you cry out with a cry that shall shake the earth against the man who wears the trace of iniquity. Banish with an unalterable edict not alone the man who boasts his villainy and sin, but the man whose life has in it a touch of dishonor. Let the burden fall where it is due, and if the Magdalene must crouch without the walls of social toleration drive to her company the man who opened for her the gates or who seeks her in her gilded halls of death.—*Rev. Thomas E. Green*.

Every mother ought to teach her daughter practically how to keep her house in order; how to make bread and do all kinds of cooking; how to economize so as to make a little go a great way; how to spread an air of neatness and comfort over her household; how to make and mend her husband's clothes, in a word, how to be a good housekeeper. Then, if she has no domestics, she can make her family happy without them; if she has domestics, she can effectually teach them to do things as they ought to be done, and make them obey her. She can then direct her domestic affairs, and be mistress of her own house; which, sad to say, too many in these times are not. Domestics soon ascertain whether their mistress knows how to do things, and if she does not, they have her in their own power, and almost always take advantage of it. But do not get the false notion that the domestic virtues of a woman preclude the highest and most accomplished education. Some of the most intelligent, refined and finished ladies have been the most excellent housekeepers.

For Woman's Department:

WEARY!

I am weary, oh! so weary.
Of the world with all its strife;
For days seem now so dreary
As we tread the path of life.

My heart has long been lonely
Seeking what it did not find;
The past lives with me only
As a shadow in my mind.

The sorrow that my life has known,
Must from the world be hid;
Through all the years I walk alone,
Nor lift the perfumed lid.

They are all in ashes now,
The joys that once were mine;
Yet no shadow rests upon my brow
As I gaze on the sun's decline.

Long years may yet be in store for me,
But they will not bring the pleasures past;
In my thoughts I will only remember them
As a shade behind a shadow cast.

—*Sibyl*.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT CULTURE FOR WOMEN.

To Woman's Department:

For working-women and wives, or daughters of working-men, perhaps my title ought to say.

A remark made a few days ago to a group of women, gave rise in my mind to the question:

"Is culture in its widest, truest sense incompatible with our position as wives and daughters of that large class of men—the bone and sinew of our land, who earn their living by the labor of their hands?"

The remark was common and trite enough. We have all of us heard just such remarks "a hundred times." "Miss So-and-So was such a bright, intelligent girl, but she has gone and married a common working man; so of *course* it is good-bye to any more culture for her, poor girl! She will spend the rest of her life wrestling with pots and pans."

"Foolish girl!" exclaimed all the listening women, and *groaned* out their sympathy for the misguided Miss So-and-So.

I did *not* groan, and I came away wondering whether the girl had thrown away all chance for herself, or whether she had not possibly chosen wisely and well.

The next day there came into my hands, the November number of the "Fireman's Magazine" with "Progress" for a "head-light," shining across the globe, and "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry" its "Articles of Faith." I had heard of but never seen one of these Working-men's journals, and I read it with eagerness and growing respect for them. The account of the Toronto Convention, and the various letters and contributions. I read with even more interest everything in the "Woman's Department," and my question was answered:

The wives, daughters, sweethearts of these "brawny sons of toil," not only need not, but must not say good-bye to all future growth of soul and mind, which is what you and I, my sisters, mean by "culture." Of all men, just these hardy, upright working-men need, and will appreciate, refined, sensible, pure-souled women, in other words—cultured women, in their homes.

There has such a false idea arisen about this word; about homes, about house-keeping duties: Are we growing up to any higher standard of *true womanhood* by living in a big house, having two or three "girls of foreign extraction" lording it over kitchen and nursery, while we paint china and carve wood and beat brass in a superficial way in some far-off "studio," than if we dwell in a cozy home not too large for mother-hands to keep in order, or if the family be large, for mother-brain to direct, while the dear little children grow up sweet-tempered and pure-minded in the constant light of a mother's wise and loving guidance? Is this a culture to be despised? Is "pot-wrestling" any dirtier work than cleaning paint-brushes? Is either degrading because the hands become soiled? Is the "divine self-sacrifice" of a woman diminished because she must fashion with her own

fingers the coats and dresses for the little ones? Are any of these hourly duties hindrances to a knowledge of the important questions of the day which our husbands and brothers find time to be interested in and understand, in spite of rough, wearying work and soiled hands?

Now, my sisters, I am not "trying to be profound or learned." I am indeed writing "out of the fullness of my heart," as your Editor advise. I agree with Mrs. H. B. Jones in not feeling "adverse to girls learning music," painting, carving—anything wherewith to cheer and beautify the home; but do let us all, girls and women, use common sense about these things, and not fancy ourselves, and every other "Eve" misused, because there is something else, besides picking flowers for us to do in the garden, while "Adam" tills the soil.

— ROXANA BEAN.

[We welcome this new contributor, indorse all she says and hope we may hear from her again.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

For Woman's Department:

During my experience of housekeeping I have learned the following facts, some by my own experience, and some by that of others:

1st. When you get a new broom select and pull out a number of nice, straight straws, and put away in your pantry or cupboard till needed to test cakes with to see if they are done.

2d. If you can possibly get them, use sifted hard coal ashes to scour knives, tinware, &c., and even silverware can be polished with them, by using a piece of canton flannel or other flannel, dipping it into the ashes and shaking it, using only the fine dust that adheres to it.

3d. If the rubber rollers of your wringer look dark after wringing the over-clothes, saturate a rag with kerosene and rub them with it, and your rollers will look as white as new ones; wipe the rollers till dry, first, with a dry rag. If any of the black grease remains in the creases of your washboard you can clean that with the kerosene, also.

4th. Do not cast away old coats, vests, or pants, but save and braid into rugs. Calico and woolen pieces, not suitable for carpet rugs, can be used in the same way; even the bindings and bands of garments, if light, can be colored, and braided in the rugs. Rugs not only save a carpet but they help furnish a room.

5th. Heat a knife before attempting to cut warm bread with it.

6th. Before putting a new wick in a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar and then dry it; you will see less dim chimneys by so doing.

7th. Never let a child go to bed hungry; it is as injurious as to let it go to bed immediately after eating a hearty meal; let it have a little bread and milk or bread and butter, but nothing sweet.

8th. Look on the bright side of everything, and be sure that whatever happens is for the best, some way, though you can not see it in that

light at the present time. "There is no great loss without some small gain.

BOONE, IOWA.

MRS. M. E. WHEELER.

[Thanks to Mrs. Wheeler for these excellent suggestions. Let us have similar hints from our other readers.]

GREENVILLE, Tex., Nov. 8, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I have been reading the November number of the Magazine. It appears fairer, fresher and more interesting than ever before, not only in the Woman's Department, but the general appearance is livelier and brighter.

I am charmed, Mrs. Harper, with your suggestion of establishing a household, where we can all meet, converse, or gossip, once a month.

I hope Alice Brooker will call again and often. I think she must be a sweet little woman whom I know.

Mrs. L. H., I believe you will be the cause of quite a revolution in our little circle. I move that we appoint you critic. Who will second the motion?

That was a bright little letter from Caryl. It almost made my heart ache to hear again the cheery chirrup of the tiny cricket that used to beguile so many happy hours at home, when, without care or responsibility, I have listened to its merry music till I would forget him in happy reverie.

We, too, sent a most estimable single gentleman to the Convention, and I am sure no Lodge was more fitly represented than 155.

As I have expressed my satisfaction and good will for the household, (which no one asked me to do, however,) I will close until I meet you all again in the bright New Year. Ah, how impossible it seems that a year has rolled by since I first saw or wrote for the Firemen's Magazine. With what trembling I penned my first epistle to its pages. How much satisfaction and happiness I have derived from its perusal since!

May the next year be one of joy to you all, one of fruitfulness, love and peace, an educator for the higher life to come.

IRENE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

If you will grant me a small space in your popular Magazine, I would like to say a few words for Buffalo Lodge No. 12. The boys of No. 12, I am very glad to say, are a large-hearted body of men; they always have a kind word and a friendly shake of the hand for every one they meet, and some of the boys as they go along the street with their "lunch bucket" in one hand and their faces all smiles, seem to be as happy as princes. They are about to have a ball, and I wish them every success.

I think I have used enough of your valuable space, and as I have "broken the ice" for some other ladies, who have friends belonging to No. 12, and hoping to hear from them soon, I remain a daughter of one of the members.

Yours truly,

K. A. J.

ODE TO THE OLD YEAR.

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. David Moses (Old Post Lodge No. 17) with my hearty congratulations.]

Some people are eager and anxious I know,
The New Year '85 to see,

And they dream and conjecture and try to find out

Of what will their New Year's gifts be.

I do not feel anxious or worried at all,
For the gifts the New Year has in store;
But I am contented and proud as a king,
With the gift of the year '84.

With its dying breath this generous old year,
Once more did its banners unfurl.
And last Sunday morning it left at my door
The gift of a sweet little girl.

Dear old year, how you gladden our hearts as you die.

By choosing this gift above all:
For this treasure is priceless its value so high,
Tho' the dear little package was small.

Before the year dies we will christen our child,
And Lottie we'll call her by name;
And each year in succession we'll praise thee, old year,

And teach darling Lottie the same.

God bless you old year for this sweet precious gift,

And we never shall prize any more
The year '85, be she ever so gay;
We'll love best the old year '84.

—Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

WASHINGTON, IND.

TO MAKE LEMON CANDY:—Take a pound of white sugar and a coffee-cup of water. Cook these over a slow fire; pour in a table-spoonful of hot vinegar. Remove the scum that rises. Try in cold water now and then to see if it will "thread" from the spoon; when it will, flavor with lemon, and pour on a platter, which is buttered slightly. This may be marked in sticks or squares. Fruit or nuts may be poured out of the sauce pan. Horehound and thoroughwort candy can be made of this by boiling the dried leaves in a little water and using in place of clear water.

For Woman's Department:

THE MANSION BEYOND.

I passed a mansion, grand and fair,
With beauty pictured everywhere,
And one might envy as they passed
The mansion from the owner's grasp.

I stopped to gaze with eager eyes,
And almost coveted the prize;
And as I scanned it o'er and o'er,
I saw a lady at the door.

Her cheek was pale,
And limbs were frail,
And care was seen
Upon her visage pale and lean.

She turned away, as if to hide
The tear that stained the cheek of pride,
With trembling lips she tried to speak,
While tears trickled down her cheek.

"Death entered this mansion fair,
I want sustaining arms up there.
O, none can bear this load of pain,
Without our Savior's arms sustain."

Then turn to God, don't covet more,
The riches we oft times adore.
Ye eager men for worldly gain,
Make God alone your great sustain.

M. E. H.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

MUTUAL INSURANCE.

Editors Magazine:

In continuation of my former articles, let us now see some of the wholesome lessons, and some of the advantages resulting from the adoption of my last plan. In the first place we might learn a lesson from the grand results of a little self abnegation and economy. I am afraid that railroad men as a general thing, do not practice much economy, being accustomed to have a bounteous supply of everything needed on the road, they fall into the same habit in procuring their family supplies, or gratifying their personal wants, using a little superfluity here and another there, and reserving nothing whatever for dull times, or old age. The grand result to be obtained, could not help but have a salutary effect on our members by showing them that a little here, and a little there, may in time amount to a large sum.

In the next place the increase by investment, and re-investment might serve to show our membership the advantages to be derived from a proper use of money, and put them in a way of using such means for their own benefits. This much for individual members, now for the advantages to our Order:

A corporation with a cash capital of $7\frac{1}{4}$ million dollars in hand ready to invest in any good securities, would be a power, and when such a corporation was composed of laboring men, (as ours is) would serve as the most striking proof that "capital and labor—their interests are one," as mottos at the recent conventions had it, for they would be combined.

Again, if our fund were invested in railroad shares, we would be both employer and employee in one, and while at work we could feel we were working for ourselves.

Again, our fund might be invested in aid of some railroad enterprise, which is languishing, such for instance as the shares of the D. & R. G. R. R., now quoted at \$8.50, but which can not help rising and becoming much more valuable, as the country through which it runs becomes

more populous and productive. A judicious investment of these funds, in some of these low-priced shares, and held for several years, would not only benefit brothers employed on the road by making them part owners, but would undoubtedly double and triple in value in that time, even if it failed to reach par, and could then perhaps be re-invested to help some other road. Having shown the objections to our present system, and proposed a plan to establish a permanent insurance, and noted its advantages I must now devote some space to our worthy Bro. T. P. O'Rourke, who objects to some of my calculations and statements. "Opposition is the life of trade," therefore I welcome the "opposition" and hope that we will have a "lively time" of it. I have reason to believe T. P. feels interested in the question and I know I do feel a deep interest in the proper discussion of this point, and would like to see it fully discussed. As Bro. T. P. had not seen my second article as published in the January Magazine at the time he wrote his communication, I call his attention to that, and beg its careful perusal, and will now endeavor to answer some of his points.

I did not for one moment imagine that the human race, or that particular branch of it embraced in our Order is to become extinct, and did not base my calculations on such an event. for the "Personal" column of the Magazine is sufficient evidence of the fact that firemen are fulfilling the divine injunction, "Be ye fruitful and multiply" to which our Bro. T. P. alludes.

While I admit that as long as the earth stands, and steam is used, the Locomotive Fireman will be a necessary factor in the inter-commerce of the nations, and that this number will steadily increase, I do not expect that our increase in membership will be as rapid as it has been in the past three or four years, because our field is limited, to a certain degree, and while we may have four times as many members now as we had five years ago, we dare not hope to double our members in the next ten years. Even while I am ready to admit that our Order will increase, I do not see that the growing membership will add anything to our strength unless they properly understand the nature of the compact they have entered, and the obligations they are under in order to secure certain advantages and privileges connected with their membership.

I am glad that I had the power to perplex our Bro. T. P., for when a man is perplexed it shows that he is not quite sure of his case, that he has some doubts, and that is the first step towards the light of conviction, because as long as a man feels perfectly secure, he allows nothing to disturb his serenity: hence I have some hopes for Bro. T. P. yet. He says he has not been to school or college since he was thirteen years old; well, in confidence between us, Bro. T. P., I have never been to college, and left school at 15 years of age, yet by improving chances such as fall to the lot of all, I have kept on learning ever since, and hope never to get so wise as to not learn something new every day. I am sorry that Bro. T. P.

stopped learning at 13, and that he should attempt to assert that I have been led to false conclusions in this matter, without bringing any facts or figures to sustain his views, or give any reasons for his belief. I do assert that in our present system, each one *must* pay into the treasury, on an average just as much as he draws out, (for nothing is added in passing the money through the hands of our Grand Treasurer) and that if any member draws out more than he has paid, the others must make up the difference, and pay in more than they draw out. He says I argue as if I wished to close our doors, and let the Order dwindle down to Jack and Bob. I thought I had made it perfectly clear in my statement of the case: that we start with 12,000 members, and for each member that dies admit one new one, so as to have 12,000 members yet, at the end of the fifty years. Some will say we will have more than that; if we do we will have more deaths too, in the same proportion.

But now I reach the most surprising, and an altogether unexpected proposition, as stated by Bro. T. P. near the top of first column on page 41 of January Magazine—a proposition of which I thought our brother incapable. Let us quote it in full. He says:

"Again, if we are expected to pay in as much as we draw out, what is the use of maintaining and supporting a Brotherhood such as ours, paying large salaries to officials, and holding annual conclaves at enormous expense; why, it would be far cheaper, safer, and more convenient to bury our money in an old sock, and have our heirs dig it up after we are dead."

This then is the gist of the matter—this is the manifestations of our noble Order: this is its mission—to furnish a scheme, by which all of us can get more dollars out than we pay in, and if it fail to do this, it is no good and not worth while keeping up. This is the conclusion Bro. T. P. arrives at.

Now I see very cogent reasons for belonging to the Brotherhood, and they do not come to me in visions of obtaining \$1500 as a death or disability claims at an outlay of a paltry \$12.00 per year, for if I did, figures, which do not lie, tell me I should be doomed to disappointment, for they say that some one—it may be Bro. T. P.; it may be myself or some one else, will have to pay *more in* than we draw out, in order to make up the amounts some one else has failed to pay in.

Some of our members, who live the longest, would actually find it cheaper to bury their money in a sock, but of course they do not know how long they are going to live, and might be called away before their sock got filled.

It seems T. P. expect to receive more than he pays in, for he cannot see the use of the Brotherhood unless he does, and under the circumstances, it seems very bad taste for him, located amidst the gold and silver bearing mountains of the west, to sneer at the poor eastern members, and thus fan a sectional discord. We believe in the Order, and deem it a very close partnership, in which we all have equal rights and privileges, hailing each other as brothers. And if the insurance system was entirely obliterated from the

Order I, and many others here, would still adhere to the Brotherhood and work for it as zealously as ever.

T. P. is opposed to the creation of a fund to draw interest or profit, and says our Order was not instituted for that purpose, but to furnish a cheap means of insurance to its members. Now, if our Bro. T. P. looks upon this Order as a cheap insurance company only, I think he has made a grand mistake and shown a more mercenary spirit than I feel willing to credit him with, yet, his constant theme seems to be the cheap feature of assessment and the high amount of death claim. If no change is made he will find that although it is cheap now it will be dear enough to suit even the longest purse of our western members, if they should be permitted to live 40 years more.

Bro. T. P. is shocked at the idea of contaminating our Order by the practice of "usury." I do not see that taking lawful interest for money loaned or for the interest loaned out again, constitutes any greater "usury" than the payment of money for the use of a house, the use of a horse and wagon or sleigh, or the use of a horse car, to some or all of which forms of "usury" our Bro. T. P. has been a party, and is thus guilty as an accessory. It does not seem and really is not half as usurious as to expect that \$12.00 per year for fifty years or \$600.00 or even less paid shall be turned over to T. P. with \$900.00 added, for nothing and from nothing, for the Order cannot use the money and has made no profit on it. He says we will not have to pay for 240 members per year, even if our 12,000 members die in 50 years, for we lose by withdrawals and expulsions. In my former calculations I stated that no estimate could be made on disability claims, but supposed that they might be paid from moneys contributed by these members. Very few of our eastern members leave the Order, even after joining the B. L. E., but a number of engineers have lately joined us, and judging by the number of B. L. E. men present at the Toronto convention I judge this holds good in all sections of our country. It has truly been said that "there are none so deaf as those who won't hear, or so blind as those who won't see," and Bro. T. P. exemplifies the truth of this axiom, for he cannot see a parallel in the partnership, nor in B. L. E. insurance, although the partnership does exist, and the B. L. E. insurance has also reached a standard, and is to remain at \$3,000.00, which is just twice as much as ours. All surplus, after collecting \$1.00 per death, per member, is used to pay claims, so that the plans are exactly alike, as in neither insurance are the members assessed for any more than enough to pay the claims as they fall due.

Bro. T. P. has failed to show how the system is good, how the foundations are solid, or its life assured, but he has shown one point clearly, and that is that he would not belong if he did not expect to get more money out than he puts in, and that he does not think the Order worth anything if he cannot make by it. When such ideas

are indulged and freely promulgated by prominent members, and believed by the rank and file, grievous disappointments and great woe will befall them when assessments come thick and fast and ever on the increase, like our friends of the B. L. E., who had \$20.00 to pay in the last three months, which is \$5.00 more than they paid in a whole year, only five years ago. If it cost a body of men \$20.00 for three months' insurance on \$3,000 figures say it will cost a similar body \$10.00 for three months or \$40.00 per year for a \$1,500 insurance. How does this suit our advocate of cheap insurance?

I think the most unkind cut of all comes in at the close of T. P.'s article, when he says, "it is the amount of the policy, and not the system I am dissatisfied with," in spite of the fact that I clearly stated, I was emphatically in favor of firemen insuring firemen, but not of the system in vogue, without having it understood that if some of our number draw more than they pay in others must pay more than they or their heirs draw. I want the members to understand the possibility of their being obliged to pay more than they get, and then when it comes to pass it will not take them unaware and give them no room to say they were not warned. But better than all would be the adoption of a plan for a reserve fund and then we would have not only a *cheap* insurance but a *permanent* one, as well.

X. L. C. R.

The Tramp's Travels.

Well, a month of the New Year is gone by, and how many have kept inviolate the good resolutions formed either on New Years day or the one immediately following. I think the average man is more apt to make good resolutions on January 2d than any other day in the year; you see he has a broader field in which to view the many ills and evils with which the world abounds, that is his head is several sizes larger and consequently more room for thought is presented.

The year 1884 was one of glorious achievements for us as an Order, not the least of which appears a list of 20,000 subscribers to our Magazine; this has only been accomplished by untiring efforts, prompted by a zeal bordering on the irresistible, by our Magazine Agents. The office of Magazine Agent is one of the most important in our subordinate lodges, every dollar received for that book makes our burden so much the lighter to carry. There is a certain profit connected with this book that is greater than many imagine and I propose to give a few figures taken from our Grand Lodge reports, to show, if possible, how great an auxiliary this Magazine has grown to be.

The approximate cost of printing, mailing and wrapping volume eight, for the entire twelve months may be placed at \$11,000, which will cover all expenses, of this amount of subscriptions \$10,105.30 had been collected up to the time of the Toronto convention, leaving \$8,086.20 unpaid—of this matter I shall speak further on;

basing our magazine subscription at 19,000, we have a total cost of about 58 per cent. leaving a clear profit of 42 per cent. that would go to the general fund, or about \$7,980.

Now this amount will very nearly pay the salaries of our Grand Lodge officers and clerk hire in the Grand Lodge office, leaving all the money we pay out for grand dues and assessments to go to the payment of insurance and disability claims; instead, however, of this being done, we find on consulting the record that this money, almost clear profit is left unpaid, and by the action of the last convention may remain so for an indefinite period.

The Committee on Magazines at the Toronto Convention, reported "That all Lodges be required to settle all accounts due the Editor for the Magazine for the year ending December 31st, within 90 days from date or stand suspended from all benefits of the Order until such arrearages are paid."

This clause of their report was rejected by the Convention, because the majority did not think it right that a whole Lodge should stand suspended because of the failure of certain members to pay for their Magazines. Well, the next thing the convention did was to pass a section of this committee's report, requiring all moneys due on Magazines for preceding years accompanying the annual report, but here they left the door unlocked again, no penalty is attached; what are you going to do, if Lodges don't pay this money? I hold that you cannot affix a penalty after the crime has been committed, unless you have specific laws on the case. The report of the Committee on Magazines should have been adopted entire, if Lodges cannot collect this money in fifteen months, and it is evident some don't, they are not to be considered good Lodges. We find the sum of \$410 due on volumes six and seven, and some of the Lodges that owe this money to the Grand Lodge have the assumption to state in their annual reports, that their Lodges are in "Good" condition or "sound," well the books of the Grand Lodge show how good or sound they are. I wouldn't belong to a Lodge that was two years in arrears for its Magazine subscriptions, because such a state of affairs is entirely unnecessary. I have said that the office of Magazine Agent was one of the most important, and I repeat the statement. The man for that office should be one that is not afraid to tackle anybody but members for a dollar for this book. I have had men who are old enough to know better, ask the question, "*if it were right to take subscriptions from outsiders.*" Well, surely, the Lodge that elects such a man is a fine lot; what are magazines and official organs for, if not to plead our cause in the many places we can not go in person? Many a man has been converted by reading the Bible, but if that book were reserved solely for those who believe, I am afraid there would be fewer cathedrals and churches in this land. Many a politician will have his servant procure him the publications of the opposite party that he may read in secret what they

are doing, but if an opponent called to talk with him, the polite servant would say "not at home." Many a pastor or priest reads the organs of other sects, in order to more thoroughly understand their mission and mode of warfare. We want all the subscribers we can get; we want their dollars; we can and do give them a full dollar's worth of sound reading matter for their money. We want Magazine Agents to get all the dollars they can and then take interest enough in their work to know that their patrons get the books. We don't want any names without the dollar, and if agents take them, let them also take the responsibility. If they want to trust their subscribers they can do so, but they should be made to come to time to the Grand Lodge.

I saw a disgraceful scene in a Lodge I visited not long since, where the Lodge voted to pay a certain sum, out of its Treasury to square up with the Grand Lodge, and no effort was made to get the money from the Magazine agent. No inquiry was made as to whether this agent had collected the money or not. The result is he is so many dollars ahead, if he has collected it, and if he does not pay it back to his Lodge that Lodge is unnecessarily out that much. If I belonged to that Lodge that man would either pay that money back or get out of the Brotherhood, and stay out, too, and I know many more that are standing on the same platform as myself.

I am still on the tramp, but am living pretty high, for all that. I recently made a visit to Chicago, and while there had the pleasure of meeting, for the first time. Mr. U. C. Osterhout, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brakemen's Brotherhood. He has an office at 194 Clark street, rooms 14 and 15. We, (that's me and I), called on his nibs and had a very pleasant chat upon matters in general and the B. R. B. in particular. He informed me that they had 56 Lodges to commence the new year with, representing 1,600 members, and growing at the rate of eight men per day. He and the men who compose his Order are engaged in a good cause and they have the requisite amount of zeal and back bone to carry it through to a glorious success. They have a great work before them and I feel confident they will do it well. We, as firemen, are more closely connected to them than any other of the Railway Brotherhoods. The firemen sometimes kick when the head shack takes up all the seat box, but beyond that, and an occasional growl from the caboose brakeman, when the fireman spits tobacco juice on his nice, clean floor, I know of no gulfs between these two classes of men, who get paid for the hard work which they are doing, while the engineer and conductor are planning some raid on a new free lunch route or fixing up some new mashing scheme. The B. R. B. are starting in all right and all they want now is perseverance to the end. Go ahead, boys, and whenever we can, I feel that I voice the sentiments of a large portion of our members in saying we will help

you, and when you send out the B. R. B.'s Magazine I promise you my support, as I firmly believe there is plenty of room for such a publication, although I know of some who don't think there is room for more than one Magazine for laboring men in this country. Oh! dear, I am so tired! Shut her off.

Yours, fraternally.

THE TRAMP.

Paddy's Big Six.

Editors Magazine:

A short time since a certain young fireman on the Denver Pacific Ry., whose engine was known as the "D. P.'s Big Smoker," was to pull an excursion train from Denver to Cheyenne, had taken extra pains in decorating the locomotive the day previous with flags, bunting, evergreens, etc. His companions jokingly suggested to him the advisability of watching the engine during the night. This volunteer advice was laughed to scorn by our hero, Pat. However, be this as it may, his room-mate certifies to the fact, that Pat sometime between midnight and morning, arose from his bed while yet asleep, and went to the round house to examine the engine; in this occupation he was discovered by the solitary night wiper, who had been considerably frightened by such unexpected nocturnal visits.

O! 'twould make your eyes dazzle, the ribbons

she had,

The "jacket" and "dome" were looking so trim,

With bunting *galore* from the hands of the lad,

That giving *such pleasure* was *pleasure* to him.

She stood on the "table," and here let me say,

A daintier *colleen* had never played tricks
On the boys of the "road" where she's well-known to-day:

The D. P.'s great smoker is "Paddy's Big Six."

"Well, there she is, trimmed and set for to-morrow,

A shaking her curls and smiling, the crathure;
To Cheyenne a' coorse, and a fast run *begorra*,
And into that 'yard' ran the *devil* a *nathur*."

When Pat this speech made, he got down from the "boat,"

"I'm tired, 'tis late, good night, boys," he said;
Had a wash, looked 'round, from the nail took his coat,

And an hour from that time my brave Pat was in bed.

That night, the watch in the round house was napping,

When up from his draimes, with a start and a stare:

"Be *jabers* that nise, and that strange spirit rapping,

Come out of that Six, just as sure as I'm here."

From the fire where he sat, the flames kept a dancing

Quar shaddows across on the face of the wall,
In the air all the imps in creation were prancing;
His tongue wouldn't move, nor for help could he call.

"*Whist!* that's a step as I'm livin', on the running board walking!"

And to give himself courage he whistled a chune,

"I niver fe'ered man in the flesh," he kept talking

"But from devils and sperits deliver me soon."

He often had heard of engines bein' haunted,
 Be the ghost of the driver who wanst stood
 their deck;
 Their eye on the bridge, but their heart niver
 daunted,
 They stood be their post and went down in the
 wreck.

"But sure God knows, Six had niver such luck;
 She burned her coal and traveled on time,
 Except whin she's late, an' be me sowl thin it
 tuck
 A mighty fine stoker to keep up the 'rhyme.'"

When Teddy, the wiper, this soliloquy made,
 He raised up his head with the lamp in his
 hand,
 And there, near the Six; no, he wasn't afraid!
 Stood, a something, a man, with a scuttle of
 "sand."

With a swing, on the "front end" he rested his
 load,
 Ted, niver a stir as though froze to the spot;
 "To-morrow no slipping whin out on the road,
 No ma'ther a dam' whether its raining or not."

Thus spoke the ghost while the fine dust was
 filling;
 Into the "sand-box" went every dthrop:
 "Be me sowl thin," says Ted, "its your blood I'd
 be spilling,
 If fortune had turned your head, just to stop."

For before him, there stood my brave Paddy, the
 stoker,
 A wiping an' watching the Six, his *colleen*,
 While near him stood Ted, with a chunk of a
 poker:
 Wake up and be off to your bed, you *spalpeen*."
 TIM FAGAN.

—◆—
 SPRAGUE, W. T., Dec. 25, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Wishing that Sprague Lodge should contribute
 her quota to the correspondence in the Magazine
 I take the liberty of sending you a few lines.

Being myself a very interested reader of our
 Magazine, I have watched closely for the senti-
 ments of the members upon the action of the To-
 ronto convention in raising the insurance to
 \$1,500. While I am not able myself to handle the
 subject in the masterly manner of our esteemed
 correspondent, X. L. C. R., allow me to state my
 reasons against it. The contributions of Sprague
 Lodge have been fixed at \$1.25 per month, out of
 which all assessments were paid by the Lodge,
 and taking the last year, when our assessments
 have been so light, we were enabled to accumu-
 late quite a snug little sum for our own local
 use, for such purposes as to help a brother in
 distress, whether through sickness or any other
 legitimate cause, but we expect in the future to
 have to raise our contributions, or otherwise
 have an empty Lodge treasury, which will be
 very inconvenient, as I can assure you that
 from experience I always find that the moment
 there is no money to back a Lodge the members
 lose all interest in the meetings of the Lodge
 and the Order at large. Another reason against
 it is that a very large majority of our members
 are single men, and \$1,000 is enough and to
 spare, in my opinion, at the death of a single
 man. I have talked to a good many on this
 subject, outside of our Lodge, and I never yet
 found one who spoke favorably of it. I am one

who believes in letting alone anything that is
 already good enough for all purposes, but we
 will use our best endeavors to fulfill whatever
 laws our annual convention sees fit to make.

It is with much pleasure that I see the steady
 advancement that locomotive enginemen are
 making in the matter of temperance. The time
 has already come when it is almost a disgrace to
 see a fireman drunk, and the fireman who gets
 drunk now also feels the disgrace himself, and
 loses the respect of his fellow-men. While there
 is no perceptible enthusiasm on the subject, or
 any one going to the opposite extreme of be-
 coming total abstainers there are getting to be
 hundreds of them who have sufficient manhood
 about them to know when they have had
 enough, without making beasts of themselves.

Business has been very good on the west end
 of the road for the last four months and pro-
 motion has again been around among the boys,
 and there are some of them you could not reach
 with a ten foot pole.

It is with much pleasure that I see the articles
 improving month by month in the Magazine,
 and I would like to give the rest of the boys a
 little hint, that if we don't look out, and write a
 little better, the Woman's Department is going
 to beat us in the matter of correspondence. I
 would mention Mrs. Henry B. Jones, Irene and
 the wife of Barnabas, are three of the ablest
 writers. The New Year is close upon us, and it
 is my earnest desire that the grand Order, of
 which we are all so justly proud, will meet with
 as many successes as heretofore, and that it will
 be a year full of all the blessings of life to each
 and every member of the B. L. F.

Yours fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

For Firemen's Magazine.

The Side of the Right.

All hail to our Order, the B. of L. F.;
 We're the knights of the scoop
 That sit on the left
 Of the horse made of iron with a head-light.
 We're as good in our place
 As the man on the right.

'Mid winter's cold blast or summer's clear air,
 When duty demands us
 You'll find we are there:
 In B. S. and I, we take a delight,
 As we pull through this life
 With the man on the right.

We are courteous, obliging to every one,
 And always make friends
 When we're out on our run;
 We struggle and strive with main and might
 For the day soon to come
 We'll be placed on the right.

We think of our homes, the ones we love dear,
 Of friends that have gone
 To a happier sphere;
 We trust in our God as we peer in the night
 That we all may be found
 On the side of the right.

We wish unto all a happy New Year;
 Through Eighteen-eighty-five
 May we ne'er shed a tear.
 When life's sun is set, may our armor be bright,
 And then with the just
 We will sit on the right.

—[P. T. Tibbs, Salt Lake City.]

POINT EDWARD, ONT., Jan. 5, 1885.

For Firemen's Magazine:

Editors Magazine:

I have looked in vain for a few lines from Huron Lodge No. 221, for some time past. At last, I concluded I would "clear the track," thinking that this might stir our brothers up. Bro. John McMillan is our Master, and he is the right man in the right place and keeps the "boys" stirring about, impressing upon their minds the great importance of carrying out the rules of our Order. Bro. S. Allward is our Financier and of him we are exceedingly proud, and we feel that our success is due to his many efforts in our behalf. Next is our Magazine Agent, Bro. A. G. Muirhead—he is working hard, and the boys here ought to lend him assistance. When Huron Lodge was organized, on the 8th day of June, there were twenty-two of us belonging to the old banner, Avon Lodge, No. 38, Stratford, Ont., clubbed together and made up our minds that we should have a Lodge organized here, which was done by Bro. S. M. Stevens, on the date mentioned above, and now we have thirty-eight members in good standing, having had to expel one for non-payment of dues. Hoping we will not have another case of this kind, the boys are all working hard here in trying to increase our membership.

I must close. Hoping to hear from other new Lodges, I remain
H. J. C.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 28, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

You will confer a great favor and I will feel honored by having you note in your columns the progress made by Peace Lodge, No. 109, during the past year.

We have what might be called a live Lodge, every meeting being looked forward to with interest. They are full of spirit, and every member, from the Worthy Master down to the lesser lights are vying with each other in trying to advance the interests of the Lodge. We have, so far, been blessed with the best of officers, viz: W. McGill, Worthy Master, employed by the Saint Louis Bridge Co., leaves no stone unturned in trying to improve and strengthen our membership. J. Hackett, our Financier, is a model of trust, and by his untiring energy and management has not only placed us on a sure foundation but won the confidence and esteem of all the members. He is still engaged on the Iron Mountain & Southern road. E. Amos, our Worthy Past Master, is still employed in the U. S. mail service, and is a zealous worker in the cause. We have been unusually fortunate during the past year, inasmuch that whilst other Lodges have lost from two to ten members, by the sweep of death's sickle, our Lodge has escaped that fell destroyer and have not a single death to record for that period, so that you see it is a safe investment to become a member of this Lodge, as we are always at peace. Hoping that at the close of 1885 I may be able to communicate the same joyful tidings and that our membership may have doubled, I remain,

Yours fraternally.

C. DUBUQUE.

The Engine Bell.

List to the peal of the Engine bell!

In tremendous swell,
On its oily pivots high,
Pouring forth rude harmony.
Tongue of iron, wagging free
As gossips o'er their cups of tea.
Tolling, rolling, reverberating;
In the sunbeams scintillating.
Dazing, childhood captivating.
Golden bell
On frame fantastic resonating,
Sounds musical!

Hear the tones of the Engine Bell!

Mark them well,
Careening in a jovial mood,
Through the village and the wood.
See! the Fireman's hand entwine
Gracefully the magic line.
Swinging, ringing, clear the way!
Scattering stragglers in dismay,
Over thoroughfare and highway;
Busy bell,
Ever tolling night and day,
With stentorian knell.

Hark! the pean of the Engine Bell!

Its coming tell
To all on its path encroaching,
That the train is now approaching
From a journey miles in score,
Often swept by its wheels before.
Banging, clanging, through the station,
Home to sweetheart, wife, relation.
Gaze upon the mad gyration
Of the bell.
In tumultuous exultation,
Clamoring pell-mell.

—JOHN TIERNEY, JR.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 24, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Happening to arrive in New York City the night previous to that of the ball, given by Just in Time Lodge, No. 149, and receiving a pressing invitation to remain and partake of the anticipated pleasures—which anticipation was realized in its broadest sense—I eagerly grasped the opportunity of intruding on your columns and generosity sufficiently long that the thousands of readers of your delightfully interesting book may have an idea of how they do things "down East."

During the morning of December 11th, the date of the ball, I had the supreme pleasure of monopolizing the time and attention of our Past Grand Master, W. T. Goundie, who is now superintendent of that vast net work of elevated railways, with which New York is blessed and without which it is impossible to imagine how the masses of people, daily on the go in the metropolis, could get along. Mr. Goundie informed me that the Elevated Railway Company had twenty-six millions of dollars invested in the enterprise and that they daily transported three hundred thousand passengers and with scarcely an accident of any sort to this vast multitude, during the entire year. Just imagine, Messrs. editors, the immense magnitude of that fact, and fact it certainly is. 109,500,000 passengers transported annually, with scarcely an accident. At first blush it would seem laughingly absurd; but our worthy Past Grand Master vouches for its truth and those who know him

need no further or better authentication. He very kindly invited me to a ride over the Sixth Avenue route, which invitation I gladly accepted.

While on the road we had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Ed. Freeman, the Master of No. 149, who formerly fired for Mr. Goundie when the latter ran one of the elevated engines. Ed invited us to ride on his "mill," which we did, enjoying the novelty very much. During the ride, Ed pointed out to us a room in the second story of a building we passed, but which is on the "ground floor" of the "L," that had formerly been filled with good looking young women, working at their trade, but who had all been discharged recently, and I forget whether Ed said it was because he had "mashed" all the girls, or whether all the boys on the "L" had "mashed" them, but at any rate the trains on the "L" are so frequent and the girls were so completely "mashed" that their employers could get no work from them, and were consequently compelled to let them all go, and get new help, and for the sake of the business interests of the firm alluded to, let us hope the new help are all blind and homely.

Well, Messrs. editors, the ball "opened" under brilliant auspices, namely: in the Hall of Tammany, where the celebrated John Kelly, of political fame, "rules the roost." The couples were a little late in arriving; that is, it seemed late to me, who, being a wild westerner, is accustomed to commence dancing at "early candle light." But by ten o'clock there seemed to be a hundred couples "with armor girded on, eager for the fray." Presently the shrill whistle of the chief floor manager announced to the orchestra that all were ready, and under the delightful strains of an orchestra of fourteen pieces, the second annual ball of No. 149 had commenced. The Grand March was truly a Grand March. Such evolutions, marching and counter marching it has never been my good fortune to witness before. Surely, I believe the leader of that march is an expert, a professional, as it were.

I will not intrude, good editors, upon your valuable space, time and patience further than to mention who I saw there, as well as my treacherously inclined memory will permit. Among the ladies whom I had the pleasure of meeting I remember well Miss Mamie Tighe and friends, whose name my memory fails to recall at this moment, Miss Brady, Miss Tuttle, Miss McCall, Mrs. Ed Freeman, and Billy McCall's friend, Julia; at least, when I asked Miss Julia's name I was told that that was "Billy McCall's friend, Julia," and who, by the way, I am informed is the one lady in New York who enjoys the distinction of being the first lady engineer of an elevated engine. Among the invited guests, the most distinguished I noticed, was Past Grand Master W. T. Goundie, who still retains all his old-time interest in the success and welfare of the Brotherhood; Mr. Campbell, foreman of the 98th street shops of the 3d avenue

"L;" John Knight and wife, Geo. Tower and wife, Mr. McNally, foreman of the 145th street shops, 6th avenue "L;" George Martin, W. W. Thompson, Mr. Cafferty, chief of Div. 105 B. L. E.; Benj. Lott, of Div. 131 B. L. E., and several visitors from Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, and Fortune Lodge, No. 120, B. L. F. Among the members of No. 149 I remember Bros. Ed Freeman, Billy McCall, Thos. Bird, Ed Chambers, Frank Donahue, Geo. Germaine, P. J. O'Connell, Elisha Crawford—sometimes called "Champagne 'Lish"—Bro. Blake, Charlie Alling, John Peterson, Jack McCaffrey—the "eloquent," Chas Van Zandt, Chas. Denning, Geo. Ford, Ed Lowns, Billy Force, Billy Houlihan, Walter Stafford, Tom McCrain, the chaplain, John McAuliffe, Bro. Brady, Jim Outwater, Wm. Culvert, Tom Barry and others, Messrs. editors, whose names would swell this letter at least a column more.

I desire to say that I called at the residence of Bro. Mogul Call, and there found our earnest and hard working brother an invalid, but I hope before many weeks to learn that he is once more ready for duty and that he may be spared scores of years of active life among his numerous friends.

Trusting, dear editors, that your patience has not become quite exhausted yet, I will close this lengthy letter, with the hope that I may again have the privilege of meeting with the members of 149 in the near future.

YUBA DAM.

COLLINWOOD, OHIO, Dec. 18 1884.

Editors Magazine:

We would like to have the world know through the columns of the Magazine that No. 183 still lives and is doing good work, though in the thirteen months of her existence she has been very quiet. Well, they say "quiet waters are deep." We have been forced to "abandon" several meetings lately, because we have been running so hard. Forty days per month, even on a double track, does not give us much chance to rest or attend to Lodge business. Life goes on in Collinwood about the same as in other places. One of our brothers was pitched off his engine and hurt, but not seriously; three or four have been sick and some have packed their "grips" and gone towards the setting sun. We are glad to say they are doing well. Some have got "bran new" boys, some little girls, and some have been married, but death has not invaded our ranks. Well, it is time to close, so wishing all a happy New Year we will sink into the silence of a signature.

MICK.

Election of Officers.

PARSONS, KAS., Dec. 28, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been asked to pen my thoughts to the Magazine on the subject of election of officers. Having a desire to comply, I will give my views as requested. The welfare and usefulness of a Lodge depends largely upon the efficiency of its

officers, and at all times they should be selected not only with care, but with a direct reference to their capability to fill the offices and transact the business of the Lodge in a prudent and acceptable manner. The Master should not be selected simply because he is a "good feller," but for his good judgment and discretion, and because he commands the respect and esteem of his associates and of those with whom he is brought daily in contact. It is a false notion that the duty of an officer or even a member of the Brotherhood ceases when he leaves the Lodge room. To a certain extent at least, the Master is responsible for the acts of the members of his Lodge, and he owes it to himself and to the organization of which he is a part that their conduct shall be of such a character as shall not only not bring disgrace upon the Brotherhood, but shall show conclusively that its object and tendency is to benefit themselves and the public as well. The delegate should be selected not because he desires to go to the convention and have a little rest and recreation at the expense of his Lodge; neither because such a brother went last year and therefore ought not to go again; nor yet because of his ready command of language; but choose the man who looks at causes and effects from all standpoints, who has the judgment to determine what will accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. It is not a light matter to frame and devise laws for the protection and government of this vast body of Locomotive Firemen that compose the Brotherhood, but one that is worthy of the highest consideration, and the same care should be exercised that would be used in framing laws to govern a nation, and care can only be used by having men who realize the responsibility and do not hesitate to assume it. As an organization we have passed through the experimental stage. We have proved to the world that we are in earnest in our endeavors to make, through the Brotherhood Firemen, more efficient and at the same time better members of society.

A work of this nature can never stand still; it either must go forward or backward, and whether the one or the other, must depend upon the interest taken by individual members in the affairs of the different Lodges. A Lodge cannot run itself, there must be work performed by some one, and if each leaves it for the other to do, it certainly will remain a long time undone. Too many Lodges drift along in times of quietness and prosperity in a sort of passive half-awake and half-asleep state, not caring for the Lodge or its meetings, and as a natural consequence, when trouble comes upon them they are wholly unprepared to meet it. This can and ought to be remedied. Our rules are broad enough to cover all emergencies, and all that they lack is enforcement; not in a spirit of harshness and arbitrary command, but in a spirit of solicitude for the welfare of a brother and of the Brotherhood. We are held to a strict accountability for our acts, and justly so, and it is necessary that all vigilance be used, and to use the required

vigilance, vigilant officers must be selected, and they must be sustained by the united support of the members, and then will be realized something like the good results that are to be expected. I trust that enough has been said to stimulate those who have done their duty heretofore, to continue so doing, and to arouse those who have seemed to think that there was nothing for them to do, to a sense of their duty.

Do the work of to-day while the day lasts, and then each day will take care of itself, and there will be no to-morrow to provide for, except the to-morrow that is beyond the grave; and in that as in other things. If we but do our duty here, no solicitude need be felt. It is not to be expected that there will be no fault finding or no ground to find fault upon, but that need not be a hindrance; if matters are not conducted just as you would desire them, if the majority is against you, it is your duty to acquiesce and earnestly endeavor to carry on the work in the same spirit that you would expect to be manifested if your views were adopted to the exclusion of those of some one else. Do not say this one, that one or the other does not do his duty, but say who will be first to set an example as herein stated.

VERIX.

Complimentary.

We are in receipt of the following complimentary letter from an unexpected subscriber which bears testimony to the popularity of our Magazine:

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Dec. 31, 1883.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

By accident I came into possession of the November number of your Magazine. Perhaps I should say by the mistake of some one in the post office here, the paper was put into my box at the post office, without my knowledge. I immediately removed the wrapper and began to read. Afterward I should have returned the paper, but I had lost the owner's name and so I read the paper through. I wish to become one of your patrons, although I am not a fireman. I am a farmer. I was formerly one of the teachers of this county, and I appreciate good and original thought wherever I find it. Speaking of the Firemen's Magazine as a literary production I like it very much. There is, it is true, some statistical matter in the back pages that I am not interested in, but the paper, judging from the November number, will be highly appreciated. Enclosed I send subscription price, \$1.00.

Yours truly

ARTEMAS SMITH.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., January 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Ages ago, and far away in the dreamy land of the Arabian Nights, a Hebrew prophet foretold a startling mode of conveyance to be used by men in the "latter days," and the vision is not so indistinct but that we can trace in it the outlines of the modern railway.

The locomotive, dimly outlined in the brain of the Hebrew seer, and brought to its present state of perfection amid opposition and ridicule, is the most stupendous and powerful, and at the same time the most useful, of all the products of the brain of man. Nothing has so fully met the

demands of this very fast people in this very fast age as has the locomotive.

This monster, breathing forth fire and smoke, is not, as one would suppose at first sight, a sentient thinking being, coming and going at its own discretion; but is governed and controlled by a silent power greater than itself; greater than any power on earth—the human intellect.

People are becoming better acquainted with the grimy engineman, and not a few are surprised to find that he is not wholly a creature obedient to certain fixed laws, like his engine, but is a possessor of as warm a heart, and of as generous impulses as his more flexible brethren, and is capable of those finer feelings that emanate only from a heart filled with love of God and man.

The ties that bind these men to their loved ones are often severed at a moment's notice, and in view of this grim fact they have banded themselves together into two distinct organizations, known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

These organizations have been created solely for the mutual protection and benefit of its members, and no man whose hand has been not blackened by the throttle or scoop handle can hope to become a member of either.

Unlike a great many organizations of this description, they do not continually swagger and pose before the public as a band of long suffering and much abused men; and a murmur of dissatisfaction is never heard except in those rare cases of injustice, where "patience ceases to be a virtue."

The Firemen's Brotherhood is not inferior in point of intellect or ability to the Engineers Brotherhood; except, of course, that our younger members lack the technical skill and experience to fit them to be locomotive engineers. Most of the engineers in this country have been recruited from our ranks, and few of them are ashamed of their pedigree.

Our Division, the Saratoga, is located at Whitehall, a village daringly perched on the cliffs that closely hem in the town on either hand, and is the threshold to that long chain of forest and lake, familiarly known as the Adirondack region so dearly loved by sportsmen all over the country. It is situated at the head of navigation on Lake Champlain, and at the northern terminus of the Champlain Canal, and is midway between New York and Montreal, being a connecting link in the railway system that binds those cities together. Quite a good many of our brothers are employed on the New York and Canada R. R., running between Whitehall and Rouse's Point. This road being second only to the noted Lima and Oroya R. R., for hair-lifting scenery. A ride on one of our night express trains would forever cure a timid man of any inclination to a railroad life, if he had previously entertained any. Our division is in a prosperous condition numerically and financially. We gave a union ball a short time ago in connection with the B. of L. E., and we netted a good round sum over all expenses. Taken altogether this year has

been a very prosperous one. The hard times of which so many complain, has been felt but little by the boys, and not one of our number has been removed by death.

Our delegate, Mr. Thomas Dorcal, did us credit at the Convention. He is one of the most competent men on the road, and has proved himself to be possessed of business capacities commensurate with his abilities as a fireman. We hope to see him transferred to the right hand side.

We think the Brotherhood all over the country is beginning to command the respect of the best class of people, and that is saying a great deal compared with the condition of the average railroad man a few years ago. We may safely say that a better day is dawning for us; we have outlived a great many popular prejudices and misrepresentations, and by a future course of integrity and honor we will endeavor to retain the good-will we have already evoked.

J. L. B. SUNDERLIN.

PEORIA, ILL., Dec. 20, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

These many weary moons has your humble servant been waiting and watching to see if some able scribe of No. 48 would not lay aside his coal-pick and scoop and take up his pencil to let our sister Lodges know that we are still on deck.

While we have had to "side-track" several of our lads, we are, nevertheless in a prosperous condition, with about eighty names on the rolls of membership.

We are on a solid basis financially, and I hope we may ever remain so. We have got some fine material in 48, so fine that you could almost read a paper through it; then again, we have some that is not so fine, but you may rest assured that as a whole, our boys are "up and doing"

H. C. Eaton is universally conceded to be the right man in the right place and when he puts down that No. 12 boot of his, there ain't any of the boys going to try to trip him up.

G. C. Watt, our Financier, is always on deck when the month is up. He is a real darling—at least that is what the fair sex call him.

We have got several dudes on our list, but I guess I had better not mention their names for fear I might stir up their wrath.

RIP RAP.

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The social event of the season took place in St. Patrick's church, this city, on the 31st of December. Bro. Con. Dugan, of No. 12, was married to Miss Annie O'Loughlin, one of Buffalo's fairest daughters on that day. The ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. Father Angallist. The bride was attired in blue brocade velvet and satin. Mr. Dan Dugan was "best man" and Miss Lizzie O'Loughlin officiated as bridesmaid.

After the ceremony the party repaired to the residence of the bride, where an elegant repast was served. Only the relatives and immediate friends were present, about sixty in number. A

large number of magnificent presents were bestowed upon the newly married couple bearing testimony to the high esteem in which they are held. The list is so long that it would require too much of your space to make a full report.

Bro. Dugan and his accomplished wife start out with the brightest prospects and we all hope they may be blessed with all the good things of life. Bro. Dugan is one of the shining lights of our Order and we all have a profound interest in his happiness and prosperity. When the good men of the world are counted the number will not be complete unless it embraces the name of Bro. Con Dugan.

A. L. J.

BRAINERD, MINN., Dec. 31, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

A line or two from No. 81 may interest some one. We have about seventy-five members, of whom eighteen or nineteen were promoted to the right side during the past year. Our rush of stock and wheat from the west is now over and two or three of the veterans have stepped to the left side again for the present. Bro. Shaw was recently married to a young lady of N. P. Junction. He did the right thing by the boys in taking a box of cigars to the Lodge room. We all join in wishing them success and happiness through life. Ed. Cunningham has taken a withdrawal and is now running in Missouri. Chris. Childs still holds down his position as night Foreman here. Wallace Baine is Steward at the New Railroad Hospital. Bill Lowrey, our manipulator of funds is a "dandy." Geo. Royal is our Scribe. J. W. Brown is our Noble Grand, with W. F. Ripson as periodical man. Frank Rose and a young lady of Fargo were united in wedlock Dec. 24th. May peace and prosperity attend their way.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season,
I will sign myself,

PEAQUOP.

For Firemen's Magazine:

IN MEMORIAM.

[Affectionately dedicated to the memory of Mrs. M. Mason, beloved wife of Bro. F. H. Mason, of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, who recently died in Tucson, Arizona.]

Gone from earth, in heaven to dwell,
Leaving all she loved so well.
Sad, indeed, the news to hear,
Death has claimed our sister dear;
Gone from earth—oh, short her stay,
Dying far from home away;
'Tis a warning to us all,
Knowing not how soon the call.

Sleep on, sister, take thy rest,
Thou art numbered with the blest;
Pain and sorrow thine no more,
Thou hast gained the immortal shore.
Sad our hearts, and tears we shed.
Pure while living—blest when dead—
We will try by deeds of love
To meet again in heaven above.

—G. M. S.

PERSONALS.

WE sympathize with Bro. Jno. Mills, of No. 32, in the loss of his little son.

FOR New Year's Bro. Fred. Broughton, of 158, received a nine pound daughter.

J. DANIGAN, of Mattoon, is reported to be a prospective candidate for matrimony.

L. H. LINN, one of 187's active members, is running an engine in the yards at St. Louis.

THE Christmas gift of Bro. F. Fisher, of No. 11, consisted of a handsome little daughter, and Bro. F. quietly rejoices.

ED. BARRETT, of 44, mourns the loss of a moustache, the result of the explosion of a coal oil can on the "Sankeydoodle Dinkey."

TOMMY WATMAN, of 221, is now the happiest man in Point Edward. Mrs. Watman has recently presented him with a charming little daughter.

THE members of Two Rivers Lodge, No. 218, express their deepest sympathy to Bro. Wm. Morgan in the sad affliction he has just suffered by the loss of his beloved wife.

WE are pleased to note that Bro. J. K. Arthur has been married to Miss Irene Marsh, a very accomplished young lady, at Moberly, Mo. We wish them the fullest measure of happiness.

It is with pleasure that we announce the marriage of Bro. A. P. Bowen to Miss Bessie F. Carey, of Harrodsburg, Ky. Miss Carey is one of the blue grass belles and Bro. Bowen is one of the bright lights of our Order.

SOME of the members of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, have organized a Stock Company and invested in a cattle ranche. The company has adopted "B. L. F." as its brand and the cattle are decorated accordingly. Success to the boys, in their enterprise.

ONE of our lady correspondents says: John Waller and Hiram Ward, of Old Post Lodge No. 17, are on the sick list. David Moses, of the same Lodge holds his head very high on account of a sweet little girl baby arriving at his domicile.

HARRY COCHRANE has been made the recipient of an elegant gold ring, appropriately inscribed, and a purse of \$50.00, by the members of Superior Lodge No. 225 for the loyal services he has rendered in the past. The generous gift was well deserved.

THE many friends of genial Jack Dodge will be glad to hear of his triumphant re-election to the office of County Clerk of San Diego county, California. Jack is one of the pioneers of our Brotherhood, and we rejoice in his continued prosperity and success.

"BANJO TUNER" gives an elaborate account of the marriage of Bro. Jerry O'Keefe, of No. 42 to Miss Mary McCarty, on Nov. 19th. A magnificent wedding breakfast was served and enjoyed by all who were present. The young couple received many elegant presents.

A BARABOO correspondent reports the promotion of Bros. C. H. Williams, J. Spencer, A. L. Hampton, H. Tinkham, Wm. Snyder, J. Sherman, F. Stewart and also Wm. Lillie of No. 130. The boys give promise of good service and we are sure they will do themselves credit.

HOMER D. HOWARD, one of No. 37's old time members was united to Miss Alma E. Davidson, in the holy bonds of matrimony, at Covington Ky, the bride's residence, on November 24th. Homer's many friends will be pleased to learn of his new departure and he will receive their most cordial congratulation.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine Brother Martin Degnan, of Advance Lodge No. 101, desires to return thanks to the members of his Lodge, particularly to Bro. Casper Weydert; also to Mr. J. R. Kearney and family and Mr. H. K. Burket for their many kind attentions to his brother, John Degnan, who recently died.

WE have a letter from a Wadsworth correspondent who signs himself "Topsy," in which he speaks in high terms of the new hall now occupied by the engineers and firemen at that point. He says that Bro. E. Shepley, since his trip from the convention, is constantly talking of "the girl he left behind him."

THE late ball of Northwestern Lodge No. 82 was a pronounced success, due mainly to the untiring efforts of Bros. Holl, Taylor and Dunn, who worked with fidelity and zeal through the entire affair. Others rendered faithful assistance and it is said that only a few did not know that the Lodge was to have a ball.

ON SATURDAY evening, November 29, at a church fair at Waseca, Minnesota, P. J. Hickey, of Fort Ridgley Lodge No. 65, received for a beautiful watch chain and seal 1,518 votes, \$23 more than Ed. Gettenberger, his contestant. Bro. Hickey is a general favorite on the Winona and St. Peter Division of the C. & N. W., not only among railroad men but among all classes.

AN enquirer at our elbow desires to know how far Bro. Morehouse has recovered from the attack of sea sickness that prostrated him on his ride across the lake. There must be a mistake in the person, as we are reliably informed that Bro. Morehouse is an old sailor, and was never sea sick a day in his life. Perhaps Crossman, of Buffalo, can explain.

MESSRS. FRASER & SONS will send post paid on receipt of price any or all of the following photographs: F. W. Arnold, G. M.; Executive Committee; Ladies Reception Committee; Delegates to Convention. These photographs are 8x10 inches in size. The Arnold portrait is \$1.00, and the groups 50 cents each. Address Fraser & Sons, 39, 41 and 43, King street East, Toronto, Ont.

MR. GEORGE ROYAL, Sr., a member of Div. 110, B. L. E., and who, by the way, is the father of our George Royal, of Pine City Lodge. No. 81, did us the honor to pay us a visit last month. He is representing the Nathan Manufacturing Co., of New York, which is the largest of its kind in the world. Mr. Royal is wrapped up in both the Engineers' and Firemen's Brotherhoods and never loses an opportunity to give them a helping hand.

HORACE BROADBENT, the veteran engineer of the C. R. I. & P., and a prominent member of Division III, B. of L. E., paid us a friendly visit a few days ago, and we found him to be one of those polite and affable gentlemen whom one delights to meet. Mr. Broadbent is widely known as an engineer of rare competency—he stands at the head of his profession in every respect. Our old friend, Hannahan, of No. 50, handled the scoop for him a number of years, and will bear willing testimony to what we say. Mr. Broadbent expressed himself highly pleased with his visit to Terre Haute and was profuse in his thanks for courtesies received. Come again, Horace, our latch string is always on the outside.

The Locomotive Firemen.

SAVANNAH, GA., December 17.—[Special].—Georgia Lodge No. 245, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the Central railroad. The Lodge was instituted with nineteen charter members by Grand Organizer S. M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind. The following officers were elected: Master, C. J. Williams; Vice-Master, C. E. Lanier; Secretary, A. Hutton; Financier, S. Boineau; Magazine Agent, B. F. Porter; Conductor, Joseph Dooner; Warden, J. W. Ugarhar; Chaplain, D. O. Brown; Inner Guard, H. B. Cochran; Outer Guard, T. J. Winn; Chairman Board of Trustees, Frank Goolsby. The object of the Order is to effect the unity of the Locomotive Firemen in the United States and Canada, and to elevate them to a higher social, moral and intellectual standard, and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families. Benevolence is the principal object of the organization. The amount of insurance in each case of death or disability is \$1,500. No association of this character in the country is increasing in membership so rapidly as this.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Pleasant Affair.

Brockville Times.

At a recent meeting of Island City Lodge, No. 69, B. of L. F., a very pleasing incident occurred. It will be borne in mind that at the funeral of the late Alex. Stewart, of St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15, the members of the Montreal division of the Brotherhood, who accompanied the remains of the deceased here, were joined and assisted by the Brotherhood here, and afterwards entertained by them. The visiting brethren, when leaving for home, at the time, expressed their thanks for the kindness extended to them, and the circumstance was thought no more of by the Brockville firemen. Not so, however, with the Montreal members, as was evinced on Sunday, when a deputation of three, including Bros. Geo. Kell, W. Turner and P. Champagne, from the Montreal order, waited upon the members of the Island City Lodge here and presented them with a beautiful eight-day marble clock with bronze ornaments, accompanied with the following address:

Worthy Master, Officers and Members of Island City Lodge, No. 69:

We have been deputed by our Lodge to perform the very pleasing duty of presenting you with this small token of regard and esteem in which the members of the Island City Lodge are held by the members of the St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15. It is indeed small if taken as a representation of the good feeling which prompted the gift, a feeling which your actions toward us could not have failed to call forth from the most ungrateful hearts. You, gentlemen and brothers, have acted towards us in such a manner as to call forth our most heartfelt thanks and gratitude. You have come to us not only in the days of our festivities and rejoicing, but in the days of our mourning; and in the days of our trials you have more than once come to assist us to perform our last sad duties to departed loved ones in such a manner as to make it evident not only to us but the public generally that you are possessed of that largeness of heart and thoroughly imbued with that spirit of true brotherhood which so characterizes our Order. It seems to be a striking coincidence that the very men who in their lifetime were the embodiment of all that is grand and noble in our Brotherhood, should in their death call forth such an exhibition of true fraternal feeling as to make it patent to the Order that we are not a Brotherhood in name only but in deed and in truth. For your kindness, gentlemen

and brothers, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts, and we have only to express a hope that the brotherly feeling now existing between the two Lodges may always remain.

Bro. P. Champagne, of Montreal, also made a few remarks expressing pleasure at the good feeling that existed between the members of the two Lodges.

In reply, Master T. Shields, while disclaiming having done anything more than what was their duty as brothers of the same Order to do, thanked the members of No. 15 for their beautiful gift.

Bro. Lawrence, of No. 69, made a short speech, in which he pointed out the relationship that should exist between the different divisions and expressed a desire that every Lodge should do its utmost to cultivate brotherly love.

Past Master Mortimer, of No. 69, also made a reply, and expressed his pleasure at meeting his Montreal brothers under such happy circumstances when they lately had met under such sad ones. He thanked the visiting brothers for their beautiful and useful gift and assured them their kindness would not soon be forgotten.

The above affair is highly complimentary to our Brockville brethren, while it displays an exceedingly generous and appreciative spirit on the part of the members of No. 15. We can not but remark that the incident characterizes the feelings that ought to exist between Lodge and Lodge throughout our fraternity. Elsewhere will be found resolutions of thanks passed by the Brockville Lodge.

AMUSEMENTS.

MARQUETTE, MICH.

On the evening of December 12th, the ladies of the B. L. F., gave a surprise party for the benefit of the members of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150, in their hall corner of Washington and Third streets. A few days previous, they sent each member a notice stating that a special meeting would be held on that evening, and prompt attendance was required. Between seven and eight o'clock all the members repaired to the hall wondering what the object of the meeting could be, some suggesting one thing and some another, when suddenly a knock was heard at the outer door, to which Bro. Gidley responded, but only to return in a few moments into the hall again, a most pitiable sight to witness, his eyes almost leaping from their sockets; with much difficulty he informed our worthy Master that a crowd of ladies waited in the ante-room and wanted admittance. The members tried to persuade him that such could not be the case, and insisted on him returning but it was of no avail, Bro. Gidley said his eyes had never deceived him and wished that some brother whose nerves had not been strained so much as his, would make the second attempt.

However after some minutes deliberation two tried and worthy members whose names it would not do to mention, were chosen, not particularly on account of their courage, but owing to their bashfulness having long since vanished. A few moments only elapsed after their departure when the inner door was opened by Bros. Rice and Shields, each having two of the fairer sex suspended to their arms, followed by Professor Crim's orchestra band and about forty of the members' lady friends and acquaintances. The surprise of the members may be more easily imagined than described. But poor Bro. Gidley! Oh, where was he? some say behind the door; also Bro. O'Reilly, the last report says he was packing a hot engine truck at Seney. Suffice it to say that the meeting was abandoned, and the remainder of the evening spent in tripping the light fantastic toe.

About twelve o'clock a bountiful banquet was spread by the ladies, to which ample justice was done by all present, especially Bro. Baker, whom it is said could not eat any breakfast next morning. During the intermission Bro. Rice kept all the attendants spell-bound by repeating some of

his comic dialogues for which he is so remarkably noted, also Bro. Shields should be highly applauded for the able manner in which he attended to the comfort of the ladies, especially Miss —, whom it is whispered around will be Mrs. Shields ere long.

The following resolution was passed by the members of the Lodge:

Resolved, That this Lodge extend a vote of thanks through the Magazine to the ladies of the B. L. F., for sacrificing so much of their valuable time for our benefit; and for the deep interest they have shown in our welfare, and we wish that their path may always be strewn with the roses of happiness and prosperity

ONE OF THEM.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Kansas City Lodge No. 74, gave their third annual ball at Merchant's Exchange hall Christmas night, Dec. 25th. The hall was appropriately decorated, also a handsome locomotive headlight was placed in one end of the hall, which was kindly furnished by the W. P. R. R.

The Third Annual Ball is one that will long be remembered, owing to the extremely pleasant time enjoyed by all present. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and lasted till 4, with an intermission between 12 and 1 for supper. Bro. James Crow acted as chief floor manager. As a floor manager he can't be beat, for it is through his efforts everything went off so smoothly. Bro. Crow was assisted by Bros. Fitzpatrick, Piercey, Donovan, Shipley, and Clough who made every effort to have all present have a jolly time, and we can safely say that they succeeded. Bro. Eson, of St. Joe, attended the ball in company with a Miss Bean. Miss Bean made quite an impression on several of the Knights of the scoop, and they only wish she was a resident of Kansas City.

We had the pleasure also, of meeting Bro. Dan Eaton, of No. 23 and Bro. Ed. Thomas, of No. 205. Good order reigned supreme during the whole evening. About 150 couples were present. Bros. Fitzpatrick, Piercey, Donovan, Crow, Harestick and Myers attempted to get a "corner" on dancing; I presume we might as well admit that they succeeded. The Misses Scaulon, Miss Brennan, Miss Crow and Misses Maloney had a hand in the scheme also. As a whole, the ball was a very successful one both financially and socially, every one being delighted, and all look forward to the next annual ball with great anticipations.

HAMILTON, ONT.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held its second annual ball and supper in the Alexandra hall last night. It was, probably without any doubt, the best entertainment of the kind held in the hall this season. The decorations, consisting of numerous flags, representing all nations, a large locomotive headlight, and numerous colored lights gave the dancing hall a beautiful appearance. There were upwards of 75 couples present, a very select party, all of whom enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The locomotive department of the Grand Trunk railway was represented by Messrs. C. K. Domville and John Hall, and of the Northern Northwestern railway by Mr. Robinson. Mr. Chas. Stiff was also present and Captain Haggart, of the steamer Celtic. The latter gentleman is the possessor of the multifarious flags which beautified the ball room. Supper was served at 12 o'clock, a long table being spread in the lower hallway. The committee which made the affair such a success was T. McHattie, chairman; Wm. Allen, secretary-treasurer; Geo. Forster, H. Halls, Wm. Deans, Jas. Harris, Jas. Reid, S. Roberts, F. Goff and W. Baines. Music was furnished by Makins' string band, and J. Hackett acted as floor manager.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Spectator*.

CARBONDALE, PA.

The late ball and banquet of VanBergen Lodge No. 72, was a great success as will be seen by the following:

"The ball and banquet of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of this city, which was held at Keystone hall on Friday evening, was one of the events of the season. The first thing that naturally attracted the attention of the visitor on entering the hall was the gaiety of the decorations. The ladies seemed to have fairly outdone themselves. Flags, evergreens and floral decorations literally covered the room. A large and handsomely lettered motto of the Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry," hung in front over the place occupied by Rowley's orchestra, while on either side and over this were suspended portraits of Hon. J. B. VanBergen in whose honor the Lodge is named, Superintendent R. Manville and Master Mechanic S. H. Dotterer.

A large number of visitors from other places were present. Forty-seven couples coming from Scranton, and a proportionate delegation from Oneonta and Susquehanna. The home Lodge treated the visitors with the utmost generosity, defraying all their expenses while their guests.

After indulging in social enjoyments and "tripping the light fantastic toe" for some hours a break was made in the programme. The members of Division 62 were drawn up in line and Engineer Wm. Blake, in behalf of the ladies, presented the Lodge with an elegant silver water service, for use in their Lodge rooms. This was gracefully received and responded to on behalf of the Order by A. W. Bayley, after which supper was pronounced ready. Here again the ladies showed themselves more than equal to the occasion. A most bountiful repast had been prepared. The table was gorgeous in the extreme and laden with every conceivable species of viands, both substantial and delicate.

Dancing again followed. Social enjoyment, friendly greeting and unbounded pleasure reigned supreme until nearly five o'clock when the pleasant affair gradually terminated by the departure of the members. Most of the guests departed that morning for their homes, bestowing liberal praise on the members of Division 62 for their hospitality.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

The fourth annual festival and ball of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71 was quite a success and one of the "funniest" affairs of the season. The committee of arrangements consisted of C. C. Baker, Fred Spencer, D. V. Rovick, P. E. Englist, Geo. Eisinger, Chas. Houghton and D. A. Brimmer. The supper was under the management of Bro. Bunker and lady and they did full justice to the occasion.

The floor Managers were also equal to their duties and succeeded in pleasing the many dancers. Bro. Bens. Beach and M. Morris were all smiles because they had the nicest table. The handsomest couple in the hall was Bro. G. W. Smith and lady. Andy Crandall has the honor of "downing" the biggest cargo of oysters.

W. H. S.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

No. 143 B. of L. F., gave its first annual ball at Hansen's hall November 28. Owing to the untiring efforts of Bros. Hall, Lyons, White, VanGoes, Winslow, Calderwood and Fotts, it was a most perfect success both socially and financially. The ball room was decorated in a manner decidedly emblematic of railroad life. Prominent among the decorations was the Charter. The programme consisted of a grand march, led by Bro. Lyons and lady, who introduced new and unique figures, and twenty-four new dances which were danced out, and all went home in

the "wee sma' hours" voting the ball one of the pleasantest they ever attended, and the boys of 143 a royal set of entertainers.

MISS JENNIE M. FRENCH.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Of the recent ball at Columbus, Ohio, Bro. J. D. Coffey gives the following account: "The ball was a success socially and financially, and everybody had a splendid time. Grand Master Arnold arrived a little late, but still in time to have a little enjoyment. The Grand March started at 9 o'clock and after a few moments a large letter "B" was formed. The fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the members were there and enjoyed themselves royally all along the line. So much did the guests enjoy themselves, that they all look forward to the next ball with the greatest pleasure."

PERRY, IOWA.

A correspondent from Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives the following account of the late ball of Pilot Lodge No. 124:

"Pilot Lodge No. 124 held her anniversary ball, Thanksgiving eve, and dancing was enjoyed by 500 people, including those of Council Bluffs, Vanhorne, Savannah and Cedar Rapids. The new hall was beautifully and neatly arranged. The luminous rays of a headlight in each corner shone on the heads of the dancers. At 12 o'clock P. M. an elegant supper was served and the tables fairly groaned under the loads of choice eatables, delicious fruits, etc. The little Pilot can't be beat, and her members are gentlemen in every respect."

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

The second annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen took place at Odeon Hall last night. The hall was beautifully decorated from one end to the other. Flags, bunting and streamers, met the eye on every hand. As you entered the stairway, "Welcome" greeted you in living letters, and as you passed into the main hall bright were the mottoes of the Order: "Benevolence, Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality." Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present.

The young ladies looked their prettiest, and the lords were on their p's and q's and met every engagement as comports with the well-known reputation of our railroad employes.

Thomas' string band furnished the music and a right joyful time was experienced by all.

At 12 o'clock promptly each gentleman, accompanied by his fair partner, repaired to the European Hotel, where the proprietor, Mr. James R. Newton, had prepared an elegant supper.

The tables and dining room were beautiful to behold. The table groined under the tasteful and elegant viands. Everything that the appetite could crave or the greatest epicure could desire, was found in abundance. After supper the bright and joyful, young and old, resumed the dance and all went merry as a marriage bell until the "wee sma' hours." Altogether the ball was a great success and reflects credit upon the managers and all of those who had the entertainment in charge.—Bowling Green Gazette.

LETTERS OF THANKS:

MENTOR, OHIO, Dec. 8, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS:—I desire to return thanks for the payment of the policy upon my son, J. C. McCabe, in the sum of \$1,000, which I received through H. S. Smith, Financier of Pioneer Lodge.

Respectfully,

MARY ANN MCCABE.

WHITBY, ONT., December 1, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Superior Lodge No. 225, B. of L. F.:

BROTHERS: I would wish through the columns of the Magazine to express to you my heartfelt thanks for the beautiful ring and address, and also the purse presented to me for having represented you at the Eleventh Convention. I hope to still continue to merit your kinds regards in the future as well as in the past. That Superior Lodge and every member may prosper, is the earnest wish of your brother.

HARRY COCHRANE.

CATAWISSA, PA., Dec. 8, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of the draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) from Mr. H. S. Smith, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my beloved son, Michael Heatherman, who was killed on July 1st. Allow me to return my sincere thanks for the payment of the above amount. I hope God will prosper you all for your kindness to his mother.

MRS. ELLEN ARNOLD.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 21, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept, upon behalf of myself and wife, grateful thanks for the kind and courteous attentions received at your hands upon the occasion of your entertainment of November 18th, at which time we were your guests. We shall ever treasure the events of that evening as among the pleasantest recollections of our lives. The kindness of our reception, I can assure you, shall never fade from our memories. With the most earnest wishes for the continued success of your most laudable organization, I am, very sincerely yours,

S. C. WILSON, Mayor.

PEORIA, ILL., Jan. 15, 1884.

To the B. L. E. and B. L. F.:

GENTLEMEN:—I take this opportunity to express my heartfelt gratitude to the Brotherhoods Locomotive Engineers and Firemen for the substantial aid they rendered me during the long, weary months of pain and suffering that it was my misfortune to endure, and also for the kindness, courtesy and sympathy they invariably bestowed upon me at all times and under all circumstances, and now, to crown all, the railroad boys have presented me with a most acceptable and welcome New Years gift of a purse of one hundred dollars. Words are inadequate to express the feelings that well up in my heart for such generous acts of kindness and sympathy.

ROBT R. MARTIN.

DAYTON, OHIO, Nov. 1, 1884.

To the officers and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS: I desire, through the columns of the Magazine, to thank the noble Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the recent payment of \$510.00 insurance on the life of my husband, A. J. Kirby, who died of consumption, four years ago, at Galion, Ohio. The seeming neglect of not returning the dues, on the part of one of the officers, was overcome and properly explained and adjusted by Mr. C. H. Ness, Master of Eclipse Lodge No. 107, of Galion, O., at the Convention, held at Toronto, Canada, in September last, and to him and his efforts in my behalf to secure the amount due me, I feel deeply grateful. To Mr. Ness, and the officers of the Brotherhood, who aided him in my cause, I return my heartfelt thanks, and may God bless them for their kindly act. I shall ever remember them in my prayers. Respectfully,

MARY KIRBY.

RESOLUTIONS.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Lodge No. 227 the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That Lodge No. 227 B. of L. F. do most gratefully accept the Bible, Altar Cloth and Book Mark, as the testimonial of regard from the wives of Bros. Parsons and Stoner, and that we will ever cherish them sacredly, and endeavor to show by our actions that we fully appreciate these gifts.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the Magazine for publication. T. E. AUSTIN,
Chairman Com.

LOGANSFORD, IND.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52, held November 30th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the members of this Lodge be tendered to our lady friends for their kind assistance in decorating our hall so handsomely on the occasion of the ball given November 28th.

Resolved, That our thanks be also tendered to Mr. J. Redman for the designs and paintings he so kindly furnished on the same occasion.

C. F. BEAM,
FRANK WILLIAMSON, } Committee.
FRANK RICHARDSON, }

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

At a regular meeting of Smoky City Lodge No. 210, B. of L. F., held Oct. 20th, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are hereby tendered to W. H. Baldwin, Esq., General Manager; John Thomas, General Superintendent; A. B. Starr, Superintendent; Harmon Miller, Road Foreman of Engines; W. A. Walker, Foreman of Round House of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for their kind and courteous treatment of delegates to our Eleventh Annual Convention held at Toronto, Can., September, 1884.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the above named officials and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

JAS. S. BELL,
WM. A. SWEENEY, } Committee.
JNO. S. SPRAGUE, }

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, B. of L. F., held December 16, 1884, the Lodge was presented with a handsome photograph of a Baldwin Consolidation Locomotive, by Mr. E. C. Sawyer, Master Mechanic of the S. O. & N. Y. R. R., and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, accept the present, and in so doing we would return our sincere thanks to our friend and well-wisher, Mr. E. C. Sawyer.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in the Firemen's Magazine and a copy be presented to Mr. Sawyer.

W. A. McMULLEN,
Chairman Com.

DECATUR, ILLS.

At a meeting of John M. Raymond Lodge, No. 49, B. of L. F., held December 7, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Ruler of the Universe to cut down, in the prime of life, a most worthy member of our Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the sorrowing relatives and friends of our deceased brother. Bro. Kinder had been a member of the Brotherhood but a short time, and as he left, that day, so full of life and with such bright prospects for the

future, and to be brought home a mangled corpse, was a terrible blow to all.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Magazine for publication.

ALEX. H. SUTTON,
T. TEASDALE,
FRANK DAVIS, } *Committee.*

UTICA, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Rickard Lodge No. 229, held Sunday, December 14th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Mrs. E. D. Russell, wife of our worthy Vice-Master for the elegant inkstand which she presented to us as a token of her appreciation and friendly feeling for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate this kind gift, and will ever keep it in grateful remembrance of the donor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. E. D. Russell, and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

F. E. BEACH,
R. E. JACOBS,
J. J. QUIRK, } *Committee.*

FORT HOWARD, WIS.

At a regular meeting of Baldwin Lodge No. 189, held December 14, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge was presented with a beautiful banner by the mothers, wives and sisters of the members of our Lodge, on December 10th, at our first annual ball and also anniversary of our Lodge, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to these ladies. Be it further

Resolved, That the members of the Lodge will hold in grateful remembrance this proof of their sympathy with the principles of our Order

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each of these ladies and that a copy be sent to the Editor of the Magazine for publication.

R. PARKS,
J. J. WATSON,
J. W. DUBOYSE, } *Committee.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Northwestern Lodge No. 82, held December 6th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the following persons for assisting in making our fourth annual ball a success: To Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Mea, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Sharrah for making flags, banners, and in decorating hall, etc., and to Bros. Holl, Taylor, Dum, Hanscome, Harvey, McNamara, and a large number of brothers in making the ball so great a success. Also to the M. & St. L.; C. M. & St. P.; and St. P. M. & M. railways for carrying passengers free to and from the ball. Also to Mr. J. O. Pattee, M. M. of the C. M. & St. P. for headlights, and to Mr. Geo. F. Willson, M. M. of the M. & St. L. railway for colored lanterns.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Magazine and spread upon the Lodge minutes.

W. C. WESCOTT,
S. B. THOMPSON,
C. D. STEVENS, } *Committee.*

PADUCAH, KY.

Bro. Pat Walsh of Plain City Lodge No. 238, was killed in a collision on the morning of Nov. 29th, and the following resolutions were passed by his Lodge upon the sad event:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved Brother, Pat Walsh and

WHEREAS, We deem it our duty to manifest

our sorrow upon the death of Brother Walsh, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Walsh the Brotherhood has lost a true and valuable member, his associates and fellow firemen a firm friend and genial companion.

Resolved, That out of respect to the memory of the deceased we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be printed in the Firemen's Magazine.

ALEX. WATSON,
JOHN BREWER,
HARRY KEILMAN, } *Committee.*

CARBONDALE, PA.

At a regular meeting of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. R. Manville, Supt. of Penn. Div. D. & H. C. Co. R. R., furnished passes for those who attended our banquet and social, therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. R. Manville for his kindness to our friends and brothers and their wives, an act which will never be forgotten by the members of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Hon. J. B. Van Bergen for his photograph, with which to adorn our Lodge room.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to our wives for the magnificent silver water service which now graces our Hall and for their untiring efforts in making this, our first annual banquet, so grand a success.

Resolved, That our thanks are tendered to Messrs. Moses & Scurry and to the Columbia Hose Company, for courtesies received and also those friends who furnished flags and flowers for the decorations.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in our city papers, and also in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. W. BAYLEY,
O. E. HISTED,
H. HUTCHINS, } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

[The following resolutions have been received by me and are published by request of the committee.—F. W. Arnold, G. M.]

At a union meeting of the Chicago Lodges Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Nos. 47, 50, 95, 186, 188 and 237, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our worthy Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Bro. Eugene V. Debs, has been honorably elected by the people of his district to represent them in the state assembly of the state of Indiana, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Chicago Lodges above mentioned extend our congratulations to our respected and honored Brother; be it further

Resolved, That we fully realize the great importance of the position and duties which he will be expected to fulfill; also be it

Resolved, That we have no hesitancy whatever in endorsing the action taken by the voters of his district in electing him, knowing that he is fully capable and willing to fulfill all the obligations required of him.

WM. H. GIFF,
JOHN J. HANNAHAN,
JAMES LAHEY,
PATRICK HARTNEY,
T. P. MURPHY,
O. FROGNER, } *Committee.*

[A copy of the foregoing congratulatory resolutions being handed me by Grand Master Arnold, I take this method of returning to the officers and members of the Chicago Lodges my deep and heartfelt thanks for the manifestation of their esteem and the assurance of my lasting gratitude for their loyal devotion to my welfare.—Eugene V. Debs.]

PORT HOWARD, WIS.

At a regular meeting of Baldwin Lodge, No. 189, B. of L. F., December 14, 1884, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be tendered to our several railway officials for favors shown us in the way of transportation for band, decorations for hall and in aiding members to attend our first annual ball, given on the night of December 10, 1884.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to each officer granting said favors, and a copy of the same be sent to the Magazine for publication.

R. C. BELKNAP, }
J. R. JOHNSON, } Committee.
G. W. WATSON, }

GRAND LODGE DEPARTMENT.

NOTE—This department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

FEBRUARY ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 54—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., February 2, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

176. J. L. Carroll, of Lodge 76 was killed by going through a bridge August 14, 1884.

177. A. J. Van Houten, of Lodge 149, died of consumption October 9, 1884.

178. R. Mulroney, of Lodge 134, was killed in railroad accident, October 14, 1884.

179. E. H. Prindle, of Lodge 37, died of Malarial Fever, October 18, 1884.

180. W. H. Humphreys, of Lodge 223, was killed in a railroad accident, October 20, 1884.

181. Alex. Stewart, of Lodge 15, was killed in a railroad accident, October 23, 1884.

182. J. M. Stoddard, of Lodge 56, was adjudged totally disabled by Hepatitis and Pericarditis, October 25, 1884.

183. W. D. Toll, of Lodge 9, died of Bright's Disease, October 29, 1884.

184. Eugene LaBert, of Lodge 77, died of Kidney Disease, October 29, 1884.

185. C. C. Wilson, of Lodge 123, was killed in a railroad accident, October 31, 1884.

186. Jno. Flood, of Lodge 60, was killed in a railroad accident, November 1, 1884.

187. J. C. Torrance, of Lodge 187, was killed in a railroad accident, November 1, 1884.

188. Wm. Kinder, of Lodge 49, was killed in a railroad accident, November 11, 1884.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership November 1, 1884, and must be paid to your Financier on or before March 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before March 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours

EUGENE V. DEDS,
G. S. and T.

BLACK LIST.

JOHN H. WALTERS.

Acme Lodge, No. 228, has expelled John H. Walters on the ground of dead-beating and defrauding members, and we are authorized by the Lodge to publish him in the black list.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending December 31, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 49 and 50.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 49 and 50.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Total.
1		\$37		\$37	66	\$8	\$60		\$68
2	\$11	11		22	67	24	67		91
3					68	5	66		71
4	5	39		44	69				
5	9		\$40	49	70	12	25		37
6	3	24		27	71	7	47		54
7	3	21		24	72	3	66		69
8	17	65		82	73	41			41
9				74	22	59			81
10	4	53		57	75	42	132		174
11	2	116		118	76		63		63
12	19	158		177	77	96	92		188
13		72		72	78		88		88
14	1	144		145	79	2	38		40
15				80			\$66		66
16	15	127		142	81	1	71		72
17	15	30		45	82	4	111		115
18	14	42		56	83	9	71		80
19			36	36	84	1	61	1	63
20	12	31		43	85	13	16		29
21		5		5	86	7	63		70
22	5	24		29	87		30		30
23	23	42		65	88		48		48
24			45	45	89	1	1		2
25		49		49	90		7		7
26	11	49		60	91	14	20		34
27	12	83		95	92	4	21		25
28	2	69		71	93	1		63	64
29	2	51		53	94			65	65
30	15	29		44	95	27	71		98
31	28	55		83	96	1	33		34
32	4	20		24	97	2	55		57
33	2	58	53	113	98	6	28		34
34					99	12	33		45
35	16	22		38	100		36		36
36	11	64		75	101	23	103		126
37			57	57	102		1	42	43
38	1	62		63	103	49	81		130
39		77	82	82	104	12	14		26
40				78	105	1	60		61
41	9	12		21	106		7		18
42		30		30	107	8	47		55
43			65	65	108	5	25		30
44		55		55	109	24	48		72
45	35	60		95	110	31	25		56
46	15	36		51	111	26	95		61
47	1	131		132	112	24	50		74
48					113	8	29		37
49	13	39		52	114		24		24
50	2	114		116	115	1	38		39
51		61		61	116		36	37	73
52	10	94		104	117		43		43
53	30	40		70	118		24		24
54	19	69		88	119		25	25	50
55	18	24		42	120		50		50
56	6	20		26	121	6	30		36
57	69	172		241	122	11	48		54
58	3	24		27	123	4	16		20
59	1	115		116	124		42		42
60	16	65		81	125		36		36
61	47	90		137	126			33	33
62	1	47		48	127				
63	21	19		40	128		23		23
64	1	42		43	129	4	41		45
65	5	66		71	130	13	52		

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Total.
		49 and 50.	51 and 52.			49 and 50.	51 and 52.
131	\$5	24	..	133	\$9	\$27	..
132	5	25	..	134	3	26	..
133	135
134	4	21	..	136	1	13	14 00
135	137	17	17	17 00
136	3	20	..	138	45	45	45 00
137	3	28	..	139	1	24	25 00
138	3	34	35	140	23 00
139	5	9	..	141	14	14	14 00
140	142	7	7	7 00
141	..	59	..	143	1	25	26 00
142	28	75	..	144	1	29	29 00
143	5	14	..	145	32	32	32 00
144	146	17	17	17 00
145	..	30	30	147	3	12	15 00
146	..	34	..	148	1	25	25 00
147	9	19	..	149	22	17	39 00
148	8	14	..	150	23	23	23 00
149	13	114	..	151	1	30	35 00
150	..	43	..	152	2	27	31 00
151	2	50	..	153	5	36	41 00
152	6	15	..	154	29 00
153	1	27	..	155	2	35	35 00
154	..	26	..	156	4	25	29 00
155	2	17	..	157	29	20	20 00
156	4	25	..	158	25	16	..
157	26	19	..	159	2	28	..
158	25	16	..	160	1	50	54 00
159	2	28	..	161	4	48	52 00
160	1	50	..	162	214
161	4	48	..	163	3	21	24 00
162	164	11	20	31 00
163	3	21	..	165	3	31	34 00
164	11	20	..	166	4	26	30 00
165	3	31	..	167	6	36	42 00
166	4	26	..	168	11	21	32 00
167	6	36	..	169	5	44	49 00
168	11	21	..	170	12	27	39 00
169	5	44	..	171	21	14	35 00
170	12	27	..	172	1	39	40 00
171	21	14	..	173	3	25	28 00
172	1	39	..	174	8	30	38 00
173	3	25	..	175	3	15	18 00
174	8	30	..	176	228
175	3	15	..	177	10	32	42 00
176	178	16	48	64 00
177	10	32	..	179	..	49	49 00
178	16	48	..	180	..	7	7 00
179	..	49	..	181	..	21	21 00
180	..	7	..	182	..	29	29 00
181	..	21	..				
182	..	29	..				

Balance on hand December 1 \$2,023 50
 Received during month 10,617 00

Total \$12,640 50
 By claims Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160,
 161, 162, 163 and 164 10,000 00

Balance on hand January 1 \$2,640 50

Respectfully submitted,
 EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of December:

Lodges.	Names.	Lodges.	Names.
12	J. C. Bradley.	49	Andrew Johann.
12	D. J. Harris.	53	Chas. L. Morehouse.
14	S. L. Mullin.	61	A. H. Gage.
14	John Kearns.	75	John Bosler.
36	John Kelly.	91	Frank Munroe.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of December:

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	Isaac M. Blauvelt.*	98	Chas. Gregory.*
10	Robert Lang.*	102	M. J. McGrayel.*
15	A. H. Greeu.*	109	Herbert Wolcott.*
16	Mike Kadle.*	109	L. P. McDonald.*
45	W. O. Shelley.†	115	R. W. Gardner.*
47	Thos. Lardner.*	120	Ansel Roberts.*
47	Jos. Lenzer.*	120	John Vickers.*
47	R. J. Turnbull.*	122	H. B. Rice.*
50	Andrew Currin.*	127	Oliver Williamson.*
52	Ambrose Ross.*	131	Jas. Cassidy.*
53	C. M. Leavitt.†	140	W. W. Frey.‡
53	Ernest Gray.*	141	Wm. H. Southern.*
57	J. J. Sullivan.*	155	J. L. Orr.*
60	Wm. Stillwell.*	162	Frank A. Hall.*
60	Wm. Hildreth.*	175	J. S. Buckingham.*
60	M. J. Seymour.*	185	W. Ogle.*
78	Burmester.*	187	Thos. A. Shore.*
78	R. Marshall.*	188	J. C. Burroughs.*
78	R. McNally.*	194	G. J. Kent.*
78	J. G. Moses.*	194	F. D. Sprague.*
78	H. Page.*	195	John Buckley.*
78	D. Ready.*	196	G. M. Austin.*
78	T. Reed.*	196	N. Swanson.*
78	J. Reed.*	196	Thos. Lund.*
78	G. E. Hazen.*	200	A. B. Cleveland.†
81	Harry Campbell.*	217	R. B. Patterson.*
85	John Ryan.*	217	Thos. Stewart.*
86	J. G. Bailey.*	228	John H. Walters.‡
89	L. Algire.*		

* Non-payment of dues.

† Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Unbecoming conduct.

§ Drunkenness.

§ Dead Beat.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

Assessment notice No. 54, for January, calling for \$1.00 from all assessable members, was mailed from the Grand Lodge office February 1st.

We desire a limited number of Magazines of the August issue of 1884, and Agents having a surplus of that issue will please forward them to the Editor, who will make due allowance for same.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
 Terre Haute, Indiana.
 F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
 S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
 E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
 Terre Haute, Indiana.
 S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
 Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
 C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
 A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman South Pueblo, Col.
 W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
 F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
 C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
 Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St. Master
A. P. Green, 5 Calais St. Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Financier
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morehouse, 525 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Springstead, 282 9th St. Financier
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Haver St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
Wm. Burke Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. W. Caudle Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. McCullough, C., St. L. & P. Round
House Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops. Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St.,
Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Commonwealth St. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 129 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1308 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Selling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
31. **R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
G. W. Moore Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier

- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Kee Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1140 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralla, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. P. Morse Master
A. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Grimm St. Secretary
W. Cavenaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
J. Taylor, Box 233 Master
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Secretary
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. BOSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, Globe Hotel Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 4018 Wabash Ave. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
C. Handy, 1009 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5228 State St. Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 10 A. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 6:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
J. B. Hamilton, Box 316 Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Bos-
ton, Mass. Master
J. F. McCarty, 24 East St., East Cam-
bridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 192 10th St., Denver,
Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 568 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Keaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier

- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milne, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick, Box 672 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, Benson St. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Shipley Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, L. Box 330 Master
R. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
L. D. Brown, 760 Arapahoe St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
E. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
J. F. Costin, 1103 E. 6th St. Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
H. Adams Master
W. E. S. Gibson Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 486 Secretary
G. Gooding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1024 Secretary
W. T. Lowrey, Box 758 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 15th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-
gert Ave. Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at
2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
C. H. Cole, Box 1796 Secretary
P. J. Cook, L. Box 1692 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
C. C. Brooks, Box 205 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at
11 A. M.
J. McCraigh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concanon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.
and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. Warn, 659 W. Monroe St. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier

- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
D. M. Hill Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 332 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C., B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1993 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesnil St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
D. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallion, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Broadway Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branhum Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
M. Russell Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
R. A. Harris, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts Master
J. Killean, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts Secretary
J. Clark, Corner 36th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleeson Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. P. Stringer, 333 Grey St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
J. T. Dewan, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. A. McMullen, 18 Quince St. Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Hanmer Secretary
G. R. Kieck, Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
F. Crawford, Box 806 Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark Sts Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
J. Callahan Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier

- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 183 McWilliam St. Master
J. G. Entwistle, 110 Alexander St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St. Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Siminon, Box 426 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St. Master
G. LaRoy, 285 Jefferson St. Secretary
J. S. Rourke, Box 142, Two Rivers, Wis. Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson, Sutton Junction, Quebec Secretary
M. Mulrone Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st, 2d and last Sundays at 1 P. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
G. H. Lippencott, 526 W. 61st St. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 328 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St. Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
L. E. Lester Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier

- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
G. N. Smith Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 430 Mullett St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Master
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
W. Riggs, 420 William St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C., B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wed-
nesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and
4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
E. K. Park, Box 56 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, Box 56 Financier
- 164. FUEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 571 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at
2 P. M.
W. Shannon, Box 491, Portage City, Wis. Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 287 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, 541 Wellington St. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Porter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 Ridge Ave. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Floyd, Box 662 Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
R. A. Bell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
W. C. Randall Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleve-
land, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Geisen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
W. Powell, 361 31st St. Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier

- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Divine, 880 Hubbard St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
R. C. Belknap, L. Box 4 Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. . . Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. . . Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Master
R. J. Geis, Lower Cascades, Washing-
ton Territory Secretary
W. N. Collister, Box 287 Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
W. J. Glennan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, Box 244 Master
W. S. Griffiths Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
cine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
A. Tully, Box 223 Secretary
E. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford Secretary
M. Smith Financier

- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
C. E. Cramer Master
F. M. Armstrong Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Las Vegas,
N. M. Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 150 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
J. McKee Secretary
G. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffee St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffee St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
F. B. Hall, 300 McDonough St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Green-
bush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St.,
Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1206 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DFRICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier

- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Friday at 8 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, L. Box 185, Hunting-
ton, W. Va Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
G. P. Irvin, Box 718 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 282, Port Arthur,
Ontario Secretary
C. Unwin, C. P. Ry Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nichol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nichol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghampton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Phila-
delphia, Pa Master
J. B. Cash, 511 E. 6th St Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d
Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Cogan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. McIlvenna, C. P. Ry Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Saturday at 8 P. M.
W. Douglass, 33d and Ravine Sts Master
J. C. Sloan, 1st St., 21st Ward, E. End. Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkinsburg, Pa Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
G. W. Cundiff, Box 18 Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last
Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
A. Watson Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 9 A. M.
J. M. Call Master
A. Krapp Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St Master
E. Demo, 223 Franklin St Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
J. T. Nance Financier
- 244. T. P. O'ROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, 64 Judd St Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and
Montgomery Sts Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and
Duffy Sts Secretary
S. Bofneau, 60 W. Broad St Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 222 3d St Master
W. C. Jackson, 353 4th St Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
E. Miller, Air Line Shops Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, Air Line Shops Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1885.

No. 3

GLENBURNIE.

"Do you suppose she will come to-day?" asked Beatrix Browne.

"Of course she will come," said Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne; "why shouldn't she?"

"Oh, how can I tell?" cried impatient Beatrix. The train must have been in long ago. And, oh, me! here is the barouche coming back without her."

Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne was a handsome, fashionably dressed young man, with a big diamond on his little finger and a conventional smirk on his handsome countenance. Miss Beatrix, his sister, was an artificial damsel, costumed after the latest Paris plate, and their mother, Mrs. Bethune Browne, was a stylish widow who kept up a deal of appearance on a very little solid foundation.

"If Herschel and Trix can only contrive to make good matches we shall ride triumphantly over all these difficulties," said she, complacently fanning herself with a jeweled Spanish fan. So she had rented "Glenburnie," a pretty summer residence, engaged a first-class French cook, given a most liberal order to the milliner and dress-maker, and issued invitations to a number of friends to pass the summer with her.

"The only mistake we made," said Mrs. Browne, "was in coming to a place where my girlhood was spent. It isn't pleasant to have stout old farmers stopping one to ask if I succeeded in that school venture, or that speculation in taking boarders, or to be told by

red-faced old women that 'I hold my years wonderfully well.'"

But Mrs. Bethune Browne and her son and daughter were doomed to loneliness that afternoon. Miss Harper, the New York heiress, had not come, as she was expected, by the afternoon train, and as the Bethune Brownes were not people who ever took any especial pains to entertain each other, the evening did not pass away in unmitigated bliss.

Miss Harper, however, had come. The only mistake she had committed was in leaving the train at Pine Bluff Station instead of Pine Hill Station. But how was she, a born New Yorker, whose antecedents were only of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, to discriminate between these puzzling similarities?

She looked around at the pine thickets; she listened with a vague misgiving to the rush of the pebbly brook in the copse; she glanced appealingly at the ticket agent, who was rolling some barrels of lime along the platform toward the freight-room.

"Is there no one here to meet me?" she asked. "I am Miss Harper, from New York."

The ticket agent looked up at the sky, down at the daisies, and then at the forlorn stranger.

"I don't see no one," said he

"I am going to the Brownes," said she.

"The Brownes, eh?" said the agent.

"Yes," said she, eagerly, "the Brownes."

"They don't live such a piece up the road," said the agent, still

considering an especial daisy bud, whose soft, white fringe was just opening to the sunshine. "I guess likely you might walk. Anyhow, there ain't no other way to go."

Miss Harper's heart beat exultantly.

"Up which road?" said she

"That one," and the agent nodded toward the distant mountain side.

"Ah," said Miss Harper, "is it very lonely?"

"Bless you, no," said the agent. "There's as many as three houses within the mile, not countin' the sawmill."

"And I can leave my trunk here to be sent for?"

"Oh, yes," said the agent.

So Melicent Harper walked. French boots, Paris hat, tiny mushroom parasol and all.

It was a little cottage; the very poetic, picturesque cottage of her girlhood's dreams, with eaves reaching nearly to the ground, wilderness of woodbine, morning glories and scarlet runners wreathing it around, and latticed window panes; and at the door stood a young man, the handsomest she had ever seen.

"Am I living the pages of a story book?" Melicent asked herself; "and is this the enchanted prince?"

And then she came forward smiling, yet timid.

"I am Miss Harper, from New York," said she. "I have come to visit you. Were you not expecting me?"

The gentleman looked puzzled.

"No," he said.

"Then you never got my letter!"

"Never," said the enchanted prince.

"I wrote to Miss Browne."

"Did you?" with some surprise.

"How provoking," said Melicent, reddening and biting her ripe red cherry of a lip.

"But I hope you are glad to see me?"

"Yes, indeed, we are," said Harry

Browne, instinctively polite, as he opened the door wide to admit the fair stranger. "Do come in, Marian," to some one beyond, "here's Miss Harper, from New York, come to see you. She wrote us from New York, but, of course, the letter never reached us!"

Marian, a slim, dark-eyed Diana, looked as bewildered as her brother had previously done.

"You are welcome," she said. "Please come up to my room and take off your things."

It was the tiniest of little rooms. In fact, the cottage itself looked to Melicent's metropolitan eyes as if you were viewing it through the little end of an opera-glass. But it was so neat, so dainty, so flower-scented and pure. Melicent was a little bewildered still. Glenburnie, as described by Beatrix Browne, was a modern castle. And why did this handsome Harry persist in calling his sister "Marian?"

Marian herself was also puzzled until it occurred to her mind "all of a sudden," that this Miss Harper must have been sent to their assistance by old Mrs. Telliff, who knew all sorts of nice girls in need, and who was also acquainted with the fact of their mother's illness.

"Mrs. Telliff is always thoughtful," she pondered; "but so dreadfully brusque and abrupt sometimes."

"Do you know how to take care of sick people, Miss Harper?" she asked, as she was shaking out the snowy muslin folds of the curtains in the "best room."

"Not particularly," confessed Melicent. "Why?"

"Oh, because mamma is just recovering from rheumatic fever," said Marian, "and it would be so nice if you could help us nurse her."

"Then I will help you," said Melicent, with a kiss.

"Harry is ever so useful," said Marian. "He is the dearest fellow in the world. But he can't do every-

thing. He is downstairs now broiling the chickens for dinner. He learned to cook when he was camping out. And mamma can't drink any coffee but that which he makes."

Mellicent's eyes sparkled. "He must be one of the best of brothers." said she.

"He is," cried enthusiastic Marian.

Mrs. Brown, the sweetest of pale individuals, received the visitor with something of that puzzled air which Melicent found so hard to understand. And there was a cottage piano, a banjo, some new music and a wilderness of wild flowers; and the young people promised to show Melicent a cascade up the glen, and a haunted dell still further on.

"They are so nice," thought Melicent that night when she went to bed in the little muslin-curtained room. "Not at all what I expected to see, from Aunt Josepha's description. And Harry is so unselfish and tender to his mother—and Marian is so sweet and affectionate. I am sure I could be happy here for a year."

Consequently the next day, when the grand carriage from Glenburnie rattled down the road, and Miss Beatrix Browne came to claim the waif and stray, Melicent Harper was more surprised than pleased.

"Have I come to the wrong place?" said she. "Oh, they have been so good to me! The wrong Browns? No, that can not possibly be. They are right, right in everything. But I shall not go away until Mrs. Brown is well enough to be about the house."

And Melicent adhered resolutely to this determination in spite of Trix's frowns and Herschel Hubert's blandishments. She remained nearly all summer at the cottage, and spent only one little week at Glenburnie.

"But one can accomplish a good deal in a week," said Mrs. Bethune Browne, hopefully. "And, of course, Glenburnie must be like paradise

to her, after those cramped-up rooms and everlasting pine forests."

Herschel Hubert made himself as agreeable as he possibly could to the New York visitor, and on the night before her return to New York he laid his hand and heart at her feet.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Melicent. "But I am engaged already."

"To Harry Brown?" said Herschel Hubert, grinding his teeth.

"Yes," said Melicent, "to Harry; I was going to tell Beatrix about it to-night. I am so vexed that you should have committed yourself in this sort of way. But please let's forget all about it."

Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne muttered some sort of a lame congratulation, and withdrew from the scene as hastily as possible.

"Its all a comedy of errors, it seems," he said, almost savagely, to his mother. "Here is our season wasted, our purse empty, our tradesmen clamorous; and Harry Brown, down at the cottage, has gained the prize."

And all that Mrs. Bethune Browne could say was this:

"It's very strange—very strange, indeed!"

HE KNEW DAVY CROCKETT.

New York Sun.

Old Uncle Bogardus, well known in the Ninth ward, was a warm friend of the renowned Davy Crockett. He recounts some interesting anecdotes of Crockett that have not heretofore been published. In 1828, when Crockett was serving his first term in Congress, he spent much of his time in wandering about Washington. His uncouth dress, his independent and original criticism of everything he saw, and the eccentric heartiness of his ways in general made him the observed of all observers. One day he met a new-made friend, who was looking for an appointment as postmaster of a considerable town in New Jersey. The office-seeker was despondent.

Crockett sympathetically inquired the cause. "I have a rival," said the other, "and I fear he has more influence than I have. He is even now over yonder in that rifle gallery, shooting for drinks with his friends. The head clerk of the Postmaster-General is looking on. And the worst of it is that they're all devilish fine shots, too," he added significantly; for duelling was by no means at a discount in those days.

Crockett's face lighted up. "Aha! I understand," said he, with one of his wisest winks, misunderstanding the whole situation.

"What is it that you understand, Mr. Crockett?" said the other, puzzled.

"Never mind. The head clerk is Mr. Robinson, said to be a great admirer of rifle and pistol practice, isn't he?"

"Yes."

Crockett chuckled and treated him to a one-arm hug that made his ribs crack. "Old man, your fortune's as good as made, or your appointment secured, which is the same thing," said he, jubilantly. "Take me right over to the rifle range and introduce me to your rival and his screamers. Just say as how I'm a friend of yours as would like to match 'em a little for the corn juice, and then tip the wink to the head clerk on the sly."

Wondering what he could be driving at, the despondent office-hunter complied with the request. In a few minutes Crockett was banging away in the rifle gallery, and with uniform superiority, for he was a dead shot. Match after match was arranged, opponent after opponent disposed of and one liquid trophy after another appropriated, until finally Crockett was declared to have fairly mastered all opposition, even if it was evident that the trophies had somewhat mastered him. None applauded his prowess more heartily than the head clerk of the Postmaster-General. To this functionary Crockett led up his friend after modestly acknowledging the plaud-

its. "Mr. Robinson," said he, with unsteady grandiloquence, "you've been good enough to be pleased with my shootin' on this festive occasion."

"Certainly, Mr. Crockett, it was admirable," was the reply.

"Well, sir," said Crockett, "it was all done in the interest of my friend, Mr. Robinson, here, who is lookin' for an appointment as letter sorter and bag burster down at Borden-town, in New Jersey. Of course, you, bein' a gentleman and a scholar, will understand."

He then solemnly meandered out of the gallery, after poking his bewildered friend in the ribs, and giving him a tremendous wink, as much as to say: "Don't fall on my neck and thank me right here on the spot, though of course I've got it down dead for you."

A few days afterward the two hunters—office-hunter and bear-hunter—met again. The former was now jubilant. He was to receive his coveted appointment on the morrow. He was beginning to explain the additional political influence he had secured to that end, when Crockett interrupted him. "Yes, yes; but never mind thankin' me for your appointment, my dear sir," said he genially. "It cost little; though I knew I had you all right as soon as I began to electioneer for you."

"Electioneer for me?"

"Yes, yes; but no thanks, I tell you. By Criminy! I never failed in electioneering for myself, and how could I fail with a friend? Oh, she speaks unanswerable, sir, and there's conviction in her voice."

"But whose voice, and when? Who speaks?" exclaimed the astonished aspirant for official honors. Why, my dear sir, I was just about to explain how at last I had been indebted to the kindly indorsement of President Jackson himself for my appointment."

"You ungrateful hound!" roared the Creek war veteran and Shoal

Creek representative; "you know you're wholly indebted to my electioneering for you over in the rifle range yonder. You know as how the other screamer would have come out ahead but for the victorious voice of my rifle boring into the head clerk's brain with the illuminating power of sixteen barbecues!"

"But, my dear sir—"

"Oh, don't 'dear sir' me. Apart from beating all creation at story telling, I've shot my way twice into the Tennessee legislature, sir, and once into the United States house of representatives, with the best turkey shots of this country as my political opponents, and may I never eat bear meat again if another eastern ingrate enlists my electioneering services."

And with this parting explosion the forest-born statesman strode indignantly away, leaving his quondam friend almost as much bewildered as before.

Although Crockett was at first not averse to the notoriety which his eccentricities achieved for him, he gradually grew ashamed of them, and would gladly have been less at variance with his comparatively polished surroundings. On one occasion, when he had accepted an invitation to a large public dinner, at which many notables were to be present, he sought Judge Bowen, an official of distinction, who knew him well and liked him.

"Judge," he said, "I understand that you are to be present at the big feed this evening."

"Certainly, Mr. Crockett; pretty much everybody will be at the dinner, I believe."

"Well, Judge," said Crockett, a little shyly, "I want to ask a favor of you. Will you do me the honor to observe me narrowly all through the repast?"

"Why, of course, if you wish it, Mr. Crockett," said the judge, anticipating some fresh oddity, or uncouthness, "but what for?"

"Never mind at present, judge;

I'll let you know afterwards," said Crockett. "And, by the bye, give the wink to some friends you can trust—gentlemen of eminence and distinction, like yourself, you know—so that they may observe me likewise. But mind you, judge, they must be eminent men—men of bang up names. Will you do all this for me, judge?"

The judge renewed his promise with much heartiness. The dinner came off accordingly. But those who had been on the lookout for some fresh breach of etiquette on the part of the untutored congressmen were doomed to disappointment, though the event was, perhaps none the less amusing. It soon became evident that, instead of seeking to attract attention, he was earnestly endeavoring to avoid it. From the outset he made superhuman efforts to attain the well-bred decorum that ruled around him, and with a very commendable degree of success. He studied the manners of his neighbors in disposing of their viands and wines with the keenness of a trapper on an indistinct trail in the starlight, and imitated them with the automaton-like assiduity of a Chinese tailor's apprentice. His childlike painstaking was equally pathetic and ludicrous. But, as has been said, he achieved a fair degree of success. Course succeeded course without evolving a perceptible blunder. He even sipped his wine gently, instead of engulfing it thirstily. The temptations of the dessert were successfully resisted. The toasts were drank sparingly. At last, to the wonder of all and the disappointment of many, the dinner was at an end without the notorious Mr. Crockett having betrayed a single oddity or vulgarity whatever, original or otherwise.

The next day Crockett again called on Judge Bowen in his office, with a mixture of hope, anxiety and suspense in his manner. "Judge," said he, "did you and your friends

observe me closely at the big dinner, as I requested?"

The judge had divined the rough diamond's praiseworthy aspirations and fully sympathized with them. "Yes, Mr. Crockett, we did," he replied; and, sir, we were both astonished and overjoyed. 'Mr. Crockett must have been masquerading up to this time,' we said to ourselves; 'for it is evident that he is, after all, a fine gentleman, who now suddenly casts aside the backwoods' character he has thus far seen fit to maintain.'

"Great God! are you in earnest, judge?" exclaimed Crockett, his breath almost taken away. "Did I really behave decent, then?"

"Decently, sir?" reiterated the judge. "That doesn't express it, sir. You conducted yourself throughout with a dignity and polish as if to the manor born!"

Crockett gave a whoop. "Put that down in writing, judge!" he exclaimed. "Draw it up in reg'lar black and white, as they do resolutions, sayin' just how I behaved at that big dinner. Then sign it, and have those eminent friends of yours sign it, too. I want it as a proof that I kin be a gentleman under pressure, judge—that I ain't always the unlicked riproarer they've mostly credited me with bein.' Will you, judge?"

"I will, and with the utmost pleasure, Mr. Crockett," replied Judge Bowen, with difficulty controlling himself, despite the drollery of the situation. "Call to-morrow, and I will have the document duly drawn up and signed."

Greatly elated, Crockett called on the following day and got the coveted document. Its contents were everything he could desire, and appended to it were a dozen or more distinguished signatures. For a long time afterward he was very fond of exhibiting the paper, especially to such ladies at whose houses he imagined he had most glaringly mis-conducted himself. He also, upon

his return to Tennessee, displayed it with great pride to many of his constituents, and the paper became known as "the Hon. Davy Crockett's credentials."

It has been said that Davy Crockett was much like Ethan Allen in his religious belief, perhaps for the reason that the characters of the two were not dissimilar. But Uncle Bogardus relates an anecdote of Crockett's tragic death to prove that the author of "Be sure you're right then go ahead" had at least a deep and abiding faith in a future existence. After his second term in congress expired Crockett went to Texas, where after a series of daring military exploits, he was finally killed at Fort Alamo, in San Antonio de Bexar. He was one of the six survivors who, under promise of being spared, at last surrendered, and were afterwards treacherously put to death by Santa Anna's orders. While the devoted six were being aligned before the muskets of the Mexican squad detailed for their execution more than one showed signs of faintness of heart, when Crockett called out in a loud voice, "Bear up comrades, to the end! This isn't a wiping out, but only a change of residence." Then the leveled muskets were discharged, and all was over.

THE MOUNTAIN SNOWSHEDS.

Virginia Chronicle.

The snowsheds on the line of the Central Pacific railroad are forty-five miles in length, stretching in an almost unbroken line from Truckee on the eastern slope to Alta on the western. To a traveler standing on the platform of the rear end of a passenger train, flying through this covered gallery in the dim, uncertain light of the morning, the massive columns and braces supporting the structure resemble the pillars of some colossal temple. In building the sheds, at a point east of the Summit it was found necessary to bolt the heavy

timbers securely to the rocks forming the side of the mountain. This was done so that they could withstand the shocks of the annual slides that thunder over the roof in the early spring, when the deep beds of snow relax their frozen hold on the summits of the precipitous cliffs and sweep furiously down into the dark ravine below, often carrying with them giant firs, tamaracks and pines that for centuries have stood similar invitations to get up and get, so to speak. The portion of the gallery bolted to the solid mountain is nearly two miles in length, and is said to have cost \$96,000 per mile. The other portions were erected at a cost of over \$40,000 per mile, making the original cost of this immense snow gallery about \$2,000,000.

The railroad company have recently repaired the sheds and closed up the gaps purposely left uncovered during the summer in order to allow tourists an opportunity of viewing some of the magnificent mountain scenery, affording a view of Bear Valley, glittering like an emerald at the head of Emigrant Gap, and above all the forks of the American river, shining like threads of silver in the gorge called Emigrant Gap. The company intend covering the sheds the entire length next year with corrugated iron, as a protection from fire.

"YOUNG MAN, BE SERIOUS."

Boston Herald.

Senator Tom Corwin had a wonderful sense of humor, and many of his jests have gone into history. His power of making people laugh he deprecated as his greatest enemy, and shortly before he died he said he feared "men would remember him only as a jester." His remarks upon this subject were humorous, and there is hardly an old friend of Corwin who cannot repeat one or more of them. Once, it is said, a young man asked him how he should act to become like Corwin.

Mr. Corwin replied: "Young man, be serious. If I had been serious I might have been President, but now I am nothing but Corwin."

At another time, after a remarkably humorous speech, in which he had kept the audience for hours in shouts of laughter, he was noticed sitting in his room musing, with a very sad expression on his wonderfully mobile face. Being asked for his thought, he replied: "The world will always honor the teacher and despise the clown. Would to God I had never cracked a joke; but now every one expects me to be funny, and I am forced to do so."

Tom Corwin died with a joke on his lips. The story has been told before, but it is long before forgotten. He had just returned from Mexico, where President Lincoln had sent him as United States Minister, and he was giving his views of the country to a crowd who had gathered round. He was especially addressing his remarks to an old friend, and a lull had occurred in the conversation. At this he had turned to his friend, whose hair had grown remarkably thin within a few years, and said: "I am sorry, Major, to see that you are growing bald."

"Yes," replied the Major, but that does not matter. You know Caesar was bald."

"As for that," returned Corwin, "Caesar had fits." While the crowd were laughing at this retort, Mr. Corwin was struck with paralysis, and a short time after this he died.

THE DEAR, OLD MOTHER.

Through Mail.

She was poorly clad, and shivered as she sat down near the stove, and wrung her blue, rough fingers to warm them. The passengers all felt sorry for her, for she had a kind, benevolent face, and seemed to be grieving after something.

"I wonder—I wonder—I wonder if I will get there in time," she mumbled over and over again. "Poor boy! He was always so good

to me, and I wonder if I will be with him when it comes."

"Ticket?" said the conductor.

The old woman opened her basket, and was a long time in looking over it, although she searched diligently, and when she got through, she looked very white and sad, and softly said to the conductor:

"Stop the train and put me off. I bought my ticket yesterday and put it in my purse, but I have forgotten my purse and left it at home. Oh! sir, I am so sorry, but I was going to St. Louis to see my poor boy, who worked in a foundry until yesterday, when a great wheel fell over on him and crushed him so badly they say he will die, but I have forgotten my pocket book, and now I will never see my poor boy again in this world. Put me off, but I don't know how in the world I will get back home or go on," and the pleasant ridges on her face were drawn up into corded lines, and the blue veins stood out in great knots, and she clenched her bony fingers in agony as the tears started from her eyes. The passengers were all looking on, and when the conductor passed on as if he had lost his mother, his great hand grasping his punch tremblingly and his eyes brim full, a quiet, big-hearted passenger whispered to him and then went through the coach ahead of him asking for half dollar contributions, but the passengers would not give, and as the train slowed up at the next station, the conductor walked up to her and gently put his hand on her shoulder.

"Never mind," she said, swallowing a big lump that kept coming up in her throat. "I'll get off peacefully," and then her frame was convulsed with a shudder, and as the brakeman opened the door to call the name of the station, the snow burdened air came in and blew off her bonnet, and she uttered a sharp cry as the conductor pressed her back into her seat, and said:

"Don't get off, mother. Your

fare is paid clear through to——" He stopped and said in deep agony of mind:

"My God!" and as the passengers gathered around, he completed his sentence: "Her fare is paid clear through to Heaven," and as the passengers looked on her glazing eyes, her agonized features resumed their wonted pleasantness, for she was traveling on a pass written in letters of living light and had reached the end of her journey and met her son, who had died an hour before, while the others, bound for the same station, were but in the middle of their wearisome journey. The conductor and brakeman tenderly lifted the vacant tenement of her soul and complied with her request to put her off at the next station, and they were seen to give something that looked like money to the station agent, and when the train was started again the passengers all shook hands with them and wished them safety and comfort in all their undertakings, and a pretty girl that had been flirting began to cry, and a woman and baby took it up and both joined the pretty girl, and one by one the rest of us united our tears with theirs, and the fat woman hugged the brakeman of our coach, and so we went on our way, all feeling better for what we had seen.

BILL NYE AT THE HOME OF SHYLOCK.

New York Mercury.

We arrived in Venice last evening, latitude 45 deg. 25 min. N., longitude 12 deg. 19 min. E.

Venice is the home of the Venetian, and also where the gondola has its nest and rears its young. It is also the headquarters for the paint known as Venetian red. They use it in painting the town on festive occasions. This is the town where the merchant of Venice used to do business, and the home of Shylock, a broker, who sheared the Venetian lamb at the corner of the Rialto and the Grand Canal. He is now no

more. I couldn't even find an old neighbor near the Rialto who remembered Shylock. From what I can learn of him, however, I am led to believe that he was pretty close in his deals, and liked to catch a man in a tight place and then make him squirm. Shylock, during the great panic in Venice many years ago, it is said, had a chattel mortgage on more lives than you could shake a stick at. He would loan a small amount to a merchant at three per cent. a month, and secure it on a pound of the merchant's liver, or by a cutthroat mortgage on his respiratory apparatus. Then, when the paper matured, he would go up to the house with a pair of scales and a pie knife and demand a foreclosure.

PAOLI, THE MAGISTRATE.

The Age.

Somewhere about the year 1735, before the French conquest, General Hyacinth Paoli was the chief magistrate and Ruler of Corsica. His humanity and integrity, and his unswerving love of country, were proverbial. He was carried in the hearts of his countrymen—a man for whom the brave were ready and willing to lay down their lives.

It happened, while Paoli was chief magistrate, that a certain wealthy man, a native of the island, who had been highly respected, and had been, moreover, placed in a position of great trust, had committed a crime for which he had been condemned to death. The condemned man's wife—a lady of rare beauty and distinction, and of noble heritage—sought her husband's nephew, who was an officer under the Government, and begged that he would intercede with General Paoli for his uncle's life.

The nephew—a young gentleman of rare accomplishments and acknowledged bravery—could not refuse, for he had loved his uncle dearly. So, in company with the wife and other relatives, the nephew appeared before the General, and

earnestly besought him that he would spare his uncle's life.

Said he, in addition, "If this pardon to my uncle is granted, his relations will make a gift to the needy State of a thousand sechims; we will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiani; we will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and we will furthermore engage that he shall never return to the island."

The Governor was deeply moved; but he knew the youth to be a man after his own heart, and he had tested his worth; and he finally answered him: "You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case. Such is my confidence in you, that if you will say that if in giving to your uncle pardon I should be doing justice, or honor or good to Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted."

The nephew turned about and burst into tears. Then he caught his aunt by the hand, and lifted it to his lips, saying, "Oh, I cannot ask for the honor of Corsica! Forgive me! If I could suffer, I would; but I will not sacrifice my country!"

The wife turned away in sorrow; but she had no blame for the just Governor. Her husband suffered; but she found a friend in the nephew, who did not fail her.

SOME NOTED SAYINGS.

Youths' Companion.

A letter to an English paper from the grandson of one of Nelson's aids in the battle of Trafalgar, gives the true origin of his famous order to his squadron.

The admiral gave the order to telegraph to the whole fleet, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty to-day." It was found that the word "Nelson" would require six sets of flags to be displayed in succession.

Time passed. A Lieut. Browne, looking over the code-book, found that "England" could be sent up with but one flag, and suggested that the order should run, "England expects every man to do his duty;" to

which Nelson heartily consented. Hence the eloquent touch which thrilled all Britain to the heart, was due to a deficiency in the signal-code.

Many of the finest sayings recorded of great men owe their origin to accident. Goethe's dying words, "More light!" are said to have referred only to the opening of a window, and not to any prophetic dawn in the world of German thought. Webster's triumphant "I still live!" in the light of cold fact, appears to have been spoken in consequence of the physician's order to "give him the medicine at a certain hour, if he still lived." It was with a gesture toward the cup that Webster used the words so long misunderstood and memorable as his last.

Another sentence which became the rallying cry for defenders of the Union during the civil war originated in a joke. In 1832 the followers of Calhoun, incensed at the public demonstrations on Washington's birthday, issued invitations for a State banquet on the birthday of Jefferson.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, on opening his invitation, dryly remarked that the meeting apparently was intended to celebrate not the memory of Jefferson, but the glory of Calhoun and his pet hobby of nullification. "I'd like," he added, chuckling, "to send a broadside into him." After a moment's thought, laying down his pipe, he wrote a courteous note of refusal, and begged leave, according to custom, to send a toast. It was, "The Federal Union. It must and shall be preserved."

The toast, having been sent by the President, could not be ignored. It was read, and the shouts of applause with which it was received, and of laughter from those who appreciated the President's grim joke, fixed it in the memory of the public, by whom it was made a household word, until the civil war gave it new and terrible significance.

GOT THE RABBIT.

Detroit Free Press.

A man about 40 years of age, having a gun on his shoulder and a dead rabbit in his hand, and followed at a respectful distance by a dog which seemed to be completely disgusted with the whole business, was coming into the city on Grand River avenue yesterday when a pedestrian called out:

"How much for the rabbit?"

"Twenty cents."

"Where'd you kill him?"

"Ten miles out."

"How long were you after him?"

"Three days."

"Isn't that a heap of time to put in for twenty cents?"

"Mebbe 'tis," reflected the man as he changed shoulders with his gun, "but if you know of any other way I can make a plug of tobacco and two drinks of beer any quicker I'm willing to whack up on the profits?"

TOPNOODY.

Merchant-Traveler.

Mr. Topnoody came in late last Saturday night and smelt like he had been on an inspecting tour through Bourbon county, Kentucky.

"Where have you been, to get in at this hour, Topnoody?" snapped his wife, sticking her head up over the covers of the bed.

"Why, didn't you know, my dear?"

"Know? Nothing! I'll bet a cookie you've been out at some of your Democratic temperance meetings again."

"That's just it, my dear; you know Carlisle received the nomination for Speaker in the caucus, and a lot of us went over to Covington to help our Kentucky brethren celebrate the glorious event."

"And you got drunk, of course?"

"No, not very drunk, my dear; just drunk enough not to know any better than to come home at this time of night."

"Topnoody, you're a fool."

"Who said I wasn't, my dear?"

"Nobody, Topnoody, unless they lied."

"But, my dear, that has nothing to do with the question, and you should excuse a little eccentricity on this occasion. The election of a speaker of the house is a momentous question, my dear, and for days past our party has talked of nothing else. Even you have been interested, as I have read to you what the papers said of it."

"I wasn't interested, either. What did I care about the speakership?" I have known all along who was speaker of the only house I cared for, and I never bothered my mind about any other."

"Of course; you are a Republican, and your side didn't have any show."

"Worse, and more of it, Topnoody."

"You didn't know it was Carlisle, did you?"

"Carlisle, the mischief! What's Carlisle to me? It was the house of Topnoody I was thinking about, and Mrs. Topnoody is the speaker, yesterday, to-day, and forever; and, Topnoody, you want to remember it."

"I can't forget it, my dear, but I want to speak about Carlisle now and—"

"Shut up, Topnoody."

"I've got the floor, my dear, but I'll be—"

"You've got the floor, have you? Well, you may just keep it. I'll hold on to the bed, Topnoody. So there."

Topnoody slept on the door mat.

OLD HICKORY.

An Account of the Attempt to Kill President Jackson.

Andrew Jackson, says the Chattanooga Democrat, had many bitter enemies. Being naturally a man of violent temper, he had never learned to control himself, and in the discharge of his official duties he had been compelled to give great offense to many who honestly differed with

him. His veto of the bank bills, and his prompt measures to put down nullification, had inflamed the passions of his political opponents. Many said and believed that he was ruining the country, and he aggravated the feeling against him by his unyielding and imperious manner. A Mr. Randolph, who had been a lieutenant in the navy and had been cashiered, attempted to pull President Jackson's nose publicly, and report says, more than half succeeded. At least the President's face was covered with blood. His pride was wounded in the case, but there was no actual danger. "Had I known," said Jackson, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared, and I could have defended myself. No villain ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation." (The President was seated in an arm-chair when attacked.)

Far more serious was the attempt made upon the President's life January 30, 1835. On that day the President and his Cabinet and both houses of Congress met in the hall of the House of Representatives to take part in the funeral ceremonies of a deceased member of Congress from South Carolina. As the President, near the head of the procession, was passing out from the rotunda of the Capitol and was about to enter the portico, a man stepped out of the crowd, and standing not eight feet from the President, leveled a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The cap missed fire. The man instantly drew a second pistol from under his cloak and again tried to shoot. But the second cap also missed fire. President Jackson rushed furiously at the assassin with uplifted cane, and would have felled him to the ground, but before he could reach the man, Lieutenant Gedney, of the navy, had knocked him down, and he was speedily secured. The prisoner, who was an English house painter, named Lawrence Porter, explained his motives

in words which apply with singular aptness to the case of the wretched Guiteau.

Hearing upon all sides that the country had been ruined by the measures of General Jackson, the project of assassinating him had fastened itself in his crazy brain. The physicians who examined him reported: "He stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him; and, if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also."

Porter was placed in an asylum. The insinuations of the *Globe* that he was the agent of a conspiracy obtained no general credence. But Jackson himself always insisted that abler minds than Porter had instigated the assault. Miss Martineau, who witnessed the funeral ceremonies and had a confused view of the exciting scene when the President was shot at, writes in her "Retrospect of Western Travel."

"When I did go to the White House I took the briefest possible notice to the President of the 'insane attempt' of Porter, but the word aroused his ire. He protested, in the presence of many strangers, that there was no insanity in the case. I was silent, of course. He protested that there was a plot, and that the man was a tool, and at last quoted the Attorney-General as his authority. It was painful to hear a chief ruler publicly trying to persuade a foreigner that any of his constituents hated him to the death, and I took the liberty to change the subject."

General Jackson, to his dying hour, suspected George Poindexter, of Mississippi, of having participated in the attempt to assassinate him; but few, if any, even of his own partisans, shared in his suspicion.

THERE is no doubt that tobacco is injurious to the health. We remember the first time we tried it, we were the sickest boy in three counties.

PORTRAITS ON OUR CURRENCY.

Washington Republican.

"As familiar as people are with money," said Superintendent Casilear, "I don't believe one man in ten could tell you what heads are upon the different denominations of bank notes, while even bankers would hesitate before replying if you should ask them what portraits were placed upon the various bonds."

The reporter learned that the heads were located as follows: On United States notes—\$1, Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Jackson; \$10, Webster; \$20, Hamilton; \$50, Franklin; \$100, Lincoln; \$500, Gen. Mansfield; \$1,000, De Witt Clinton; \$5,000, Madison, and \$10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—\$10, Robert Morris; \$20, Commodore Decatur; \$50, Edward Everett; \$100, James Monroe; \$500, Charles Sumner, and \$1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—\$20, James A. Garfield; \$50, Silas Wright; \$100, Thomas H. Benton; \$500, A. Lincoln; \$1,000, Alexander Hamilton; \$5,000, James Madison, and \$10,000, Andrew Jackson.

A FULL-GROWN MAN.

New York Sun.

Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenance, sixty-eight pounds; skeleton, twenty-four pounds; skin, ten and one-half pounds; fat, twenty-eight pounds; brain, three pounds; thoracic viscera, three and one-half pounds; abdominal viscera, eleven pounds; blood which would drain from body, seven pounds.

This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains, bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and he should breathe fifteen times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man,

therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin eighteen ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during the twenty-four hours would be six pounds of water, and a little above two pounds of other matter.

BIRTHPLACE OF POE'S "RAVEN."

How a Little Dutch Lad Helped the Composer.

We look for the birthplace of the immortal lyric, not at Fordham, but at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. There, at the place called "Yaddo," east of the village on the road to the lake, was a superb piece of forest land, diversified by what were once trout streams, and now owned by Spencer Trask, Esq.: In 1784 Jacobus Barhyte, of Dutch stock, and a soldier of the revolution, who had assisted Burgoyne to surrender, bought the tract of land from which he could have the old battle-ground of Bemis Heights in view. He kept trout preserves and spread toothsome dinners, for which the place and host became famous. To these the fashionable and noted visitors to the rising watering-place came to see and be seen, to catch and to eat.

Nearly all the Presidents of the United States, European guests, literary men, wits, scholars and epicures came once or oftener to "Barhyte's." Prince Jerome Napoleon was so enamored of the natural beauties of the spot that for years it was his hope to buy it and live there.

Among the throng of gayly dressed visitors was one who in garb "looked like a prairie cowboy;" though in manners he showed himself a kindly gentleman who captivated the heart of Barhyte's grandson, and won the regard of his elders. In the lad's eye the general effect of the stranger's appearance was Mexican. He wore his black

hair rather long, covered his head with a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, and seemed of a lonely, gloomy disposition. Rarely mingling with the gay throng, he loved to ramble in the deep woods, muttering, humming and talking to himself. He spent hours at a stretch with rod in hand, and seemed to do a great deal of fishing—without the fish; for few trout seemed to come to his fly.

On one occasion the lad noticed him pacing up and down in the woods encircling the pond of the upper level, apparently delivering an oration. His favorite seat and walk was in a cleared space under the pines and hemlocks bordering the lower pond and nearer the house. A seat of boards fixed between the trees was occupied when writing was to be done. This gentleman was Edgar Allen Poe, the time was the year of 1842.

During the summer of 1843 Poe again visited the Barhytes, and by this time he and the lad were fast friends—a circumstance that sheds some light on Poe's real character. Still fond of his favorite seat under the hemlocks near the pond, the dark-eyed gentleman, as the boy well remembers, paced up and down talking and reciting to himself.

On one day, never to be forgotten, the little fellow had been out fishing for trout on the pond down in the direction of the old gristmill. Having caught his pail full, he was rowing back toward the house oblivious of visitors, and suspecting no one near, when, suddenly, the silence was broken by the deep echo of "nevermore!" As he neared the house, the sonorous polysyllable rolled over the pond and came back in echo at regular intervals.

The sound which issued from the grove seemed to be that of some one reading aloud, though only the one word "nevermore" could be distinguished. The boy, wondering to the verge of fright, knew not what to make of it, having never heard the strange word in such fashion.

As he neared the landing he began to hear whole lines, and to catch a regular cadence of sound. He now made up his mind that some one was "speaking a piece," and that it was likely to be none other than Mr. Poe. Laughing to himself at the idea of having been so scared, he gave the oars a fresh pull and the mystery was solved. There was Poe in something of a fine frenzy, pacing up and down the space cleared among the trees, reciting to himself the poem, the refrain of which had so frightened the lad at a distance—the semicroak, the demi-thunder of "nevermore."

His fears over, the boy now resolved to have some fun. Knowing the poet so well, he had by this time lost all fear of the Mexican. So, leaping ashore with his fish he walked up to the man in long hair and slouch hat, and shouted mockingly: "Oh! what a name for a bird! Who ever heard of a bird named 'Nevermore?'"

Instead of scowling or taking offense, Poe's face brightened. He clapped his hands and seemed delighted with a new idea.

"I have it," he cried. "Just the thing. That will make the stanza I need to complete the poem."

Thereupon he sat down on the rustic seat and wrote the first draft of the stanza:

"Much I marveled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore.

For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast above his sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'"

From that time forth a new tie of interest bound boy and poet together. Having now completed his first draft of the poem, Poe submitted the manuscript to his hostess, Mrs. Barhyte, for criticism, telling her that her son was the cause of "the stanza of the strange name," and that he had simply put boyish prose into his own best poetry.

GEN. CUSTER'S WIDOW.

Philadelphia Times.

Gen. Custer's widow is now living in New York, trying to get along as best she can on the slim pension the government awards her. She is a useful, hard-working little body, and is connected with the Women's Decorative Art association. She possesses many of the relics of the late war, which her husband left behind. The most interesting, perhaps, is the flag of truce under cover of which Gen. Lee surrendered to Grant. It came into Gen. Sheridan's hands, who handed it to Custer, saying: "This belongs to you; I know of no one who has done more to end this war than George A. Custer." The flag is a small white towel, which was tied to a pole and carried at the head of the little column of cavalry that appeared in Custer's front on the morning of the surrender. These curious reminders of the conflict are becoming more valuable every day.

HOW BANANAS ARE RAISED.

As everybody knows who has eaten a banana the luscious pulp is seedless. The plants are propagated from other plants, so that the stock is not likely to run out. The plant requires for vigorous growth a deep, rich soil, abundantly watered. With these conditions present, there is said to be no risk of a crop in hot regions where alone the fruit is produced.

Nine months after a cutting has been planted, a purple bud appears in the centre of the unfolding leaves that shoot out from the head of the parent stem. The stem on which the bud appears grows rapidly above the main stalk. As the bud increases in weight, the stem bends downward by a graceful curve, on the extremity of which this bud continues to grow still, the purple blossoms falling off, little shoots appear as the embryo fruit. Each fruit has a yellow blossom at its outward extremity.

At the end of three or four months

the fruit has grown to maturity, and is picked long enough before it is "dead ripe" to preserve it in marketable condition. From the roots of the parent stalk other roots appear, which are trimmed out or left to grow, as the cultivator may deem best. A single stock, therefore, bears only one bunch or crop as its life work.

Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, believing it to be the fruit of which Adam partook. The fruit has long been regarded as extremely nutritious. It is recommended above all others for invalids who are unable to swallow harder food.

An estimate by Humbolt claims that 44,000 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1,000 pounds of potatoes, that the soil that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed twenty-five men.

"ENGAGED."

Arkansas Traveller.

Our colored friends, like other people, sometimes forget that English words may have two or three meanings, and funny, if not embarrassing, mistakes follow:

"Where were you engaged last?" asked a lady of the new colored cook.

"Yer oughten'ter ax me dat, lady."

"I just want to know, as it may tend to give you character."

"Wall, lady, de las' time I was engaged was down in de bottoms. I was engaged ter Bob Phillips, de triflingest yaller man I eber seed. W'y, lady, dat man stole my year-rings and runned away! How many times wus yerself engaged; lady?"

THE HOT-WATER CURE.

Philadelphia Call.

Boarding-house keeper—"A glass of hot water! What can the man want with a glass of hot water? He doesn't shave."

Cook—"He wants ter drink it."

"To drink it? Well, I never!"

"O, all the boarders is sending fur hot water now three times a day."

"Goodness me! What for?"

"Fur to drink. They calls it the hot-water cure."

"It does beat all what new-fangled notions come up. What does it cure?"

"O they say it do cure everything just splendid."

"Thank fortune, it's cheap. Give 'em all the hot water they want, Maria."

"Yes'm."

"So hot water is a great cure, is it? Well, I shan't let any of my boarders get sick for want of medicine. Just put another gallon of hot water in that oyster soup, Maria; and I guess you better take out the oyster now—it might get too rich."

JAY GOULD'S TOMB.

New York Sun.

No name appears on the most costly and striking mausoleum in Woodlawn cemetery. The structure is in Central avenue, on the highest elevation in the grounds, and commands a view of the entire 400 acres of the cemetery. The circular plat, 250 feet in diameter, in which it stands, cost \$60,000. The mausoleum, exclusive of the ground, cost \$50,000. It is a model, exteriorly, of the Pantheon, the most famous of the wonderful buildings that once stood in the Acropolis in Athens. It is thirty-seven feet in width. It is constructed of Westerly granite, surrounded by thirty Doric pillars. The solid bronze door cost \$3,000. The roof is composed of five pieces of solid granite, each piece thirty feet in length and six feet in width—rare products of the quarry. The total amount of stone used was 800 tons. The open door reveals an aisle ten feet in width, at the end of which is an ornate stained-glass window, representing the heavenly choir, through which a soft mellow light pours upon the interior like the subdued light of a cathedral. There are twelve cata-

combs, six on each side of the aisle, arranged for the reception of one body each. Each catacomb is eight feet in length and two feet and a half in depth. The face of each catacomb is a heavy slab of polished marble. The colors of the slabs vary. Some are native stone, and some imported; all are costly. Heavy bronze handles are imbedded in each stone. The ceiling of the vault is of polished marble. The owner positively refused to have his name appear anywhere on the exterior of the building. This is the elaborate provision which has been made by Jay Gould for the disposition of his body after his death.

EDWIN FORREST.

Columbus Bohemian.

Mr. Forrest has been ever noted for forcible acting, and we are indebted to an admirer for this illustration of it. Mr. Forrest, being on a tour, complained in warm language to the supers that they had not the night before attacked him with the spirit and courage soldiers would have shown in classic times—he, Forrest, being a Roman warrior. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supers sulked and consulted.

At length the captain of the supers inquired, in his local slang: "Yer wants this to be a bully fight, eh?"

"I do," replied Mr. Forrest.

"All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded.

In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred, the great tragedian took the center of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order.

At the cue, "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches

from the stage by a well directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussle.

For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astonished, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came a few minutes of powerful acting, at the end of which one super was seen sticking head foremost in the base drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre, and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as a part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly."

A BAD SUBJECT.

Arkansas Traveler.

Colonel Mateland was recently appointed agent of a well-known life insurance company. The high standing of the Colonel, and his excellent qualifications as a businessman, immediately secured for him a remunerative run of business. The other day, while sitting in his office, a healthy-looking young man entered and said he would like to have his life insured. "I am in something of a hurry," said he, "for my friends are waiting for me there at the door. I want a ten thousand dollar policy."

The company's physician, who was present, pronounced him sound, and the policy was soon made out. Several days later, a man met the Colonel in the street and said:

"What business did young Blum have with you the other day?"

"Had his life insured."

"And you insured it."

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? He is in good health."

"But I believe he will die suddenly."

"We have an eminent physician to decide upon such possibilities. What makes you think he will die suddenly?"

"Oh, it's nothing to me, Colonel. If your physician knows, all right. The young fellow requested that he be allowed to go out and settle up his private affairs, and the judge granted it."

"The judge!" gasped the Colonel.

"Yes, the circuit judge. You see, the young fellow is to be hanged next Friday."

REBUKING CURIOSITY.

San Francisco Post.

The other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared at Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town laid awake of nights worrying over the matter. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the Sheriff volunteered to interview the stranger in behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor, as he sat in the hotel, the functionary remarked:

"Fine day, sir."

"Is, eh?" said the stranger, dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"Just four days, two hours and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.

"Then!—may I—er—ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the Sheriff, as the crowd gathered up closer.

"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially, "but I'm a Russian nihilist."

"You don't mean it?" gasped the official.

"Fact," replied the man, mournfully.

"But—er—what brings you here?" asked the sheriff.

"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe that government is on nihilists, don't you?"

"Oh!—yes—of course; go on!"

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia, or a week in Petaluma; and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma."

And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted in to dinner.

REGRETS IN SUNNY ITALY.

Louisville Commercial.

Judge Charles E. Kincaid was dreamily wandering through the vast halls of the Pitti palace in Florence with the rich, gay and frivolous Marachesi di Macaroni, looking now at a Titian, then at a Salvator Rosa or at a Del Sartor or Rubens. His beautiful companion said suddenly:

"*Amio mio*, why are you so distraught to-day, so badly in feeling, so—so—*diminuendo io banana?*"

"Ah, *cara mio*," he said, fondly and gently, chucking her under the chin, "things have changed in America since your Charley left, and he has lost the opportunity of his life."

"But prince, *moi*,"—she began, soothingly.

"I am no prince," he interrupted, hastily.

"But in your own fair country," said she, "what are you? You, who are so beautiful; so soft of hand and gentle of heart—what is your rank in your own Kentucky?"

"Ah, *Marachesi*," said he, "that is what bothers me to-day. By the time I get back to Kentucky the offices will have been distributed to that extent that I shall not be able to buy a half interest in the rank of a village postmaster."

"Is that so?" asked the *Marachesi*.

"Too true," said the judge; "too true, *Marachesi*; you can bet all you've got on the capacity of a Kentucky politician to chase an office

up a tree whenever he sees one. They'll all be treed when I see Louisville next."

It was appropriate that this occurred in the Pitti palace. The building dropped a tear, while Florence wept.

PROVERBS.

A faithful friend is a strong defence. Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

Be just, but trust not every one. Better are small fish than an empty dish.

Conduct and courage lead to honor. Change of fortune is the lot of life. Dependence is a poor trade to follow.

Despair blunts the edge of industry. Envy waits at virtue's elbow. Exalt wisdom, and she will exalt thee.

Friendship is stronger than kindred. Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

Great gifts make beggars bold. Great qualities make great men. Hope is grief's best music.

Hear first; speak afterwards.

In order to learn, we must attend. Idle people have the most labor.

Judge not men or things at first sight.

Jests, like sweetmeats, have often sour sauce.

Keep good company, and be one of the number.

Knowledge of ourselves requires great penetration.

Learning refines and elevates the mind.

Love and lordship like no fellowship.

Mildness governs better than anger.

Meditation is the fountain of discourse.

Never sport with pain or poverty. No sorrow is so great but time will lessen it.

Out of debt out of danger.

Opportunity makes the thief.

Positive men are most often in error.

Pursue useful and profitable studies.

Quit not certainty for hope.

Quick landlords make careful tenants.

Return kindness with cheerfulness.

Recklessness is the parent of misery.

Speech is the picture of the mind.

Solitude is at times the best society.

Truth is the basis of all excellence.

The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion.

Uninvited guests sit on thorns.

Unfading joys are not of this world.

Vain compliments are mere equivocations.

Vice must never plead prescription.

Where reason rules, appetite obeys.

Where avarice rules, humanity is absent.

Yielding tempers pacify resentments.

Youthful moralizers are not unlikely to become experienced judges.

Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence.

Zeal without meekness is like a ship at sea, in danger of every rising storm.

LIES THAT DON'T COUNT.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The tocsin sounds from the tower. It is my hour to put peas in my shoes and walk around the block until tea time, for telling a book canvasser yesterday that I had just received a copy of the book, "Forest's Footprints of the Algonquins," from the author, who was an old college chum and an army comrade of mine. The agent looked me in the eye, while, with many courteous regrets, I made this statement, and then, turning to the steel portrait of the author on the title page, asked me if I could recognize my old chum and army comrade.

It was the face of a motherly looking old woman of about sixty-five, and a foot note stated that she died among the Indians in the winter of 1829.

Dear beloved, my sins never count anything against me. I always get caught.

THE CONFEDERATE SALT WORKS.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger gives an interesting account of Saltville, near the Clinch mountains in West Tennessee, where the Southern people obtained their salt during the rebellion. The locality is a basin including about six hundred acres, the bed of a former lake, forming one of those rich blue-grass bottoms that are worth a fortune to the cattle-raiser and underlying it is a salt-rock. Here is made the salt that supplies western Virginia, eastern Tennessee and northern Georgia and Alabama. In 1858, George W. Palmer, a New York salt-maker from Syracuse, came to the region and went into the salt-making industry in a small way. Wells were sunk piercing the rock, the water beneath it was raised to the surface, boiled in pans, and the salt thus obtained. The industry was in moderate operation when the rebellion began, and it then extended in an amazing way. The blockade of the Southern ports cut off all the outside supply of salt, and here almost the entire Confederacy had to come for it. The manufacture was made a national one, each Southern State established its agency, paying a royalty for the salt produced, and Col. Palmer, extending his business, took in Gen. Stuart as a partner. They are now probably the two wealthiest men in Virginia. During the war federal troops destroyed the works, but after they left the manufacture was resumed. It was enormously profitable for the owners, who turned out as much as ten million bushels a year. The receipts of Confederate money were at times so heavy that they had not the opportunity to count it, but bundled it up, taking the account as sent them. As gold appreciated and the paper accumulated they bought land. In this way Stuart got seventy thousand acres, and Palmer bought all the region surrounding Salt Lick, thus getting a magnificent estate of twelve thousand acres, on which he

now lives with his brother, and breeds many thousands of sheep and hundreds of fine cattle. The salt industry by this process often produced them an acre of land for a bushel of salt in the high war prices, but the production has now fallen off, about 600,000 bushels being turned out annually.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"William Broker," she said to her husband very earnestly, as they sat at the breakfast table, "look me in the eye and tell me the truth. Are you losing all your money in a fruit speculation?"

He was scared to death when she began, but conscious innocence gave him strength and courage as she concluded her question.

"No," he said firmly, "I am not."

"I believe you are," she said, shaking her head, "for last night you cried in your sleep and said you had lost every chip you had in the world on one little pear."

And then he gasped and admitted that he had dropped a few cases in a little deal in perishable fruits. But it was the narrowest escape he ever had in his life.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S GRAVE.

Hartford Times.

"Bury me in sight of dear old Boston" was the dying request of America's great actress—Charlotte Cushman. And how faithfully that wish has been gratified. On a sloping bank, in full view of the gilded dome of the State House and the piles of brick and granite which cover the hill on which Boston is built, is an ivy covered grave, and the tall unpolished granite shaft bears the words: "Charlotte Cushman." A bouquet of withered flowers lay near the head of the mound, telling of friends who have not forgotten the great favorite, although more than eight years have elapsed since her death. The lot is surrounded with beds of ivy, granite posts marking the corners.

AN HONEST GERMAN'S DILEMMA.

Detroit Free Press.

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross-examination came the opposing counsel asked:

"Now, Jacob, there was trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?"

"I oexpect dere vhas."

"He said something about your dog being a sheep-killer, and you resented it, eh?"

"Vhell, I calls him a liar."

"Exactly. Then he called you some hard names?"

"He calls me a sauer-kraut Dutchmans."

"Just so. That made you mad?"

"Oof course. I vhas so madt I shake all oafser."

"I thought so. Now, Jacob, you are a man who speaks the truth. I don't believe you could be hired to tell a lie."

"Vell, I plief I vhas pooty honest."

"Of course you are—of course. Now, Jacob, you must have struck the first blow. You see——"

The other lawyer objected, and after a wrangle the defendant turned to the court and said:

"I doan' exactly make oudt how it vhas. I like to own oop dot I shtruck first, but haf paid my lawyer \$5 to brove de odder vhay. I doan' like to tell a lie, but I feel badt to lose der money."

HE WASN'T A SHOEMAKER.

Toronto Grip.

An amusing scene occurred in a Spadina-avenue car the other day. One of its occupants was a very lah-de-dah fellow indeed, a howling swell, and evidently only recently arrived from the old country. The car stopped, and a barrister with his blue bag over his shoulder got in. Our "howler" scrutinized him for some moments through his eye-glass, and finally addressed him thus, the rest of the people in the car tittering

and smiling very audibly the while. "Haw! I say—ah—you—I say, I—aw—want a paiah of boots made—aw."

The legal gentleman regarded the other with a look on his face that said as plainly as looks can speak, "This fellow's a lunatic," and then he spoke aloud.

"Well, my dear sir, what have I got to do with your boots?"

"Well, b' gad, y' know—aw—cawn't you wecommend your firm—aw? I want a good paiah—aw; I'm doosid p'ticulah about my boots—aw?"

"You're laboring under a mistake, sir; I know nothing about boots," replied the "limb."

"Well, b' gad—I say—aw—ain't you a shoemaker—aw?"

"Shoemaker! What do you mean, sir?" enquired the other, fiercely.

"Aw—my good fellah—keep cool, y' know—but—that bag, y' know." And then it dawned on the man of law that in England shoemakers call on their customers to try ordered boots on; said boots being invariably carried in a blue bag very similar to those in which our barristers carry—what? And the smile became general, but the Englishman wot not why those who laughed did so. And he was sore perplexed.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

San Francisco Post.

When the defendant took the stand his Honor said:

"Prisoner, you are charged with having removed the goblet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders, with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way."

"Well, Shudge," replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, "of gorse I vants to get along in peesness."

"After which," continued the Court, sternly, "you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders, and attached to the other hand a lot

of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil."

"Dose hair oil is fust rate, your Honor," said the defendant. "I vould like to sell you a pottle."

"And yesterday," continued the Court, consulting the indictment, "you obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in question."

"Dose blug hat is cheap at \$4, Shudge. Moses Levy sharges fife and a halef vor dem same kind," returned the trader cheerfully; "I beats dose fellers efery dimes."

"And at night," went on his Honor, "at night it appears you place in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and reprehensible."

"Dot's right, Shudge, said Mr. Solomons, delightedly. "Bitch into me off you blease. Spheak loudt, so dose newspaper vellers gan hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters.

"Great heavens," thundered the Court, as a frightful idea struck him. "Is it possible you have the mendacity to use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?"

"Dot's it, dot's it, Shudge?" exclaimed the Cheap John, rubbing his hands exultantly. "I swore out der complaint myself."

A SIREN'S SONG.

Chicago Tribune.

"Do you love me truly, Harold?"

Lurline Neversink was even more beautiful than usual as she stood in the soft, mellow light that streamed from the chandelier overhead and looked down fondly upon her Geo. W. Simpson. Bending tenderly over the girl, George kisses her in a chaste, New Haven, Conn., manner, but does not trust himself to answer in words the fateful question she has asked. And then they pass into the music room, which is separated from the hall by a portiere of navy

blue velvet. The windows of the room are shaded by curtains of the same rich color, and the walls between them are covered with paintings. Statues of Mozart, Beethoven, and Guido filled niches, while over the low mantel hung a full-length portrait of Maud S. No word was spoken until Lurline had seated herself at the piano. Lurline began to sing. Carried away by the inspiration of the moment, she sang on and on, until at last she paused from sheer exhaustion. And then, seeing that George was not at her side, she turned to the fauteuil at her left. There he lay—dead—in all the proud grandeur of his glorious manhood. The mellow light from the chandelier stole into the chamber of death and wandered over his stately form that lay powerless and stricken, over his noble, handsome face, telling, even in death, of the deathless love he bore her. He had forgotten to plug up his ears.

A SENSIBLE COW.

Norristown Herald.

A quart of whisky was mixed with feed and given to a cow in a New York town, and half an hour later the animal was bellowing "We won't go home till morning," or something that way, and treated several persons to a couple of "horns," and acted in a very reprehensible manner generally. When she sobered up, she jumped down a bank and broke her neck. This shows the superior intelligence and good sense of the cow over the average bibulous person. When the latter gets drunk and make things howl, instead of jumping down a bank and breaking his neck when he gets sober, he immediately begins to lay the foundation for another drunk.

THERE are said to be 11,000 one-legged men in the United States. One-legged men form the most peaceful and submissive element of our population. They never kick.—*Boston Globe.*

ONE OF THE SQUATTER FAMILY.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"I do not see any peculiarity about your people," said an eastern Judge, addressing his traveling companion, a well-known Arkansas lawyer. "I have traveled quite extensively in the State, and I have not, as yet, found that eccentricity of action and prevarication of reply that has often amused me in the newspapers."

"You have done most of your traveling by rail," the lawyer replied. "This is your first trip away from the main road. I'll show you some of our genuine natives. Yonder is a house. Call the landlord and hold a conversation with him."

"Hallo!" called the judge.

"Comin'!" the man replied, depositing a child in the doorway and advancing.

"How's all the folks?"

"Children's hearty; wife's not well. Ain't what you might call bed-sick, but jest sorter stretchy."

"Got anything to eat in the house?"

"Ef I had it anywhere, I'd have it in the house."

"How long have you been living here?"

"Too long."

"How many years?"

"Been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?"

"The year I come here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived, he would have been the oldest till yit; but he died. Jim's the oldest."

"How old is Jim?"

"He ain't as old as the one what died."

"Well, how old was the one that died?"

"He was older than Jim."

"What do you do here for a living?"

"Eat."

"How do you get anything to eat?"

"The best way we kin."

"How do you spend your Sundays?"

"Like the week days."

"How do you spend them?"

"Like Sundays."

"Is that your daughter, yonder?"

"No, sir; she ain't my daughter yonder, nor nowhere else."

"Is she a relative of yours?"

"No, sir; no kin."

"Kin to your wife, I suppose?"

"No kin to my wife, but she's kin to my children."

"How do you make that out?"

"She's my wife."

"How far is it to the next house?"

"It's called three miles, but the man who calls it that is a liar."

"I've got enough," said the judge, turning to the lawyer. "Drive on. I pity the man who depends on this man for information."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

Cleveland Herald.

He was on the witness stand and asked if he had ever struck his wife.

"Well, yes; I did kinder tap her once with a table leg."

"Is that the only time?" asked the attorney.

"Well, no; I did strike her on the arm once, which made it swell up a little."

"Any other time?"

"I hit her with a poker once, but it wasn't my fault. I took the poker for to get a coal from the stove for to light me pipe when the old woman come for me, and I held out the poker for to defend myself, and she ran against it pretty hard."

"Did you ever throw anything at her?"

"I heaved a stove lid at her once when she come for me."

"It is charged that you threw bricks at the house once; is this true?"

"I threw a few bricks at the house once, but I didn't mash any windows, yer honor."

The divorce was granted.

JACK AND THE THIEF.

New York Ledger.

Once upon a time, when the old City Tavern was standing in Boston, and a Mr. Doolittle kept it, Jack Tar, who had just been paid off from an Indiaman of Billy Grey's, took up his quarters there.

On the very first occasion of his sitting at dinner, Jack saw something that surprised him.

He had taken particular notice of an exquisitely dressed gentleman, who sat very nearly opposite to him at table; and he thought he would watch this gentleman, to copy his manners, as he wished to be polite and proper.

Well, he had watched the exquisite narrowly, and presently he saw a silver spoon slip into the gentleman's pocket; and directly afterwards, a larger spoon—of sterling silver—from one of the dishes near him. Pretty soon Jack made up his mind as to the meaning of what he had seen. It had puzzled him at first. And he resolved to expose the rascal.

To that end he very quietly took a desert spoon; wiped it on his napkin, and then stuck it into two of the button-holes on the lappet of his blue jacket.

Then he took a larger spoon from a berry-dish, and fixed that in like manner, upon the opposite lappet.

And in this manner, with those flaunting silver bouquets exposed on his breast, he arose to leave the table.

Doolittle himself, who had been serving at the carving-table, chanced to see him.

"Hallo! Jack! what in the world does that mean?" pointing to the spoons.

"Well, I'll tell you: You see that gentleman there—just goin' out? Well, I discovered him a h'istin' two of 'em into his pockets, and I thought it might be the fashion. So I just put mine thar!"

Doolittle nodded, and ran after the gentleman just going out. He

recovered the two spoons, and shortly thereafter the exquisitely dressed guest was marching away in company with Constable Clapp.

GREATEST RAILROAD BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

London Telegraphs

Considerable progress is now being made with the works of the great bridge across the Frith of Forth, which includes two spans of the unprecedented width of one-third of a mile each, or about four times that of any existing railroad bridge. Some £30,000 per month is the present expenditure in temporary and permanent works. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the undertaking from the statement that the materials required for the Forth bridge would fill one thousand trains of average length and capacity. This enormous weight will, of course, require to be handled several times, the whinstone alone being found on the spot, the granite being shipped from Aberdeen, the steel from Glasgow and South Wales, and the Portland cement from different places in England. Where the bed of the river is of rock it will be leveled and otherwise prepared for the piers by means of a large diving bell of special construction, wherein are a series of rock drills driven by compressed air, the whole being lighted by incandescent electric lights. Where the foundation is on clay a considerable thickness of mud and silt has to be cut through, and preparations are now complete for putting in the first of the piers by what is known as the pneumatic process. A caisson, or diving bell, seventy feet in diameter and sixty-five feet in height, will be sunk to the required depth by a large number of men working in the bell, which will, of course, be constantly fed with compressed air, to prevent the water from flowing into the chamber and to supply the men with the required amount of oxygen.

BAD TIMES FOR RUSSIA.

New York Herald.

A big man with a slouched hat got on board of a Third avenue horse-car at Second street yesterday, pulled a copy of Freiheit out of his pocket, and began to read savagely.

"Are you a nihilist?" asked a Herald reporter.

"Yes," replied the man, speaking with a strong German accent. Then he looked around suspiciously, and, thrusting the paper into his pocket with an air of mystery, continued: "I've just got back from Russia. I tell you there's going to be a big time there soon. Six months—that's all the time the present government of Russia will last at the outside."

"Say there are 500,000 officeholders in Russia," returned the reporter, "you'll have to kill half of them before the government is destroyed."

"We'll do it," said the socialist.

"Say that four nihilists get killed or caught before each officeholder is killed," pursued the reporter. "That will make 1,250,000 nihilists to kill the 250,000 officeholders. Are there enough nihilists to go round?"

"Of course," replied the socialist.

"Besides, it won't take that many. One nihilist can kill five men. That's what we calculate. One socialist can overcome ten men," he added with enthusiasm.

Just then a little conductor came up, with his cap over his left eye, and his wrench in his right hand. "Sa-ay," he began sternly, "d'ye hear me? I'm talkin', I am. Yer can't smoke in my car. Put out that air cigar or I'll fire ye off."

The socialist started up fiercely, but caught sight of the painted eye of the conductor. Then he quailed, and, meekly obeying, began to weave a plot for mixing dynamite with the small conductor's chewing tobacco.

HE FILLED THE BILL.

El Paso Times.

Taylor, the wizard, gave a show in the theater at Pass del Norte the other night, in which he advertised

to perform the most wonderful leger-demain tricks. The Mexicans turned out en masse to witness the performance. The receipts aggregated about \$80 or \$90, and then he walked upon the stage and addressed the audience in something like the following style: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you this evening as one of the most wonderful men now living. I will show you a trick tonight that will make you open your eyes. It is called 'The Mystic Man or the Disappearance.'" Here he brought out a large box and placed it on the stage, and then proceeded: "I will now shut myself up in this box, and the trick is to find me." At this point the wizard entered the box and closed the lid. After waiting some time the audience became anxious to see the man, and as he did not appear they proceeded to examine the box, and lo and behold! there was no man in it. The box was so constructed that the man could escape from the rear, and this he had done, taking with him, in addition to the funds he had collected at the door, a coat containing \$15, belonging to one of the men connected with the theater. That was the last seen of him.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

Wilkesbarre Journal.

When Edison, genius and inventor that he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York Elevated railroad trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the car three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy which was patented, and she was paid the sum of \$10,000 and a royalty forever. Her name is Mrs. Mary Walton, and she lives in New York City.

THE WAY TO PARALYZE HIM.

Philadelphia Call.

Dumley had taken the landlady's daughter to the theatre and, as usual, had business outside between the acts.

"Do you see young Brown, over there?" he said to the young woman.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, he is a man I expect to paralyze some day."

"Are you going out to see another

man at the conclusion of this act?" she asked.

"Yes," Dumley said reluctantly, "I am afraid I shall have to; he is waiting for me now."

"Well," said the young lady, "I don't like Mr. Brown very much either, and I will tell you what to do. When you return from seeing the gentleman outside who is waiting for you, just step over to where Mr. Brown is sitting and breathe on him. That will paralyze him."

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm;
Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beyond the bars,
Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
Or the hint of the frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
And one a man in the pride of youth;
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
He says, full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunsets glow
Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
Spake words as tender, in tones as low;
They come to her now from beyond the grave,
The words of her darling, so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose of June!"
Her eyes are dim, and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love tune
As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say?
Yes. One has read the story through;
One has her beautiful yesterday;
And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
Goes up to God, through His silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
For the two who linger beside the bars.

—Anon.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.

WM. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00

SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

MARCH, 1885.

THE VALUE OF GOOD CHARACTER.

It is not required that we should be specially critical in defining the term "character," and yet it may be prudent to quote the lexicon so far as to say that character, as we have chosen to discuss the subject in this article, means the "sum of qualities which distinguish one man from another." The man of *good* character may be distinguished from a man of *bad* character by habit, thought and action, forming lines of demarcation, which, when discovered, do not admit of controversy. It is no part of our purpose to engage in homiletic discourse, nor to be more serious than the subject requires. We shall not choose theological standards, by which the terms good and bad, wisdom and wickedness, are determined, not that we propose any test the church has in the past or may in the future establish for settling such questions, but rather because our reflections go beyond the domain of profession or confession, dogma and creed, for the purpose of

finding premises and principles which relate to the present rather than to the future, but which will be found, nevertheless, to contain the essence of the best divinity preached or practiced among men.

A good character may be claimed by the man who does unto others as he would have others do unto him. That is said to be the "Golden Rule" of life, and yet we can conceive of carping critics, who, to gratify their penchant for magnifying exceptions, say that even the "golden rule" has its irregularities, and will not answer the purpose of determining with satisfactory accuracy a man's character. The golden rule, notwithstanding any amount of adverse criticism remains an indestructible element of good character, and we aver there can be no such thing as good character when the "golden rule" is discarded.

It may be said that character is like coin. Some very base metals have had conferred upon them, by the fiat of government, certain money value and to that extent they were *good*, though of comparatively little influence in shaping the course of trade and commerce, and thus in coin, from iron to gold, as in character, we have good, better, best. It will not be difficult for the average reader, to call to mind the copper cent character, the nickel character, the dime character, silver and gold characters, ranging all the way from the dime to the double eagle, good small men and large good men, nor will it be more difficult to call to mind counterfeit characters representing all the coins we have named.

The value of a good character cannot be computed. Good character is absolutely impregnable. Like truth, it may be crushed for a time, but like truth, it will rise again. We are not discussing perfect character, since fallibility peculiar to human nature does not admit of perfection, and yet it might be said, with much propriety that a perfect human being, must necessarily include certain elements, which, if unduly developed, constitute imperfections in the most aggravated form.

It might be interesting to continue such hair-splitting disquisitions, but our purpose is far more practical. Massing all that hypercriticism has been able to formulate to the contrary, there are men of unwavering integrity, men who will tell the truth who will neither lie nor steal, who have the courage and the high sense of honor to do right under all circumstances, as they are able to discern the right; such men must inevitably be regarded as possessed of good character.

It may be objected that our theory would assign good characters to those miserable fanatics whose iron-clad creeds exclude all who do not yield a cheerful acquiescence in their dictate. By no means, since it could be easily shown that such persons are not disposed to do unto others as they would be done by, and wherever that essential element of good character is wanting there need be no hesitancy in forming conclusions.

It should be understood that character involves the idea of growth, building. A man is not born with any character, good, bad or indiffer-

ent. He may inherit name and fortune, but he cannot come into the possession of good character as an heir. He is required to be the architect of his own character. In no instance will he be so poor as to be without helps to the formation of good character, nor so rich in friendship and finance as to be exempt from temptation, and fortunately, human affairs are so adjusted, that whatever may be said about the inequalities existing in society, no man nor set of men monopolize virtue. Those who choose it can always have their full share. It cannot be "cornered;" no price can be set upon it, for, though beyond all price, the poor can possess it in as rich abundance as the most favored of fortune's favorites, and thus it is true, according to the philosophy of Burns,

"An honest man, though a' sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

It will be remembered, doubtless, by those familiar with the productions of a certain class of writers, now, fortunately disappearing, that it was common for them to refer to men, who, starting in life poor, had achieved distinction in any of the walks of life, as having been "born of poor but respectable parents," intimating that genuine manhood should be sought for among the rich rather than the poor, in the mansion house rather than in the humble homes of those whose inheritance it was to go forth to battle unaided, except by a noble purpose to conquer adverse circumstances, and upon whose labor-browed brow the beaded sweat was a jewel, compared with which diamonds are gewgaws. We do not esteem it an exhibi-

tion of wisdom, nor indeed in consonance with the logic of facts, to regard rich men as so many dangers to avoid. We do not belong to that class of writers or thinkers who are continually predicting the downfall of the Republic consequent upon the increase of wealth. We are not in sympathy with those whose readings and reflections lead them to compare the American Republic and the American people with Rome and Romans in their decline. True, the time may come when wealth and luxury, pride and pomp shall have obliterated the monuments of our valor and virtue when some vaulting Cæsar shall grasp the scepter and reduce American freemen to slaves, but such catastrophies are not likely to occur for so many centuries that their possible occurrence may be dismissed as proper subjects for crack-brained vagarists.

But to our subject. It is doubtless true that a good name is preferable to great riches, but a good name with great riches constitutes a power for good in the world which it would be difficult to unduly magnify, and fortunately the world is not without such men, and when instances can be cited, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to make them conspicuous in the literature of the times. It is quite as proper to write of the good examples of living men, as of those which have embellished the lives of dead men.

Never in the history of the country has good character been in greater demand than at present. The press, with its extraordinary facilities for obtaining news, publishes broadcast

every instance of lax integrity, until it were folly to disguise that superficial thinkers and observers exhibit alarm. The vices of bad men are published, while the virtues of good men go unheralded, and as a consequence people exclaim "O, the times, O, the manners," when, in fact, the votaries of honor, truth and integrity, and all the virtues that have at any time adorned society, are more numerous now than at any previous period. Men of good character, of robust virtues, worthy of confidence, and who can be trusted, are with us now, and can be had, if sought, to manage public and private affairs.

Such reflections lead us to remark that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has a vital interest in the subject under discussion. The Brotherhood now has 245 Lodges. To these Lodges, in the very nature of things, is committed the destinies of the Brotherhood. It goes for nothing, that the Brotherhood inscribes upon its banners mottoes glowing with devotion to integrity, sobriety, industry and benevolence, if these virtues are not fully illustrated in the personnel of the Lodges. And just here we ask how can the Lodge give practical force and value to profession? We answer by conferring official position upon its best men. Men of known and unquestioned integrity, whose daily life is regulated by standards which win and hold not only of their immediate associates, but of the community where they live.

The Master of a Lodge should be a man of recognized probity and of influence, industrious and vigilant.

His associates having given him prominence, he should be ambitious to make their investment in his capabilities pay the largest possible dividends in all that pertains to the welfare of the Lodge and the Brotherhood. Prompt in attendance upon the meetings of the Lodge and firm in the enforcement of its laws, quick to appreciate merit and quite as ready in detecting and exposing wrong, he at once inspires the better element of the membership with confidence and zeal, and holds in check those who, from whatever cause, exert a harmful influence. In these regards the value of good character will at once be appreciated and will secure for the Lodge and the Order the largest possible success. We further remark that the value of good character will be seen at once and continuously in the office of Financier. If in this office integrity is ever called in question, demoralization is almost certain to result. In saying this we do not refer to chronic fault-finding, an affliction from which few, if any, human organizations are exempt, we do not refer to those unfortunate people whose minds are always clouded with vague suspicion and who croak in innuendoes, but we refer to men who complain only when habits of life are such as to call in question the fitness of Financiers to control the finances of the Lodge whose methods of account-keeping are defective and whose reports exhibit a want of care and of exactness which lead to errors and to the most unfortunate complications. The prosperity and the stability of our Brotherhood absolutely require in the office of Finan-

cier every essential element of good character, and we do not hesitate to say that upon the integrity of that officer more than upon any other the success of the Brotherhood depends. The financial resources of the Brotherhood depend in a large measure upon the Financiers of the Lodges. The grand sum totals disbursed annually by our Brotherhood are made up of the small contributions of the membership, and deficits at the fountain head will tell to the disadvantage of the Order in the annual balance sheets. In such matters the value of good character becomes more conspicuous the more the subject is debated. As a Brotherhood we have brought order out of chaos, we have reduced theory to practical methods, we have voiced the grand idea that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is the champion of all the virtues which adorn society, and by placing a proper value upon good character in carrying forward the enterprises of the Order, we shall not only retain our own self-respect, but in addition will be certain to secure the confidence and esteem of all men whose good opinion is worth seeking.

THE ATTEMPTED BLACK LIST DEGRADATION OF EMPLOYEES.

In a recent debate in the United States Senate, on Inter-State Commerce, Senator Vance, of North Carolina, said: "Now, our laws forbid absolutely the tyranny of one man over another, or of any kind of restraint whatever by one man over the personal freedom of another." The proposition is so self-evident that discussion would ob-

scure, rather than add luster to the truth it embodies. It may be said, indeed, the proclamation cannot be too frequently or too emphatically made, that when one seizes an opportunity to tyrannize over another, he becomes a monster of such hideous mien, is so corrupted by vile propensities, and so hardened by the cultivation of detestable purposes, that whatever may be his position or surroundings, he has only to be known to be at once consigned, by all honorable men, to a class of miscreants whose existence can be accounted for upon no rational hypothesis. He is a human reptile, and only an inscrutable creator could tell why he exists. To this class belong those railway superintendents who have evolved, what is widely known as "blacklisting" methods, whereby employees, who from any cause, may be discharged, are BLACKLISTED, that is to say, *branded* as unworthy of employment and confidence, and followed up in their search for work and made to realize that these sleuth hounds of persecution, as relentless as death, are following them through every lane and avenue of life, ready and prepared to deprive them of employment and make their lives an intolerable burden. This movement, the gods be praised, is said to be confined to about thirty "down east" superintendents, and manifestly has for its object the degradation of employees, freemen, men robbed in the sovereignty of American citizenship, to the condition of serfs, creatures who belong to certain railways, and wear the collar of certain superintendents. Honestly

analyzed, the blacklisting infamy is designed to bring about that condition among American laborers. To illustrate: A is in the employment of B, an eastern railway superintendent, with whom he disagrees, as he has a perfect right to do, receives his discharge and is therefore required to seek employment elsewhere and under some other "boss." What is the result? Simply this: B enters his name upon the *black list*, and forthwith it is sent to every other *blacklisting* superintendent. A goes forth with a blacklisting mark upon him. He goes the rounds, everywhere B has preceded him. If he finds work at all it must be outside of his chosen vocation. He must apply elsewhere and for employment in which he has little or no experience. The blacklisting curse may even follow him there. He is doomed to idleness and to all the ills which idleness entails—poverty, tramping, ostracism, degradation and possibly crime. These blacklisting scoundrels doubtless reason among themselves "our men know the penalty of a discharge, of abandoning our employment, and rather than take its risks, will submit to our degrading demands, and be silent and submissive to our rules." By such processes, it is understood, that about thirty eastern railway superintendents anticipate lordly control over their employes. We learn from the *Railroader*, published at Toledo, Ohio, that there is a wide-spread protest throughout the west against this blacklisting programme. It cannot be too extended, too unanimous nor too emphatic.

Blacklisting is a move in the wrong direction. It will not be tolerated. It is opposed to law, justice and common decency. The superintendents who practice the execrable outrage upon working men should be everywhere held up to public scorn and contempt. They are enemies of public order. They dethrone law. They invite anarchy. They are the assassins of character. They inaugurate deep seated enmities, and are the deadly foes of free institutions. We hear much, now-a-days, about the murderous designs of dynamiters, of the vagaries of socialists of "red handed" communists, to the end of the chapter, but here we have it stated that some thirty railway superintendents have organized a *blacklisting Kuktux Klan*, whose mission it is to follow up certain blacklisted mechanics and working men for the purpose of robbing them of the means of subsistence, dogging their steps for the purpose of keeping them in idleness till gaunt hunger gnaws at their vitals, until rags bespeak their degradation and blank despair shrouds their lives. This is certainly a new departure in railroading. It demands the widest possible notoriety. It means mischief. It cannot survive light. It is dirty in its very conception and damnable in every feature. It is anti-American. It is an exhibition of arrogance and turpitude deserving crushing resentment. American working men are not serfs—they will not wear the collar of railway superintendents, east or west. They are not cringing, fawning, lick-spittles, to approach railway superintendents on their

bellies in the dust. The blacklisting gang, by the fiat of justice, will be required to change their policy. This should be the motto, not only of all the railway papers in the land, but the press generally should demand that the blacklisting railway superintendents should at once change their programme.

A PEACEFUL MARCH TO THE SEA.

Some years ago—the woeful recollections are still vivid as lightning in the minds of millions—General Sherman, with an army of forty thousand thoroughly equipped soldiers, starting from Atlanta, made his historical march to the sea. Orators, in sounding periods, have embellished that march and its results with all the wealth of rhetoric, poets have sung it in strains of impassioned song, painters, thrilled with the majesty of the undertaking, have transferred to canvas its more startling incidents, and thus historian, poet, orator and painter have vied with each other to make Sherman's March to the Sea immortal in memory. But while the centuries come and go, it will keep in remembrance the most terrible calamities that ever befell any people under heaven. It tells of war, blood, carnage, death and desolation, of conquest and defeat, but out of which, thank God, came a new Union, to know, we believe, fratricidal war no more. Garments dyed in blood have passed away, the clarion of war is heard no more, and now Northern sympathy flows Southward as do our great rivers, and those who are not dead

to the claims of fraternity and the blessings of peace, welcome the yearnings of the men and women, once estranged, but now united in destiny, as they do the south winds in May, which come with the sunshine to deck all the land in emerald beauty. Sherman's march to the sea is of the gloomy past. We write of another march to the sea, not with forty thousand mailed warriors, not with swords and guns and all the enginery of war, but the march of one man with *forty thousand* peaceful hopes and thoughts in the interests of fraternity, prosperity, peace and progress. We write of the recent tour through the South, from Atlanta to Savannah by the sea, of the Grand Organizer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. If Sherman's mission, as he marched to the sea, was conquest by the display and operation of overwhelming military power, the mission of our Organizer, though not less in the hope of conquest, was to build rather than destroy, to embellish every meeting with friendly greetings, and to bring locomotive enginemen of the South "into fraternal association with their fellow-workmen of the North, East and West and thereby make the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in the majesty of its geographical sweep, in fact, as well as in name, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America.

It is most gratifying to state that the march of our Grand Organizer to the sea was cheerfully successful. At Savannah, Macon and Atlanta he found men intelligently alive to the noble mission of the Brother-

hood, ready to organize and hopeful of the triumphs of the Order throughout the South. In the cities named, Lodges have been established and fifty Locomotive Firemen, inspired by commendable zeal for the success of the Brotherhood, will contribute their full share to the fulfillment of its fraternal and benevolent ambitions.

In our conversation with our Grand Organizer we learn that the South is an inviting field for our Brotherhood to extend its operations. Firemen and engineers are big-brained and broad-gauged men, and when thoroughly informed in regard to the noble purposes of our Order will be quick to perceive its many advantages and will, without doubt, give it a hearty welcome to their sunny land. The *march* of Bro. Stevens to the sea was a continuous series of satisfactions and under auspices which could scarcely have been improved. The Engineers and Firemen with whom he had the pleasure of social converse received him with a generous cordiality, listened respectfully to his suggestions and were appreciative of all the facts relating to the progress of the Brotherhood, and that the immediate future will witness a large membership among the enginemen who operate the Southern system of railways may be regarded a foregone conclusion. This done and our noble Brotherhood will be in fact as well as in name the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America and the beneficence of its sway and its elevating and dignifying influence will embrace the continent.

EDUCATION.

There is no other word in the English language that is so persistently abused as the word education. From the cradle to the grave we hear the changes rung on this word. Education in the minds of some people is the be-all and end-all of human life. This is in a measure true if we confine ourselves to the proper meaning of the word. Education may mean little or it may mean everything, much depends upon the definer.

The schoolmaster usually acts as if the word education meant the acquiring of certain rules and facts of grammar, arithmetic and geography. His idea is to make a walking encyclopedia of his pupil. He forgets that the learning of facts is not of itself education, it is simply the means of acquiring an education. If the learning of a great number of facts is education a simple way to be educated is to carry a cart load of condensed encyclopedias with you and turn to the fact wanted at the particular time. In other words, education as defined by the schoolmaster is simply an effort of memory.

This theory is all wrong. A man may know just how many soldiers Alexander commanded at the battle of Arbela; he may know the names of each one of the Ptolemaic dynasty; he may have measured the earth with La Place, have gazed into the star depths with Herschel; he may have gone down into the bowels of the earth with the geologist Lyell; he may know all about the Darwinian theory, the theory of Symmes hole, and with it all be a fool.

Education is the power to think

and judge correctly of men and things. An educated man never "slops over," never makes a fool of himself in the matter of dress. He is always self-reliant, quick to perceive the proper relations of things. The educated man is seldom "rattled," he takes things easy. He is not frothy, nor does he use Latin terms when talking to a laboring man. He is never a "crank," but at the same time he is earnest and impressive, because true education teaches one enough of the solemnities of life to add force and gravity to the character.

The educated man is not an extremist. He looks with compassion upon crime, knowing that in most cases it is the result of bad surroundings. He scorns the follies of fashion and hates the sycophant and the liar. He is never a fop nor a "bummer." He is easy in his manners, reasonably careful in his dress and makes as much of the world and its enjoyments as he can, believing that all the beautiful and useful things of life are given to man for his enjoyment and not as a source of punishment.

This is a faint picture of the educated man. This education is not all acquired from books, from lecturers, from college professors. Any man who has wits and keeps his eyes open can be educated in the sense here expressed. Don't be a fool, don't be one-sided, don't be a bigot, don't be a "crank." Be self-reliant. Be prudent. Be brave. Don't believe everything you hear, nor sneer at everything you do not do yourself. Religion is a good thing. Politics are necessary. Society will al-

ways exist. Respect things as you find them, better them if you can. All old things are not good, neither are all the new. Give every one a fair hearing and judge not till you know all the facts in a given case.

Colleges do not make educated men. In fact, most men who have impressed themselves upon their fellows have been men without college education so-called. If Gen. Jackson had been a fine Greek scholar he could not have been a better statesman than he was. He was educated in spite of the fact that he spelled streets-t-r-e-e-a-t. Lincoln was a magnificent rail-splitter, a fine lawyer and a noble President, but he knew little about the classics and still less about science.

It is a good thing to know facts, but it is a better thing to know what to do or say when called upon to do or say. An engineer who knows all about Greek, Latin and French would be counted a smart man among his associates, and they might go so far as to envy him a little, but the engineer who knows just what to do when he is whistling "down brakes" with a bridge gone fifty yards ahead, is a better educated man than the first one, if the first one did not know what to do in the terrible emergency. To sum the whole matter up, the educated man is the one who knows just what to do and when to do it.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

The storm passed by, and the glad sun shone
Brightly the breaking clouds among:
In the maple tree top a bluebird sang;
In the east a beautiful rainbow hung.

"O mamma, look!" and my wee one laughed:
"Oh, look, mamma! Is it made of flowers?
Or is it the ladder the angels use
When they carry up water to make the shower?"

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

WOMEN IN 1884.

Perhaps no year in history has shown a greater improvement in the condition of women than the one which has just closed. Not that there have been any remarkably progressive steps but there has been a steady and sure advancement all along the line. This gradual breaking down of barriers is quite as pronounced in foreign countries as in our own. The privileges granted in regard to education are most marked. The great Oxford University of England has at last admitted women to the honor examinations, after a most bitter contest, a move which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible. The Victoria and the Dublin Royal Universities have opened their degrees, with a few exceptions, to women. A woman has just taken the degree of Doctor of Science at London University, an examination so difficult that, although it has been in existence for years, has never been passed but once before. A lady at Queen's University, Canada, has just passed the best examination in Greek of any student of either sex who has ever graduated from that university. A lady has just graduated with high honor from the University of Melbourne, Australia, the first on record. The Corcoran School of Arts and Sciences, at Washington, has opened its doors to women. A suggestion to have girls excluded from Adelbert College, Cleveland, was overwhelmingly defeated by public sentiment.

After many years of the most obstinate hostility, the Massachusetts Medical Society has been obliged to admit women. Women have been admitted to practice medicine in Bologna and Belgium. A woman has addressed the New York Academy of Medicine. Women are practicing in hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, prisons, in fact almost everywhere that men are admitted. They are also graduating and making wonderful progress in schools of Pharmacy all over the world.

In the churches women are steadily advancing. Methodists and Congregationalists have set the example of ordaining women to preach. Even the Jews have laid aside the traditions of ages and now permit women to take part in liturgical exercises.

Mrs. Erminie A. Smith is the first woman ever to be appointed a Fellow of the New York Academy of Science. A woman has been appointed to fill the

place of the great Wagner, in the Philharmonic Society of London. An English girl has won the Mendelssohn scholarship, the highest musical prize in England. A New York girl has taken the first prize at the Paris Conservatory for violin playing.

There is no end to the organizations of women. Beginning with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the largest body of women in the world, there are the Red Cross Society, Woman's Relief Corps, National League, Anti-Polygamy Society, National Indian Association, thousands and thousands of Art, Literary, Benevolent and Religious organizations scattered over all the land.

In England and Scotland Woman Suffrage has become a political issue. They have already municipal suffrage and it is only a question of a few years until they will have the same power of franchise that is granted to men. In Finland it has been recommended by two Governors that women be given the right to vote. In Sweden a bill for Woman Suffrage has been introduced and failed to pass the Second Chamber by only nine votes. In Norway one of the most prominent members of Parliament has organized a woman's rights association at the capital to secure suffrage and equal property rights to women. In France women are rapidly gaining an equality with men. In Italy, Holland and other foreign countries the question of equal rights is beginning to take a prominent place.

In Canada, Sir John McDonald, Prime Minister, has introduced a bill into Parliament providing for the franchise for women and it is favored by the Conservatives. The Ontario and Nova Scotia Legislatures have each conferred on widows and unmarried women the right to vote on the same terms as men at all municipal elections, and giving them the same property rights. In the United States it would be difficult to state the difference between the rights of women and those of men, with the single exception of voting and holding office. Women have already school suffrage in twelve states and full suffrage in three territories. In the near future municipal suffrage will be granted in a number of states. The question of equal suffrage will probably come to a vote in the United States Senate before the close of the session. It will be defeated, of course, but there will be many votes in its favor.

It would require as many pages as there are in this Magazine to make any thing like a complete record of woman's advancement during the past twelve

months. In every department of the world's work we find her active brain and busy hands. On all the leading questions of the day we feel the impress of her opinions. She has become a power that will never wane but will steadily increase with every passing year.

A DAY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

I made a day of leisure a short time ago, to run over to Indianapolis to witness the re-election of Hon. D. W. Voorhees to the U. S. Senate. I was interested, partly because Mr. Voorhees is a friend whom I esteem very highly, but more particularly because, on that momentous occasion, our editor, Eugene V. Debs, was to make his maiden speech in the Legislature. Many of his friends went over and when he rose to speak he must have felt quite sustained by the sympathetic faces that greeted him on every side. He was honored with the closest attention as he proceeded in his manly, straight forward way, without manuscript or any ostentatious display, to put Mr. Voorhees in nomination. His remarks were concise and to the point, and justified the Senator's good taste in selecting a speaker who would not indulge in that "spread eagle" oratory which Mr. Voorhees so much dislikes.

Mr. Debs made an excellent impression and received a shower of congratulations from the Speaker and other distinguished members of the House. He will occupy a prominent position in the Legislature before the close of the session, for he has the talent which will make him respected and the personal qualities which will make him loved. As chairman of the Committee on Railroads he will have an opportunity to work for the benefit of the railroad men, which he will improve to the utmost. Notwithstanding the attention and applause he receives from the wealthy and the influential, the Secretary of the B. of L. F. never forgets or neglects the laboring men whom he represents and whom he has befriended for so many years. He is true as steel and faithful unto the end. We, who have known him since his early boyhood and watched with pride every advancing step, have never yet found a flaw in his integrity. Prosperity does not spoil him. He has still the same noble, unselfish nature, with a head like a statesman and a heart like a woman. Honorable, truthful and strong in his affections, he cannot be corrupted. His motives can never be questioned among those who know the man. Should he remain in politics he can have, perhaps,

any office within the gift of the people. Should he care to engage in business he can choose between several very lucrative offers. Or, should he continue in the work to which he seems to have devoted his life, the B. of L. F. have at their head a man worthy of the most implicit confidence and one who will lead them on to splendid victory.

THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

SOUPS.

Soup is one of the most economical and healthful of all dishes. In America we do not attach sufficient value to this nutritious article of food. When our men come in tired, hungry and always in a hurry, it would be much better for their digestion, and, indirectly, for their temper, if they would take off the "edge" of their appetite with a plate of light, nourishing soup. Simple as is this dish there are many housekeepers whose soups are so greasy and unpalatable the whole family become sworn enemies to this species of diet.

The foundation of all soups is called "stock." It is simply the fluid extract of meat or bones. To make this, let the beef be cut into small pieces and the bones well broken. Add one quart of cold water to one pound of meat, salt it and let it simmer for two or three hours. This should always be skimmed as soon as it comes to a boil and strained through a flannel bag when done, if you would have it perfectly clear. This will keep sweet for several days and may be made into various kinds of soups, by the addition of different vegetables, &c. If the housekeeper is able to personally superintend her work she will find that a most excellent soup may be made of the scraps that are left from the meals. A bit of roast, a piece of steak, a spoonfull of mashed potato, one of turnip, a baked apple, all broken up, simmered together, strained and properly seasoned make a soup that will please any palate. But great care must be exercised that only suitable articles of food are used and it is not always safe to trust to the judgment of inexperienced servants. I had a kettle of this "save-all" soup spoiled once by the girl putting into it several pieces of liver! I cautioned her against this and the very next time we attempted to make it she put in a piece of cod fish! But I made this soup at intervals all of one winter, seasoning it differently, and my husband declared it was the best soup he ever tasted. One day, in a burst of confidence, I told him how it was made and he never would touch it again.

Moral: do not let your husband into the secrets of the kitchen.

Many persons think the flavor of soups is improved if the vegetables are browned in hot butter before putting into the boiling stock. The vegetables may be varied according to taste. Here is a recipe for making a beautiful

AMBER SOUP.

Into a kettle of "stock" put a gill each of sliced onion, carrot, turnip and parsnip, fried to a delicate brown, together with the bits of ham or bacon in which they were fried. Add a sprig of parsley and thyme, half a bay leaf, two cloves, five pepper corns, and simmer gently for an hour, remove the grease and strain.

White soups are made of veal or chicken. To make chicken soup, cut the meat into small pieces and break the bones, with the exception of the breast, which should be placed in the pot whole and remove as soon as tender. To each quart of soup, when strained and skimmed, add a table spoonful of rice and let it boil three quarters of an hour. Then add the breast cut up into dice, a sprig of parsley, salt and pepper. If to this soup you add a pint of sweet cream, a little thickening, and flavor with extract of celery, you have the famous Cream of Celery soup. Or, if you take a quart of chicken soup, simmer in it a pint of sweet corn, add a quart of boiling milk, a lump of butter, salt and pepper, you have a delicious soup. Peas or asparagus may be substituted for the corn, if desired. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of soups that may be made if one has a good foundation of either dark or white "stock." We will give any recipes that may be called for. Our space is too limited for more this month.

"ALEXINA," of St. Thomas, Ontario, writes concerning Charity Lodge. We have only space for an extract: "We wives and mothers are only too proud that our dear ones should be honored members of so good and noble an Order. But our boys are brave heroes, in our estimation, as they go, day after day, night after night, rain or sunshine, and face danger and often death for us who are listening for the blast of the whistle which will tell us of their safe arrival."

HOPEFULNESS.

Take heart, the master builds again;
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.
God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!

—J. G. Whittier.

UGLY, LITTLE WOMEN.

To Woman's Department:

There have been men in the world unkind enough to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." Perhaps they had studied but the flowery side of history. It has beguiled their time to read of the beautiful Helen of Troy, the stately eastern beauty, Cleopatra, the wonderful loveliness of Mary, Queen of Scots, and many others of whom history is full. The sole mission of these women in this world seemed to be to get men into trouble while the countless hundreds of ugly, little women who get men out of trouble is—"unwritten and unsung." There is more romance and idealism in reading the lives of the historic beauties than of the Spartan women who could go out to battle and take up implements of war in their country's defense.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Romancers lavish it upon their heroines. It is a song, of which the poet never tires. The whole world falls down and worships at its shrine. Beauty and anguish are synonymous, while ugly, little women have ever walked hand in hand with loyalty, brightness, sincerity, endurance, fortitude, and all the countless virtues which contribute to make home happy. Beauty lives on flattery, while loveliness carries praises and blessings in its trail. The world could far easier spare its beauties than its countless stores of ugly, little women. Who is it that cannot attest to the pleasant influence of the ugly, little woman about the house. Whittier, in his song, "Among the Hills," has been under her influence when he says:

"A subtler sense of pleasure fills
Each rustic sport she graces.

* * * * *
Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it,
If women lost us Eden
Such as she alone restore it."

She, it is, who is found in the sick room, fanning the heated brow, giving the medicine at exactly the right time, adjusting the shades so the light will fall just right on the tired eyes. She is found in the kitchen, where the lightest bread, the sweetest butter, the most delicate condiments are prepared. She is found in the nursery, where the little children lisped their earliest words and recite their evening prayers. Such a woman must have been in Wordsworth's mind when he wrote his ideal of "A Perfect Woman"—

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit pure and bright,
With something of an angel light."

The person, too, who gave utterance to the exclamation—"Here comes the ever welcome ugly face of the beautiful soul" must have received countless blessings at the hands of some ugly, little woman.

ALEXIA.

WASHINGTON, IND., Feb. 10, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Our ever welcome and highly prized Magazine has just arrived, and we (that is I and myself) think it becomes better and better each month. The letters are natural and each and all seem to have been written from the fulness of the heart, rather than from any attempt at grammatical display. As to myself, (& Co.), upon reading it I felt—I felt—Well, I know that my readers have some time in their lives experienced the pleasurable sensation of receiving a compliment when they neither expected nor deserved it. Well, that is just how I felt when I read Sprague's letter. I think the wife of Barnabas, Irene and myself may be pardoned if we feel just the least bit elated at the compliment, and sisters, we ought to try in future to do all we can to merit the high encomium Sprague was kind enough to pass upon us. Hubby says I am two inches taller since the Magazine came. I see we have another new and sprightly writer, Roxana Bean. We & Co. will have to look to our laurels if we wish to keep them. R. Bean seems to agree with my article in the November number. Judging from the number of letters I have received there are a great many who coincide with that article. I see I do make a "good break" once in a while, anyhow. I have lately, however, been asked my opinion upon a subject, about which the more I think the worse I am puzzled. A craze has lately struck our town, and I understand, has struck the whole country. But it is our own special craze which troubles me, as the folks say I am in a measure responsible on account of that very article I wrote, stating my opposition to a ball room. Having fallen off from the ball room the girls took to this craze, which came in the shape of a skating rink. Well, I visited the rink to try if I could form an opinion, and there I saw young couples of different sexes whirling and falling alternately (so alternately, in fact, you could not say whether they were on their heads or heels longest.) "It do beat all," as Aunt Martha used to say. The trouble I have in pointing to the young folks the necessity of rising in the world when those provoking firms will turn out those rolling machines which are the means of so much down-falling. What on earth can possess people to put things on their feet to throw them down when I am for everlasting putting on all the inventions I can think of to keep me from falling, and the idea of paying for the falls, too! If some of the young ladies I saw having so many and successive thumps and bumps were to persevere half so freely by helping their mothers over the wash tub or ironing board, I should indeed pity them exceedingly. If they must roll along on wheels why not have some contrivance so they could roll along in a sitting posture. It would be infinitely safer. Some will have it that the doctors say it is healthy. I agree with them. I have not the least doubt but what it is healthy (for the doctors.) I know of one estimable lady who last month broke her thumb in her anxiety to attain health. I do not know what it is!

off rollers, but this I do know, during a slippery spell I came down a little quicker and less gracefully than I intended, and felt the effects of my freak for three weeks, and it is surprising to me how the skaters can go through the same performance half a dozen times in an hour and get up and try it over. One young lady has shown me her shoulder, which is a perfect mass of bruises, but for the sake of being healthy she does not complain. The rink limp has become so fashionable of late that I am afraid it will be a fixture in style for a long time. What struck me at the rink, too, was the rapidity with which the skaters would take the floor and each one would seemingly think they were entitled to occupy all and any space they took a fancy to, regardless of the wants of others; sometimes one skate would want to dissolve partnership and roll away in the direction of New York, while the other would persist in heading for California, so in that case a very large portion of the floor was needed to execute such a feat. The rink, however, has set me to thinking. I always felt so sorry for any young lady I happened to hear of being abused by her husband, and always pitied her, and imagination often pictured the young thing suffering from the bruises, but if the ladies will only take the husband's thumps with half as much fortitude as they take the rink thumps there would be far less divorces; why one lady here has enough marks to gain her a divorce from half a dozen husbands and the sympathy of the whole country.

With these ideas revolving through my mind it is impossible for me, at present, to be sure of expressing any opinion. In the meantime, before I write again, I may hear of some worse misfortune. The latest I have heard was that one young lady had committed suicide because her parents refused her the chance to break her neck, and another had sold some butter (which had just been given the family for charity) to get money for the rink.

The following lines would keep running through my head all the time I was at the rink:

One more unfortunate, trusting the fates,
Rashly importunate, tried on the skates.
Pick her up tenderly, loosen the straps,
Fashioned so slenderly, unused to mishaps.
Oh, it was pitiful, that she should flop,
Where a whole city full must see her drop.

I do not deem it too late yet to wish all the readers and writers of the Magazine a happy New Year. Our Magazine was very late in arriving last month, but we must excuse her. We ladies know well enough what time and trouble we have taken when we get a new dress, and the Magazine has just gone through this tiresome ordeal and has come to us robed as beautifully as a young bride, and feeling, no doubt, quite as proud. Well, she is justly deserving of all the praise we can bestow, for she is a welcome visitor at many a home and is looked for with great impatience. I had no thought of writing at present, as I thought I would enjoy reading the production of other pens, whose writing is far superior to my own, but I write at the kind in-

vituation of Needles, of California. Thanks, Needles, for your kind opinion. Some New Jersey gentlemen coincide with your views on my November letter, but they seem very bashful over there. There is more truth than poetry connected with all affairs of our lives, but we like to vary the monotony by sometimes putting our thoughts in rhyme. I understand the climate of California and of Wales are similar and have wished to visit America on that account. These cold spells of America nearly freeze up the few writing abilities I possess and the heat of summer melts what the winter misses, but America is a glorious land for a that. Needles, you ought to start a Lodge by all means, especially when you see how successful the brothers are. There are three Lodges that I know of whose boys are bravely going upward and onward, slow but sure; they are No. 17, No. 160, and B. of L. E. 260. They are too modest to write of themselves and that is their chief fault, in other respects they are a noble specimen of the Brotherhood. I am sorry there are so few ladies out there, the name indicates that it is a good place for them. Now, Needles, with such an excellent lady editor as Mrs. Harper, the Magazine must be a success. We small fry are almost afraid to write when we read her excellent productions, but I risk this, and hope to make my next of more interest to my readers. With kindest respect to Needles, and good wishes to all, respectfully,

Mrs. H. B. JONES.

[Are we to understand that Mrs. Jones was formerly a resident of Wales? If so we hope she will tell us, in a series of short articles, something of the domestic life of that country. We do not consider any of our writers "small fry," but are always glad of such articles as will be of interest to our readers.—Ed.]

For Woman's Department:

THE MOSS ROSE.

The rose was white, with beauty bright
Within it may be seen
A tender tear of dew that drops
Upon the leaf so fair and green.

Its crystal light, it sparkles bright,
Like diamonds fair,
Sent from above
To grace the flower I dearly love.

This snowy rose, bedecked with moss,
Until its leaves are almost lost,
Rewarded me for all my care,
When I espied a bud was there.

And by its side the bud would hide
As if to say, don't take away,
My sister dear who shields me here
From harm and fear.

And from the bud they often take
The veil of moss that angels make,
And from such cruel, thoughtless foe,
I'll shield my flower, white as snow,

For roughened hands will often tear
The tender rose this bush will bear,
And on the grass their leaves they'll fling
To gratify destructive sin.

—M. E. H.

MANDAN, DAKOTA, February 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Nine A. M. and my household duties for the morning completed. Barnabas gets in at eleven, giving me just an hour to prepare my letter and an hour to get dinner; our dinner hours vary according to the incoming and outgoing of certain trains. With a sense of satisfaction, I set me down and before going into the letter proper, can't forbear a few remarks concerning my home and surroundings. At this particular time of the year, in the midst of heavy snow falls and cruel blizzards, Dakota presents an uninviting and, I might say, an almost repulsive appearance. My little home in the Western wilds, although lowly, breathes out from its very humility a world of happiness and contentment. The belief that wealth and luxuries are required to make a pretty home is erroneous. With *limited* means, however, a home can be made beautiful and cozy only through the most strenuous efforts of its mistress. By adorning her house with fancy articles of her handiwork and tastefully arranging her furniture, she can at least place every piece to the best possible advantage. Her work completed, she views her cheerful surroundings and the knowledge that it is all the result of her own labor, imparts such self-satisfaction as her moneyed sister never knows. With a heart so full of gladness, the smile of her countenance is, almost unconsciously, added to the already pretty picture. To-day is unusually dark and gloomy, but it seems to me that the fire never crackled as cheerily and my house was never brighter with indoor sunshine. The last named article is entirely home-made, and it is optional with us as to whether we may have it or not. Although I have many things yet to learn before I will have fathomed all the mysteries of house-keeping, I feel a little pride in saying that Barnabas has never yet come in from the road to a disordered house; nor shall he, as long as I am able to advocate the question of "Labor versus Confusion." The result is that his home is the center of attraction to which he joyfully hastens as soon as his duties release him. I have become so engrossed in Barnabas and the other furniture that I had almost overlooked giving mention of the extensive changes No. 41 has lately undergone. Just think of three new admissions in one week. The frisky "Goat" has tried his skill on Bros. Jno. Rafferty, Will Cunningham and G. E. Bartlett. They each look some seventeen degrees wiser than formerly. I fancy from their appearance that they must have been "put through" according to the new, let me see—"Ritual." Yes, I believe that is what Barnabas calls it, but we women folks, you know, have no need of knowing these things.

Bro. Wirtz has gone from among us, a matter greatly to be regretted. Joe Taylor is his successor. Joe writes a round hand and is thoroughly fitted for this position of trust. By the thrift and honesty of her Magazine Agents No. 41 has each year made prompt payment to the editor for

large lists of subscription. Although the Lodge has not fully recovered from the shock received some time ago, she was never on a fairer way to prosperity.

The following clipping from one of Mandan's papers, gives a short account of the Firemen's ball:

"The first annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at the Inter Ocean last evening was in every way a most enjoyable party. The Committee of Arrangements, A. C. Wirtz, Joe Taylor and H. K. Stratton; the Reception Committee, H. L. Cass, Mike Coyote, J. B. Karns, A. Garlick, C. C. Allen, T. Rust and A. S. Robinson, and the Floor Managers, M. J. Weaver, James Burke, Joe Taylor and H. K. Stratton, all acquitted themselves in the most hospitable manner and made it impossible for anyone to be present and not enjoy the occasion. There were about thirty-six couples present. Dancing commenced about 9 o'clock and continued till 1 A. M., when supper was served in the offices of the Inter Ocean. It was evident from the happy faces of the guests that all were present for one purpose, namely to have a good time, and they were not disappointed. After supper the merry dancers resumed, and tripped the light fantastic till near the hour of which Shakespeare wrote: 'Nights' candles are burned out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'"

I was one of the guests and bear witness to the fact that it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

"Alexia," I am glad to see, has not forgotten the Firemen's Magazine. Her excellent contributions lent a charm in times when they were much needed.

During my travels in the East, I met one Mrs. Susan Spry, whose husband is a member of "Hand in Hand" Lodge No. 2, Providence, R. I. She conversed so intelligently on Brotherhood topics that I begged of her to assist our Department of the Magazine. This she promised to do, but thus far has not made her appearance. Naturally timid, she has bowed herself out of the dilemma. Should this chance to meet her eye, I hope that she will redeem her promise.

It's a clear case of mistaken identity, and when you would have me declare myself somebody else than whom I am, I enter a solemn protest. Now, surely, Tim Fagan, ye don't mane to tell, While struttin' about with the airs of a swell, That forgotten the name she's took for life Has the strong-minded crature called

BARNABAS' WIFE.

For Woman's Department:

NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden chord,
Severed the silken tie;
Never again will the old days come
Dear mother, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful past;
Scattered around its bier
Fond thoughts lie thick, and memories
Of days that were so dear.

Broken the silken chord,
Severed the golden chain
Linked us with the beautiful days
That never will come again.

—W. O'E

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., January 28, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I am a fireman's wife and an interested reader of the Magazine and well-wisher of the Brotherhood. I see many nice letters from other points but none from our own Royal Gorge, No. 59. Our Brotherhood gave their fourth annual ball New Year's night, which was a very pleasant affair. The hall was nicely decorated with mottoes and flags, and the supper was royally served at the Victoria Hotel. The music was perfectly enchanting and everybody had a good time, and when Home, Sweet Home reminded us we were not in fairy land we were slow to give up the enjoyment of the first night of the glad New Year. But duty must be done and so we parted for another year, perhaps some of us forever.

We noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hollis, one of our Royal firemen and his bride. May they have a long and happy life. M. J. Shannon, one of the Rocky Mountain Brotherhood boys, was making himself very agreeable among the ladies. He fires the wonderful thunderbolt between here and Denver. Look out for him, boys. Mr. Dill is the new fireman. We saw him tripping around like a boy in his first boots, with just the handsomest lady in the room. And many others whom we are not acquainted with were enjoying the happy hours. As this is "my first trip out" I won't say anymore for fear I will not get back, but I hope to come back, in the Magazine.

The Brotherhood is a grand cause. They are united and that means strength and power. They are like one grand army marching from east to west, from north to south, bound by the chain of Sobriety, Honesty and Industry. These are the corner stone and the foundation. May the good Lord guard and guide every fireman is the prayer of every wife and mother.

Sisters, I think it is a good idea for the ladies to have some kind of a Lodge or meeting, once in a while, and be friendly like their brothers. Then when any one was sick or in trouble, all would be ready to sympathize and help. Royal Gorge is a very appropriate name for our Lodge, as we do not live very far from the real Royal Gorge of Colorado. It is a great place for excursions in summer time. There are grand sights among the scenery of Colorado. I wish all the ladies who read these pages could see one of our beautiful sunsets. The sun shines almost every day the year round, and it is warm and lovely.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

A SENSITIVE CONSCIENCE.

"Hubby, I've just been reading how Daniel Webster improved his memory."

"How was it, my dear?"

"Well, you see, every night when he came home he told his wife everything he had done during the day, whom he had met, what he had said, everything he could think of. By and by he got so he could remember everything."

"Well?"

"Nothing, hubby, only I thought maybe you would like to improve your memory that way."

"Darling, do you suspect me?"

*For Firemen's Magazine:***IN MEMORIAM.**

[In affectionate memoriam of Joseph D. Wilson, aged 26, late engineer on the O. & M. line, who died at Washington, Ind., January 10th, 1885, universally esteemed by all who knew him, and a faithful member of the Brotherhood.]

In silence we buried our loved one,
And gently we laid him to rest,
For we thought, as in sadness we left him,
That God doeth all for the best.

In silence we buried our loved one,
And, as we wept over his bier,
We thought nothing more can assail him,
No danger, no trouble or fear.

In silence we buried our loved one
And this thought somewhat lessened the pain.
In Heaven, where there's nothing of sorrow,
We shall meet our loved Brother again.

But still in the book of our memory,
This day has been left a dark page,
For he was cut down in his manhood,
The pride of his father's old age.

In silence we buried our loved one,
And we know he has gained the bright shore,
While we, with life's dark waves are struggling,
In safety he passed on before.

God grant we may share with this loved one,
The joys that to him have been given,
May we gain when once more reunited,
A bright crown with our brother in heaven.

—Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

WASHINGTON, IND.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***CHILDHOOD DAYS.**

Sitting near the fire light glow,
Dreaming of the olden time,
Memory brings back to me,
Childhood days that once were mine;
But they vanished from my gaze,
Gone are they, those halcyon days.

And in memory still I see
Familiar forms once dear to me,
And among them I can trace
A mother's form, a mother's face;
And methinks I hear her say,
"Our Father in Heaven, keep us I pray."

Years have passed my mother dear
Dwells in Heaven among the blest;
But I feel her presence near,
Though she's long since laid to rest
Where the weeping willows wave
And flowerets bloom above her grave.

Years have passed, and ceaseless care
Has marred the brow that once was fair;
Has left its impress on the heart
And bade all happiness depart;
But childhood days I'll ne'er forget,
Their pleasant memories haunt me yet.

—Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

"My, my, how that chimney smokes," complained a wife to her husband.

"It might do worse, my dear," he replied consolingly.

"I'd like to know how."

"Why, you see it might chew."

A fall of soot stopped the flow of conversation.
—Merchant Traveler.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Mutual Insurance.

Editors Magazine:

I had supposed that, as I had devoted three articles to the question of insurance, I could now leave the subject and take up some other matters, but some correspondence received, giving the views of the writers on this subject, seem to demand a further statement from me, as the views held by these brothers may be shared by others of our membership.

While the insurance feature connected with our Order is a valuable part of our organization, I deem it wrong to style it the main feature or object of our association, as many do, and think that the benefits to be derived from connection with our Order, while living and in good health, far outweigh the \$1,500 which is paid after we are dead or disabled. The preamble attached to our Constitution and By-Laws evidently shows that my views are shared by some others, for it states that the B. of L. F. was organized to effect a unity among the Locomotive Firemen of our country, to elevate its members to a higher social, moral and intellectual standard, to promote their general welfare, and to protect their families. These objects are commendable, and if properly carried out will certainly prove of greater benefit to our members than any amount of money they or their heirs may receive from the Order. This much explanation seems to be needed, in order to show that I cannot bring myself to look upon our insurance feature as the one thing only worthy of our support, as Bro. T. P. O'Rourke has it, or as "the foundation on which the grand fabric rests," as another of my correspondents puts it. While I do not regard the insurance as the *only good thing* nor as "the foundation" to build our Order on, my aim has been to call attention to the fact that we had best examine what sort of a so-called "foundation" we have built on, and if found insecure to provide a remedy, which I did by proposing a reserve fund, as fully explained in previous articles. That some remedy will have to be provided at some time is very evident, for the same correspondent

alluded to above, who regards it as "the foundation of the fabric," was ready to admit that all insurance systems, conducted as ours, must sooner or later succumb, and that our action at Toronto, in raising the amount of our policies to \$1,500, only hastened the coming crisis. As the brother has admitted the weakness of the foundation, and doubted its ability to stand the test of time, we would like to know what is to sustain the "fabric" when its foundation is gone. It may be another illustration of the man who built on the sand, and when the wind and waters came great was the fall of his building.

One objection to our reserve fund plan is raised by the question, "Who in our Order could give bond sufficient to cover the amount proposed to be accumulated?" I answer, no one man could; nor ought one man to have the handling of all, or any part, without the concurrence of the board of control (trustees and executive committees). We might get one or two bad men on these committees, yet the chances are that enough honesty would be found in the board to preserve our fund from speculation.

Another point which is raised is that we are not in that line of business, not financiers or men of business, with an aptitude for speculation. After listening to the encomiums of eminent statesmen and learned divines, at several of the conventions of our Order, I became imbued with the ideas which they so freely expressed, namely, that we, as an Order, were the peer of any other body of men on the globe, and that we could do as much as any other men ever had done or could do. It seems to me to be a poor policy for members to cry down our own abilities, particularly at this time, when a number of our members have been selected to fill positions of trust and honor in their respective communities, because of their fitness for the offices. That it is not always by superior knowledge that men accumulate wealth or accomplish great results is proven to my mind by several instances, which I will relate.

It is a well authenticated fact that Mr. A. T. Stewart, the lately deceased millionaire dry goods merchant of New York City, commenced his business career in a very small way and with a very small capital. A short time after he started in the retail dry goods trade, and before he had a clerk to help him, a lady inquired for some hose at his store. Mr. Stewart would not admit that he did not know the article, but professed to be out of stock. On making inquiry of his wholesale dealer what the lady meant by hose, he was shown a pair of stockings, and he learned something he ought to have known before.

A well-known iron manufacturer, who had been engaged in furnace, foundry, machine and rolling mill works all his life, and who at one time was extensively engaged in casting car wheels, admitted to me in conversation several years ago that if he had known how good a wheel he was making, he might have made a large fortune on them, for many wheels of his make were

still running then, after nearly twenty-five years service, on a large road. Lack of knowledge of his opportunity, and yet a so-called successful man, honored by his community and sent to represent their interests in the council of the nation.

A firm of iron manufacturers were mining ore and running a blast furnace on leased premises during the campaign which preceded the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency. This firm, from business considerations, did all in their power to defeat Mr. Polk, nevertheless he was elected, inaugurated and served his term in office. At the close of his administration, the books of the iron firm showed that their business had netted them many thousand dollars more during this period than ever before in a like time. This fact became known to many persons and finally reached the ears of the old Judge, who owned the mines and furnace, and, as a result, the Judge asked twice as much rent when the time came to renew the lease for another term. The matter was compromised by an addition of one-half as much more rent under the new lease. This shows two mistakes; one in regard to the effect of Mr. Polk's election on business; another in not keeping a good thing when they had it.

Many more instances, notably the career of Grant, Ward, Fish, Enos and others, might be cited to show that all men are mortals and not infallible, and that it is not by any superior knowledge, foresight or sagacity that wealth is accumulated by some men, and confirms me in the opinion that we have talent enough—it may be hidden at present, but to be revealed in due time—to manage our fund in such a manner as to really give us what T. P. O'Rourke and many others want, a cheap insurance—a large policy for a comparatively small cost.

Our present system will not do this for our long-lived brothers, and the only way we can manage to secure the large policy for the small outlay is to die or be disabled soon, but as no one is ready to make money this way, some other way will have to be devised to help us, and I have not heard of anything which would do it except by a reserve fund, which is what associations generally have to fall back on.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Bro. Sprague for his letter in February Magazine, for it proves that I am not quite alone, and that some of our members are not afraid or ashamed to express their views on this subject and to have it properly discussed.

X. L. C. R.

DENVER, COL., February 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Your readers may think that I am rather seldom, and that my communications do not follow rapid enough on the course of events. I am not so circumstanced that I can make immediate reply to the other correspondents, who pay me their compliments, nor can it be expected that a poor devil battling with the world for
sistence can devote the time and attention matters he would like. I have been on

a trip through Utah, Idaho and Montana, the past two months and did not have the pleasure of seeing a copy of the Magazine for 1885 until my return a few days ago.

I have read with interest the communications of the "Tramp" and "X. L. C. R." and consider the end sought to be attained by both is good, though I do not agree with them as to method, or the means to the end. The end sought is the perpetuation of our institutions, by so regulating the machinery of organization that the benefits to be derived therefrom may be systematically prolonged. All who are interested in this movement and who have studied our phenomenal and rapid growth, recognize the fact that as a new element with strange and conflicting ideas is flowing in, constantly claiming just recognition and a voice in the management of affairs, it is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our vacillating experimental policy and settle down to a standard system. When we have discovered what we believe to be the guiding principles of a true reform we should descend from the height of general principles to the level of details and try to point out what special reforms, under the special conditions, we are forced to take into account, should be urged and demanded; hence, it is essential that we should exercise the utmost caution and consideration before we adopt any of the schemes advocated for our reformation, lest we stake our destiny on some wild-cat project and reform the Brotherhood out of existence. We cannot expect to attain in a day the full realization of our hopes; it is enough if we are satisfied to progress gradually, making sure that we take no step backward.

Each zealous reformer urges his pet idea, convinced that if he could only get that accepted all else would follow; it is the pivot on which all else is swung, and yet the acceptance of his idea implies the upsetting in a greater or less degree of all other ideas. I mean their modification or change so as to fit in with the new element and creates confusion. How to harmonize these conflicting theories, or rather the system of dissection and arrangement, to be followed that we may extract what is most wholesome and best suited to our purpose is the most important work before us. This work is left almost, if not wholly, to the conventions, and the work of each convention, as it emanates therefrom in a condensed form, is the surest indicator of the wisdom and foresight of the Order at that particular period. Each convention is a crucible wherein the ideas and theories at large in the Order at that time are put to the test, simmered down, analyzed and systematized, and it is to the conventions we must look for the needed reforms.

If we have a faulty Constitution, and the "Tramp," says we have, is not the late convention responsible for it? and who is responsible for the convention? Why the Subordinate Lodges? In too many cases is the delegates' certificate given to a member totally unfit for

the position simply because he is a favorite, a "good fellow," who could be used to further the ends of some aspiring individual, or to one who had relatives living in or near the city where the convention is to be held and the certificate is given him as a favor. These gentlemen are too apt to look upon the convention as a huge picnic, where they go to enjoy themselves, and they manage to derive as much pleasure and perform as little work as possible on the occasion. Next to the instructed delegate, those are the worst element in a convention. They leave all the work to be done by a few and generally drop in from the outside in time enough to vote on some question they know nothing about, and perhaps upset all the good work done by the earnest and faithful. We are not the only body of men afflicted with this curse, as all Orders with like system of representation have the same drawbacks.

What we want, and what we must have, if we ever expect to have any lasting good or standard system, emanate from a convention, is a convention composed of the very best material in the Order. How that best material can be picked out and brought forward is another question that will be brought to our notice at some time in the near future. Give us a delegation with brains, a capacity for thought and dissection, mother wit to discern what is good and discard nonsense without the necessity of having to look around for authority or precedent, that will rise above the petty bickerings of party strife; that will consider its mission of such vast importance that it cannot be swayed by sympathy or prejudice; who are determined to work and legislate for the best interests of the Brotherhood at large regardless of any favorite individual. Give us, I say, a convention of such material and we will give you a constitution that will stand the test of time and a system that will be a standard.

You and I may talk and write, advance this system, and advocate that policy *ad infinitum*, and it will have no perceptible effect unless we can find a convention ripe for the emergency, and alive to the requirements of the Brotherhood.

I have read X. L. C. R.'s letters for January and February from beginning to end, which is a task I am thinking the majority of your readers haven't had the nerve to undertake. Following out the drift of his imagination we can see the position we would be placed in at some future time. To carry out this ethereal scheme it would be necessary to get incorporated, then we would be liable before the law for all failures to pay claims. We would have to get permission to carry our business as a corporation into Her Majesty's dominions. We would have to take similar steps in the Republic of Mexico. Then would come lawsuits to recover claims not allowed by the Order on account of some technicality; claims rejected in the past would "bob up serenely" in the courts and the amount he would have

us set aside as a standing surplus would melt from our grasp.

But then the imagination of our friend is equal to all this. He would have us invest our surplus fund in some paying enterprise. We could buy up a railroad, like the D. & R. G., to start on; then as the profits began to pour in and the fund increased we could buy more railroads; more and larger profits would accrue therefrom, and when we had bought up all the railroads in North America we could turn our attention to the land, control the governments, dictate the appointment of judges, put all the hungry parasites called lawyers under salary, and we are safe. Another advantage of this scheme is that if any of our agents or officers got their unhallowed hands on some ten or twenty million dollars of the fund and tried to skip, we would be sure to catch him, because we would control all the avenues of escape; but should they succeed in escaping into Canada or Mexico they would still be in our territory and amenable to our laws. When we have bought all North America, and the fund is still accumulating, we get hold of South America, and still sigh for new worlds to gobble up.

It is a grand and magnificent scheme, and none but the most gigantic intellect can grasp its magnitude. In imagination I can see my future heir strutting around Wall street with airs unknown to a Vanderbilt or Gould, offering shares of stock in the planet Neptune at par.

This is not intended to reflect on X. L. C. R., personally. I try to avoid personalities in debate. It is his *Insurance* scheme I am talking about and I hope he will remember it in future.

T. P. O'ROURKE.

The Tramp's Observations.

Editors Magazine:

Much has been said from time to time about the "identical interests" of capital and labor. Many arguments are advanced to show that the interests of capital are best subserved by tacit understanding and reasonably fair agreements with the laborer, and I believe these arguments have never been successfully disputed.

The cry is raised by many that the pauper lives in sight of the wealth he creates, unable and forbidden to enjoy it or any of its advantages. The question naturally arises: Why is this? Again the howl, down with monopolies, they are dangerous to public safety! They are the leeches that suck the life blood from the garden of the earth! But hold on a bit, let us look at this question fairly, let us as one of the many labor organizations know that we are right before we proceed to any rash or intemperate acts that we might in future years regret. I make this appeal not because I doubt the integrity or judgment of our members, but that I fear their zeal and impulses. I desire also to make a few remarks upon recent events that are not passing unheeded by others.

Monopolies seem to be the castle first attacked and we will give it precedence here. We, as members of one of the largest exclusive lab

organizations in the known world, earning our bread by the sweat of our brow, cannot consistently decry monopolies, and first for the simple reason that we are a monopoly ourselves, every member of the B. of L. F. is a member of a gigantic monopoly, a monopoly of labor, and the many great monopolies of capital represented in the net-work of railroads in North America furnish us the means to earn a respectable living. I feel that I voice the sentiments of our Order when I make the statement that these railings do not come from us. We have always maintained peaceable relations with capital through our employers. We expect them to receive satisfactory interest on their investment. We also expect them to give us satisfactory remuneration for our labor, so that we can live respectably and comfortably. It is true some of the monopolies are often parsimonious and unnecessarily hard on their employees, and why? Simply because they persist in *rate wars* and try to pay the interest they ought to after hauling freight and passengers for nothing, but these are the exceptions. It is the monopolies that have built the immense iron works, saw mills, manufactories and railroads that adorn the land. It is they that furnish millions of men means to earn a living. They cannot reasonably be supposed to invest their money for fun. There must be some income to make the investment profitable to them. Are they thus dangerous to the public safety or are they thus leeches? I leave it to the good judgment of our readers to answer.

Within the past six months there have occurred numerous explosions charged to dynamiters, and many secret meetings have been held throughout the world by so-called Socialists. With these fanatics we have no sympathy. Our insane asylums are *short* on some of the choicest brands of their peculiar goods as long as these people are at large. A great deal is heard of the cause of Ireland. That they, as a people, have been (and for aught I know are now) oppressed by the British Government is a settled fact. American born, I sympathize with them. I have read of the oppressions of the American colonies from the time of Columbus down to the close of the reign of George III., how an oppressed people finally driven to desperation sought relief in arms, how the time honored bell pealed forth the glad tidings, "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD," and so from these teachings since early boyhood I sympathize with Ireland and her people abroad, who are oppressed and almost disowned. But I have no sympathy with those men who seek to redress these wrongs by the indiscriminate murder of innocent men, women and children, by arson or by pillage. I think few readers of this book (and I know the majority are of Celtic origin) are in accord with these diabolical schemes. Neither do I sympathize with the blowing up of an employer's store to obtain redress for real or fancied wrongs, and I am opposed to such methods first, last and all the time, for the simple reason that were the property mine I would not care to have it destroyed; if men who

labor have wrongs done them, if a people are oppressed by tyrannical governments, I say by all means organize and obtain your rights, but I will always oppose MURDER, ARSON and PILLAGE as the means of obtaining justice.

Not long since I saw a circular issued by a Socialist organization dedicated to *Tramps*, beseeching them "*to go into the street, gaze on the palace of the millionaire, let your eyes feast on the wealth your labor created, see these leeches revel in the fruits of your toil, see their offspring dressed in silks and fed on the richest viands. Think of your own dear starving, naked children. See their wives blazing in costly diamonds. Think of your own dear wife in rags. Have you not worked hard all summer for a mere pittance? Are you not now turned out of the shop because the proprietor wishes to create a false market, by claiming over-production? Take what is yours by right, you created this wealth and should enjoy it! LEARN THE USE OF EXPLOSIVES.*" As one of the *Tramps* I will answer this No; you have not worked, you have stolen what you could and begged enough from an indulgent public to keep you in whisky and rags. No, you have not created any wealth, you have created nothing but ignorance and filth. You are the leeches that are sucking the life blood from our fair land and honest labor stands aghast at your presumptuous incendiarism. You are the ignorant progeny of a still more ignorant people. It is such as you that cast discredit upon those honest men who are forced from home in search of employment, and you are the ones that keep men of capital from investing their wealth for fear you, in your blind antagonism to progress, may destroy their property. You claim an equal distribution of the riches of the earth, and why? Simply because you are too *lazy* to earn an honest living; and if you had it, how long would it be before you would squander it in idleness and riotous living and again demand a division? You have no sympathizers among workmen, and when you commence your cowardly warfare against the rights of men, you will find honest labor arrayed against you. Wishing Socialists and Dynamiters a speedy and harmless decay, and honest labor organizations a long and peaceful career, as well as a prosperous future, I remain

Fraternally, yours,

THE TRAMP.

CARLIN, NEV., Feb. 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It being the will of Providence to call from our midst our beloved Bro. George Balteiger, who died November 11, 1884, after a lingering illness, of an abscess in the head, we deem it our duty to manifest our sorrow for our Brother. The Brotherhood has lost a true and honored member and his associates a firm friend and genial companion. His memory will ever be dear to the hearts of the B. of L. F. No. 89. We condole with the relatives and friends of our deceased Brother, and extend to them our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of trouble, assuring them that he was honored and loved by his fellow-fireman,

F. W. Y.

OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one;
 And, seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;
 You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;
 The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—
 But then, they knew I wasn't one they called a millionaire;
 So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;
 'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine;
 They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine.
 I thought that wan't exactly right, to seat him up so near,
 When he was young and I was old and very hard to hear.

But, then there is no accountin' for what some people do;
 The finest clothing now-a-days oft gets the finest pew;
 But when we reach that blessed home, all unde-filed by sin,
 We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
 So through the hour, of service, I could only "watch and pray,"
 Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me round about;
 Pray that God would make them pure within, as they were pure without.

While I sat there lookin' all around upon the rich and great,
 I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at the gate.
 How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold.
 And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished and his spirit took its flight
 From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night;
 There he learned as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,
 "It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold,
 Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old—
 Then returned home from their worship, with their heads up-lifted high.
 To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out, with such professions! they are doin' more to-day
 To stop the weary sinner, from the gospel's shinin' way,
 Than all the books of infidels, than all that has been tried
 Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand—
 The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers on the land.
 He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold-light from his throne,
 Not for the rich man only; not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man, because of lack of gold?
 Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
 A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has blest
 May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I am old, I may be childish, but I love simplicity;
 I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety;
 Jesus told us in His sermons, in Judea's mountains wild,
 He that wants to go to Heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife, our hearts are beatin' slow;
 In a little while the Master will call for us to go;
 When we reach that pearly gate-way, and look in with joyful eyes,
 We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

—Will Carlton.

EL PASO, TEXAS, January 26, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

New Year Lodge still lives and remains an earnest worker in the cause of B., S. and I. Although there is little said of her she is still in the ring doing all she can to build up and increase our Order. We number about 70 members, with several applications to work on.

Business has been dull this winter on all roads centering here, but our boys have been busy fixing up a new hall, and right well have they done it. Our hall is 36x20, with ante and reading room attached, all nicely carpeted and furniture and pictures to correspond. We are indebted to Bro. J. J. Forbes for the taste and energy he has shown in decorating the same. We gave our first annual ball on Christmas eve. It was a stone ballast, double track, steel rail affair, and a success both socially and financially. We are in a flourishing condition, owe no debts and have a surplus in the bank. Our members are all workers, no drones among them. Bro. Morrissey fills the chair and wields the gavel with great ability. Bro. McArthur is Secretary and does the work in good style. Bro. Cowan, our Financier, is a dandy, cash down, no stand off. Bro. Jentry, our Magazine Agent, says 135 gets the prize next year. Bro. Hayes is Vice, 6 feet high and a foot like a Chicago girl. Bros. Hayes and Murray are the champion skaters at the rink. Bro. Murray does the most on his head, for he's getting bald. Ah, Harry? Our Order is well represented in Mexico, and from the way the boys go to the front is well thought of. We do not see our Mexican brothers very often, but they send their money and good wishes regular. I see our Magazine is out in a new dress and the reading up to the standard. As we are running cheap on oil and fuel, I wish success to the Brotherhood and will say

BUENOS NACHES.

CHICAGO, January 22, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In the January edition of your Magazine an article, under the heading of "Locomotive Engineers and Locomotive Firemen," came under my special notice and I cannot but admire the candid manner you assume when you introduce the subject. Pardon me, if I assume to take the negative side of the question. While you disclaim any disguise in your premises, I think there is danger that some may form unfair opinions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, based upon assertions you have inadvertently made. You appear to write in the spirit of vindication. I do not understand that any charges stand against the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, or that they are on trial for any assumption of any act disqualifying its members from proper association with us. Nor do I see that the adoption of the resolution you refer to asserts any act of unfairness on the part of the firemen of the United States, neither can I see what significance can be accepted as having anything justly characterized to reflect discredit upon the Order that the Magazine so triumphantly asserts to defend. There is often a possibility of one stepping out and heroically defending the cause of a weak or persecuted party, but I can hardly assume the motive in this case to come under that head, for I am unable to see wherein there was anything partaking of envy or jealousy aimed at the organization of Locomotive Firemen. We are willing to grant that you are the coming engineer and, if you wish, will place you by our side as an auxiliary to us, and even then can see no absolute reason why the last assembly of engineers were not justifiable in adopting this measure or any other that would maintain the dignity of one of the best and strongest labor organizations in the Union. We would encourage every member of your noble Order to exercise his every talent, utilize every opportunity, improve every moment, waste not a single thought that may qualify him for taking his place in the elevated ranks of promotion. My great desire and wish is that your Brotherhood may seek to establish itself so thoroughly and permanently that when one of its number seeks admission into our ranks it will be a passport worthy of a membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. I shall always stand ready to lend a helping hand, offer a word of counsel or welcome them to a seat in our organization when their position will have assumed a status that may warrant a step in that important direction, being animated by generous feelings and true principles taught by the Good Book. We would endeavor to inculcate principles, teach by example and practice those noble principles which are the cardinal virtues upon which all great and noble organizations are founded, namely, "do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Neither would we lose sight of the great truth that we are always side by side in danger, our joys are equally shared almost constantly in companionship, partaking in a

measure the same ambition to rise in the estimation of our patrons, and yet there seems as though there should be a line of demarkation, and that line should be observed lest some may presume to use or take advantage of circumstances. I do not thus express myself in any other than the very kindest feelings. My aim is very far from any desire to offend any member of the Order I respect so much. While the fireman looks anxiously for the day of promotion, we realize that we have contributed to a certain extent to the store of knowledge practically acquired qualifying him to assume mastership over the iron steed. Now, ought he not to resign his relationship with the firemen? Were you placed where you could see the embarrassing position liable to overtake a member of both fraternities, you would relinquish some portions of your theory. Let me here quote to you a passage of Scripture. We read in that best of Books: "Ye cannot serve two masters, for ye will love one and hate the other, or hold to one and despise the other." There must certainly be to every intelligent mind a very obvious reason why a step should have been taken in that direction—that reason I do not wish to publicly assert, for while I fancy it would not injure us a particle, it certainly would do the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen no good, and as you assert it is your belief "that the engineers, as a body, are our friends," it is certainly foreign to my wish to say or do anything that would cause a change in your sentiment. I should blush with shame were I to try to stigmatize members of your Order with disloyalty to the obligations binding him to sacred covenants taken before God in the presence of man. Well we know that every sentiment contained in the By-Laws of your Order teaches men to act worthily, deal fairly, live uprightly, assume their part of responsibilities and possibilities qualifying them for their stations in the great common Brotherhood of a higher and better kingdom and to become good and true citizens, inspiring them with the noblest principles of a true manhood and to meet the perplexities common to our hazardous calling with Christian fortitude and resignation. It is with regret and sorrow that I should for one moment presume to entertain the very plain assertion you have recorded in your article in the spirit of discord, for to me it seems impossible that those wise and experienced men who composed that honorable assembly you have referred to, could not have prepared and offered any resolution to have cast a stain upon the escutcheon of your Order, for they were men of similar experiences and could not have possibly forgotten they once were firemen, and are not forgetful of the fact that the firemen of to-day is the engineer of to-morrow.

I have endeavored to deal charitably with you in this matter and wish to so qualify myself as to express only the purest sentiments of love and desired prosperity for the organization you have considered in danger of peril and increased perplexities. In the meantime, I wish you to give this space in your Magazine, of which the writer is a subscriber.

CHICAGO.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 26, 1885.

For Firemen's Magazine.

Not a letter of condolence nor of regret, nor yet a letter of introduction would we write, as our brethren in this city are neither dead, nor have they been invited to festivities which they decline, nor yet of introduction, as favorable mention has been made of "109" in our Magazine since our beginnings as a Lodge, but a few general items which may interest our brothers scattered over the South and Far West.

The new year has been inaugurated under favorable circumstances. We have been able thus far to care for the sick and disabled, providing for their wants, and meeting our obligations, with but few delinquents on the rolls. Our officers attend every meeting, and are well supported by the members. Regular accessions of young men, promising to fill vacancies made at our next annual election of officers. Our Financier is sparing neither time nor pains to make a clean sheet at his quarterly reports. Our Magazine Agent, Bro. John Pate, is using every laudable effort to carry off the prize for the largest number of subscribers. Just here, I wish to say that I think no brother should fail to subscribe for a periodical that has done, is still doing, and seeks to do, so much for our welfare.

The evening of Jan. 20th will be remembered by most of us as an event of pleasure and profit. Among our guests were officials of the different roads, living in the city, but of whom we will not make personal mention, as it would be impossible to do justice to all. The decorations were appropriate for the occasion, in fact it looked like a summer garden, decorated for revelers in song and music. Two headlights at the farther end of the hall were decorated with colored lamps. The chandeliers were trimmed with red, white and green lights. M. M. Buck's engine was placed in front of the orchestra, and looked as good as new. The ladies never tire of examining this engine, especially those who have made a study of mechanism. One lady asked "where is the valve?" "Where is the throttle valve?" "Oh, aint that pretty." The builder of the engine made it during spare moments, dinner hours. The engine is a monument to spare moments well used.

At the time appointed, Bro. Amos rang the magic gong. The orchestra opened up, filling the hall with its sweetest strains. The company, which had already filled the room, formed into ranks for the grand march. After two hours of waltzing and square dancing we all repaired to the supper table, loaded with good things, to which we all did ample justice. More music and dancing and fellowship of brethren. Not an angry word to mar the pleasures of the evening, the credit of which must be accorded to the managing committee, among whom were Bros. Amos, Pate, Heckett, Pendleton and others.

We are looking to the time when Bro. Stevens shall give us our instructions on chart work.

Hoping for a successful year, and that our numbers may increase, I am as ever, yours fraternally,
MACK.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***WE ARE SO TIRED.**

We are so tired; Time, passing by,
Bequeaths full heritage of care;
We heed not if we live or die,
Or if to-morrow's fair,
Or if we laugh, or if we sigh—
We are so tired; my soul and I.

Life's choicest pleasures have some alloy,
Few hearts do beat for one alone,
Through wildest, deepest, sweetest joy
Drifts some fell undertone;
And yet we live, we know not why—
We are so tired; my soul and I.

The noblest impulse has a foil;
The vilest prowler finds a prey;
The grasses hide the serpent's coil,
Where flow'rs have made them gay.
Or if we stay, or if we fly—
We are so tired; my soul and I.

There's poison in the very air
That rides upon the softest breeze;
The grandest souls, or brave, or fair,
Need drink life's bitter lees.
The cruel years drift slowly by—
We are so tired; my soul and I.

No perfect thing—the summer rain
Is big with fire and icy hail;
And fair green trees and flow'rs and grain
Are leveled by the gale.
And yet Hope's phantom whispers "Try"—
We are so tired; my soul and I.

We are so tired; the joys we sought
Were full of discontent and fears;
The very peace for which we wrought,
Held only grief and tears.
We long for rest, with anguish cry,
We are so tired; my soul and I.

All down the turbid stream of years,
Love's Islands softly whisper "Stay,
Ye wrecks of Hope! with bitter tears,
Time's Flotsam, drift and play."
O Shore of Graves! Is Death to die?
We are so tired; my soul and I.

We are so tired. There always seems
Some vein of discord running through
The very warp and woof of dreams
That haunt life's chosen few;
And this may be the reason why
We are so tired, my soul and I.

—Etoile.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA., January 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Please allow a small space in your valuable Magazine for a few items from Ashland Lodge No. 223. Our Lodge, although young, is in a prosperous condition, composed of members of good standing and stability, and is increasing with members who have already become accustomed to the dangers of the rail. Mr. S. R. Tuggle, Master Mechanic of the Lexington Division of the C. & O. Railway, is a subscriber of the Firemen's Magazine and speaks highly of its contents. Sufficient proof is shown that the members of 223 are tried and true, from the fact that several of them have been promoted recently. Bros. Geo. F. Little and L. T. Robinson are handling the pony in the Lexington yard, while M. H. Bledsoe, W. J. Mead and M. S. Pennybaker are pulling the freight cars from Lexington to Huntington. Bro. C. V. Dougherty, a member of No. 223 and firing

between Decatur and St. Louis, was shaking hands with the boys a few days ago; he left one dollar for the Magazine for 1885. Bro. Bledsoe's promotion did not altogether satisfy him, for he went home soon after and persuaded Miss Hettie Moody, one of Virginia's fairest daughters, to change her name to Mrs. M. H. Bledsoe. It is rumored that another member of 223 will soon cause a lady of Mt. Sterling to write her name Mrs. W. J. Mead. T. M. Horton is running an engine at King's Mountain; however, he did not forget our Magazine and also to write to Mt. Sterling occasionally. STRAIGHT STACK.

OIL CITY, PA., February 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In the January number of the Magazine I saw your article in regard to the cold feeling between the two Orders, the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F. I wish I were in Terre Haute to take you by the hand and tell you that you have expressed my sentiments exactly. It is surprising to learn the feeling which some (I do not say all) B. of L. E. men have against the B. of L. F.

Now, I would like to know the reason for such feeling from some one who is capable of informing me. Are not the two Orders organized for the same grand purpose—for elevating our moral and social standing, for assisting and helping our brothers in trouble, and caring for their families when they are suddenly taken away? Such being the case I see no reason for such a feeling existing, and I claim that no intelligent or conscientious member of either Order will, by word or deed, do anything to injure the other. Looking at the case from a common-sense standpoint, what are engineers more than promoted firemen? A man enters the service of a railroad company as a fireman, and in the course of three or four years, as the case may be, by strict attention to business, he is promoted to the more important position of engineer. But the fact of his being promoted does not say that he will always be an engineer. He may have good luck for a year or two and then meet with some mishap and be thrown out of employment. Work being scarce and business dull, he cannot pick up an engine to run every day, so he is compelled to go back firing, then where are his glories as an engineer?

This is a subject that has been upon my mind ever since the organization of our Lodge, No. 217, and upon careful observation, I have learned that not a straw has been thrown in our way by men of age and experience, but rather by those "communists" who have had charge of engines just about long enough to grant them admission into the B. of L. E., and whose hands are not yet free from callous, and bruised and blackened thumb-nails. Although I am an engineer and a member of both Orders, I am not ashamed that I was once a fireman, nor do I know the day when I may again be one. In regard to the special enactment prohibiting members of the B. of L. E. who also hold membership in the B. of L. F. from representing their division in the annual

convention, the only reason that could be given for such an action is that such delegate might legislate in such a way as to be detrimental to the Order which he is representing, and be favoring the B. of L. F. But for such conduct I see no possible chance, and my opinion is that there could not be found very many men who would prove false to their Order and their obligations, and that their divisions should select a delegate who has proven himself a man of more principle and more brains.

Hoping that the action, which I consider will cause much discord in the ranks, will be remedied soon, I remain fraternally yours,

DERRICK.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Being a subscriber to the Magazine and supporter of our Order, I was taken by surprise when I read in the January issue of the Magazine the sarcastic language and disparagement thrown on the members of United Lodge No. 60 by some member signing himself "No. 60." He should have let the dead rest. The Committee on Resolutions attended to their business. As regards "Brotherhood in name only," if I thought I was associating with men who only wish to be members for the name and not for the principles of our Order, I would sever my connection with them quietly, in place of casting odium on a Lodge like No. 60. I have the honor of being a member of No. 60 and deem it my duty to defend her from the accusation which was unjust on his part in not standing up and stating his views and asking for information at the meeting of the Lodge, in place of heralding his opinion over the country, and then not signing his name to the article. I, for one, would never be afraid to sign my name with the hand my mind dictated to write. No. 60 is in just as good standing as any of her sister Lodges in my estimation, and I hope she will continue so. Yours, fraternally,

OWEN LEPPY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., January 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As we have heard but little of Fortune Lodge No. 120 through the Magazine, allow me to say we are marching the hard beaten path to prosperity with a membership of about 90, half of which have joined us in the last five months, with W. C. Martin at the head. And why shouldn't we prosper with the noble leader we have, one who is ever willing to lend all in his power for the advancement of our noble cause? And we have a great many others who are ever ready to assist him in his undertakings. We have about 20 members doing good work on the right hand side. Bros. S. T. Vrooman and J. Teary are the last that were promoted on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and are giving good satisfaction. Bros. J. Herman, J. Ackerman, W. Olds, W. H. Brown and McMullen will make their time on the West Shore, with occasionally a vacation of ten or fifteen days, but I don't suppose they mind that this bad weather. Respectfully yours,

N. Y. W. S. & B.

EMPORIA, KAN., February 7, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have been a reader of the Magazine for three years, and am a member of No. 53. From time to time I have noted regular correspondence from some Lodges, and as no one has yet ventured to write about our Lodge, if you will grant me space, I will at once state that we are in a prosperous condition, with Bro. Mears as Master. Bro. McNeill is Financier. We have adopted a new method which I am sure will meet the approval of all who hear it, namely: Inflicting a fine of 25c upon all members who fail to give a plausible excuse for non-attendance. Our financial condition is improving under the able management of Bro. McNeill, who has relieved us of our burden of old debts, and I hope the brothers will do their utmost towards helping him to make No. 53 one of the best Lodges in the Order.

Yours, 53.

NEEDLES, CAL., February 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Mr. A. A. Barrett, the genial and courteous Master Mechanic of the Western division of the A. & P. Ry., has resigned, and will in a short time take his departure from Needles to Massachusetts, his native place, having there accepted a position as Superintendent of motive power on the Worcester and Nashur Ry. Mr. Barrett, during his stay in our city, won for himself many friends who, while they regret losing him, wish him well. On the evening of February 1st, the employees under his supervision, to show their respect and high appreciation, made him the recipient of a watch chain, to which was attached a handsome Maltese cross, inlaid with gold quartz and Mosaic pavement on one side, and on the other, a keystone; also a diamond stud, a ring and cuff buttons, the settings of which are composed of diamond-shaped quartz, of different hues. The presentation was made by E. A. Chase, the efficient clerk of Mr. Barret's in the following neat speech:

"Mr. Barrett, it having come to our knowledge that you are about to sever your connection, with the A. & P. Ry., and that we, as employees of this division will feel more directly your loss, we desire to show by some slight token, our sincere regret at losing you; we are, however, pleased to know that your future position will be one of increased honor and responsibility. It therefore gives me great pleasure to tender to you in behalf of the Engineers and Firemen of the A. & P. Ry. of this division, this chain, and emblem of the Order of which you are a member. We hope you will wear this as a memento of many favors shown us while under your charge. Trusting that in your new sphere of duty, your years may be long, and pleasures many, we are very truly your friends."

This occasion is one which will long be remembered by those present. Mr. Barrett was greatly surprised, and thanked them, but could not find words to express his sentiments, and thus ended one of the notable events in the epoch of Needles. Mr. G. W. Jennings, of Albuquerque, is at present filling the position vacated by Mr. Barrett. J. Pritchett, our former Magazine Agent, has, it is rumored, the matrimonial fever.

Although I am not a member of the B. of L.

F. I take great interest in the Magazine, and admire the sentiments of T. P. O'Rourke, in the "Insurance Problem;" think he has the better of X. L. C. R.

The "Tramp's" observations are well-timed, and I think it would prove beneficial if all the members of the Order could spend more time and study upon such work. The correspondence in the "Woman's Department," shows that woman is man's equal, if not better; they are doing their utmost to sustain the department. Long life to the ladies.

SLIM WHOJ.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Feb. 6, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It has long been my intention to write a letter for the Magazine. If it were not for the list of names in the last pages of our book one would think that Davy Crockett No. 145 did not exist. They are, however, constantly at work, and their motto is "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." The main object of this writing is to apprise our readers of the marriage of Bro. W. E. Simpson to Miss Eliza Phelps, one of Alamo City's fairest maidens. Bro. Simpson is the first of Davy Crockett's members to follow that scriptural advice. "It is not good for man to be alone," and no doubt indorses the idea, "go ye and do likewise." Members of No. 145 join in wishing Bro. Simpson and wife a long and prosperous voyage through life. The G. H. & S. A. boys still lead in our Lodge, but the I. & G. N. men are keeping with them. Bro. Jeff. Smith continues to work earnestly in the cause of B. S. & I. Bro. Arnold has left us for a few months and I hope he will be true to his promise and write to us on his arrival to South America. There are many members of our Order whom I would like to mention, but for fear that this missive will meet it's fate in the waste basket, I will say Adieu.

"DAVY CROCKETT"

WATERTOWN N. Y., Feb. 13, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The question is often asked, why doesn't some one say a word for the Empire? so I thought I would venture to let our readers know that we are booming along, making good time, with thirty-one reliable members that have the good of the Order at heart. Six of our members are handling the throttle and giving good satisfaction. Bro. Gayer had a very painful accident a few days since; while oiling his engine he fell and the spout of the can went through his wrist. However, he is mending and will soon be all right again. Bro. Gilnn is one of our live and energetic members and always has a good word to say for the Order.

Now, in regard to our insurance I will not try to explain my ideas on the subject. In fact there is little use for it, as our able Bros. X. L. C. R. and Sprague have expressed my views in the matter. I think if Bro. X. L. C. R. and Bro. O'Rourke keep on they will have the matter fully explained so that by our next Convention it will be settled satisfactorily to all.

DUFFY.

HOUSTON, TEX., Feb. 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In my endeavor to while away a few leisure moments I will give you some dots from Bayou City Lodge No. 148.

We granted, to-day, a withdrawal card to Bro. John L. Sullivan to join 145.

Bro. A. A. Ritchie, our Magazine Agent, was married last week to one of Louisiana's fairest daughters. Bro. Ritchie and bride visited the Exposition before their return to this city. We were the recipient last Sunday of a cake from Mrs. Ritchie, to which ample justice was done. The members of No. 148 tender their congratulations and thanks.

Bro. D. A. Middleton has been elected Financier and Bro. F. Bettis, Secretary.

A. O. Woodworth was expelled to-day for defrauding the treasury. He should be shunned by all honest men. More anon. ENG. 83.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

One of the most interesting features of the Magazine is the publication of letters noting the workings and improvement of the various Lodges. No. 3 has been very quiet for some time, but under the able management of our Master, A. Morehouse, and Financier, Bro. Springstead, the champion ink slinger of the B. of L. F. of America, we are getting along nicely.

F. W. J.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., January 17, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Having been a constant reader of the Magazine for the last two years, I have noticed but two items in the correspondence and a few more in the personal columns about some of the members of our Lodge. I thought I would make it a point this evening, after reading the December number, to let the B. of L. F. know that we are alive and prospering, even if it isn't very often they hear from us through the Magazine. To start off with, I will let you know that Bro. Buckley, our worthy Master, has got done hostlering, he stepped over to the right side about one month ago. We all wish you luck, Jack. Bro. McAuliffe, our new Magazine Agent, after playing with the scoop for six long years, has finally got to the front. He got on the right side of the 246 one week ago, and the Yardmaster at the shops says he is a hustler. When he meets any of the boys now he says he don't know whether he ought to recognize common firemen or not. Never mind, Con, if there is anything the matter we will help you out. Among others who have gained the right side, we see Bros. LaRoy, Hoffmann, Duggan and Donnelly. Bro. LaRoy has raised a full beard since he has got there. He says he has that to make him look more like a man. Bro. Duggan says he will have to lay off now, if he wants to go and see her. Bro. Dwyer, one of the shining lights of 130, is lately passing considerable time in the Third ward. The boys are looking for an invite, Tommy. Before I forget, I will let you know that Bro. Poulter got tired of single life,

and was recently married to Miss Maggie Bowen, a most estimable you lady. The boys wish you good luck, Johnny. As this is my first attempt at letting you know anything about 130, I hope you will find space in your Magazine for same and oblige M. McD.

DELEWARE, O., December, 19, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.—In regard to Buckeye Lodge No. 239, we wish to let all the rest of our brothers and the many readers of your Magazine know that we are getting along nicely. We have twenty-four members and a good many more applications ready to come in.

Since our organization our worthy Master, Mr. D. Wahl has been put on the right side of a pony at Cincinnati. We wish him success and if he does as well as he did on the left side, we know then that he is all right.

On Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 26, Buckeye Lodge No. 239, gave a grand benefit ball in Williams' Opera House. The hall was decorated with pictures, flags and mottoes, one of which was Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. The ball was a success as a social and a benefit ball, there being about 200 couples present. We wish to return thanks to our Master Mechanic, Mr. Ruth-erford, and our Round House Foreman, Mr. Berry, for their kindness in letting as many of the boys lay off as possible, also to the young ladies and Mr. Dittleback, the Paint Shop Foreman for their united kindness and help in decorating the hall. A. R. E.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***OUR BROTHERHOOD.**

Freely is our flag unfurled—
We are thousands, yet but one,
And we'll bind the rolling world
With our bright, mysterious zone.

Sorrow at our tread shall flee,
Joy the stricken heart illumine,
While beneath our footsteps free
Verdure springs and flowrets bloom.

Through the gloom, by pillars three,
Lead like Israel's chosen band,
Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,
Guide us through the darkened land.

We have wisdom stored on high,
For our God, the only good,
Watches with omniscient eye
O'er our holy Brotherhood.

'Twas a strong and Heaven-wrought chain
That our hearts together wove,
And our escutcheon bears no stain
Bound by Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.

Brethren by a birthright high,
Heart to heart and lip to lip,
Shall in sympathy reply,
Through our mystic fellowship.

Not for self alone we claim
Blessings that around us fall,
For the end to which we aim
Is the greatest good of all.

Freely be our flag unfurled,
We are thousands, yet but one,
And we'll bind the rolling world
With our bright, mysterious zone.

LA FAYETTE, IND.

—W. B. W.

PERSONALS.

H. D. AVERY and John Clendening, of 196, have been promoted.

BROS. PALMER and Simmons, of 204, have also taken the right side.

TED O'CONNOR, of Banner Lodge, has been promoted to running on the Wabash.

THE "lunch fiend" of the Delaware, like the ground hog, is out and ready for business.

BROS. S. A. SMITH and Harry Hanes, of 204, have taken the goat in hand to pacify and please.

A CHARMING little girl has been added to the domestic circle of Bro. Ed Davis, of Eureka Lodge.

BRO. S. T. FLETCHER, of Beaver Lodge, reports the arrival of a little daughter at his household.

SIDNEY ANDERSON, Gay Wiston and Wm. Thomas have been promoted to the right hand side.

BROS. SEILING, Bolitho, D. Smith, Daley, Schmidt, Hogan and Coffman, of No. 25, have been promoted.

BOSTON and Buffalo have entered the race for the largest membership at the Philadelphia Convention.

IT will soon be time for the man with a bad eye, with a brick in his clothes, to ambush the Spring Poet.

VERY elegant cards are out, announcing the marriage of Bro. Bert D. Avery, of No. 77, to Miss Ida C. Perry.

C. H. NESS, Master of No. 107, is now also master of his profession, having been promoted to the right hand side.

ILLINOIS leads in the number of Lodges, having twenty-nine. Pennsylvania and New York follow with eighteen each.

BRO. JOHN LECKLITER, of No. 204, has quit the role of bachelor and married Miss Annie Black. Here's happiness to them.

ED. FERRY, of No. 25, is firing a passenger engine, and Bro. Bollinger, of the same Lodge, is happy since the last ball took place.

ED. RUSSELL, Vice Master of No. 229, is a whole circus. To pass an evening with Ed. is a pleasure once enjoyed, never to be forgotten.

THE promotion of Vice Grand Master Sargent, who is now in charge of the Yuma Round House, will be glad news to his hosts of friends.

ONE of the most earnest workers in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in the South, is Mr. B. T. Cole, of Division 210, Macon, Ga.

THE new Lodge lately organized at Savannah, Ga., opens up a new field, and gives the Brotherhood a foothold on the South Atlantic coast.

S. P. STRINGER, the efficient Financier of No. 117, has been re-elected Alderman of the city of London, Ontario. His friends extend congratulations.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS speaks very highly of Bro. J. K. Bronger, of Great Southern Lodge No. 200, who assisted him in organizing several Lodges on his late trip through the South.

WM. WEILER's family will count one more in the census of 1885. A fine young boy has been added to his household.

OUR members will be glad to hear that Bro. Holle, of Forest City Lodge No. 10, who came so near being killed a few months ago, is able to grasp the throttle again.

BRO. W. J. GORHAM, the esteemed Vice of 119, has hung up the shovel and now sits in state on the right side. We congratulate him on his well-earned promotion.

ANOTHER daughter added to the family of Bro. J. R. Murphy, of 119. Jack would rather it had been a boy this time. Too many girls in that house, altogether, you know.

BYRON AUSTIN, Past Master of No. 174, is said to be one of the most successful young engineers of the P. R. R. running out of Harrisburg, and Bro. H. A. McNeal, of the same Lodge, holds the distinction of being one of our ablest Financiers.

A GREAT many of our boys are coming to the front, namely, Bros. H. McGuin, I. S. Meriman, Wm. Slotter, A. J. Broughton and M. E. Davis, of No. 160, who now are occupying the right hand side.

FRANK HOWARD, the noted Chicago Limited Fireman, on the P. R. R., is doing the right thing. First, he married a handsome and refined lady of Jersey City and then he joined B. of L. F. Lodge No. 3. We wish him happiness and prosperity through life.

TUESDAY morning, February 17, at 9 o'clock, at St. Marks' R. C. Church, Bristol, Pa., Chas. S. McNally was united in marriage to Miss Martha Tully. The ceremony was immediately followed by an elegant reception at the residence of the bride's parents. Lodge No. 213 extends congratulations to Brother McNally.

P. A. BROWN, of No. 11, has tried to keep it dark for some time past, but it has come to light at last. We find that during his absence he has stolen a march on the boys, and taken unto himself a partner for life. All right, old boy, we will wait with patience until you come down. The members of No. 11 join in wishing you all the joys of this world.

A VERY pleasant marriage was consummated on the evening of January 28, at the residence of A. Gosselin, G. T. R. engineman, Hadlow Cove, Quebec. The contracting parties were Bro. F. E. King, of Star of the East Lodge No. 118, and Miss Maggie Gosselin. The impressive marriage ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Deacon Anderson.

ON January 25, Bro. L. W. Villion, a newly initiated member of No. 60, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Ella Galvin, of Port Richmond. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Mullin, of St. Annes' Church. We extend our congratulations to Bro. Villion and his fair bride, hoping each succeeding year, as they journey through life, will bring joy and happiness.

THE members of Eureka Lodge No. 14 presented their worthy Master, Bro. Chas. E. Hamilton, with a handsome gold watch chain and charm as a Christmas gift. Bro. Wm. Hugo made the presentation in very fitting words, expressing to the recipient, on behalf of the Lodge, the highest appreciation of his services as Master. Bro. Hamilton was much affected by the offering and it was some time before he could find words with which to express his gratitude to the members for the generous token with which they had honored him. Bro. Hamilton has the confidence and esteem of every member of his Lodge, and it is safe to say that he will never betray the trust.

AMUSEMENTS.

FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO.

The first grand union ball of the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F., held at Ft. William, Jan. 7, was an overwhelming success in every way, both socially and financially. Over \$100 was netted, with which an elegant hall will be furnished for the exclusive use of the two Orders. The walls were tastefully decorated with the charters and mottoes of the B. of L. E. and B. of L. F., pictures, long ropes of evergreens, flags, banners, &c., presenting a beautiful scene. A special train arrived at 9 P. M., bringing many guests from Port Arthur and vicinity. The excellent music was furnished by the Prof. de Felice Band. The programme was carefully arranged and gave perfect satisfaction. Supper was announced at 12 o'clock in the elegant dining hall of the Ontario House, whose genial proprietor spared no effort to make it a success. Dancing continued until 5 A. M. Great praise is due to the Managing Committee. The ball was without doubt the largest and finest ever given on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Fraternally yours,

NORTH POLE.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

At our late annual ball, held at State Armory, in our beautiful city, January 22, there were many faces that were strange to us, for all that the occasion was an enjoyable one. Nearly all our members were present and worked their utmost to make the hop a success. There was one of our members who seemed to be badly struck, the robust young man who runs the mossback with engine No. 22, his brain went whirly gig all night, as there were several trying to get the best of him, but he managed to keep inside track and came out ahead. The decorations in our hall reflect ample credit upon the committee of arrangements. The locomotive and effigy was quite novel, the walls were adorned with our motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," flags of different nations, and our chart. which was encircled by a large B. of L. F. of evergreens. Any one seeing Bro. Murphy would think he was trying to imitate Sir Wm. Wallace, the Scottish Chief.

NIGHT HAWK.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"The Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held a delightful social and reunion at North Star hall last evening. The married members of the Order were present with their wives, and the unmarried men came with their best girls, forming a gathering of sixty or seventy happy people. The evening was spent with various social enjoyments, among which dancing claimed the attention of a large share of the company. At 11 o'clock supper was served, followed by dancing, which was continued until a late hour this morning. Music was furnished by Caffarelli Bros. The committee of arrangements was composed of Messrs. Frank X. Holl, John A. Taylor and Fred. L. Harvey. The members of the committee on refreshments were Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Harvey. Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Segamhiemer, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Shanou, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Nickels, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shanch, and Messrs. P. M. Hall, George Clark, William Nichols, William Wilson, of St. Paul, John Merrick, Edward Barry, George Gardner, Thomas West, Walter Stites, Frank X. Holl, Frederick L. Harvey, M. C. Shannon and Mr. Winters."

HUNTINGTON, IND.

The second annual ball of Wm. Hugo Lodge No. 166, was one of the most pleasant affairs ever witnessed in this city. The music was furnished by the Light Guard Orchestra of Chicago, and gave universal satisfaction. The hall was artistically decorated and brilliantly illuminated by head-

lights furnished by our generous General Foreman, Mr. P. E. Garrison. Supper was furnished in superb style at the Star Restaurant, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, spared no pains in making it fill all the requirements of the occasion. The ball lasted until the "wee sma'" hours, and when the participants were tired of dancing the proprietor of the hall (which was also used as a skating room) permitted them to use the skates and indulge in that pleasure free of charge. Bro. Ayres, of No. 12, and Bro. Ford, of No. 157, were among our guests and were nicely entertained by our lady friends. Mr. L. T. Bayley and Mr. H. M. Haerly officiated as floor managers and rendered efficient service. The ball was a pronounced success, as all will testify who were in attendance, and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the happy manner in which the affair was conducted. Our boys can manage a social entertainment as successfully as they can conduct the affairs of the Lodge, and when it comes to entertaining our friends every member does his full duty in that direction. We shall look forward to our next ball with no small degree of pleasure.

D. H. F.

FORT HOWARD, WIS.

Baldwin Lodge No. 189, B. of L. F., held their First Annual Ball, at Turner Hall, Green Bay, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, 1884.

It was one of the most brilliant and pleasurable affairs of the kind ever attempted in this city. The hall was neatly decorated with evergreens and flags, and several locomotive headlights, suspended at proper places, intensified the brilliancy of the gas light, and everything spoke volumes of praise for those engaged in the work. About the first thing that met the eye was the word "Welcome" suspended across the stage, and underneath, "B. of L. F." Clauder's band, of Milwaukee, filled the stage and furnished excellent music for the occasion. The festivities, which commenced about 8:30 o'clock, with the grand march, were honored with some of our most prominent citizens and their ladies. The galleries were quite well filled with ladies and gentlemen who had come merely to witness the gay throng on the floor of the hall, treading the merry measures of the dance.

Early in the evening the Lodge was presented with a beautiful banner that was procured by contributions from mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the Lodge. It was presented by Master Mechanic N. S. Kimball, and accepted by G. W. Watson, in a very pretty little speech. At the conclusion of this very pleasant little ceremony dancing was resumed until the intermission for supper, which was served in the dining room on the first floor.

The firemen blew their whistles and carried lots of steam, and well they might, for their success was such as to make all who were present heartily wish many returns of the happy occasion, and to be present every time.

PEORIA, ILL.

The Peoria Freeman gives the following account of the late ball of W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48: "Although the night was a terribly cold one and the wind blowing hard, some 800 persons assembled in Rouse's hall to attend the third annual ball given under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen No. 48. The hall itself had been handsomely decorated and draped. On the stage was a massive evergreen horse-shoe. Behind this was the headlight of an engine, forcibly reminding one of the events. Above this, in evergreen letters, was the motto, 'B. of L. F.', while still higher, in large letters was the excellent inscription, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.' The gallery was handsomely draped with flags while in the rear of the hall in large evergreen letters was 'B. of L. F.'"

The grand entree was made at about 9 o'clock. It was late in the morning, ere the happy crowd broke up, all earnestly desiring the coming of the fourth annual.

The members of the organization wore white badges, but one feature of the evening was the scarcity of them. Only seven members were present. The remaining members are all out on the road somewhere, stuck hard and fast in snow drifts. This must have been very distasteful after having been to all the trouble to get up a ball and then be kept away by the storm. In consequence the floor and reception committee had to be entirely changed, by the largest proportion being outsiders. Handsome red and blue badges were worn by the floor and reception committees respectively. At the conclusion of the programme all retired to their homes well pleased with the agreeable manner in which the evening had been spent.

MONTREAL QUEBEC.

A Montreal paper gives the following account of the late ball of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15:

"The members of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held their fourth annual ball and supper at the St. Charles Club Rooms, Lomas' hotel, Point St. Charles, last evening, and the affair was a most successful one, and reflected the highest credit on those who had charge of the arrangements. Over one hundred couples were present. The decorations, which were most profuse, were very artistic and appropriate. At the street entrance to the hall were stationed two large engine headlights, with two red, two green and two white lantern lights, the whole being so well done as to give the guests the appearance as they entered the building that they were coming abreast of two large locomotives. The ball room was also very tastefully decorated for the occasion. At one end of the room was what might be called the firemen's coat of arms, consisting of two large shovels, coal-hammer, torches and fire irons, and at the other end was placed the charter of the Lodge, with a back-ground of flags and bunting. Among the other decorations on the walls were pictures of engines of various descriptions, including the engine in use both in the old and in this country twenty years ago and at the present time. On one side of the room were placed three large headlights, the word "Welcome" being inscribed on one of them. On the opposite side of the room was the motto of the Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The supper room was also nicely decorated; in fact, the whole of the building was appropriately decorated with flowers and evergreens, mine host Lomas sparing no pains to do his share in making the affair the grand success which it undoubtedly was.

Dancing was commenced about half-past eight o'clock to excellent music and kept up with zeal until shortly after eleven o'clock, when an adjournment was made to the supper room, where a most tempting spread greeted the eyes of the guests. After ample justice had been done the good things provided by mine host Lomas, the chairman, Mr. Thos. Clark, proposed several loyal and other toasts, including "Our Locomotive Foreman," "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," "The Conductor's and Brakemen's Benevolent Association," "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," "The Ladies," and "The Press," appropriate responses being made by Dr. Wood and Messrs. R. Patterson, F. B. Lytle, Flynn, E. Upton and others. Dancing was afterwards resumed and indulged in until about three o'clock this morning, when a very pleasant gathering came to a close. During the evening several dancing competitions took place, for which handsome and useful prizes were offered.

The gentlemen composing the committee, who deserve the highest credit for the manner in which the arrangements were carried out, were as follows: Messrs. Thos. Clark, chairman; E. Upton, secretary; Geo. Kelly, Hy. A. Parker, Samuel A. Atchison and Fred. G. Hill. Mr. Hill also acted as floor manager and performed his duties to the satisfaction of all.

RESOLUTIONS.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

At a regular meeting of Adair Lodge No. 100, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to remove from our midst Bro. A. J. O'Bannon, who was killed by falling from the cars December 19th 1884.

WHEREAS, The order has lost a good and honored member, and this Lodge one whom we were proud to call Brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the stricken household, and that we recommend the bereaved relatives to Him, for consolation, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days and that these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JNO. H. FENWICK, }
JNO. B. CURTER, } Committee.
W. H. HUMMELL. }

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

At a meeting of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, B. of L. F., held in Masonic Hall on January 1st, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty who, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved and worthy Brother Chauncey A. Yates who died of consumption on December 30, 1884, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for death; and

WHEREAS, This Lodge has lost one of its best members, the brotherhood one of its most earnest supporters, his family a loving husband and father, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit;

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days, and that a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother, and published in the North Platte papers and the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

P. H. SULLIVAN, }
P. A. NORTON, } Committee.
S. HARTMAN, }
A. STRUTHERS, }
W. T. CHADWICK }

MEMPHIS, TENN.

At a regular meeting of Bluff City Lodge No. 55, B. of L. F., February 1, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heartfelt sorrow that we are called upon to announce the death of Bro. Walter Nance, who died January 23, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Nance this Lodge laments the loss of an energetic and faithful worker, one whose kindness and gentlemanly deportment reflected credit on our Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Nance our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of distress, assuring her that this Lodge has lost a member, whom we all respected and esteemed, and while we know that God in his infinite glory has received him among his children above, we also feel it our duty to guard and protect her and her child; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Nance, spread upon the minutes of this Lodge, and that they be published in Firemen's Magazine.

PETER JOHNSTON, }
THOMAS FOX, } Committee.
MIKE CADY, }

HINTON, W. VA.

At a call meeting of Hinton Lodge, 236, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It pleased Him who doeth all things well, to remove from our midst by sudden death, on the 10th of January, 1885, our much beloved Bro. E. L. Kerby, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother, to say that we sadly miss him from among our members and truly feel that we have lost one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we tender to the loved ones around the darkened circle the assurance of our sincere and affectionate sympathy.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in our Magazine and a copy be sent to the family of our departed brother

Fraternally

J. W. FORLINE, }
F. R. MAY, } Committee.
G. W. CUNDIFF, }

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Maguet Lodge, No. 227, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to take from our midst our worthy Bro. Frank English

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. English the Lodge has lost an honored member and we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the sorrowing father, mother and relatives.

Resolved, That out of respect to our deceased brother we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Keystone Lodge, No. 208, for their kind assistance at the burial of our departed brother.

Resolved, That we extend thanks to Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, for the assistance they rendered us in the loan of their regalias.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine and published.

W. W. STONIER, }
FRANK PARSONS, } Committee.
W. A. WRIGLEY, }

MEMPHIS, TENN.

At a regular meeting of Bluff City Lodge No. 55, B. of L. F., held Feb. 2, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Walter Nance, who died January 23, No. 55 has lost an energetic and faithful worker, and one whose smiles and gentle, manly deportment reflected credit on our order. We greatly deplore his loss, feeling, as we do, that he can never be replaced.

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Nance our heartfelt sympathy in her distress, assuring her that this Lodge has lost a member whom we all respected and esteemed, and while we feel that God in His infinite glory has received him among His children above, we also feel it our duty to guard and protect her and her child, and we will.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Nance, also published in the Firemen's Magazine, and spread upon the records of this Lodge.

PETER JOHNSON, }
THOMAS FOX, } Committee.
MIKE CADY, }

THE DALLES, OREGON.

At a regular meeting of Mt. Hood Lodge No. 167, B. of L. F., held January 17, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doeth all things well to take from our midst by death our beloved brother, George Hudson, and that it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that we to-day miss him from among our number, and truly feel that we have lost one who is worthy in every way of our respect and esteem, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Hudson Mt. Hood Lodge has lost a true and faithful member and his wife a kind and loving husband.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved widow, relatives and friends of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine and to one of the city papers for publication, and also spread on the minutes of this meeting, and that our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

G. M. THOMPSON, }
F. S. LANGDON, } Committee.
J. H. NICKELL, }

SLATER, MO.

At a regular meeting of West End Lodge No. 18, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions, expressing our sorrow at the death of our late brother, Ward L. Blackman, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon for the first time to drape their Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of the Almighty God in His mysterious Providence, to remove from our midst our worthy and well beloved brother, Ward L. Blackman, by a collision on the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Higginsville, Mo., on the night of January 16, 1885.

WHEREAS, While we mourn the loss of so true a brother, we are consoled by the hope that our loss is his gain in that noble Brotherhood above.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Ward L. Blackman, we hereby extend our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved mother, sisters and brothers on this sad occasion, assuring them that he was honored and esteemed among his comrade firemen.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to all friends, and especially to the members of Twin City Lodge No. 39, who kindly assisted us in the funeral of our late brother.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased brother, we drape our Chart and Charter for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family and that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine and the "Slater Index."

J. B. MILLER, }
F. A. BRIGGS, } Committee.
J. M. HARRISON, }

GRAND LODGE DEPARTMENT.

NOTE—This department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

JOHN PERRY.

John Perry, of No. 72, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF 204.

Chas. E. Cramer and Al. L. Parker, of Lodge No. 204, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MEMBERS OF 129.

Byron Vinning, Ed. S. Clark, Jas. Cole, Jr., H. H. Nisen, H. Monford, Thos. Foulks, Matt Tholl and Frank Guibor, of No. 129, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

DAVID PITT.

David Pitt, of 194, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF 127.

J. C. Noble and Robert Fowler, of Lodge 127, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., February 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending January 31, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Assessm't 53.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Assessm't 53.	Total.
1		\$37		\$37 00	66	\$14	\$83		\$77 00
2	\$15	17		32 00	67	13	65		78 00
3	10	127		137 00	68	2	34		36 00
4	17	43		60 00	69	28	34		62 00
5	5	23		28 00	70	16	26		42 00
6	5	27		32 00	71	12	47		59 00
7	18	67		85 00	72	4	65		69 00
8	19	42		61 00	73	8	52		60 00
9	11	59		70 00	74	2	64		66 00
10	12	120		120 00	75	1	84	60	130 00
11	52	153		205 00	76	34	82		125 00
12	8	82		90 00	77	3	94		116 00
13	14	143		143 00	78	3	94		116 00
14	15		\$54	54 00	79	3	94		116 00
15	11	129		140 00	80	1	73		73 00
16	5	30		35 00	81	1	114		115 00
17	30	37		46 00	82	6	74		80 00
18	9	37		46 00	83	6	74		80 00
19	4	28		32 00	84	1	64		65 00
20	16	12		28 00	85	54	48	50	152 00
21	8	25		33 00	86	5	64		69 00
22	10	40		50 00	87	1	51		52 00
23	10	40		50 00	88	1	51	42	84 00
24		50		50 00	89	7	42		70 00
25	50	50		76 00	90	3	15		18 00
26	18	58		72 00	91	2	18		20 00
27	3	76		72 00	92	1	1		1 00
28	2	70		51 00	93	29	89		118 00
29	4	20		24 00	94	5	33		38 00
30	36	51		87 00	95	5	49		103 00
31	19	22		40 00	96	29			29 00
32				45 00	97	30	48		78 00
33				26 00	98	100	39		139 00
34				88 00	99	14	85		99 00
35	7	19		102	100	19	79		98 00
36	25	63		82 00	101	12	18		30 00
37	8	68		76 00	102	3	65		68 00
38	1	77		15 00	103	10	17		27 00
39	5	10		30 00	104	12	52		64 00
40	2	57		2 00	105	2	26		28 00
41	14	54		57 00	106	2	43		45 00
42	25	42		68 00	107	1	26		27 00
43	4	140		67 00	108	40	39		79 00
44	70	70		144 00	109	8	42		50 00
45	11	36		70 00	110	2	17		19 00
46	112	112		47 00	111	1	24		24 00
47	1	64		112 00	112	1	34		35 00
48	2	91		65 00	113	1	40		40 00
49	12	48		93 00	114	2	26		28 00
50	2	64		60 00	115	2	26		28 00
51	6	19		66 00	116	1	52		53 00
52	3	13		25 00	117	6	32		38 00
53	36	185		16 00	118	7	41		48 00
54	23	23		221 00	119	52	36		88 00
55	106	106		23 00	120	1	42		42 00
56	13	64		106 00	121	5	31		36 00
57	50	93		77 00	122	33			33 00
58	2	51		143 00	123	6	104		217 00
59	23	17		53 00	124	27			24 00
60	1	41		40 00	125	6	41		47 00
61	3	49		52 00	126	9	27		36 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Assessm't 53.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts 51 and 52.	Assessm't 53.	Total.
131	\$4	\$19		\$23 00	185	\$1	\$16		\$17 00
132	10	21		31 00	186	6	15		21 00
133	1	37		74 00	187	19	19		19 00
134	1	19		20 00	188	5	27	\$45	45 00
135				18 00	189				32 00
136	4	14		34 00	190				
137	3	21		46 00	191				
138	28	57	56	115 00	192				
139	2	72	5	74 00	193				
140	4	37		41 00	194				
141				94 00	195				
142	2	5		9 00	196				
143	4	37		37 00	197				
144				31 00	198	1	13	18	14 00
145			31	31 00	199		25		25 00
146				23 00	200	9	18		27 00
147	4	19		10 00	201		23		23 00
148		10		23 00	202		37		37 00
149	17	119		136 00	203	1	28		29 00
150	1	50	46	47 00	204	7	25		32 00
151		15		50 00	205	6	45		51 00
152	1	5		16 00	206		30		30 00
153	7	12		19 00	207		36		36 00
154		29		29 00	208		24		24 00
155			17	17 00	209		18		18 00
156	15	27		42 00	210		19		19 00
157	4	32		36 00	211		34		34 00
158	44	33		77 00	212				
159	4	24		28 00	213	4			22 00
160		53		53 00	214	4	24		24 00
161	3	45		48 00	215		21		21 00
162	1	97		98 00	216	5	37		42 00
163	3	20		23 00	217	3	19		22 00
164	5	20		25 00	218		14		14 00
165	4	31		35 00	219		15	18	33 00
166	4	32		36 00	220		28		28 00
167		34		34 00	221		11		11 00
168	2	17		19 00	222		16		16 00
169	2	41		43 00	223		14		18 00
170	11	32		43 00	224	4	14		18 00
171	2	12		14 00	225	3	20		23 00
172		39		39 00	226		17		17 00
173	5	26		31 00	227	2	15	18	35 00
174	12	39		51 00	228		13		13 00
175	5	16		21 00	229		21		21 00
176		14	14	28 00	230		21		21 00
177	4	32		36 00	231				
178	2	42		44 00	232	2	17		19 00
179		53		53 00	233		10		10 00
180		7		7 00	234		13		13 00
181		21		21 00	235				
182		30		30 00	236				
183	9	35	37	81 00	237	23	24		47 00
184	1	25		26 00	238				

Balance on hand January 1 \$2,640 50
Received during month 11,047 00

Total \$13,687 50

By claims Nos. 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170,
171, 172, 173, 174 and 175 11,000 00

Balance on hand February 1 \$2,687 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

Assessment notice No. 55, for February, calling for \$1.00 from all assessable members, was mailed from the Grand Lodge office March 1st.

CORRECTION.

The expulsion of A. H. Green from Lodge No. 15 was reported in last month's Magazine as being for "non-payment of dues." This is incorrect, as he was not expelled for non-payment, but by order of the last Convention.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of January:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
8	Chas. T. Scott.	71	Geo. Morton.
12	Harry Adams.	95	M. Hogan.
28	Jno. Dalson.	141	Frank Penoyer.
49	Louis Decker.	161	O. G. Brydolf.
50	Geo. L. Berger.	169	O. P. Metz.
53	Ernest Gray.		

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of January:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
3	C. A. Hoffman.*	70	P. Cleppan.*
10	M. O. Burnham.*	70	W. W. Hall.*
10	Jno. Boylan.*	70	E. Howard.*
12	Daniel E. Barry.*	70	J. N. Nichols.*
12	Wm. Kinkade.*	70	Jas. O'Connor.*
14	T. W. Bennett.*	70	G. W. Rains.*
14	C. W. Hawley.*	70	W. C. Smith.*
14	C. F. Hahn.*	70	A. J. Smith.*
14	J. Newnon.*	70	A. Weaver.*
23	Eugene Craine.*	71	Willis Bender.*
26	B. Apker.*	76	D. Nichols.*
26	Frank Hammil.*	81	A. Brown.†
26	A. Snyder.*	83	Jno. W. Dobbins.*
27	H. D. West.*	83	W. R. Cains.*
27	W. Munn.*	97	T. J. Harvey.*
29	J. J. Nihill.*	97	H. E. Moore.*
35	Jas. H. Brown.*	97	J. S. Whiteman.*
35	Richard Brown.*	101	Wm. Bogan.*
35	W. B. Trull.*	103	Martin Carroll.*
36	Richard Brennan.*	103	J. G. Gill.*
36	Hugh Balmer.*	103	W. E. Rapson.*
36	Ed. Conners.*	103	Mike Conway.*
36	H. A. Kennedy.*	104	H. Doxey.*
36	Fred. Scramling.*	107	C. Holsworth.*
37	H. Frank.*	107	F. Tamblin.*
40	A. Prewitt.*	109	H. Deltrich.*
49	F. R. Young.†	109	Thos. Cradick.*
49	Alfred Brown.*	110	J. A. Bowles.*
49	John Bolan.*	110	H. W. Rossiter.*
49	Jas. Cochran.*	112	Thos. Buckley.*
49	Edward Decourcey.*	114	Joseph J. Granger.*
49	H. A. Hammond.*	121	Geo. Dixon.*
49	Geo. Livingston.*	123	Frank Crawford.†
49	A. McCambridge.*	123	M. H. Higgins.‡
49	Edward Nolan.*	124	Chas. Davenport.*
49	Colen Shanks.*	127	Arthur Eaton.*
54	E. Humphries.*	127	Mike McNulty.*
57	W. A. Pembrook.*	127	C. Morton.*
60	Linden Reckless.*	127	D. Hartly.*
60	Thos. McCann.*	128	A. McMonagle.*
61	S. J. Murphy.†	142	Jas. Mooney.*
61	Wm. Redington.*	149	Jno. Lyons.*
61	J. M. Sheire.*	149	Jos. Cavenaugh.*
61	H. A. Fountain.*	184	I. B. Lewis.*
61	G. E. Foote.*	186	Thos. Austin.*
61	W. D. Harwood.*	186	P. H. Lynch.*
67	Geo. Johnson.*	190	Aaron Merwin.*
76	Jas. Atkins.*	190	F. J. Bang.*
70	W. H. Bassinger.*	213	E. W. Oliver.†
70	J. T. Chiled.*	238	Jno. Nelson.*

* Non-payment of dues.

† Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Drunkenness.

§ Dead Beat.

MARCH ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 55—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 2, 1886.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

189. Chas. L. Shattuck, of Lodge No. 102, was killed in a railroad accident, November 11, 1884.

190. James Perrin, of Lodge 143 died of Consumption, November 21, 1884.

191. Jos. Smith, of Lodge 186, was killed in a railroad accident, Nov. 26, 1884.

192. Geo. Batteiger, of Lodge 89, died of Basilar Meningitis, November 11, 1884.

193. L. C. Chase, of Lodge 27, died from the effects of a railroad accident, November 17, 1884.

194. Ed Boyle, of Lodge 111, died from the effects of a railroad accident, November 28, 1884.

195. Pat Walsh, of Lodge 238, was killed in a railroad accident, November 29, 1884.

196. A. J. O'Bannon, of Lodge 100, was killed by falling between cars, December 19, 1884.

197. O. Yates, of Lodge 28, died of Consumption, December 30, 1884.

198. C. C. Griffin, of Lodge 200, suffered the amputation of an arm, as the result of a railroad accident, December 19, 1884.

199. Geo. Hudson, of Lodge 167, was killed in a railroad accident, December 26, 1884.

200. Frank Webster, of Lodge 99, died of Dropsy, December 28, 1884.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership December 25, 1884, and must be paid to your Financier on or before April 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before April 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearages, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours

EUGENE V. DEBS,

G. S. and T.

GRAND LODGE.**OFFICERS.**

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman South Pueblo, Col.
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
- 2. HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St. Master
A. P. Green, 5 Calais St. Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Financier
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morehouse, 525 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave Secretary
H. Springstead, 282 9th St. Financier

4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. W. Caudle Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C. St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1306 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 306 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Seiling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 854 Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. H. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
31. **E. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
G. W. Moore Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Kee Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
34. **CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1146 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
35. **AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier

- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Grimm St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
J. Taylor, Box 233 Master
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Secretary
J. Taylor, Box 233 Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorcey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, Globe Hotel Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 4018 Wabash Ave. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5228 State St. Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 10 A. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 6:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
J. B. Hamilton, Box 316 Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Bos-
ton, Mass. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 192 10th St., Denver,
Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 568 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Miline, G. T. Ry. Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 564 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier

- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 61, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick, Box 672 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, 237 Brunswick Ave. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, L. Box 330 Master
J. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
L. D. Brown, 760 Arapahoe St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
J. F. Costin, 1103 E. 6th St. Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
H. Adams Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Gooding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. T. Lowrey, Box 758 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave. Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
C. C. Brooks, Box 205 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 14 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concaannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. Warn, 650 W. Monroe St. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 685 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 685 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 685 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. Financier

- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 332 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts. Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1993 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesnell St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallion, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Broadway Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
M. Russell Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
R. A. Harris, Post Office St., between 38th and 37th Sts. Master
J. Killen, Post Office St., between 38th and 37th Sts. Secretary
J. Clark, Corner 38th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleeson Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
J. T. Dewan, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. A. McMullen, 18 Quince St. Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Hanmer Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
L. Sutherland, 935 Division St. Secretary
H. Calleehan Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
J. Callahan Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 133 McWilliam St. Master
J. G. Entwistle, 110 Alexander St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St. Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
T. Ballard Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Siminon, Box 426 Financier

- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St. Master
G. LaRoy, 285 Jefferson St. Secretary
C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee. Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson, Sutton Junction, Quebec Secretary
M. Mulroney Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Port Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st, 2d and last Sundays at 1 P. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
G. H. Lippencott, 526 W. 61st St. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave. Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St. Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 80 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Walr Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
G. N. Smith Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 430 Mullett St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
W. Riggs, 420 William St. Financier

- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C., B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
E. K. Park, Box 56 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Shannon, Box 401, Portage City, Wis. Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 287 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, 541 Wellington St. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
H. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Floyd, Box 662 Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
R. A. Bell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, 160 S. 3d St., W. Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
A. Tankersley Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Geisen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
W. Powell, 361 31st St. Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Arlesian Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1096 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier

- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Master
R. J. Geis, Lower Cascades, Washing-
ton Territory Secretary
W. N. Collister, Box 287 Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
W. J. Glennan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, Box 244 Master
W. S. Griffiths Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
cine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
A. Tully, Box 223 Secretary
E. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
C. E. Cramer Master
F. M. Armstrong Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Las Vegas,
N. M. Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 150 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
J. McKee Secretary
G. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffee St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffee St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
J. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
L. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Green-
bush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 50 Washington St.,
Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1206 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DEBRICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Friday at
8 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, L. Box 185, Hunting-
ton, W. Va. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier

- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 282, Fort Arthur, Ontario Secretary
C. Unwin, C. P. Ry Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nichol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nichol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghampton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleeker St Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 611 E. 6th St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. McIvanna, C. P. Ry Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Douglass, 33d and Ravine Sts. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
G. W. Cundiff, Box 18 Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
A. Watson Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. M. Call Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Mallin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
J. T. Nance Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, 64 Judd St Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
W. C. Jackson, 353 4th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
E. Miller, Air Line Shops Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, Air Line Shops Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. Master
S. A. Campbell Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike Master
C. W. Downs Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1885.

No. 4

MIRIAM'S FLIRTATION.

Chicago Herald.

"It is frightfully dull here," exclaimed Miriam Creswick, with her "Diana bow" of a mouth stretched in a most pretentious yawn. "Is there nothing here but crochet work, wild strawberries and tea parties?"

Miriam was the very impersonation of her Jewish name—tall and dark, with creamy complexion and eyes that seemed to melt and swim like stars hiding away in shady springs. And she wore soft, sweeping robes that fell around her in statuesque folds, and moved with the slow, royal grace of a Hebrew queen, so that Constance Dale looked up to her with girlish admiration as the incarnation of all that was radiant in womanhood.

"But I thought you came here to rest and recruit after the winter's dissipation, Miriam," said Constance.

"So I did, but I don't mean actually to stagnate if I can help it."

Constance looked puzzled. Miss Creswick laughed.

"The dear, unsophisticated little fairy!" she cried, gaily. "The sewing circle and a portfolio of embroidery patterns may be enough for you, but won't suffice for me. I must have a flirtation or two to spice the monotony."

"But I thought, Miriam, Judge Dalton's son—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Miriam, with good-humored imperiousness. "Of course I'm to marry Percival Dalton some day—or at least so the elders say—and I've no doubt he's a very fine young man."

"Oh, Miriam, you do not mean that you have never seen him?"

"Why are you so horrified at that?" asked Miss Creswick, half turning, so as to fasten a spray of rosebuds in her midnight dark hair. "We aren't engaged, nor shall we be, probably, until it is ascertained whether or not I shall suit my lord. He's rich and handsome, if report be true, and that is pretty much all I care for."

"And when does he return from Europe?" asked Constance in breathless interest.

"In September, I suppose. Come, Conny, don't you want to walk down to the postoffice? I'm so tired of doing nothing."

The two girls had just emerged from the shady lane upon the quiet country road, when a tall young man, of the fair-haired Saxon style of face, passed them, carelessly doffing his cap to Constance Dale.

"Who is that, Con?" whispered Miss Creswick, turning her stately head to look after the vanishing figure.

"Mr. Edgerton's nephew, Percy Wylde."

"The parson's nephew? How handsome he is! Why didn't you introduce him?"

"Shall I call him back?" asked Miss Dale, laughing.

"Nonsense. Is he a villager?"

"No; he is here for a few weeks, enjoying our fine scenery and delicious mountain air."

"Good," said Miriam, nodding her head. "We can help amuse each other."

"Miriam," cried Constance, with

a face that was really shocked, "you would not flirt with him merely for a pastime?"

"To be sure I would," laughed Miriam. "Don't be a fool, Conny; men are our natural prey just as we are theirs."

And she only made fun of poor Constance's remonstrances.

"I hope he won't speak to you, that's all," said Constance.

"You are not in love with him yourself, Con?" laughingly demanded Miriam.

"Of course not," flashed out Constance, with flaming cheeks; only I do not like to see any creature, whether brute or human, cruelly hunted down."

"It won't hurt him," said Miriam, dryly.

And true to her word, she did not allow twenty-four hours to elapse before she became acquainted with the parson's good-looking nephew.

Apparently Mr. Wylde was quite ready for a flirtation—and to speak the truth it would have been rather difficult to avoid falling into Miss Creswick's enchantingly spread snares. Picnics, boating parties and dreamy rambles up the mountain side, all conspired to aid the siren's plans, while Constance looked on, grieved and troubled and sorely anxious to warn Percy Wylde against the pitfalls he was so surely nearing.

"But what can I say?" sighed poor little Constance Dale. "Miriam is so beautiful and so fascinating, while I am nothing but a country girl!"

So the time passed on until the ripe, full beauty of the summertime was at its height, and Miss Creswick was packing her trunks to join her aunt at Cape May.

"Of course, it has been very charming here," she said, as she sat on the old farm house piazza in the moonlight the night before her departure; "but one can't dream on in Arcadia forever."

Percy Wylde sat silently by her side, and she fancied that his face

looked unwontedly pale in the moonlight.

"Then you are determined to go, Miss Creswick?"

"I must," she answered, infusing a bewitching softness into her voice. "My future fate is to be at Cape May next week."

"Your fate?"

"The man whom I suppose I am to marry," Miriam added, carelessly.

"Miss Creswick!"

"Mr. Wylde!"

"Then I am to understand that you have been deceiving me all this time?"

"Deceiving you, Mr. Wylde? Indeed, I am at a loss to understand—"

"Stop, Miriam," the young man interrupted, speaking in a low, measured voice, which awed the coquette more than any burst of fervid passion or overpowering rage could have done. "So you mean to tell me that you have deliberately enticed me on all these weeks, knowing that at last you should cast me off as a plaything of which you had grown weary? Miriam Creswick, I should scarcely have believed this of you."

Miriam colored scarlet, and tapped her foot indignantly.

"It is your own fault, Mr. Wylde."

"It is—and I accept the consequences of it," he answered, calmly. "I would rather be myself than you, Miss Creswick. A disappointed man may yet find some sweet drops in the cup of life, but a heartless flirt can never wholly respect herself or be respected by others."

Miriam bit her lip. It was not such fun, after all, to be lectured after this fashion by the man she had befooled so delightfully. Nor did she regret the soft sound of Constance Dale's footfall on the porch floor—a sign that her *tete-a-tete* was at an end.

"One would really think I had committed a state crime!" said Miss Creswick to herself, her cheeks still flaming and her eyes sparkling in the moonlight. Conny may enter-

tain him now if she pleases—I'll have nothing more to say to him."

And altogether it was a decided relief when Miss Miriam Creswick and her trunks departed for Cape May.

"Has Mr. Dalton come, aunty?" was her first eager question when she arrived at the huge, swarming hotel, and began to unpack her treasures of gauze, crape and lustrous silk.

"This morning," Mrs. Creswick answered, with self-satisfied pride. "So stylish and distingue he is, too—the handsomest man in town, I think."

Miriam smiled proudly; how long ago those moonlight evenings at the old Dale farm seemed to her now. Poor Wylde—but what else could he have expected? Who can play with edged tools without incurring the risk of cut fingers?

"Do you suppose he'll send up his card, auntie?" she asked, "or wait for a less formal introduction?"

But Mrs. Creswick could only leave the answer to this question for fate to develop.

And it happened that Miss Creswick and Mr. Dalton met that very evening.

Miriam was standing in the doorway, a fleecy cloud of white, with roses in her hair and corsage, when suddenly the color deepened somewhat in her cheeks.

"Auntie," she whispered, "he is here."

"He, child? Whom on earth do you mean?"

"Don't you remember?—the parson's nephew out at Edgedale, that I told you about?"

"Where!" asked Mrs. Creswick, putting her gold eye glasses to her eyes.

"There—by the door! See, he's coming this way. Why, auntie, he's bowing to you?"

But Mrs. Creswick, without hearing her niece's last words rushed forward, all smiles and graciousness.

"So happy to meet you, Mr. Dalton. Allow me the pleasure of pre-

senting you to my niece, Miss Creswick."

And Miriam found herself involuntarily courtesying to—Mr. Percy Wylde.

Aunt Creswick, the only one who was entirely unconscious, smiled and simpered as only a well-seasoned dowager can.

"And when did you arrive from Europe, Mr. Dalton?" she enquired.

"I did not come directly from Europe, Mrs. Creswick," the young man answered, with a slight smile. "I have been spending the summer with a relative of mine at Edgedale."

Mrs. Creswick stared.

"At Edgedale! Why, Miriam has been there. I wonder you didn't meet her."

"I had that pleasure," said Mr. Dalton, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Miriam!" cried Mrs. Creswick, "you never told me."

"Because she herself did not know," said Mr. Dalton, smiling. "At Edgedale I go by the name of Percy Wylde, in adherence to a fancy of my uncle, who never loved my father's name or family. And if Miss Creswick told you anything about me, she would have merely mentioned me as one of those 'country hearts' it was her 'pastime to break ere she returned to town.'"

He bowed and turned calmly away, while Mrs. Creswick was still in a maelstrom of perplexity.

But Miss Creswick did. She understood that her own folly had lost her a rich husband. And when Constance Dale married Mr. Dalton, she was forced to be content with the very secondary position of first bridesmaid.

EDWIN (who is fond of lecturing his future bride): "Well, good-bye, Angie. I don't know why it is, but I always seem to leave you in tears." Angelina (tenderly, through her sob), "I—I—I'd sooner you should leave me in tears, love, than never leave me at all."

LOVE'S INSPIRATION.**How the Dream of a Newsboy's Life Promises to be Realized.***New York Telegram.*

An illustration of how the course of human events can be changed by a simple action came to notice in a Western city a few days since.

The principal actor in the tale of romance and heroism was a poor newsboy, and the scene was in Denver. The brave lad's name is withheld from the public for various reasons. He has been known heretofore among his companions simply as "Ted."

He went to Denver from a small town in Iowa about a year ago. He had been left an orphan by the death of his parents in the latter place, and with the characteristic American idea of going west he had boarded a freight train, and by the good nature of some of the conductors and brakemen, and by hiding from the argus eyes of others he had at length reached the goal of his ambition and landed in Denver. Beautiful it seemed to him on his arrival, with its long rows of handsome dwellings and stately stores, whose well-stocked windows filled to the utmost his ideas of the promised land.

Ted was a bright little fellow, who, in spite of the neglect and the bad company into which he had been thrown, preserved a certain measure of self respect and pride. He was withal ambitious, and it was the one dream of his life to make money enough to educate himself and be able to read the papers he sold, and master the mysteries of books, especially those of travel. He was also an admirer of the beautiful and had a vein of sentiment in his composition which would hardly have been expected.

One of the chief recreations, when all his papers were sold, was to go to a pretty cottage on Champs street and look, sometimes for hours, through the pretty grounds surrounding the house, yet it was not

wholly the garden and flowers which attracted him, but something far prettier, for which he waited sometimes until dusk had come. This was a little fairy not as old as he, who, with her flaxen curls, rosy face and roguish blue eyes had, all unknown to herself, captivated him and made of herself the shrine at which he daily worshipped.

Sometimes when the weather was bad for day at a time he did not get a glimpse of her, and these were dark days indeed for him; and a light seemed to have gone out of his life. She was present with him in his thoughts night and day, and although she did not know and had never even spoken to the ragged little newsboy she yet was his guardian angel and the thoughts of her kept him from doing many things that the other boys did that he conceived she would not approve of if she knew of them. The dream, for it was but little more, so far as its reality to him was concerned, grew day by day, until it became a part and parcel of his life.

One day Ted, who sometimes did little chores around the office, was sent by the foreman with a package to a house on Broadway. Taking his papers with him, thinking he would do a little business on his way back, he ran up the street, and soon performed his errand. As he was coming down the steps his attention was attracted by a horse attached to a buggy galloping furiously toward him. At a glance he saw it was a runaway. In a moment he saw a sight which nearly froze him with horror. Sitting on the seat with face blanched with terror was a little girl with long curls fluttering in the wind behind her, and holding on to the rail with a death-like clasp. In an instant he recognized the angel of his dreams, the perpetual companion of his thought, and without any idea of consequences, he ran into the street, sprang at and caught the bridle of the frightened horse, and although dragged

for nearly a block through the dust and mire he held on valiantly, checking, materially, the horse's speed, until a passer-by ran to his assistance and relieved him from his perilous position.

He presented a pitiable appearance, being covered with dust and blood from some serious wounds in the head. He was picked up and carried to the sidewalk, where he fainted from loss of blood.

The little lady for whom he risked his life was safe and sound, having sustained no injury other than from fright. It seemed that her father had gotten out of the buggy to fix a buckle in the harness, leaving his daughter on the seat, when the horse took fright at a barking dog and dashed down the street at a terrific rate before he could be secured.

Not many moments elapsed after the horse was stopped before the frightened father came running up, expecting that his little daughter had been thrown out and killed. Finding, however, that she had not been harmed, he turned his attention to her preserver, who lay bleeding on the sidewalk, with his poor garments in tatters and a terrible wound in the head, caused by striking a stone while being dragged.

Mr. Carleton, the gentleman, summoned a hack passing by, and, sending his own horse home, lifted the lifeless form of the boy, tenderly placed it on one of the seats of the carriage, and with his daughter took the other. The little maiden, full of pity for him, with tears in her eyes tied her handkerchief, bearing her name, around his poor head to try and staunch the flow of blood. The driver was directed to the hospital, where medical attendance was at once obtained and everything done that could be for the wounded boy.

Mr. Carlton called frequently at the hospital to ascertain the condition of the brave lad. The boy lay in a stupor for some time. This was followed by a high fever. Early

the next morning he was wide awake and in a flutter of expectation, watching the door every time it opened, with his big brown eyes, for the visit of his little sweetheart. He had not long to wait, however, for soon the door opened and a fine-looking gentleman, leading by the hand a little girl, entered and advanced to the bed-side. Taking his hand he called his daughter, who talked earnestly with the boy who saved her life.

At the end of a week Ted's condition had so much improved that Mr. Carleton thought he could be removed and resolved to take him to his home.

A carriage was brought and Ted, in a delirium of happiness, soon found himself in the beautiful home of his protector. Ted in the meantime had told his story, and Mr. Carleton had resolved that his ambition for an education should be gratified, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered he was placed at school where he made rapid progress. He is still living at the happy home on Champs street and is one of the most promising pupils of the High School, and gives evidence of becoming a useful man.

WALTER SCOTT'S REGRET.

Youth's Companion.

We can learn something even from an enemy, and a friend's failures may instruct us. That is the sort of education which a biography should give. Sir Walter Scott's, especially the portion which narrates his boyhood, gives it. Sir Walter was a sickly lad. The fact partly accounts for his low standing at school. His master called him "a stupid boy," but lived to reverse this judgment, and the pupil to regret that he had not given more attention to his studies. "I would at this moment," he wrote, in the days of his fame, "give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, If I could rest the remaining part upon a solid foun-

dation of learning and science." That sentence should be pasted in every boy's text-book.

Though a poor scholar, young Scott was an insatiable reader, and often surprised his elders by the miscellaneous knowledge he possessed.

He read with delight books of history, travels, poetry, fairy tales, romances, and Eastern stories. He and a congenial friend would choose some nook on the face of an almost inaccessible hill, and climbing up it, sit for hours reading or telling each other stories, which were always "to be continued."

The boy's memory was a fickle ally—it retained only what pleased him, but that it never forgot. He left school with a great quantity of general but ill-arranged information. Later in life he lamented that his reading had been so desultory in his youth. "My appetite for books," he wrote, "was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; and since, I have had, too frequently, reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to such little purpose."

Though Scott's reading was unregulated, his mother looked after the education of his heart. She was gifted with good taste and with a natural sensitiveness to noble ideas. The boy used to read aloud to her Pope's translation of Homer. As is common with boys, his enthusiasm was aroused by descriptions of battles. But when he came to a passage which expressed generous sentiments, she made him pause and by questions drew his attention to them.

The mother's training bore fruit. The novelist awoke one morning to find himself, not famous, he had been that for years, but a ruined man. His folly in living as a nobleman and his blind trust in his publishers, had bankrupted him.

Then the mother's training in the noble ideas of justice, right, and conscience asserted itself. "Give

me time," he said to his creditors, "and I will pay you every penny." He sat himself down to his desk to write off six hundred thousand dollars of debt. Within ten years he had written books enough to ameliorate his affairs and bring peace to his mind.

Rheumatism stiffened his fingers. He wrote in spite of it. He began to hope that he would soon be free from debt, when paralysis struck him. He insisted on being helped to his desk. When he found that his pen rolled out of his nerveless fingers, he fell back in his chair and wept. He was laid in his bed and never rose from it till his body was lifted into its coffin.

One lesson of this life, that which peeps out from the boy's habit of desultory reading and neglecting his studies, we have already hinted at. He bitterly deplored it.

But the old romancer, dying at the top and yet working to pay his debts, while a graphic lesson in honesty, is a pathetic warning against the foolish vanity which tempts to extravagant living.

HE WAS CALM.

Detroit Free Press.

"Feel of my pulse!" he suddenly exclaimed as he thrust his hand out to a policeman on Jefferson avenue.

The officer instinctively laid his hand on the butt of his self-cocking revolver, and drew back.

"Well, then, listen and see if my heart thumps—look me in the face and see if I am pale," continued the stranger.

"What sort of a circus is this?" growled the officer as he jingled his handcuffs.

"There you go—there it is again! I'm fully prepared to be called a crank or run in as a lunatic! Heap insult upon injury, but I'll be calm—terribly calm!"

"Who are you?"

"Bronson—Bronson of Indiana."

"And what's happened?"

"I arrive in Detroit this morning.

I lend a stranger \$45 and take a check for \$500 as security. Check proves N. G. I prove to be a green-horn who ought to be rubbed down with a brickbat and fed on nails. I find myself dead-broke in a strange city, but I am calm—wonderfully calm. Pulse is regular at about sixty-eight and no excitement around the heart."

"Well?"

"Well, I go to a hotel. I register and take breakfast and report my financial condition. Result: Contumely and kicks, but more kicks than contumely. I am lifted into the street in front of a No. 10 boot and in the presence of 150 spectators, but I am calm—grimly calm. Not a hair rises on end—not a flutter under the left arm."

"That's good—go on," encouraged the officer.

"I select my bank from the dozen in the city, and draw a sight draft on my brother in Indianapolis. Result: No bank pays a sight draft till after collection, and I walk out. 'Nother bubble busted, but my calmness solidifies—no weakness in the knees—no wild thoughts of suicide. Simply a dreadful, icy calmness."

"And then?"

"And then I go to the telegraph office, and dispatch my rich uncle in Chicago to telegraph me \$25. There is no anxiety while waiting. I lean against a lamp-post like a man carved of stone. The answer comes. He advises me to go to Halifax."

"He does, eh?"

"Exactly; but am I perturbed? Do my teeth chatter? Do my legs wobble as I glide around? Not a wobble nor a chatter. I am adamant myself. I am dead-broke—strapped—gone up—busted and cleaned out; but would you suspect it to look at me?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Of course not. On the contrary I remind you of a calm, still summer morning—the waters without a ripple—the cows chewing their

cuds in the green meadows—the plow-boy sitting on the barbed wire fence to kill time. I am repose. I am calmness. My dear sir, good bye—a calm good-bye!"

And as he walked off he carefully scrutinized the windows for a sign of "Free lunch from 10 to 12 a. m."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Reminiscences of a Life-Long and Intimate Friend.

New York Observer.

A handsome pamphlet published at Louisville, Ky., by Morton & Co., contains a sketch of John F. Speed, a life-long friend of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Speed gives his recollections of Mr. Lincoln, and they are more animated than any we have read. He writes:

"The last time I saw him was about two weeks before his assassination. He sent me word by my brother James, then in his Cabinet, that he desired to see me, before I went home. I went into his office about 11 o'clock. He looked jaded and weary. I staid in the room until his hour for callers was over. He ordered the door closed, and looking over to where I was sitting, asked me to draw up my chair. But instead of being alone, as he supposed, in the opposite direction from where I sat, and across the fire-place from him, sat two humble-looking women. Seeing them there seemed to provoke him, and he said: 'Well, ladies, what can I do for you?' One was an old woman, the other young. They both commenced talking at once. The President soon comprehended them. 'I suppose,' said he, 'that your son and your husband are in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. Where is your petition?' The old lady replied: 'Mr. Lincoln, I've got no petition; I went to a lawyer to get one drawn, and I had not the money to pay him and come here too, I thought I would just come and ask you to let me have my boy.' 'And it's your husband

you want?' said he, turning to the young woman. 'Yes,' said she. He rung his bell and called his servant and bade him go and tell General Dana to bring him the list of prisoners for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

"The General soon came, bringing a package of papers. The President opened it and, counting the names, said: 'General, there are twenty-seven of these men. Is there any difference in degree of their guilt?' 'No,' said the General; 'it is a bad case and a merciful finding.' 'Well,' said the President, looking out of the window and seemingly talking to himself, 'these poor fellows have, I think, suffered enough; they have been in prison fifteen months. I have been thinking so for some time, and have so said to Stanton, and he always threatens to resign if they are released. But he has said so about other matters, and never did. So he wrote: 'Let the prisoners named in the within paper be discharged,' and signed it. The general made his bow and left. Then, turning to the ladies, he said: 'Now, ladies, you can go. Your son, Madame, and your husband, Madame, are free.'

"The young woman ran across to him and began to kneel. He took her by the elbow and said, impatiently: 'get up, get up; none of this.' But the old woman walked to him, wiping with her apron the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. She gave him her hand, and looking into his face, said: 'Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln, we may never meet again till we meet in Heaven.' A change came over her sad and weary face. He clasped her hand in both of his, and followed her to the door, saying as he went: 'With all that I have to cross me, I am afraid that I will never get there; but your wish that you will meet me there has fully paid for all I have done for you.'

"We were then alone. He drew

his chair to the fire, and said: 'Speed; I am a little alarmed about myself; just feel my hand.' It was cold and clammy. He pulled off his boots, and putting his feet to the fire, the heat made them steam. I said overwork was producing nervousness. 'No,' said he, 'I am not tired.' I said: 'such a scene as I have just witnessed is enough to make you nervous.' 'How much you are mistaken,' said he; 'I have made two people happy to-day; I have given a mother her son and a wife her husband. That young woman is a counterfeit, but the old woman is a true mother.'

"Lincoln was fond of anecdotes, and told them well. Take for instance, his conversation with W. C. Reeves, of Virginia, whom he greatly admired. Reeves came with other gentlemen from Richmond soon after his inauguration. A convention was in session in Richmond to decide whether Virginia would go out or stay in the Union. Mr. Reeves was a Union man, and proceeded to advise the President. His advice was to surrender Forts Sumpter and Pickens and all the property of the government in the Southern states.

Mr. Lincoln asked him if he remembered the fable of the Lion and the Woodman's Daughter. Mr. Reeves said that he did not. 'Æsop,' said the President, 'reports that a lion was very much in love with a woodman's daughter. The fair maid, afraid to say no, referred him to her father. The lion applied for the girl. The father replied, Your teeth are too long. The lion went to a dentist and had them extracted. Returning, he asked for his bride. No, said the woodsman, your claws are too long. Going back to the dentist and had them drawn. Then returning to claim his bride, the woodsman seeing that he was disarmed, beat out his brains. 'May it not be so,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'with me, if I give up all that is asked?'

"I have often been asked what was Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions. When I knew him, in early life, he was a skeptic. He had tried hard to be a believer, but his reason could not grasp and solve the great problem of redemption as taught. He was very cautious never to give expression to any thought or sentiment that would grate harshly upon a Christian's ear. For a sincere Christian he had great respect. He often said that the most ambitious man might live to see every hope fail, because fulfillment could only come when life ended. But this was a subject we never discussed. The only evidence I have of any change was in the summer before he was killed. I was invited out to the Soldier's Home to spend the night. As I entered the room, near night, he was sitting near a window intently reading his Bible. Approaching him I said: 'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I am profitably engaged.' 'Well,' said I, 'if you have recovered from your skepticism I am sorry to say that I have not.' Looking me earnestly in the face and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said: 'You are wrong, Speed; take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier and better man.'

"I am indebted for the following to Judge Gillespie, one of Mr. Lincoln's most trusted and intimate friends, who occasionally went to Washington to see him. Wanting no office, he was always welcome. The Judge says, 'Mr. Lincoln once said to me that he could never reconcile the prescience of the Deity with the uncertainty of events. But he thought it would be profitless to teach his views.' The Judge adds: 'I asked him once what was to be done with the South after the rebellion was put down. He said some thought their heads ought to come off. 'But,' said he, 'if it was left to me, I could not tell where to draw

the line between those whose heads should come off and those whose heads should stay on.' He said that he had recently been reading the history of the rebellion of Absalom, and that he inclined to adopt the views of David. Said he: 'When David was fleeing from Jerusalem Shimei cursed him. After the rebellion was put down Shimei craved a pardon. Abishai, David's nephew, the son of Zeruiah, David's sister, said: 'This man ought not to be pardoned, because he cursed the Lord's anointed.' David said: 'What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah; that you should this day be adversaries unto me? Know ye that not a man shall be put to death in Israel.'

"This was like his anecdotes, and was illustrative of what he thought would come about. He would be pressed to put men to death because they had rebelled. 'But, like David, he intended to say, 'Know ye that not a man shall be put to death in Israel.'"

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

St. Nicholas.

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" promptly replied the Fox.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; but I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "nor do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning, the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in the summer time."

THE HABIT OF HURRYING.

London Standard.

A medical contemporary publishes some sensible, and, we fear, only too opportune observations on what it calls the "habit of hurry" in modern business life. The modern man of business dresses in a hurry; he is in a hurry to catch his train; he is in a hurry to get out of it. It is with a hurry that he proceeds to his office, in a hurry that he reads his letters, that he answers them, that he passes his day, and that he returns to the station to catch his homeward bound train. All this precipitation, this constant daily, perpetual being in a hurry is altogether gratuitous, and is the mere result of a bad habit. Business men cannot afford not to seem to be in a hurry. If one of them were to walk at a leisurly gait and deliberate pace to his morning train, and saunter through the day at the same rate, people would conclude that he had either very little business to transact, or that he was remiss and lethargic in transacting it. Hence he begins by assuming a necessity for haste when none really exists; and, by degrees, habit becomes a second nature. That there is a good deal of truth in this, nobody who has observantly watched modern ways of life would dream of denying. But in truth the habit of bustle, which is so marked a characteristic of our time, is originally set up by conditions over which men have little or no control. In the case of men of business, there are necessarily certain days in the year—"mail" days, for instance, or "balancing" days—when there really does exist a greater pressure of work than at other times. In these cases a "push" has to be made, and everybody concerned in getting the work done communicates his own feverishness to his neighbors. But such is the constitution of the human frame, such the mechanism of the human temperament, that what is done frequently has a ten-

dency to establish itself as a something that is always done. It even becomes a pleasure to some men at last, as well as a necessity, to do things quickly. Moreover, on the supposition that a man of business lives in the country, or in a semi-rural suburb—which is the case with the majority—it is only natural that he should linger among his household gods till the last possible minute. It is so much pleasanter to go round to the stable and see how the azaleas are getting on, to count the coming rosebuds, to linger on the dewy gravel path than to be in the noisy, dirty steaming city. Then suddenly the watch is taken out of the pocket to see what time it is, and in order to catch the city train he "must make a run for it." The day begun in that fashion probably is continued in that way. The train arrives at the place of departure five, ten or fifteen minutes late. The traveler begins to fidget and worry. He has an appointment, and he fears he will be too late for it. Possibly he is. Thereby everything is thrown out of gear, and for the rest of the day he is in the plight of Macaulay's Duke of Newcastle, whom the historian described as losing half an hour in the morning and spending all the rest of the day in a futile attempt to catch up. It is easy enough to see how it is that the "habit of hurry" is set up, but much more difficult to perceive how the setting up of it was to be avoided under the conditions of modern life, or how, when once set up, it is to be remedied. There is, however, the comfort which men of business and the working bees of society may take to themselves, that modern life very often seems to spare the drone no less. Certainly during the height of the London season no persons acquire habits of hurry more completely than people of fashion. In order to consume all the amount of "enjoyment" that is placed at their disposal they must be perpetually in a hurry. How to be in the row—in

time; how to be back for luncheon—in time; how to dress for dinner—in time; how to reach the theatre or opera—in time; these are problems of daily, of hourly occurrence in the west end. The whole of modern life, whether in the centers of business, is dominated by a desire to do too much, and the consequent necessity of doing it with precipitation. It is a horrible habit—a detrimental habit—we had almost said a vulgar habit. The whole world is in a conspiracy to double, to treble the pace. And what is gained by it? Loss of temper, deterioration of manners, injury to digestion, increase of nervous diseases—these are the natural and inevitable results of that high pressure to which we nearly all expose ourselves and expose each other. Who is made happier by it, who wiser, who even richer? Everything is relative in this world; and if everybody gallops, nobody is better off than if everybody walked. But who will consent to alter it? It would require universal consensus; and this is not attainable.

DID YOU EVER.

Laramie Boomerang.

Dear reader, did you ever try to quit smoking? Were you ever a confirmed and shackled slave to that delightful vice and then try to prove that you were your own man? If you never did you have missed an experience that should come to every man at least once in a lifetime. The last man to try it was the aged philosopher who writes the "Topics" for the Lincoln Journal. For the benefit of those who have never had a similar experience, he tells, in his quaint way, the story of his noble resolution, his tortures while on the rack of total abstinence from the weed, and his fall. He rightly prefaces his tale with the assertion that when you first determine to quit you are actuated by a feeling of unsettled warmth about the pit of the stomach, which is a

symptom of dyspepsia and is directly induced by smoking. You get along pretty well the first day, your stomach feels all right, and, but for a sort of confusion about the head, a free flow of saliva without provocation, there is little to mark you as a reformed smoker. Along in the afternoon of the next day you begin to feel somewhat queer, your work seems rather elusive, your eyes are heavy and your mouth is terribly lonesome, or something like a poor house without an occupant, or a newly discharged convict who has finished a long term, with no allowances for good behavior. Someone comes in smoking a seasoned briar-root, or a five-center, and the smell of it makes your gore rise, and you wonder if you have been for years inflicting such villainous nuisance upon the family and community. You realize that you have been a filthy brute, and you are glad that you have reformed. You go home to supper, but unconsciously you are silent and glum. You kick the dog off the walk, and the cat instinctively flees. The babies hover 'round, but you don't appreciate 'em, and repulse them from your knees. When one finally makes a lodgment on your lap he seems to weigh a ton, and his prattle is wearisome jargon. You put him away with emphasis, and do your chores with stamping of feet and slamming of doors. Supper is a gloomy and silent meal. Afterwards you try to read and are amazed to find that you don't care who is appointed chairman of the committees on ways and means, and if the solid South wants to take the government, why let 'em have it—governments ain't worth much anyway. By and by you see an item about how cigars are made in Cuba, and what kind Grant smokes, and learn that some extra fine Havanas come as high as a dollar; and it strikes you that they are cheap enough. You drag yourself off to bed on a plea of headache, and leave mamma to quiet as

best she may the little ones who are accustomed to have papa take off their shoes. You don't go to sleep but lie still and inert and nerveless till from sheer weariness your eyes close and a procession of fantastic dreams goes by till morning. The next day is the same, only worse. Everything is out of sorts but your appetite. You could eat roast horse, and your hunger is never satisfied. You become a misanthrop, and begin to hate your wife and children. But you won't give up. Oh, no. You're no poor weak coward, who can't control his appetite. And so you go on for a week or ten days of torture. Your only friend, your appetite, goes back on you, and demands oysters and wine and mushrooms. You begin to feel sick and you drop in on the family doctor and tell him how you feel. He bluffly says, "Go to smoking. A man can do many worse things to his health and purse than smoke." You reflect, and conclude that the fellows who don't smoke are no better off than the common run of other folks. You go to a cigar shop, buy a dozen of the best, go into your office, light and smoke one. Your first impression is that it is worth while to quit a week to get such a good taste in the mouth. You smoke two or three without stopping, and the world resumes its normal condition. The wife becomes amiable, the babies lovable, and the dog meets you at the gate.

THE RYE-STRAW CAR-WHEEL.

The Continent.

Paper wheels may be larger than the ordinary iron wheels or they may be the same size. Their surface is never corrugated nor irregular like that of the iron wheel. The paper of a paper car-wheel is nothing more nor less than ordinary brown straw board. That made wholly of rye straw is preferable. The boards are cut into disks, and holes in the centre are punched large enough to fit the iron axle

shoulder that constitutes the hub of the wheel. Thus shaped, the straw boards are placed one upon another with ordinary flour paste between the layers, till a pile of them about five inches high is attained. Then they are put under a hydraulic press and squeezed together as tightly as it is practicable to compress matter of the consistency of straw board. The pressure is so great as to produce a high degree of heat in the compressed board.

After being thoroughly dried, the paper wheel is turned on a lathe to fit the heavy steel tire and shell into which it is inserted to form the core of the wheel. It is held firmly in its place by an iron plate the size of the inner surface of the wheel and by bolts. In short, the paper of a paper car-wheel is simply a core or filling in a shell of steel, the outer rim or tire that runs on the track being nearly two inches thick. The virtue of the paper consists in the fact that it gives elasticity to the wheel. The durability of a paper wheel, on account of this elasticity, is computed to be many thousands of miles greater than that of the common cast-iron wheel now in general use.

THE SMALLEST LOCOMOTIVE.

American Machinist.

The Central Wharf R. R. shops, Pensacola, Florida, has recently turned out the smallest locomotive ever made in the United States for regular service. The miniature locomotive, which is as perfect in its mechanism and equipment as the huge mastodon locomotive, was designed by Mr. John Douglas, the master mechanic of the work, and was built under his direction. The engine is for a 20-inch gauge road. The cylinders are 5"x8"; driving-wheels, 12" diameter; wheel base, 7' 9". The boiler is 2' 8" diameter; 4' 3", greatest height above rail, and has 97 flues 1½" diameter. The tank is made to carry 180 gallons of

water, and the coal bunkers have a capacity of 250 pounds. The whole machine is 9' 6" long, 4' 6" wide, and weighs, in working order, three and one-half tons.

A novel feature about the little engine is the mounting of the main frame upon two four-wheeled trucks, one being the driving truck, which is connected to an intermediate axle hung in the middle of the frame with a special bearing, so as to allow the driving truck to move around its center to adjust itself to the irregularities of the road. This arrangement gives great freedom in passing the sharpest curves, and the long wheel base gives a steady motion to the engine on the track at a high rate of speed.

The engine was set to work hauling construction material on the wharf, the track being very uneven, but she operates very satisfactorily. She pulls 15 loaded cars, weighing about 45 tons, and handles them easily. A pressure of 80 pounds is carried, and the valves are planned to cut-off at $\frac{3}{4}$ stroke.

ADMIRATION FOR MARSHALL.

Youth's Companion.

John Marshall holds the first place among the eminent men who served the nation as its Chief Justice. He was a profound lawyer and a wise judge. The gravest of constitutional questions came before him. His decisions were so broad and sound that they were received, apart from their judicial authority, as the best interpretations of the Constitution. Statesmen, lawyers and the people admired the great judge.

Distinguished foreigners, who paid their respects to the Chief Justice of the United States, were impressed by the singular union of modesty and power, gentleness and force, which marked the man.

"Pride, ostentation and hypocrisy are 'Greek to him,'" wrote an English traveler, who saw the Chief Justice when he was eighty years of age. "He really lives up to the let-

ter and spirit of Republicanism, while he maintains all the dignity due to his age and office. His house is small and more humble in appearance than that of the average successful lawyers or merchants."

The simplicity of a child and the plainness of a Republican, which marked the venerable judge, were associated with another beautiful trait. "He maintained through life, and carried to the grave, a reverence for woman as rare in its kind as in its degree."

It is not strange that a man of such excellence and a judge so wise should be venerated. Even the cynical John Randolph was courteous when he spoke of the Chief Justice. An anecdote shows that even the common people admired the man and the Judge.

While the youngest son of John Marshall was a student at Cambridge, he visited Boston one day, to call on several ladies of his acquaintance. On going to a livery stable to hire a carriage, he found that he had left his pocketbook in his room. Frankly stating the fact to the keeper of the stable, he asked to be trusted for a carriage.

"No, sir!" answered the man, suspecting that the young man was trying to get a free ride; "I wouldn't let you have a carriage on trust if you were the son of Chief Justice Marshall."

"But I am the son of that gentleman!" said the student, looking the man full in the face.

"You are?" exclaimed the astonished proprietor, examining the student from head to foot. Then, as the gaze satisfied him, he said, "You can have the best carriage in my stable."

And he did.

"WHEN I married Georgiana," said Frank, "my folks told me I was foolish to wed a girl who didn't know how to handle a rolling-pin. Lord, how they misjudged her. Do you see that lump on my head?"

CAN STORMS BE CONTROLLED.

London Times.

Violent displays of natural force are painfully hostile to human progress. If the valley of the Thames were frequently rocked by earthquakes London would be an impossibility. A very slight tremor would tilt the Egyptian obelisk into the Thames and topple down St. Paul Cathedral. A volcano in Middlesex would lower the quotation for government securities and seriously diminish the ratable value of the metropolis. For prosperity there must be peace, especially with the powers of nature. America itself would not be what it is if these horrible cyclones occurred in every state and at frequent intervals. The question arises whether these atmospheric disturbances may possibly be affected for the better in the course of time by that sort of indirect influence which civilization exercises on climate. It is true man may mar a climate as well as mend one. He disturbs the rainfall by unduly cutting down the forests, thereby producing alternations of drought and flood. But in other instances the cultivation of the soil appears to ameliorate the climate, and nature grows more kindly as man fulfills his mission to "subdue the earth." We seem on the verge of learning to disarm the sea of its fury. It is one of the strangest—we might say the oldest—discoveries of modern times that the crested wave, which seems irresistible in its force loses all its terror and much of its power when encountering a film of oil. When the storm threatens to overwhelm the ship the skipper has merely to fetch up his oil can, and, though the wind continues to howl and shriek through the rigging, the waves are powerless under the oleaginous film. It is too much to expect that the wild winds will ever be subject to human control after this fashion, except by some long-continued and occult process unconsciously carried out. It would be a

strange result, and yet it seems a possibility, that man will be able to meet the storm more successfully at sea than on land. More probably, as population in these states becomes more dense, and the consequent danger of disaster is increased, men will adopt a mode of building suited to the necessities of the case, as the Swiss have done in the case of the avalanche. There is, however, a favorable element in the problem, even if matters should not improve. Cyclonic outbursts, such as have been displaying their energy in the United States, act in a very circumscribed area. It is saddening to read of the mischief that is done—human beings crushed by the fury of the blast, and hard-won property irretrievably destroyed. But the space thus visited is a mere scrap compared with the broad continent which spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The storm path is a diminutive line compared with the smiling area on every land.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A few years ago a young man fashionably dressed took his seat at the table of the Girard House, in Philadelphia. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth which attracted general attention. He read the menu with smothered disgust, gave his orders with an air of lofty condescension, and when his neighbor civilly handed him the pepper box, stared at him for his presumption, as though he had offered him an insult. In short, a person of blood could not have regarded a mob of serfs with more arrogant hauteur than did this lad the respectable travelers about him.

Presently a tall, powerfully built old man entered the room, and seated himself at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was remarkably simple, he entered into conversation with his neighbor, who happened to be a poor tradesman, and occasionally during his dinner exchanged ideas with a little

lady of five summers who sat beside him. The colored servants spoke to him as an old friend. "How is your rheumatism, John?" he said to one, and he remembered that another had lately lost a son.

"Who is that old fashioned gentleman?" asked a curious traveler of the steward.

"Oh, that is Judge Jere Black, the greatest jurist in the country," was the enthusiastic reply.

"And the young aristocrat? he is surely somebody of note."

"He is a drummer who sells fancy soaps."

Judge Jeremiah Black was noted and feared in public life for the massive force of his intellect.

"Every blow kills!" said a listener to one of his arguments. On the other side an old farmer wrote of him, "We shall never have another man as pure, kindly and simple among us."

The boys who will make up our next generation could find much to study in the massive nature of this old man with his powerful brain, his simple direct manner, and his unflinching childlike faith in God. With his last breath, he took his aged wife by the hand, and saying, "Lord, take care of Mary," so died.

WHY HE WAS A THIEF.

A prominent citizen of one of our large cities, on leaving his house one morning a short time ago, found thrust under the door a pamphlet containing the first three chapters of an illustrated romance, entitled "The Doom of the Betrayer." There was a picture on the cover of the pamphlet of a woman with hair streaming, and two or three dead bodies lying around.

"Ha!" she shrieked, "It is done! The avenger is satisfied!! The command of the Mystic Three has been obeyed!!!"

Without concerning himself as to the Mystic Three, Mr. Blank determined to find out something about the author, publisher and

readers of this production, of which it was asserted twenty million copies had been sold during the year.

The information was easily obtained. The writer he found to be a middle-aged man who had served out a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary, and had taken up the business of writing this class of stories as being more remunerative than stealing, and quite as congenial to his tastes. He was a bloated drunkard, whose every sentence was garnished with oaths and obscene jokes.

The publishers were sharp, unscrupulous business men, who from the sale of this and like publications, had amassed fortunes. They lived in luxurious dwellings in a fashionable quarter; their printing-house covered half a square. The circulation of these books, cheaply bound and sold for a trifle, was enormous, though fortunately it did not reach the millions claimed for it.

The first purchaser of these dime novels that Mr. Blank found, was his own office-boy, who had been an eager reader of them for two years. He was the only son of an honest fellow employed as janitor in the establishment.

Old Jack and his wife had but one hope and interest in the world—their boy. They had saved and pinched from their scanty earnings to keep him at school, and to clothe him better than themselves. Mr. Blank, from regard for his parents, had taken the boy into his office, and had given him every opportunity to rise.

"I'll see you a gentleman before I die," his old father said to him, with glistening eyes.

But the boy gained other notions of life from the books which he read. He robbed his employer the very week after the latter found the novel at his door, and escaped to enter a gambling-house in the West. Mr. Blank had found the cause and the effect.

There is a large class of working-people who read the Companion, whose hopes for their children are as high as were poor Jack's. Do they know what books their children read at recess, or between working hours? They forbid them to drink liquor, yet they allow them to take a fiery poison into their minds and souls, which will start every latent vice into vigorous growth.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

"Ladies and gentlemen," asked a noted lecturer on science, as he began his address, "how do you know that you are awake at the present moment?" Of course they all knew that they were not asleep, but when they tried to assign reasons for their knowledge, they found it difficult. Dreams are often so life-like that we know not whether we are asleep or awake. "Was it only a dream?" we ask, rubbing our eyes, and trying in vain to account for an experience as vivid as any of our wakeful hours.

Philosophers have failed to explain dreams, because they are unable to observe the mind while in the act of dreaming. A common explanation is that the mind, being always active, recalls in dreams what it has once possessed. But the fact that we often dream of events which we know have happened to us, shows that the explanation is useless. A remarkable example of this is noted by an English barrister in a private journal, which he kept between the years 1835 and 1846. He says:

I am obliged to record in my journal of this date (April 16, 1882,) a singular event which I am forced to believe because of the overwhelming evidence.

Yesterday, while engaged in the trial of Richard Mandel, a full account of whom will be found in the preceeding pages of this book, I was brought to an unexpected close in my prosecution, by the loss of one link in the chain of evidence which I had supposed complete.

I hunted in vain for the necessary proof among my papers; it could not be found, and very much vexed, I begged the court to allow me one more day to complete my evidence. The request was reluctantly granted and the court adjourned.

I spent the remainder of the day in searching for the missing paper, but failed to find it, and at last, wearied out with my efforts, I retired to sleep.

It seemed to me that I was in the court-room, addressing the jury in my closing argument for the prosecution, and that I stated to the judge and jury my regret that one very important piece of evidence was wanting.

"Your Honor," I remarked in my dream, "the want of this proof will materially weaken my case." At this point in my dream a stranger came hastily into the court-room and laid a paper on the table, saying he had found it while coming through Charing Cross. I opened it, and found to my joy, the missing evidence.

At this part of my dream I awoke and in much perplexity as to what it all meant, I made my way to court, where the exact events foreshadowed by the dream came true.

I was unable to put my hands on the missing paper, and expressed my regret to the court in almost the identical words of my dream.

I had scarcely finished when a stranger came in with the paper, and told about finding it that morning in Charing Cross, through which I had occasion to pass a few days after the opening of the trial, when I must have lost the paper from my bag.

In attempting to describe my emotions at this singular event, I should say that for some time I was uncertain whether I was awake or asleep. And I can hardly persuade myself yet that a mere figment of the brain could have so literal a fulfillment.

WON THE SQUATTER.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Can you tell me when the train comes along here?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a pile of cross ties near an Arkansaw railroad.

"Yas, I reckon I ken."

"But will you?" asked the traveler after a moment's silence.

"Yas, reckon I will."

"Well, what time?"

"What time what, mister?"

"What time does the train come along here?"

"I dunno."

"You said you did."

"Didn't."

"I say you did."

"Say I didn't."

"What did you say?"

"Said I'd tell you when it comes along, an' ef both of us is here when it comes, I will, but I reckon yer ken see her as well as I ken."

"You think you are very smart, don't you?"

"Not now. I was right peart till the rheumatiz sot in."

"Where do you live?"

"I'm livin' here, now."

"Is this your home?"

"Noah."

"Then you don't live here."

"Wall, I don't die here, do I? Long's I'm here I'm livin' here."

"When the train comes do you suppose I can get on?"

"Yas, if it stops."

"But that's what I want to know. Will it stop?"

"I kain't tell yer right now, although I'm al'ers pleased to gin a stranger any information in my power."

"When can you tell me?" asked the stranger, evidently thinking that the old fellow was going in search of information.

"When she gets here."

"Now, say, old man, I don't like to be made game of in this way. You may have nothing to do but sit around and spend your life in joking but I am thoroughly in earnest. I

have come a long distance to reach this road, and I want to leave this devilish country. You would confer a great favor on me by answering my questions in a straightforward manner. If the train is not likely to stop at this wood-yard, why then I must walk on until I come to a station. Now give me your honest opinion. Do you think that the next train will stop here?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow, leaning over and tying his shoe, "yer ken talk mighty pityful, I must allow, an' ef yer was a preacher it would take all the plank at the saw-mill ter make a mourners' bench big enough fur yer church. I'd be a mighty bad man ter hold back any news I've got about this matter, an' bein's as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer all I know about these trains."

"I thank you most heartily, sir."

"I expect I know as much about these trains as any man what lives in this here community."

"I have no doubt of it."

"An' all that I know about 'em stopping here I'll tell yer."

"Well?"

"W'y, sometimes they stop an' sometimes they don't. That's all I know."

"I am half inclined to jump on you and maul you."

"Better walk ter the station, stranger, than ter try that. The last man what tried it ain't been able ter 'tend the United States cou't sence."

"Well, how far is it to the next station?"

"Which way? thiser way or thater way."

"Either way."

"Well, they'se 'bout the same distance."

"How far?"

"Blame' 'fi know."

"I'll be confounded if I stand this. Come over here and I'll lick you."

"So would a cat."

"Come over here then and I'll whip you."

"Well, ef yer wanten whup me wus'n I wanten be whupped, yer'd better come over here."

"I can do it, and don't you forget it."

"I'll try it anyway," and taking off his coat a bottle fell out.

"Hole on. What yer got in that bottle?"

"Whisky."

"Then thar's no use in fighten," and throwing out a quid of tobacco, he limped across the track, took a drink, and said:

"Train ain't likely to stop here."

"Took another drink."

"Closest station's down this way."

Another drink.

"Three miles."

Another.

"Make it better. Two an'er half." Still another.

"Go down thar an' them niggers will take yer on a han' car. Good day, cap'n. Wush yer well. Ef yer'd 'nounced yer principles in the fust place thar wouldn'ter been all this argyin'."

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

New York Mercury.

Old Absolom, one of the blackest negroes that ever lived, was arrested on a charge of beating his wife, and was arraigned before Justice Amos, whose complexion could only be distinguished by a long and earnest scrutiny.

"Absolom," said the Justice, "it griebs dis ole man deep down in his flesh to see yerself foth up afore de justicial tributaries ob dis lan' on a charge so thickly sot with pints dat bristles agin yer."

"Zactly, jedge, zactly."

"I has knowed yer fer a long time an' has been to church many a time when yer 'zorted in a manner kalkerlated to make a man shed de bright tear ob emotion."

"Zackly, jedge, zackly."

"Den I thought," continued the justice, "dat dar was a mighty bright future afore yer, and dat you would lead de children of men by de soun'

ob yer voice. Now what does I see? What does dese ole eyes what wan't prepared for nuffin ob de sort behold? Beholds yer fotech up heah fur whipping de wife ob yer nat'ral bosom. What has yer got to say 'bout dis terrible klamity?"

"I say dat I whupped de 'oman. Dat's what I says."

"Why did yer whip her, sah?"

"Case I had a right ter. Dat's why I whupped her."

"What right sah?"

"Right, un'er de law. an' look heah, do't think dat I ain't no student. Doan yer think cause I makes hoss collars fur a libin' dat I ain't got no eddycation."

"I doan doubt yer s'perior larnin' fur I knows dat yer a mighty able man, but enough ob dis business. Mr. Officer, fotch in de witnesses."

The witnesses were direct in statement, and stated that Absalom came home in an unusually good humor. He was in the best of spirits while eating dinner, and complimented his wife on her skill as a cook. After dinner he took up a newspaper, and after reading awhile he suddenly threw down the sheet, seized a section of bed-cord and whipped his wife unmercifully.

"What has yer ter say agin de ebidence?" asked the justice.

"Sees no fault in de ebidence, sah."

"Den yer confesses de crime?"

"Wan't no crime, sah."

"De debil yer say!" exclaimed the justice,

"De debil I says," rejoined the defendant.

"Wall, I'll show yer about dat. I'll fine yer ten dollars an' sen' yer ter jail."

"Dat will be a 'fringement on de law ob de lan.' Yer perten's to ack 'cordin' to de law, doan yer, judge?"

"Dat's what I does."

"An' yer doan low yer gallantness to a 'oman git away wid yer idee ob de law, does yer."

"Dats what I doan."

"Wall, den. Now I'll persede to

v'nnicate myself afore dis cou't. When I tuck up dat newspaper, I seed dat de cibil rights law had been killed by de s'preme cou't, an' nobody haster speck a nigger on er count ob color; so, desirin ter enjoy all de rights ob a citizen, I whupped my wife cause she was black—whupped her on er count ob color, sah. Now, what can yer say, sah?"

The justice, after a few moments reflection, turned to Absalom's wife and said: "Lady, de sympathy ob dis cou't is wid yer, but de Newnited States is agin yer. He whupped yer cos yer's black, a right what dis cou't can't 'spute. Absalom, I discharges yer, sah, an' flings de state in de cost," and then as he bunched his papers he added, "(Glad dat my eyes has been opened ter dat law. Gin my wife de wust thrashin' when I gets home dat a 'oman eber seed. My, huh, dese is de days, when a man kin 'joy hisself."

ON THE BEAT.

Rockland Gazette.

"Father," said the youngest sporting member of the family, as he stood up to reach for his second tart, "there ain't nothin' can beat Maud S., is they?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Wigglesworth, deftly intercepting the tart movement, and removing the plate to the other end of the table.

"What?" sullenly asked the boy, sitting down with a dull and disappointed thud.

"A tramp," replied Mr. Wigglesworth, with a light and airy touch of humor. "A tramp beats everything and everybody."

"I know one thing he don't beat," remarked Mrs. Wigglesworth, as she blew down the nose of the teapot to clear away the grounds.

"What's that?" queried her husband, in mild surprise.

"A carpet," returned Mrs. Wigglesworth; "you can't even get a tramp to beat a carpet."

And the amendment was carried without division.

ALASKAN "LADIES."

Youth's Companion.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," we are told; but women furnish a curious commentary upon this in their self-estimates of beauty. Women in Morocco think they are handsome when they are fat, and the Alaskan bells think themselves charming when they are black. They are as sure of it as the American girl is of her pink-and-white beauty,—and as the rule goes in setting fashions, they all get the worth of their opinion, for there are enough who agree with them to make it "the style" and the standard.

Ludicrous as it may seem, the Alaska matrons of high fashion and the native damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seed oil.

On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating.

On feast-days and the great occasions when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe.

The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue jacket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss by the turkey red parasol that she poised over her head with the complacency of a Mount-Desert belle.

She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver bracelets on each wrist and fifteen rings ornamented her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion.

WAITING FOR HER "PASSEL."

The exalted ideas of simple people as to the capabilities of the telegraph after that great invention became a fixed fact, were found to be quite as ludicrously wild as their former incredulity had been stubborn. A distinguished electrician says: One day when I was operator at a country railroad-station a queer-looking old woman came into the office in a state of wild despair.

"What's wrong, madam?" I asked, feeling sorry for the poor old thing.

"O sir!" said she clasping her hands, "I've bin an' left my passel—a brown paper one it was—on the seat at the last station, and there was a baby's muffler in it—the sweetest thing as ever was—an' fi-fi-pun-ten, on'y oneshillin' wasb-bad—boo-hoo!"

She broke down entirely at this point, so said I, "Madam, make your mind quite easy; sit down and I'll telegraph at once."

I did so, and got a reply back immediately that the parcel had been found all right, and would be sent on as soon as possible. I told this to the old lady, who seemed quite pleased, and went out on the platform to wait.

I was busy, but I could see at intervals, as I glanced through the window, that the old lady was standing on the platform gazing up into the sky. A train came and went, and my attention was occupied till half an hour had passed, and on looking through the window again I saw the old lady still staring up at the sky.

"What's the matter, madam?" I asked.

"Matter?" she exclaimed. "A pretty telegraph *you've* got, I say—wus'n the old carrie, by a long ways. Here I've been stan'in for full 'alf an hour with my neck nigh broke, an' no passal come yit!"

"Parcel? why, what were you looking up there for? You surely don't?"

"Yes, my brown-paper passel, of

course; didn't you tell me, young man, that they said they'd send it by telegraph?"

I explained to the old lady that the parcel would have to be sent by train, and not "by telegraph," and that though she could not expect it immediately, it was safe, and she would get it in due time if she would give me her address so that I should know where to forward it. She appeared satisfied, gave me an old envelope with her name on it, and went away, remarking—

"I didn't mind the fi-pun-ten, an' the bad shillin' so much, but I couldn't bear to lose the muffler. It was *such* a sweet thing, turned up with yaller—an' a present, too!"

Ultimately she got her parcel; and came over to the station one day to thank me—and offer me the bad shilling by way of reward. Of course I declined with many profound acknowledgements.

"HERE IT IS."

The New York Tribune tells a story about a well-known philanthropist of that city, which illustrates that some men are always on the look-out for an opportunity to do good, and when they find it, the deed of charity is done and no fuss made about it. The Tribune says:

A woman, feeble and bent with age and overwork, stepped into a New York horse-car.

She hobbled to a seat (fortunately there was one vacant), and depositing her bundle on the floor, proceeded to fumble in her pocket for her fare.

After much searching she produced a quarter, which she handed to the conductor.

He returned the change to her trembling fingers, but before she could put it in her pocket, a piece—probably a dime—fell to the floor and was lost between the slats at her feet. In vain did she try to find it.

It pained her to bend so low, and with a look of resignation she gave it up.

A tall man dressed in black sat facing her, and watched her intently as he leaned back in her seat.

His hand went to his pocket, then, stooping forward, he appeared to be looking for the lost coin, and with an "Ah! here it is, madam," he stretched his hand to the floor, and raising it, deposited the money in her lap.

He rose immediately and left the car. The old woman beckoned to the conductor, and showing him a five-dollar gold piece, asked if he had not given it to her by mistake.

He assured her he had given her two dimes.

She could not understand how she came by it, but a few of the passengers could, and as she put her hand to her face to hide the tears of joy that dimmed her eyes, some one whispered the stranger's name.

He was one of the best-known philanthropists of New York, a member of a family noted for many years far and wide for its countless good deeds.

HE KICKED.

A Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, doing business in Virginia, had a meeting of directors the other day, and after the transaction of routine business, one of the board rose up and said:

"I notice among the bills of expense one for \$3 for printing our annual statement on 4,000 postal-cards."

"That's all right," explained the President.

"How all right? Don't we employ a Secretary at a salary of \$400 per year?"

"Yes, and the Secretary prepared the copy and contracted for the printing."

"I don't say he didn't but I'd like to know what business he had to contract for any such printing when we furnish him pens and ink. It was his duty to write out them cards, sir, and I for one, shall kick against any such extravagance."

COULDN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS.

Wall Street News.

On a Southern railroad the other day a passenger complained to the conductor about the dusty state of the seats and windows, and directly followed it up by finding fault with the roughness of the track, and the apparently unsafe condition of the car. The conductor was very courteous, but entirely non-committal. This provoked the traveler to continue his complaints, and he presently said:

"I fail to see any water-cooler in this car."

"No; we have none."

"And the front door won't shut."

"No."

"And the wheels rattle as if worn out."

"That's so."

"And, sir!" exclaimed the provoked passenger, "I wouldn't give you twenty-five cents on the dollar for the stock of your miserable line!"

"It's quoted at fifteen," said the conductor, as he rose up to go forward.

WHO WOULD OWN IT.

Peck's Sun.

A Texas debating society debated the question: "When a water-melon vine runs onto another man's land, who owns the melons?" The referee decided that the colored man who lived about a mile and-a-half from the two farms owned the melons.

COPPER FIRE-BOXES IN BRITAIN.

For some years back the steel makers of England have devoted great attention and care to the improvement of mild steel, and they succeeded in making plates almost uniform in the quality desired. In view of this fact it seems singular that locomotive builders there still continue to use copper fire-boxes and brass tubes. In a communication to the American Master Mechanics' Association last year, Mr. Webb, locomotive superintendent of the London and Northwestern

railway, attempted in a curious way to explain why British engineers did not adopt steel fire-boxes. He said that steel sheets if made heavy would not stand the intense heat of combustion in their locomotive fire-boxes and if the sheets were made thin they wore out too readily. We believe the real cause why steel has not been adopted by British locomotive builders is because they have never tried steel of the right quality and thickness. The heat in an American locomotive fire-box is generally much greater than is common with English engines, and steel is more satisfactory than copper because the proper kind of plates is selected. If British locomotive builders would try plates of the same kind as our makers use and anneal them properly before working they would soon come to abandon copper fire-boxes.

BROKE UP THE MEETING.

On the surface McSwiggle was a great temperance man, but he and his son, who made no pretensions, frequently had a very pleasant time. The other night the Cold Water club met at the McSwiggle mansion, and Mr. McS., after a little seance in the pantry with the boy left him there to keep him quiet while he joined in the exercise of the club. When speeches were called for, McSwiggle became enthusiastic in his remarks.

"Ah," he cried in tragic tones, "I see the blood-red wine pouring forth from every font! Stop it!"

The boy in the pantry stopped to listen.

"I see it trickling in fiery drops upon every hearthstone! Stop it! I see it running its bloody course over all the land! Stop it! I see its crimson tide deluging mothers and children! Stop it! I see it soaking into the brains of our best and noblest men! Stop it! I see it bubbling and gurgling and sweeping down upon the homes of rich and poor! Stop it!"

By this time the boy in the pantry was almost paralyzed, and was groping around for the cork of the bottle he held in his hand. Then, as McSwiggle broke forth again—

"I see it now—just now—here—there—there—stop it! Stop it I say!" The boy in the pantry could stand it no longer, and he shouted to the old man:

"Hold on there; hold on! Gosh dang it, pap, I can't stop it. Where did you leave the cork?"

THE CRACK MARKSMAN.

Do you see that man with the gun? Well, what is he? Is he a valiant soldier?

Oh, no; he is not even a hunter. He never shoots anything unless by accident. He is a crack marksman. He is going to Walnut Hill to eat baked beans and pie. Yes, he will fire his gun at a target if he gets a good chance when the target is not looking. No, he is not a lineal descendant of the noble red man. Does he enjoy himself? Dear me! no. It is very chilly out there, and very uncomfortable.

What does he get for his pains?

If he has good luck and hits the target he gets a cup, which has to be locked up out of sight for fear somebody will steal it. It is alleged, also, that he gets a badge occasionally, but no one ever sees it.

Where then does the fun come in?

Oh, it is great fun for him to collect near ordinary men and talk with himself about how many times he has blacked the bull's eye.

Does he always tell the same story?

That is hard to say, but no one ever recognizes any difference; it is all Greek to the rest of the world.

It would not be said that he is a bore?

Not unless he bores the bullet holes in the target; no one knows as to that.

Does anybody ever have a mad desire to shoot the crack marksman?

Gracious, no! don't suggest such a thought.

"HONORABLE."

Not every man who acquires the prefix "Honorable" to his name fully deserves it. Men like Hon. William L. Marcy, however, wear the title by unquestioned merit. An exchange gives a single reminiscence of that distinguished Congressman and Government officer, which affords a glimpse of his character. He was not one of the sort of persons who can be hired to keep their eyes shut, and ignore the difference between right and wrong.

During the winter of 1851 the Hon. William L. Marcy was boarding at the Irving House (corner of Chambers street). While conversing one morning with an acquaintance, the office-boy handed him a letter from New Orleans. After reading it, he passed it to the friend to read. The substance of the letter was as follows:

"Inclosed find our check on a New York bank for one thousand dollars, which we send you as a retainer in a suit in a New York court, the particulars of which we will send you in a few days."

Mr. Marcy then, to draw out the other's views, inquired what he ought to do.

The reply was, "Put it in your pocket and wait for business."

"No, sir!" he replied, with emphasis. "It's a bribe."

Then he wrote a letter to his correspondent, saying it would be more proper to state the nature and character of the suit, and if he agreed to give his service then they might offer a retainer, and enclosed the check to the sender by return mail. I wonder if to-day our lawyers are all of them as careful not to be "bribed."

QUICKSILVER.

Of late years California has supplied more than half of the quicksilver consumed in the world. Only two countries of Europe produce it in sufficient quantities to deserve mention in commercial report—Spain and Austria. The Spanish mines

are located near the town of Almaden, province of Mancha, and yield four fifths of the entire production of Europe, while the Austrian mines, located near Idria, and the minor mines mentioned, produce the other one fifth.

Quicksilver is carried and shipped in wrought iron flasks of 25 pounds, containing 75 pounds of the metal. Prices throughout Europe are always given in English money, and the quotations invariably refer to the flasks described.

The consumption of quicksilver in the world has averaged 133,000 flasks a year. The principle uses to which quicksilver is applied are; (1) Meteorological and other scientific instruments; (2) Chemical preparations; (3) Looking-glasses and mirrors.

FOOL FRIENDS.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so much as fool friends.

A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant things.

A fool friend knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party.

He always knows where your party is losing, and the other one making gains.

He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly believes every story against you and kindly suspects your defense.

A fool friend is always full of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statements of an enemy.

He never suspects any thing on your side.

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news concerning a good man.

He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor.

He is always finding fault with his party and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that his candidates should stand well with the opposition.

He is forever seeing the faults of his party and the virtues of the other.

He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket.

He always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle.

In moments of victory he is magnanimously on your side. In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event.

The fool friend regards your reputation as common property, and as common prey for the vultures, hyenas, and jackals.

He takes sad pleasure in your misfortunes.

He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies.

He forgives your maligner, and slanderer with all his heart.

He is so friendly that you cannot kick him.

He generally talks for you and bets the other way.

WALL STREET NEWS WAIFS.

He explained that he was a young man who had just come into possession of a fortune of \$30,000, and he had thought some of investing it in Wabash stocks.

"Yes, certainly," replied the old bald-head.

"Wabash is bound to come up, isn't it?"

"Exactly."

"If I buy now I buy at the lowest notch, eh?"

"Very probably."

"And there must be a raise?"

"There must."

"And dividends?"

"Yes, dividends."

"And meanwhile, while waiting for dividends, what would you advise?"

"Why, I'd advise you to die of old age!" was the prompt and emphatic reply.

THE MOUSE ESCAPED.

Wrightsville Recorder.

A lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. She summoned the man servant and told him to get the gun, call the dog, and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she clambered up stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The dog started at once in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted, fell down the stairs, and the man thinking she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

TOO WEAK FOR HIM.

"I understand that you have broken your engagement with the beautiful Miss Pigglesworth," said Col. Willfin to a young man.

"Yes, decided that we could never get along together."

"What evidence had you of incompatibility?"

"Striking evidence. The last time I was at her house she showed me a decided weakness in her character. Now, if there is anything in this world that I admire, it is strength. In my admiration for strength, my dear Colonel, I lose sight of a hundred faults."

"Why, my friend," the Colonel replied, "Miss Pigglesworth is a lady of strong character."

"No, no, she's weak. Now, Colonel, you know I am a man of the world and attach more importance to strength than a less schooled man would."

"Is she too girlish in her manner?"

"Oh, no."

"Vascillating in her tastes?"

"No, quite steadfast."

"Then, how the deuce is she weak?"

"Well, you see while I was with

her the other evening the rest of the family was away from home. While we were talking pleasantly, a servant entered and said that the washerwoman had come and wanted her pay, and, sir, without making an attempt to stand the woman off, she deliberately paid the amount. I can't stand anything like that, and I am convinced that she would not do for my wife."

"I quite agree with you," the Colonel replied, after a moments reflection. "Such a weakness of character would soon break a man up. Fortunately, I didn't marry that kind of a woman."

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Desimplest truth is de truest truth, fur it am un'erstood by de most people.

De thoughts what rise in a man 'longs ter hisse'f, but de thoughts what he gets frum books 'longs to somebody else.

Yer doan hab as good a chance ob finin' out what kinder stuff a rich man's made outen as yer do de poor man, fer we don't know de quality ob de aig till it's broke.

I'se'spicious ob de man what is always claimin' ter be workin' in de intrust of udder fokes, 'case he force me ter one ob two conclusions: dat he is eder a fool or a liar.

BLUNDERS OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Absent minded people make queer blunders. Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the great New England preacher who died of small-pox, when out riding asked a small boy who bowed as he opened a gate for him: "Whose boy are you my little man?" "Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the reply. When he returned the same boy appeared and opened the gate. "Whose boy are you?" asked Edwards. "Noah Clark's, sir. The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir." The first Lord Lyttleton was terribly absent-minded. He fell into the river once and sank twice before he remembered

he could swim, thus coming near committing the egregious blunder of drowning. A clergyman was walking one day in the country in deep thought. He was so accustomed to riding that when he reached the toll gate he cried out:

"Here, what's to pay?"

"Pay for what?" said the gate-keeper.

"My horse," replied the preacher.

"What horse? You've got no horse."

"Bless me" looking down to his legs, "I thought I was on horse-back."

A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

Detroit Free Press.

He had taken three terms of the gymnasium, and could "muscle" a twenty-five pound weight, turn a hand-spring, knock a sand-bag blind and box the Professor all over the room. More than one pupil had sighed for his skill, and remarked that the man who should tackle him would be mashed to pulp in a minute.

Yesterday morning he was coming up Howard street, full of life and vigor, when he came across an express wagon with a wheel off. He made some inquiries and received curt replies. This led him to remark:

"Young man, some one will cuff your ears some day."

"But it won't be you!"

"Don't be too sure of that!"

"Maybe you'd like to begin now?" said the young man as he quit his work and stepped to the walk.

"I think I can cuff some manners into you," replied the other, and he reached out to begin.

The young fellow's right arm gy-rated around for ten seconds, and then his fist shot out and landed on the citizen's nose like a kick from a colt. He was going to follow it up, but before he could spit on his hands again the other man started off at the rate of twelve miles an hour and turned the first corner like

a streak of light. Later in the day he explained to an inquirer:

"I now see where I have wasted a year's time and \$100 in money. I haven't got the grit to fight. I shall now quit boxing and go into training as a runner."

ELOQUENT.

There are those who are blind to the eloquence of a gesture or to the pathos of a look. They see the armless sleeve, but unless the poor soldier appeals to them with words, they do not feel the charity that beareth another's burden. Such resemble the gentleman who required, before he would be pitiful, that the expressive pantomime of the Irish beggar should be enforced by pathetic speech:

A gentleman passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor and wretchedness. The man said nothing, and the gentleman, turning back, accosted him thus:

"If you are in want, why don't you beg?"

"Sure, it's begging I am, yer Honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Of coorse not, yer Honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through

the holes of me trousers, and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes. Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

THE largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior—400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 160, and its greatest depth about 200 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.

A WITHERING REBUKE.

There is a certain Austin man who is linked for life—or the divorce court—to a lady who enjoys the unenvied reputation of sadly neglecting her household duties. One evening her convivial lord returned from the lodge in a condition several degrees above the dead level of plain sobriety.

"O, you miserable wretch!" exclaimed the partner of his infelicity, "I'm just burning up with rage."

"Yer are, are yer?" replied the man, "Well, Betty, thash all right. I'm glad it ain't the beefsteak this time."

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy white-robed throngs;
And said father, leaning cosily back in his easy chair,
(Father always was a master hand for comfort everywere):

"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er,
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabelle, our oldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
She was painting on a water-jug, and murmured, "Yes, indeed!"
And Marion, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And a "Yes, indeed!" responded, with a most ecstastic look.

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong to agree with you.
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest."
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

—Harper's Weekly.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.

WM. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00

SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

APRIL, 1885.

EXPOSITIONS.

Of the essential data required to establish anything like a correct estimate of the real condition of any nation in the remote past, the present is sadly deficient. True, we know something of the Greeks and Romans, for what may be termed a long period anterior to the Christian era—but there is still a remote past prior to any account which writers deem authentic. We excavate for buried cities, and we have a right to believe, when Homer sang and Herodotus wrote—there was an antiquity reaching backward to a period of twilight uncertainty. The rulers of Egypt, whose reign began, apparently, when Time was young, were impressed with the idea that they would perish and be forgotten, as had befallen rulers and nations, to them, of a remote past, and to guard against this obliteration and oblivion, erected their pyramids, and obelisks, and now strange to say, while these monuments of toil and skill remain, surrounded by desolation and gloom, in an

ocean of sand, they do little more than tell that there was a far-reaching and unknown antiquity before their corner stones were laid—and though now, as ever, since their capstones made them complete, voiceless, they are more eloquent of the triumphs of labor than of dynasties—they still voice the sublime sentiment, that labor builds, creates everything from a pen to a pyramid, from a thimble to a throne, from a cabin to a city, from a shingle to a ship, from a toy pistol to a gatling gun, from a nail to a navy, from a wheel-barrow to a palace car, from a watch-spring to a steam engine—indeed, go where we will, in all lands, zones and climes, where expositions are inaugurated, and they bear irrefutable testimony to the triumphs of labor, skill, and to the inventive genius of the working men of the world.

We do not underestimate science, philosophy or learning. We confess to no little admiration of savants, in every department of knowledge.

The explorer, the investigator, the men who deal with abstruse questions synthetically and analytically, who reason from cause to effect, and from effect to cause, the thinkers of the past and the present, who have made the highways to knowledge, broad-ways, Appian-ways, national roads, ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, unobstructed by toll-gates, on which the people may travel to elevations where the plebeian of the past becomes the prince of the present and the future. In all of this, we become satisfied "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,"

and that what was once deemed impossibilities become not only possibilities and probabilities but accomplished facts.

We now read of the meetings of kings and the coronation of kings with undisguised contempt, and we contemplate with feelings of exaltation the uprising and advancement of the great body of the people, and in nothing is this onward and upward movement more gratifying than in the frequency of state, interstate, national and international expositions of the triumphs of labor. These exhibitions, from fairs, since the days of Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, as early as A. D., 800 in France, and 1071 in England, have maintained a foothold in national affairs until now they have become of absorbing interest throughout the civilized world.

It is said that "the idea of collecting objects of industrial manufacture first occurred to the Marquis d'Aveze in 1797, and that in 1798 he opened at Paris what is termed in France, an "Exposition of French Goods." The undertaking proved to be so successful that these expositions of French manufacture were held at irregular intervals, from 1798 to 1824, and from the latter date, every five years. In 1820 a similar exposition was opened at Ghent, at Berlin in 1834, at Vienna in 1835 and at New York in 1853. These expositions led to the idea of a general exposition in which different nations should be competitors, and the first on an extended scale were the great expositions held in London in 1851 and 1862, in Paris in 1855, 1867 and 1878, in Vienna

in 1873 and in Philadelphia in 1876. It will doubtless be interesting to our readers to hear the more important facts relating to the magnitude of these expositions. The London Expositions of 1851 and 1862 were open, the first 141 days, with 6,039,191 admissions, and receipts amounting to \$2,530,500; the second was open 172 days, admissions 6,211,103, and receipts \$2,042,650. The Paris Expositions of 1855 and 1867, were open, the first, 200 days, and the second, 217 days, admissions to the first, 5,162,330, receipts \$640,495, to the second, admissions amount to 8,805,969 and receipts aggregated \$2,103,385. The Vienna Exposition, in 1873, was open 186 days, admissions were 6,740,500 and receipts, \$1,032,385. The great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, was the largest ever held. Fifty countries were represented and the exhibitions numbered 30,864. It was open 159 days, the admissions aggregated 9,789,392 and the sum total of receipts is given at \$3,813,749.75. In the foregoing, we have the more important data relating to six international expositions, visited by 42,748,485 persons for which privilege they paid the sum of \$12,163,454.75, and the conclusion is by no means far-fetched, that the facts are arguments supporting all that we have said or may say in regard to the dignity of labor, the cogency of which defies impeachment.

We make no apology for the appearance in this Magazine, of articles indicative of the obligations which society is under to labor, and we regard it as fortunate, that

expositions, whether county, state, inter-state or international, supply us with all desired material to build such arguments, as must, in the very nature of things, inspire laboring men with feelings of independence born of facts which relate directly to the welfare of society.

Expositions give grandeur to the truth that without the products of labor there could be no expositions. They are gotten up for the express purpose of exhibiting the trophies of labor won in every department of the world's industries. And in this connection it is eminently worthy of remark, that in every instance where inter-state or international expositions have been held, they have been placed in the hands of a set of men who are scarcely more acquainted with labor, than an average Hottentot is with architecture. These expositions are usually managed by men who talk patronizingly of laboring people, as if, by some royal decree, they had been appointed the guardians of the men who create the wealth of the world and carry forward its enterprises. In Europe, some degenerate off-shoot of a breed of nabobs, whose highest estimate of the "common people" is, that they are excellent "food for powder," and convenient to pay tribute from their little hard-earned store, is selected to "open" the exposition. This done, the aristocracy stroll leisurly amidst the monuments which labor and skill have erected, and herald abroad the announcement, that "our laboring people," under our beneficent sway, have contributed their wealth of work to make this exposition pos-

sible for our pleasure, and exclaim like old Nebuchadnezzar, "Is not this great exposition that we have built by the might of our power and the honor of our households?" And even in the United States of America, to a humiliating extent, the same ostracism of the men who make expositions possible, is practiced by those who have the privilege of showing their contempt of men of skill and muscle. It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the singular experience of Job, the man of Uz, who lived, flourished and suffered some three thousand years ago, that after he had been taught by experience that man, at his best, is an uncertain quantity, was asked: "Can'st thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?" The interrogatory was not answered. Evidently, Job did not believe that such a thing could be done—but now, in all lands beneath the sun, on more than 1,000,000 miles of wire, men are sending the lightnings that they may go, and say anything and everything, from a message of love, to a declaration of war; and every flash, as it goes under the sea and over the land, thrills the world with the sublime idea that the scientific explorer, the skilled mechanic and the brawny laborer, form a combination of forces which, when another thirty centuries shall have bivouacked with their predecessors, man, by searching, if he has not found out God, will have so far unravelled the mysteries of nature that the sending of lightnings, will be but the A in the alphabet of triumphs which will be displayed in inter-

national expositions for the amazement and the admiration of the world.

We confess to an admiration for the triumphs of labor, and we are only anxious to see such a federation of toilers in the country, as shall in the exercise of its high prerogatives, give it the dignity which it merits. At this writing the New Orleans Inter-National Exposition is attracting world-wide attention. The indications are, that it is to be one of the most notable events in honor of labor that has occurred during the century. The Federal Government has loaned the managers \$1,000,000 of the people's money, and now, April, 1885, thousands of people are flocking to New Orleans to witness the displays of Mechanical skill and the triumphs of art. Governors of states are appointing commissions to visit the exposition and represent state interests. It would be gratifying to know, if for such positions even one Master Mechanic had been named—one honest representative of labor. Investigation will be likely to disclose the fact that such men have been studiously ignored, and that men have been commissioned for considerations, in which the interests of laboring men in so far as the dignity of labor is concerned, were not thought of. Such neglect should everywhere arouse laboring men to the fact that the time has arrived for them to assert their power. In this view of the subject demagogism plays no part. The world has heard quite enough from designing men, who court the favor of labor that it may lift them into prominence,

and who when their ambition is gratified, confederate and co-operate with those, who, whether dividing honors or wealth, are certain to appropriate to themselves the lion's share. The near future ought to witness a revolution in public thought in regard to the essential facts relating to the consequence of labor in its relations to the world's progress, and this revolution, expositions are well calculated to promote, provided laboring men, with commanding independence and prudent federation demand their equitable share in the honors and emoluments of government.

A DAY AND ITS DUTIES.

The opinion widely prevails that the present is pre-eminently a thoughtful, as well as a utilitarian age. That there is great mental activity, no one will deny, who is at all familiar with the enterprises of the times. The average newspaper student will often, in spite of any conservative views he may entertain, be forced to the conclusion that the distinguishing characteristic of the period is progress. In many instances, the advance movement has the appearance of a wild scramble for the attainment of the end in view, an unreasonable haste in the pursuit of purpose, which degenerates to push or rush, something quite different from progress, which usually conveys the idea of growth, prudent, pains-taking improvement, solid and secure development.

In common parlance, the present is said to be "a fast age." The toilsome plodding methods of the past are no longer tolerated. During the

past half century, the displays of inventive genius have been of a character which defy exaggeration. Throughout all the ages past, nothing is recorded of the operations of the mind forces of the world to be compared with what has transpired within the period we have named. The progenitors of the present generation did not so much as dream of the triumphs of mind and skill which the youth of the present behold on every hand, and men of years, who have witnessed this marvellous development and are familiar with all the facts connected with it, stand amazed in its presence. The electric telegraph, the telephone, the locomotive, the sewing and the knitting machines, the reapers, mowers and planters, the printing press in its present perfection, and the ten thousand novel machines which quicken the pulse of enterprise and urge the world to advance by leaps and bounds, combine to impart to the present a spirit of restlessness, to which all time past has been a stranger.

It is by no means an unpleasant task to record such wonderful mental activity and material advancement, but it would afford still greater satisfaction, if with it all, we could chronicle the fact that the hard lot of labor had been able to advance to a plane of improved opportunities and secured prosperity.

It is quite within the range of probabilities that such has been the case in isolated instances, but it would be difficult to show that in the general average, anything has occurred calculated to make labor-

ing men better satisfied with their immediate surroundings or to inspire a large share of hopefulness for improvement in the near future.

It is an old time aphorism that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it is quite certain that so much work as leaves laboring men little or no time for mental improvement, is a condition in direct conflict with the welfare, not only of working men themselves, but of the welfare of society at large, and this view of the subject forces into prominence the problem of so dividing a day, that its duties shall contribute, not only to the material advancement of communities, but to the moral, social and intellectual improvement of working men and their families.

Our readers are advised of the great anxiety expressed in certain quarters relating to the illiteracy of thousands of the American people, and this solicitude, without special reference to individuals, is indefinitely intensified, because it is assumed that the perpetuity of American institutions depends upon the intelligence of the people. It is held, and prudently, we think, that ignorance is the companion of vice and degradation, and in a large degree disqualifies men for the prudent exercise of the privileges which belong to free men. Indeed, it is held that illiteracy and liberty cannot long exist in alliance. But, it should be understood that by overcoming illiteracy, that is to say, by obtaining so much education as is comprehended by reading and writing, men are yet but one remove from illiteracy, and have made lit-

the advancement in knowledge and intelligence, which qualifies men for the responsibilities of American citizenship, and which enables them to comprehend and master such vital questions as bear directly upon their interests. Such knowledge must result from study, reading, and the ability to analyze propositions which in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, are constantly thrust forward for discussion and settlement.

Any prudent deliberation, touching such questions, in so far as laboring men are concerned, involves the proper division of the hours which make up a round day. If, by virtue of law or custom, the day is so divided that work and sleep exhaust all the time, mental improvement is out of the question. Rest is essential to life; intelligence is not. An ignorant man, other things being equal, will live as long as a philosopher. It is now conceded, by thoughtful men, statesmen and philanthropists, worthy of the name, that eight hours ought to constitute a day's work; that eight hours as the rule is ample time for sleep. Hence, there remains eight hours for reading, study, investigation and for mental improvement, and it may be said with eminent justice, that those who demand more than eight hours as a day's work, are not the friends of laboring men; that they are something less than statesmen and philanthropists, and that whatever may be their profession, they are incapable of solving the more serious questions which relate to the well being of society.

It will be observed that the discussion of such topics, brings into the boldest possible prominence a day and its duties. In this article and in this connection, we make no reference to the habits of those whose fortunes relieve them from anxieties relating to days and their duties. Our business leads in a different direction. The problem to be solved is: How shall a laboring man divide the hours of a day, so that he may meet every obligation to himself, to society and to his family? If he is to exercise the high prerogative of citizenship, he must be intelligent. If he is to inspire his children with honorable ambition, and prepare them to act well their part, in a government whose destinies, as we have intimated, in a supreme measure depend upon the intelligence of the people, he must himself be well informed. If he is to make his home what an American citizen's home ought to be, superior to the homes of workingmen in less favored lands, he must have opportunities for mental culture, but such a condition and such advantages cannot be secured, if so much of the day is devoted to work, that when the task is ended the physical condition is such as to make profound repose an absolute requirement, or, if a little leisure is secured, it is only sufficient to enable the worker to attend to duties which relate to physical comfort.

The laboring men of America ought to be a unit upon the question of what shall constitute a day's work, and in deciding it the overmastering idea should relate to their social and intellectual improvement.

The monopolist idea is, simply, work the greatest number of hours for the least possible pay. There may be exceptions. We state the rule. What is the result? Laboring men, overtasked, find little or no leisure for mental culture. But, we inquire, is this the only or the most serious phase of the matter? If the day is so divided, and its tasks so adjusted, that there is no time for intellectual improvement; then it follows that illiteracy, or, at least, a lack of intelligence, will be the consequence, and with this lack of mental growth and strength, will come additional perils to free institutions. Taking this view of the subject, what is the remedy and who shall apply it when found? The remedy is found in making eight hours a full day's work. But who shall apply the remedy. The workingmen themselves. How? By unifying and declaring it to be their purpose to make it the law and the custom. They can do it. They have the ballot, the numerical strength to determine what is good for their physical and intellectual strength, what is good for their children and their homes. Laboring men create the wealth, and have rights which they can teach governments to respect and acknowledge, and when laboring men find time to read and study, to improve their condition socially and intellectually, society will be the chief beneficiary, for the government will rest upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. Every American home will be a citadel impregnable to the wiles of the demagogue and proof against

the assaults of those who are disposed to exalt money and degrade muscle.

We are to have, in the near future, better theories in regard to a day and its duties than now prevail, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America has a right, by its numerical and intellectual power, to be a leader in a reform designed to dignify labor, improve society and perpetuate free institutions. Let the question go round. What are the duties of a day?

DREAMLAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
 Haunted by ill angels only,
 Where an Eldolon named Night,
 On a black throne reigns upright,
 I have reached these lands but newly
 From an ultimate dim Thule—
 From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
 Out of Space—out of Time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
 And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
 With forms that no man can discover
 For the dews that drip all over;
 Mountains toppling evermore
 Into seas without a shore;
 Seas that restlessly aspire,
 Surging, unto skies of fire,
 Lakes that endlessly outspread
 Their lone waters—lone and dead—
 Their still waters—still and chilly
 With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
 Their lone waters, lone and dead—
 Their sad waters, sad and chilly
 With the snows of the lolling lily—
 By the mountains—near the river,
 Murmuring lonely, murmuring ever—
 By the gray woods—by the swamp
 Where the toad and the newt encamp—
 By the dismal tarns and pools

Where dwell the Ghouls;
 By each spot the most unholy—
 In each nook most melaucholy—
 There the traveler meets aghast
 Sheeted Memories of the Past—
 Shrouded forms that start and sigh
 As they pass the wanderer by—
 White-robed forms of friends long given,
 In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
 'Tis a peaceful, soothing legion—
 For the spirit that walks in shadow
 'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
 But the traveler, traveling through it,
 May not—dare not openly view it;
 Never its mysteries are exposed
 To the weak human eye unclosed;
 So wills its King, who hath forbid
 The uplifting of the fringed lid;
 And thus the sad soul that here passes
 Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
 Haunted by ill angels only,
 Where an Eldolon, named Night,
 On a black throne reigns upright,
 I have wandered home but newly
 From this ultimate dim Thule.

—Edgar Allen Poe.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

THE SOUTHERN CHAUTAUQUA,
February 22, 1885.]

This morning as I sat on the veranda, holding a parasol over my head to keep off the rays of the sun, the mail was brought up to the hotel. One of the letters commenced in this way: "Please excuse my writing with a lead pencil for my ink is frozen solid, in a room with a roaring fire." Another said, "I can only tell you what the weather is by my feelings, for the windows have been for days so thickly coated with ice that we cannot see outside, and, although sitting by a base burner, I am so cold I can scarcely write." And another contained the laughable information, "I cannot go to sleep, for my mustache freezes stiff and I have to lie awake all night to keep it thawed out."

I dropped the letters in my lap, and looked at the scene before me. Overhead the sky was serenely soft and blue; a few feet away the lake danced and sparkled until the surface was broken into thousands of glittering waves; the little boats drifted idly about while the rowers rested their oars and gazed into eyes which seemed to them very beautiful; arm in arm the inevitable couples wandered upon the shore enjoying love's young dream; the children played merrily in the sand; while, from far and near upon the sloping hill sides, the people were gathering for church. And only two day's journey away those we loved were sitting amid ice and snow and chilling blasts and the desolation of the long, dreary winter! How we longed to send them a part of our sunshine and balmy breeze. Indeed, we could hardly enjoy it so well ourselves after reading of their frozen and uncomfortable condition.

Even Florida has been unusually cold this winter. The oldest inhabitant does not remember such inclement weather. Of course there has been no bitter cold, but many severe frosts and chilling winds with much rain and slight snows and sleet, very much like the early April of the North. Southern houses are not built for cold weather, and we are very apt to be careless about protecting ourselves when we go out, thinking that it is not necessary so far south. The consequence is an epidemic of coughs and influenza that extends from Jacksonville to New Orleans. This letter is written from Lake de Funiak, in northern

Florida, just half way between these two places, and our hotel is the breakfast and supper station. All winter long the crowd has surged to and fro. A hundred come rushing in for breakfast, the women disheveled, the men unshaved. A hundred more come pouring in for supper, tired, cross, disgusted with travel. And we ladies at the hotel stand about in little groups to "see the animals feed." I think perhaps humanity never appears at a greater disadvantage than when putting in "twenty minutes for refreshments." The most refined becomes a temporary barbarian. He spears a slice of bread or a potato with his fork, he swallows his coffee with one gulp, he eats with his knife, he elbows his right-hand neighbor and glares at his left-hand neighbor who is doing the same thing, he forgets his customary politeness to ladies. He only remembers that he has twenty minutes to satisfy a ravenous appetite and that he must pay seventy-five cents for the privilege and in his anxiety to get the worth of his money he resembles those animals who all stand in a row before a trough.

Lake de Funiak is a new resort, a brief description of which was given in last month's Magazine. It is the highest and driest spot in the state and will be considered a fine sanitarium when its healthful qualities become known. But to those who are so fortunate as to have no lung, bronchial, asthmatic or catarrhal troubles, it will still possess a strong attraction as being the birth-place of the Southern Chautauqua. This is the twentieth of these Chautauqua Assemblies which have been organized, and is the first one to be located in the South. It will require some time for the mass of the Southern people to understand how delightful and instructive are these Chautauqua meetings, but in time they will fully enjoy and appreciate them. Beginning with a few, we have seen the number steadily increase. The educated and refined, of course, are entertained, but no language can express the delight of the ignorant and uncultivated natives. To them it is a glimpse of another world, the beginning of a new life. They came to scoff but remained to pray. Less than a year ago these "crackers" bitterly resented the intrusion of the "Yankees" upon what they considered their own sacred soil, but henceforth they will look forward during all the eleven months to the twelfth, which shall bring the pleasures of Chautauqua. Through the wonderful influence of this School for the People, the night of moral, mental and spiritual darkness will pass away and they will be forever redeemed from bondage.

This Chautauqua will be enjoyed by the cultivated people of the South whose educational institutions are only now recovering from the cruel effects of the late disastrous war. These literary and religious exercises will also be a welcome relief to the thousands of Northern people who are compelled to spend the winters South and are not satisfied with the idle, frivolous life of a fashionable hotel or the insupportable dullness of the average boarding house. And altogether the field is ready, Chautauqua will plant the seed and the harvest shall be gathered through all the coming years.

This is not the tropical part of Florida. Here are only pine woods and pure water and bracing, healthful air. For fruit and flowers and all kinds of luxuriant vegetation you must go to the south or east. The nearest approach to city life is found at Jacksonville, situated in northeastern Florida, near the mouth of the St. Johns river, which at this point is about three miles wide. It is the "Golden Gate" of the State. Most of the products are shipped from here, but when you consider that the whole State has not so many inhabitants as the city of Baltimore, you will see that the business cannot be very extensive. Jacksonville is a very dirty city, swarming with shiftless negroes. During the winter season, when it is filled with Northern tourists, the principal streets are almost impassable. It has half a dozen large, first-class hotels and countless boarding houses, very good stores and many pretty residences. The houses are covered with masses of ivy and roses, the yards are full of cactus, century plants, Spanish bayonets, poinsettia, &c., which grow to enormous size, but there is no grass, only the white sand. Where does this rich vegetation get its nourishment? From the dense volumes of fog which roll up from the river and saturate everything and everybody. Perhaps this is the place for people with weak lungs. At any rate they come by the thousands, and some recover while others return home worse than they came or else die among strangers.

The most interesting spot in Florida is St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. Here the Spaniards first landed and it has been the scene of numerous wars and massacres. The streets are only seven feet wide and the yards are enclosed by a high wall. If you open a little door into one of these walls you find yourself in a beautiful garden. In the middle of winter you may gather roses, lilies, pinks, jessamine, the loveliest flowers imaginable. The houses are almost hidden by vines, and here are date palms a hundred years old. The ancient

houses are built of "coquino," which is cut out in solid blocks from inexhaustible quarries along the shore. It is formed of masses of broken shells and sand through which the water percolates, forming a solid concrete. Houses built of this "coquino" a hundred and fifty years ago to-day show very little sign of crumbling.

St. Augustine stands on the shore of the beautiful bay of St. Augustine. To prevent the tide from overflowing, the government has built a sea wall ten feet high and three feet wide of the "coquino" blocks capped with large blocks of granite, a mile in length. In the evening, at sunset, or in the morning, when the tide is going out, hundreds of people may be seen promenading upon this sea wall. Here is San Marco, the oldest fort in the United States, with walls so thick that several teams might drive upon them, side by side, and with towers and dungeons that delight the lovers of romance. Flying over the waters in a sail boat, a few minutes brings us to the shore of the Atlantic with its majestic breakers rolling in upon the sands. Here is a fine light house whose beams may be seen twenty-five miles away. How absurd to try to speak of St. Augustine in two or three paragraphs, when it contains material for half a dozen articles, and possesses a fascination which makes you long to linger among its ancient landmarks.

And then there is that wonderful trip up the Ocklawaha, with a channel so narrow that the boat barks the trees as it floats along, and the alligators lie upon the banks and blink at the passengers. And there are Magnolia and Green Cove Springs and Palatka and Sandford and an endless number of health resorts, each possessing a peculiar interest of its own. With so many subjects and so much to say, the only thing to do is to "stop short," not, I hope, like the old clock, "never to go again," but only to wait till next month before being again wound up.

EXPLANATION.

I feel that I owe an apology to our readers for the very irregular manner in which the Woman's Department has been conducted for the past few months, and shall ask permission to make some explanatory remarks. Last fall I started on a visit to Baltimore and Washington, and, after several delightful weeks in these two interesting cities, came down the Atlantic coast to Florida. Here I spent a month visiting different portions of the State, and returned home just before the holidays. Found the thermometer at zero, in which locality it remained during most of January. I was literally

"frozen out," and the first of February I packed my trunks and started again for Florida. At the close of the Chautauqua Assembly here, I shall visit a few resorts which I did not see before, and then go to New Orleans and remain till the cold weather is entirely over in the North, and hope next month to say something about the Exposition which may interest our lady readers.

But, as you perceive, all this has prevented any systematic work for the Woman's Department. Through the kindness of Miss Eugenie Debs (to whom the Magazine is indebted in so many ways), the communications have been put in shape for the publisher. The rest of the Department I have had to prepare while "on the wing," and it has been far from satisfactory to me. After another month I hope to be quietly settled at home, when I will endeavor to bring it up nearer to my ideal of what it should be. In the meantime I ask your indulgence, and also thank you most cordially for the excellent articles you have contributed, which have made the Department very instructive and entertaining.—[Ed.]

THE race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. A lady in Washington, Ind., the esteemed wife of one of our well-known rail-roads, one morning during the cold spell sprang back into bed and broke down the whole concern, and yet she was a small sized lady, weighing about one hundred pounds. Little things can accomplish a great deal sometimes.

MRS. M. M. MOORE, of Brazil, Ind., mother of Bro. Aaron Marshall, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, writes as follows: "I rejoice, with all the rest of the wives and mothers who belong to this noble and great work, for where our husbands and sons are engaged in such a cause, most certainly our hearts should go forth in loud response. I should love to lend a helping hand through the 'Woman's Department'—sometimes to express, at least, the sympathy I have for those who peril their lives by day and night. May their lives be guarded by the Omniscient, who cares for the sparrows of the field, and whose eye is ever upon them."

ANDREWS, IND., February 17, 1885.

For Woman's Department:

I am a fireman's wife, and thought I would write a few lines for "Our Noble Brotherhood," as the boys on the Wabash Railroad do not have sufficient time to think of themselves, neither do they deserve to be forgotten. No. 165 is a thriving Lodge, and is worthy of being numbered with the best. I think it the duty of every fireman's mother, wife and sister to do all in her power for the B. of L. F. May God bless and increase the number of the Brotherhood, is the wish of

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., February 28, 1885.

For Woman's Department:

The world moves; so do I; nothing of unusual importance has occurred to mar the routine of my household affairs, except the arrival this morning of the March Magazine, and I hail its coming with delight. I am always on the alert for the carrier when I know it is time for the Magazine to appear. As a natural consequence, all work is suspended, and I proceed to carefully peruse the Woman's Department. Lo! and behold, what do I see but my own name in print; as I read on, I find the "Wife of Barnabas" has reminded me of a promise which I have not yet fulfilled. Correspondence from this locality is like "angels' visits," few and far between. I thank the "Wife of Barnabas" for her complimentary remarks, for 'tis seldom we ladies bestow words of praise upon each other, we are obliged to reserve all our flattery for the "Brethren." From our short acquaintance, I have gathered the impression that "Mrs. Barnabas" is a generous, high-souled nature, and I prize her friendship highly. I also admire her sentiments in regard to her household duties, and think it advisable for our sisters to read carefully and act accordingly.

Bro. Fleckhamer has been appointed Magazine Agent this year, and has quite a nice list. I hope all our members and others who manifest interest in our welfare, will do their utmost in helping him to increase the circulation of the Magazine. I advocate the cause whenever an opportunity presents itself. Josephus, that's my husband, was Magazine Agent at one time, and I have had some experience.

Josephus says, "Susan, your curiosity is unparalleled." I am reading the Magazine, and slyly turn my head, to find my "liege lord and master" looking over my shoulder, vainly endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the letter I am reading, I simply make the remark that I thought curiosity belonged solely to woman. He calmly replies, "Susan, you are master of the situation." I noticed in the January Magazine that Nellie Bly entertains the idea that all of the "gentler sex" talent hails from the West. I beg to differ with her. Our Yankee sisters need to be aroused from their lethargy; I hope they will come bravely to my rescue and prove my assertion. I was interested in the remark "Slim Whoy" made in behalf of women. I agree with him; "them's my sentiments." Woman is man's equal if not better, not "better half" as some men say, but better. I will watch Josephus when he is reading the Magazine; I know what he will say when he reads the letter from "Needles," and finds the above expression; his remarks will be expressive, and when he reads what I have written and does not know that Susan, his prim, dignified wife, is the author, oh! won't I laugh to myself?

Bro. Powers, our Financier, is working earnestly to have No. 2 foremost among the Lodges of the Order. To gain that reputation it is necessary for each brother to lend a willing hand by

keeping his dues and assessments paid. No. 2 is slow but sure, and with the aid of our efficient Master, Bro. Wilcox, and Secretary, Bro. Green, I think in time No. 2 will surprise her neighbors.

Knowing full well the waste basket is the Editor's next best friend, and for fear my letter will be embraced in its outstretched arms, I will say adieu.

SUSAN SPRY.

TWO SIDES OF RAILROAD LIFE.

To Woman's Department:

I.

HUSBAND ENTERS:—

Wife—"Well, I think it is almost time you were coming, keeping me waiting a week or more; I would just like to know where you have been all this time."

Husband—"Why, my dear, we were blockaded until we couldn't see how in the devil to find our way out, the engine was entirely buried in the snow, took three Moguls to pull her out. We just had a h— of a time. I knew you would be worried. Have you any hot water, and is supper ready?"

Wife—"No! how did I know when to have anything prepared for you; besides, I am not going to grieve over you when you are having a good time. I have just returned from the rink. I guess I will be obliged to start a fire and get you some supper at this late hour."

Husband—"No, dear, never mind. I will take a cold lunch, for I go out at 2:10 A. M., so it won't make any difference whatever; don't trouble yourself, it really would worry me to see you go to so much trouble. Have you all that is necessary for your comfort until I return from this trip?"

Wife—"It matters much to you whether I am comfortable or not when you are away from home all the time. *I am sick and tired of this life.*"

Moral—Such is the fate of some of our railroad men.

II.

How lonely seems the night, the snow is falling fast and the wind howls without ceasing; my husband is out on the road in some snow drift perhaps, hungry and almost frozen. How hard is the lot of our railroad men! While our hearts are in sympathy for our dear ones, who to-night are in danger, we watch and listen. Hark! there is his foot-step; No, some one else has passed by. God alone knows the anxiety of a railroad's wife. The true wife is at her post to-night, ready and waiting to administer every comfort to the tired, hungry and almost frozen husband, should he come home. Here he comes at last.

Wife—"I am so glad to see you safe at home once more. Are you cold? (twenty-five below zero.) I have hot water in readiness for you, let me help you take off your coat. Did you have any wrecks, any broken rails on this trip? I have such a nice dinner for you; I am so glad you are at home." All this is said before John has had time to get seated.

Husband—"For Heaven's sake, woman, are you

never going to give me even a chance to say I am cold, and how is the baby?"

Wife—"O, John! she has one tooth, and I really believe she will talk before she learns to walk, for she called her papa this very morning. I kept the water and coffee hot all night for you and you did not come. John did you have good luck?"

Husband—"Yes, to get here and hear your clatter; it is worse than the old Mogul—puff, snort and blow. I had good luck, of course,—dug snow all night and got here ten hours behind time. I am very tired; after dinner I will take a nap while you attend to my lunch, for I will have to leave at 7:30 this evening."

Such is railroad life, for man and wife.

PHOEBE.

STRATFORD, ONT., Feb. 26, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Another year has opened upon us. Although a little late, I wish all the Brotherhood boys, their wives and families a "happy new year." Bound together as we all are by the self-same sympathies, hopes and fears, let us each unite in lifting up our hearts to heaven and cry, "God bless our noble Brotherhood" and preserve our dear ones to us through the coming year; yet we know not whether God, in His wisdom, shall see that it is best to grant us this petition; but, my sisters, if this year shall leave some vacant chair in our home circle, let us now strive to make each day so fraught with earnest endeavors to make them happy, that in our sorrow, we may look back and find no cause for regret for unkind words or deeds. I often think that could we only realize what we shall feel when the loved ones are gone from us, it would so often check the hasty word or unkind act. Our Brotherhood boys are noble boys, and will grow more so as each one takes home to himself and practices our grand motto of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." To do this they are in need of help to keep them in the right path, and who is so well fitted to keep them straight as a kind and loving woman. I feel sure that no matter what people say; yes, and what our boys themselves think, they are led as we women choose, if we only go to work the right way. We shall find that we must go very warily to work, for it is a pretty delicate business to get hold and keep hold of these great lords of creation; let us try throughout this year, to so identify ourselves with their hopes and interests, both individually and throughout the Brotherhood, that they shall not be able to get away from the strength of our influence. I often think when my husband goes out on the road to face so much danger, that should anything happen him, the thought, as it comes to me urges me to greater effort to make his home happy while I have him with me. Let us then spare no effort to help and keep them in the narrow way, not so much by talking religion, but by a quiet, consistent life; there is so much we can do in our home circles to prepare our loved ones for that call which may come very suddenly.

Many are debarred from attending outside means of grace, often their Sundays are spent on the road where duty compels them to be, so let each of us strive to counteract the influences which are all around them when they are away from home.

As I am writing, I feel I must mention that Avon Lodge No. 38, held their Third Annual Assembly in the town hall on the 30th of December, 1884. The hall looked very bright and cheering with the happy faces of the boys and their many friends. The Assembly was voted a complete success; there were about 120 couples on the floor, whirling through the delightful dances. All there were unanimous in their praises of the way the boys of Avon Lodge managed all things. We all look forward to another Assembly.

I am glad to say that our "Ladies Society" is steadily increasing in members and we all thoroughly enjoy our Lodge meetings. May I here ask the boys to please use their influence in persuading the ladies of their families to join us—we wish some of the mothers would come in and help. Also let me assure my sisters who would like to start a lodge, that it only requires a little perseverance in the beginning. Anyone desiring information in regard to the same, we would refer to our Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Johnson, P. O. Box 176. Will Sister Georgie Sargent please tell me why nothing was done in Toronto at the time of the Convention with regard to organizing a Lodge of the Ladies' Society? I was so sorry to be prevented from making her acquaintance at that time, but was unable to go to Toronto just then.

I think our Magazine for the present year is better than ever. I simply devour its contents each month. I must thank our friend Irene for her little request in the February number, which I have endeavored to comply with, but I won't answer as to the correctness of her opinion, either as to the sweetness or smallness of the individual she names.

Yours, etc.,

ALICE BROOKER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 12, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Did any of the wimmen, who read the Magazine ever go to a Roller Skatin Rink? Wall, me and husband went one night and I will giv you the benefits of our experience, if there was any benefit. Ever sence the roller craze begun, husband has been talkin about the physical benefits of skatin and I ses to myself, ses I, if I oppose his goin when he is here, he will be sure to go when he is at tother end of the road, where my watchful eye will not be upon him; Besides that I had some slight curiosity to see the game called polelow, or sum such name, played on skates; but I didn't let husband know that I had any desire to go, and I told him it was no place for old bald-headed married folks; but husband 'lowed he felt as young as ever and said I looked like sweet sixteen, tho sumtimes when my hair ain't combed and I am kinder cross, he

ses I look like sixty. Ever sence husband jined the Fireman's Brotherhood and specially sence he became an engineer, he has used the highest dicshunary words I ever heerd, an I don't know haff the time what he means, fur my own eddicashun is limited, although I went to a deestrick skool in my youth. Well husband had spoke often of the moluments of good social amusements, I didn't know the meanin of it and guess he didn't, so after much urgins I sed we'd go. We went. I was kinder dazed at first by the glare of lites, the noise of the skates and other music, and told husband to get me a seat among sum other good-lookin spectators which I saw in the galery. Husband sed he would leave me for a moment while he procured a pair of skates, and retired to sum obskewer corner, to practis where he would be unobserved, for he was a novis in the use of roller skates, what ever that means. Left alone I began to look around, to find sum one to talk to, for I always enjoy conversashun even if I have to doall the talkin. My gaze soon lighted on a young man of modest appearance and side whiskers, and after passing the compliments of the evenin I asked him why he didn't participate in the festivities. He sadly replied: madam such pleasures are denied me fur I have a cork leg. I felt so sorry fur him that I tried my best to entertain him and was so interested in my own talk that I heeded not the flight of time till the music of the kazoo and the skates ceased and I hurriedly looked at my watch to see what time it was. The modest lookin young man praised the beauty of my watch, which pleased me greatly; wonderin at last where husband was, I said good nite to my chance acquaintance and set out to find husband. I found him inded and in the obskewer corner of which he spoke; he had been there the hull blessed evenin. He had a pair of skates hangin on his left arm and his right arm was tite around Mollie Jones. I heard them talkin of curves, glides, strokes, and such and I glided up to husband with haste and both feet and with a stern voice and a glance of witherin scorn I sed: is that the Moll-you-ment of good social amusements? In silence and the cold we made a *stroke* fur home. I *glided*, in what I thot a graceful manner, by husband's side, but spoke not a word altho I was dyin to free my mind. Husband has sence sed that I never was still so long a time before or sence. I was jest goin to lay down the rules to him when we got home, when by chance, I found that my watch was missin. Husband noticed it too and asked me who I set next to in the galery I told him it was a nice modest man who seemed very kind and had the appearance of a secretary of sum charitable institution. Husband laffed hartily and sed he guessed my watch had gone to help the orphans. He seemed awful glad to think I had lost it. Next mornin I thot to give husband a reminder of his absurd conduct of the evenin previous so I sed; will your rite arm be strong enough to-day to handle the lever of your engine, after the severe strain it was subject to last evenin? He had the impu-

gence to look me in the eye and say: what time is it by your watch? I hav let the subject drop but I shal see that husband goes to no more skatin rinks where Mollie Jones goes, fur I have found out what he ment by the moluments of good social amusements.

"SARA CUSE."

P. S. I was so interested in the young man of whom I spoke, that I forgot to watch the game of polelow.

WASHINGTON, IND., March 15, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

At your kind invitation I take my pen in hand to write to our ever welcome and dearly prized Magazine. Yes, Mrs. Editress, I was a resident of Wales for many a long year. I also married a Welshman, and if any one can show me a more thoroughbred native I should very much like to see him. I was born in Monmouthshire, England. At the age of one year and four months my parents removed to Carmarthenshire, South Wales, to a small village named Conwll, near the County Town of Carmarthen; the place being so isolated my mother begged of father to try to get a little nearer civilized people; my father at the time was a Marshal in Her Majesty's (Queen Victoria) service, so he soon was removed to a village (not very much larger than Conwll) named Cross Inn; he remained as Marshal at that place for five years, when he was tendered the position of Superintendent of a line then known as the Llanelly and Cwmaman Line; now it has been extended clear through from Llanelly to Liverpool, and is called the Llanelly, Vale of Towy and Northern Railroad. My father kept that position for over sixteen years, living the whole time at Cross Inn. I mention these trivial circumstances thinking possibly some one of the many readers of the widely circulated Magazine may recognize an old acquaintance. I love dear old Wales yet, although sometimes I catch myself laughing when thinking of their quaint superstitions, which, if our readers think may interest them, I will in my future letter mention. I may now, perhaps, beg pardon if my readers find my grammar defective, for I was brought up in the *Welshiest* part of Wales. Wales is a very mountainous country, but a beautiful climate, on account chiefly, I believe, of the sea breeze. The railroads are, in the majority, not bothered with the steep grades which sometimes causes our O. & M. boys to break some of the commandments: neither have they short curves. The roads are built straight through the mountains, and tunnels four and five miles long are numerous; two gauges were generally laid at the same time, which consisted of three rails with wide and narrow gauge. The locomotives are, or were, very different to ours; there may be some improvement now, as I am in America fifteen years; there were no low wheels, the front wheels were six and the other eight feet high; there was no cab to speak of, no fine glass window, in fact, no windows at all, neither any bell. Being the youngest child and my father's favorite, I used to,

when very young, accompany him, and my earliest recollection is being allowed to get on the engine and sound the whistle, which would emit the most unearthly scream imaginable. I well remember when there was no headlight, but an iron cage filled with fire hung in front of the engine. I have some very amusing reminiscences of the doings of engineers, which I will write for the boys if they wish. The cars, or, as we called them, carriages, are divided into three classes, first, second and third, and the rates are in accordance with the compartments. Two first class compartments and one second class at either end composed the carriage; the doors were all on the sides; the third class carriages had side doors too, but you could see clear through from one end to the other. The guard's office is in the center, and when you once enter the doors are locked and you are *fast* to your journey's end. There are no stoves, no closets, nor any drinking water on the train. The signal for all aboard is a shrill whistle from the guard after he has slammed the doors, and not unfrequently *slammed* also the fingers of some careless passenger, whose hand rested near the crevice. All the company's men were provided with two good suits a year, blue cloth with gilt buttons and the company's initials worked in the front of the cap; the guard's cloth a little finer, and the Superintendent's cloth was bottle green, with good gilt buttons and a broad red stripe down the side seam of the pants. My father being a very large man and nearly six feet high, was a very conspicuous object, and we could recognize him a long way off, which sometimes proved of great advantage to your humble servant. Below each station or depot, at some distance, were placed high posts for signals; painted arms by day and colored lights by night, with a man to attend them; for this man there was a nice building, and the interior was so constructed that at a given signal he could throw any required switch; these signals could be seen a long way off, and the contrivance seems to me better than any arrangement I have seen in this country. I humbly beg pardon, my pen was worked up by memory and would not stop.

MRS. H. B. JONES.

CRESTON, IOWA, March 10, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I believe that at no time since her organization has any lady taken up the pen in behalf of Advance Lodge No. 101, of which my husband is a member; in fact, I am inclined to think the gentlemen connected with the Lodge are waiting for some of the ladies to make known their many good qualities. The Lodge is in a prosperous condition, with a membership of 140. The leader and worthy Master is Homer Burket, whom we are confident possesses the qualities required in discharging the duties connected with his office. Many of the boys have been promoted to the right hand side, all of whom are deserving. The Order is a noble one, and may God ever forward the cause of the Brotherhood and help the mem-

bers to be always mindful of their duties, for theirs is a dangerous calling, and a fireman knows not how soon he may be called upon to make his last trip. I am glad to see the interest the ladies take in contributing to the Magazine, for they can lighten the burden of many weary hearts, by sympathizing with and encouraging them with cheerful words. Hoping that this, my first effort, may find favor, and with many good wishes for the success of the Brotherhood, I remain, very truly,

MRS. E. IGOE.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, March 8, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Spring is coming and I suppose everybody is glad, but there is no class of people to whom she will be more welcome than to enginemen and their wives. I doubt if any women in the world watch the weather as closely as we do. Every time it snows or blows, we wonder if it will blockade the road. When it is very cold we think of broken rails. Often in such weather as we have had during the past three months, we watch and wait for hours, which not infrequently lengthen into days before the expected train arrives. I have been very much interested in the Magazine lately. When I think how it has changed in two years it seems wonderful. I am glad Mrs. Jones wrote again. I like her remarks on the "skating craze." I think that if I were obliged, as she says, to "roll along on wheels," I would try to choose something safer than a pair of roller skates, but it may be that is because I am not used to the bruises at home which she speaks of. Is there a woman whose husband is a member of the B. of L. F. who is? If there is, I don't believe the other members know it. I have often thought that I would write something for the Magazine, but have never ventured to do so before. The Woman's Department has improved so much lately that I am very much afraid that my letter will not find a place among those which are so much better.

LULU.

For Woman's Department:

ANGEL'S VISITS.

I saw the angels vigil keep,
When all the world is fast asleep,
When near my bed they hover nigh,
To tell me of a world on high.

Celestial angels murmured low,
It's where the poets love to go,
So spake an angel pure and white.
That blessed home is out of sight.

Then round me came an angel band
And told me of that heavenly land—
They sung God's praises; O, how sweet
When poets there together meet.

At early dawn, I hear them pray
For we poor mortals here, to-day:
That we may meet them by and by.
In that bright world beyond the sky.

And soft, I hear them whisper low,
We'll scatter blessings as we go;
Bright angel world, how pure thou art.
May we in heaven find a part.

—M. E. H.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS, March 4, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have just finished reading the March number of the Magazine and find so many interesting letters that I feel myself almost *de trop*.

Yes, Mrs. Jones, I did appreciate Sprague's compliment, who, by the way, is a fine writer himself, as I did another which was not intended for a compliment, perhaps. Our gallant young fireman, Mr. Ryan, came along and sang out, "You and Mrs. Jones will have to keep your wits about you if you continue to wear the laurels, for we have a No. 1 new writer this month, Miss 'Roxanna Bean.'" So, thought I, he thinks we have worn the laurel heretofore, perhaps he will continue to think so if we exert ourselves properly, and after all there is nothing really worth having that costs us no effort to obtain. Pursuit is vastly more pleasurable than possession. How often are the bright anticipations, the most pleasant part of a long looked for visit. We should strive to improve each shining hour and fill our lives with bright realities of life and, like "Barnabas' Wife," try to make our own sunshine, although in this sunny climate we have not much need for the manufactured article. Already the sweet spring flowers are blooming and the air is redolent with the scent of the wild buffalo clover. Perhaps this is not a familiar flower to most of our readers; then they have missed a treat, indeed. I think there is nothing so enchanting as a ramble over the Texas prairie in spring time, when the ground is covered with this lovely blue flower, which I have heard compared in beauty and fragrance to the hyacinth. In city yards here it is grown and cultivated.

A few days since, as a party of Canadians were passing through our State en route for New Orleans, they were very much surprised to see the farmers preparing to plant corn; they remarked that they had learned more on this trip than they had in a life time of reading, yet they appeared to be well read, intelligent gentlemen. I think every one should travel all that they possibly can and learn from observation of the ways and manners of different countries, but as we can not all travel let us each one contribute something to the Magazine of our homes and surroundings, according to Mrs. Harper's advice.

Mr. J. H. Selly speaks of leaving our little city for the great metropolis of New York. While his many friends will regret to lose his genial face and ready hand, we could almost envy him the trip and the many opportunities he will have to see and learn.

Tramp, I agree with you in wishing the Socialists and Dynamiters a speedy decay. This is a free country and should not be ruled by force.

Alexia, your name doesn't indicate that you belong to the class of ugly little women, but you certainly have "a spirit pure and bright."

In New York and London it has been long since considered quite proper for older ladies to learn to do what they had not had the opportunity of learning before; a lady thirty or even forty years of age was allowed to learn music, painting or

anything she wished to learn without being laughed at. This feeling is gradually spreading to all parts of the world, and M. K. Dallas, in the New York Ledger, asks, "Why should it not be, how much more capable are you of learning now, how much quicker are your perceptions than when you were a girl of sixteen." It is never too late to mend, you are never too old to learn something new and useful.

Nellie Bly, of Chicago, you have a bright, cheerful style that will make you a favorite. Write again.

It was with feelings of pride and pleasure that I received from Texas Belle Lodge a year's subscription to the Magazine. Thanks, dear friends, I will try to deserve the substantial compliment.

I have indulged so long in gossip that I fear Mrs. Harper, with her usual good sense, will cut me off.

IRENE.

OMAHA, NEB., February 12, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

The second annual ball of Overland Lodge No. 123, of the B. of L. F., was given at Crounse Hall, New Year's eve, and was a grand success. It was a most enjoyable affair, and the large company present danced until four o'clock, seeing the year ushered in merrily. One of the most interesting features of the occasion, was the presentation to the Lodge of a beautiful hand-painted banner, of plush and velvet, fringed with gold. It was the gift of the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the brave firemen, and due to the energetic efforts of Mrs. G. T. Anderson. The artistic work was by Miss Mary Conley. J. H. Hull presented the banner, for the ladies, with a neat little speech, which was responded to by Mr. G. T. Anderson, on behalf of the Lodge. I can assure you the boys will not forget their lady friends soon. Thanking you for the space which this takes, I remain

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

For Woman's Department:

DEDICATED TO W. O'B.

"Never again," hew the sad refrain
Breaks from a heart whose affection so deep,
Would fain call back the cherished form
Of her he mourns with so true a grief.

No, never again will her gentle face
Be near to greet him with love untold,
And never again will the joys return
That are linked with the beautiful days of old.

A mother's love, ah, 'tis only those
Who have felt the gloom of a vacant chair,
Can feel to what depths the heart is stirred
By the loss of a mother so fond and dear.

Yet, brother, look up; the golden tie
Which linked you so close to her here below,
Is only severed a little while
To be bound in a closer bond on high.

Yes, wait, for again the clouds shall clear
And the shadows of night shall flee away;
And the day shall dawn in eternal skies,
And the sun shall shine out bright and clear.

And then shall you see her well loved face
And clasp the dear hand once again,
And those tones of love which are silent now
Shall sound in a sweeter and better refrain.

—Alice Brooker.

TORONTO, ONT.

For Woman's Department:

WINTER.

Winter has come, and all around
The earth's arrayed in snow-white gown;
And trees with crystal pendants bright
As jewels flashing in the light—
And icy mirrors long and wide
Reflections cast from side to side;
A scene of grandeur to the sight,
With sparkling gems of living light.

Then let the sun's rays touch the scene
And all becomes as golden sheen;
A picture of some fairy land,
Needs but the touch of magic wand.
This Frost King has an artist's taste,
He covers boughs with crystal lace.
Defects all covered o'er with speed—
A moral here we well may heed.

To cover o'er, not bring to light,
Our jealous feelings off in sight;
But drive them from our heart and mind
If perfect peace we hope to find.
To see the best in all mankind,
To beautify the human mind;
If some are better, gain the prize,
Step back, look not with envious eyes.

They also serve who stand and wait
With patience at the outer gate;
Be not cast down, fresh courage take,
Persistence helps the man to make.
Be ready with a helping hand
To friend or foe throughout the land;
To conquer self, in all we do
Will make good men, and women too.

—G. M. S.

WABASH, IND., February 12, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

As my husband is a member of Prospect Lodge No. 162, I feel it my duty to write a few lines for the Woman's Department. Although the Lodge here has been silent, she is still gaining ground, and as the old members pass from the left to the right side, there are still new ones to take their places, and it is pleasing to see how anxious they are to join the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood is a noble organization, and one that every fireman should join as soon as he is qualified. Many firemen say they can live without the Brotherhood; this may be true, but if they only knew the benefits of the Order, they would not want to live without it. A fireman who goes through life without joining the Order and enjoying its opportunities, fails in his mission. He plods his way in darkness without realizing the importance of his calling, or the innumerable benefits that are connected with it.

MRS. JULIA GIBBONS.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., February 13, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Bro. Goggins, our worthy Secretary, was married to Mrs. Blackburn, a most charming lady of this place, on the 12th inst. The affair was kept very quiet and no invitations were issued. The groom is a fireman on the Schenectady and Quaker St. Branch of the D. & H. R. R. and is a favorite with all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. We all have an interest in the happiness of the newly married couple, and our best wishes go out to them.

Yours,

HARD COAL.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., March 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Dropping into the Reading Room in the A. T. & S. F. R. R. depot at this point to-day, the first thing that attracted my attention was a copy of the Firemen's Magazine for March. Delighted, I seized on it and read from title page to cover.

The insinuations of X. L. C. R., that the insurance feature in the machinery of our organization is the only thing I see worthy of support, are unjust and unworthy our esteemed brother, and he is certainly following a very unworthy course by continually harping upon that point. I said nothing in my communication that he could construe into a personal reflection; I merely reviewed his *letter*, not *himself*, his *theories* and not his *motives*, and yet he is endeavoring to make of it a personal fight. This shows his weakness, and the weakness of the insurance scheme he is advocating. He is afraid of criticism, his pique shows it, notwithstanding his challenge of, and welcome to, the opposition. I do not consider it at all necessary to defend myself, to vindicate my motives, or go into an elaborate and lengthy exposition of what particular feature, or features I consider worthy our support. I think it is sufficiently plain to the readers of the Magazine, that now, as in the past, I am supporting the *Brotherhood*. His object, I presume was to attack me, place me on the defensive and divert attention from his project. If his scheme is good, and he is convinced that he is on the right side of the question, why should he fear criticism? A man who has *truth* and *right*, need have no fears; but the absence of those essential factors makes one fear the light. I can't see as his reserve fund would be any safe guard against the dire catastrophes he threatens us with. If we allow our officers to speculate with the money we will be liable to all the risks of such speculation, and in that way run the chances of sudden collapse, should they fail to realize. Invest the money in railroads and enter the arena with Gould and Vanderbilt, and thousands of like ilk, schooled in the intricacies

of stock gambling, and are you secured? The D. & R. G. investment he spoke of would be a first-class move to begin with. There has been more money sunk in that enterprise than would build and equip two other roads of the same length, and yet it was unable to pay its bonds, and had to be put into the hands of a receiver, where it remains at present.

Between the two systems, the one we have and the one he would give us—taking his view of both, the only difference I see, is, that with one we die a slow and easy death; the other is liable to fall suddenly and crush us.

I would like to have X. L. C. R. come down from the height of general principles and give us a few of the details of his system as it would appear in operation. I am open to conviction, but I cannot be convinced by theories and assertions, neither is he going to change my opinion by personal allusions and aspersions.

"The Tramp's Observations" are all right in some respects, in others they are all wrong, and he teaches nothing. He starts in with the old axiom that: "Capital and Labor are Identical," and drops it suddenly without any exposition. He next tells us that the cry is raised by many that the pauper lives in sight of the wealth he creates, unable and forbidden to enjoy it or any of its advantages. This is an old cry and has been heard from generation to generation, since the time Lazarus crawled from the banquet hall of Dives and starved at his gate. He asks himself, "why is this?" but he apparently has no time to answer this question, or even seriously consider it for his own benefit, as he is too eager to defend the poor unprotected monopolists from the attacks of those terrible socialists. In his eagerness he paints the Firemen's Brotherhood a gigantic monopoly. A monopoly of what? Why, a monopoly of labor! How much of the fruits of that labor do we monopolize, and who receives the largest portion? Why, we must be outrageous monopolists to take it on ourselves to fire all the Locomotives in the country and run some of them to get the means to buy bread and shelter for ourselves and little ones to the exclusion of Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, Cyrus Field, Jim Keene and other poor men ever eager to take our places and earn an honest living.

He says it is the monopolies build iron works, manufactories, saw mills, railroads, and adorn the land. True enough, but friend, where was Labor while monopoly was sweating and toiling to do all this. Poor Monopoly, how it must have suffered when it was plowing up the land to build the railroad, cutting and placing the ties, digging and rolling out the iron into rails, laying and spiking them, building the locomotives and cars, depots, shops and all necessary appurtenances. And now Labor is mean enough to step in and man the locomotives. The only thing the Tramp demonstrates is his ignorance of the labor question, and his hatred of dynamiters and socialists.

He vigorously assails the dynamiters and anarchists and can see no reason for their existence.

This only proves that he is in need of some of the education he says these people lack. Now I am neither a dynamiter nor a socialist—I want that understood; nor do I see any just reason why we should trouble ourselves about them, as they are not troubling us. Thanking the correspondent for his kind sympathy with the Irish people in their struggles for freedom, I would like to state that such sympathy is of very little benefit to them. They have been subjected to the most infamous system of government recorded in the world's history for the past seven hundred years, they have been robbed and murdered with impunity; their language and history was obliterated, their religion outlawed, persecuted, and misrepresented, their priests hunted like wolves; their land and property confiscated without a pretence at compensation; the school master driven out of the country or hanged; the aged murdered in cold blood and the young sold into slavery, or scattered all over the world without a home or without a country to call their own, aliens and wanderers on the face of the earth; every honorable effort to get redress smothered in the blood of the patriotic, and yet no freedom. During and through all this the Irish people have had the sympathy of millions like our friend, and where have they been the gainers? Our friend is horrified at the ghastly spectacle of murdered women and children; will he be kind enough to state when, how and where a woman or child has been killed or injured since the dynamite war began. If London is laid in ruins and Macauley's New Zelandier gives us the results of his sketching we will contrast it with the ruins of Ireland. If any lives are lost we will compare them with Wexford, Mullagmast Island, Magee, "98" "48" and "67," and see on which side the balance lies.

I condemn with Tramp the use of dynamite in this country and the spread of anarchist ideas, as they are not needed under existing systems. The man who talks of dynamite as a regulator on this side the water is either a lunatic or a knave. The best and cheapest way to prevent them from becoming at all dangerous, is to let them evaporate, let them talk and agitate, and the good, sound sense of the people will decide against them. Give them a chance to ventilate themselves, expose them to light of truth and they will shrink into insignificance. Suppression does not always suppress. It is suppression that gives England, Dynamiters; Russia, Nihilists, France, Communists; Germany and Austria, Socialists, and the world alarm. Where freedom and justice prevails there is the home of peace. If our friend would study a little more, look below the surface, get at the cause of things, read Henry George; Kellogg; "Capital and Labor;" "Warren's True Civilization," and other standard works on the labor and social problems he could throw more light on this important subject. But I am forced to conclude and will see our friend later on this point. My train is waiting and I must leave this land of "doby."

T. P. O'ROURKE.

The Tramp's Observations.

TWO LETTERS DESCRIBING A TRIP TO THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

Editors Magazine:

I.

From Chicago westward, across the country to Denver and Pueblo, comprises a trip that is, from the similarity of the region traversed, rather tiresome, were it not for the royal men one meets, and by short diversions from the *main trail* the gorgeous scenery one views. Of such a trip as this, of grand sights and nobler men, I write.

Leaving my palace on the Rue de Munroe, Chicago, one fine autumn morning, wending my way through the crowded streets of that busy city to the C. & N. W. depot, I espied a magic number on an engine, the figures made out through the glare of the sunlight made dark by the brilliant radiance of brass so white were "26." I saw a descendent of the green sod, quite busy inserting small blocks of carbon for the purpose of generating the invisible fluid (Dumphy's patent). As soon as this job was finished, I introduced myself to the man of toil and received a hearty *welcome to the best of all* from Bro. Murry, of No. 34. We started, or rather Mr. Wheeler started the machine for us, by working sundry valves and levers too numerous and well known to mention. A ride of five miles to the city limits, over switches, oh! so many, past the C., M. & St. P. shops, then the C. & N. W. at Central Park, and finally out onto the broad, rolling fields and prairies of the *Sucker State*; for miles the panorama is but a succession of farms and villages, the thrifty granger harvesting the result of his summer's labor, then a few houses clustered around a flouring mill, where the result of the harvest is changed to money equivalent; thus the scene changes for a few hours while we race with Old Sol; night comes on, and when we reach Clinton the "26" gives up, as the lower edge of Heaven's Monarch drops behind the western hills. The "269" takes her place; a farewell to my friends of a few hours, trying to beat down by smiles and God speeds that ghost of a fireman's life "Will we ever meet again?" "I hope so." A sturdy "All aboard!" breaks the momentary reverie, and the train moves on toward the setting sun, out on the broad expanse of country, clothed in a crimson mantle, a fitting end to a day of peace and prosperity in our grand republic. This same sun that proudly sinks to rest, day after day, looks the same on all sections, and on all people; it views alike poverty and riches, ignorance and enlightenment, justice and injustice with a lurid glare. As we thundered along, surrounded by a country prolific in its resources, I thought of how the scene had changed since morning. The city with its palaces and hovels, side by side, its splendor and squalor, had faded in the distance and given place to the pleasant homes of thrifty farmers. Here is a fit study for the anarchists; if the *lazy tramps, vagabonds* and *aliens* are open to conviction that their methods (if they have any) are against the laws of nature,

do they expect to enjoy any of the earth's pleasures when they produce nothing?

With a sense of thankfulness for the pleasures I was permitted to enjoy, the results of my honest labor, I sank into a profound slumber, or at least as profound as circumstances would permit, and awoke in the morning to find the train winding around the banks of the *Missouri* towards the Bluffs.

Passing rapidly through Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Grand Island and North Platte, I found no time to look around for strange sights or to trace any Indian traditions with which the western country abounds, although while waiting for an engine at the last named place, I saw the "Black Eagle of Oratory" expounding law and order to a young scion of the house of O'Sullivan. After this ceremony Pat was as serene as on the memorable occasion at Denver, five minutes before the adjournment of the Tenth Convention; who among the assembly will forget that appeal made sublime by the facts surrounding it and the author's constancy? And now on over the last quarter for Denver, the Queen City of the Plains, unlike our eastern cities, usually approached through suburban towns. The train drops down from Jersey to Denver and Bro. T. brings us to a halt in the magnificent Union depot almost before we imagine we are anywhere near a city of 80,000 people. So much has been said of Denver and her opera houses, churches, schools, banks and other sights, that to describe them all would be an unwarranted use of space. I will therefore confine myself to a few remarks about the city in general. Denver sits upon the east and north bank of the Platte river, while North Denver (so called) occupies what ought to be the west bank of this magnificent (?) stream. The city proper is on a gradual slope facing westward, from almost any point of which a splendid view of the notorious Rocky Mountains can be obtained. Denver was first settled about 1859 on the southwest bank of Cherry Creek, near where the Tremont house now stands. Colorado may be called a Rocky Mountain State, and at that time was a part of Kansas. The city is in many respects superior to the average found farther east; the streets are generally laid out in squares, or rather at right angles; they are broad and lined on each side by rows of splendid shade trees, mostly cottonwoods; a gutter on each side is filled with running water during the summer months; this water comes from the Platte river, twenty miles above the city, by means of a ditch for the purpose of irrigation. None of the streets are paved, and, strange as it may seem, they are far superior to any of our streets in eastern cities. Immense iron works, flouring mills and railroad shops furnish employment to a large number of men, while the numerous wholesale houses and other small manufactories furnish another army with means of support. Denver is the chief distributing point of the State, and has large commercial relations with the Territories bordering on three sides of it. Here we find Lodge No. 77 in a flourishing condition, presided over by Bro.

Sibley, and composed of men on the Union Pacific and Rio Grande lines. As my sojourn in Denver was necessarily limited, I refrain from any biographical sketches. Night came on and I bade adieu to the metropolis of the *Rover* State and took a ride on the notorious "Pioneer Baby Line," the first narrow gauge road opened for public traffic in the United States, if not the world.

When I meet the readers of the Magazine again we will talk of sights and men.

Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

STRATFORD, ONT., March 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The members of Stratford were agreeably surprised to receive cordial invitations from the lady members of Good Endeavor Lodge—Ladies' Society B. of L. F., to meet them at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson (parents of Bro. R. W. Wilson) on Thursday evening, February 12, 1885. Not a word was mentioned as to the object of the meeting, and curiosity was rife to know what little racket was going on. At the appointed time those members of Avon Lodge, No. 38, who were fortunate enough to be off duty, mustered in force, arrayed in their very best for the occasion, each wearing a smiling face, which showed they were resolved to make it an evening's pleasure, no matter what strange things came to pass. They found the commodious and comfortable home of Mr. C. Wilson entirely thrown open for the social enjoyment and amusement of the ladies and the visiting brothers. After some preliminary greetings, etc., the members were treated to an excellent supper, presided over by the ladies and furnished by them, each one providing some particular delicacy, in which the skill displayed did her credit, altogether, forming a tasteful and *recherche* supper, enjoyed by all.

Supper being over, a surprise, indeed, awaited us. All were invited to the parlor, where we beheld a beautifully ornamented, polished-brass mounted inkstand, with cut glass bottles—engraved with the words "Presented to Avon Lodge, No. 38, B. of L. F., by the Ladies Society B. of L. F., February 12, 1885," which was gracefully presented by Mrs. E. A. Ball, Vice President, the address being read by Mrs. J. S. Johnson, Secretary, in her usual appropriate style. The words of the address impressed us much, showing the deep interest the ladies take in our welfare and proving the value and importance of the Ladies' Society as an aid to the B. of L. F.

To say the least, our genial-hearted V. M., Bro. E. A. Ball, was staggered and almost speechless with surprise. However, he recovered sufficiently to reply to the ladies in a few well chosen remarks, eulogizing and thanking them and hoping this was but the beginning of many similar meetings. Next came Bro. J. S. Johnson, our esteemed W. M., who arrived a little late, but who made amends for this by giving the ladies a grand tribute of praise and thanks, not

only for the presentation that evening, but also for the great good effected by bringing into bettersocial intercourse the families of the brothers, thereby doubly strengthening all in the sacred bonds of Brotherhood.

Bro. J. S. Johnson was voted "an orator, indeed." Bro. J. F. Drummond, our old reliable P. M., said he was so taken back that he couldn't say much, but what he did say was good and to the point. Miss Annie Wilson was, undoubtedly the leading light of the evening. Herskillful playing of the piano and the charming way in which she sang so many and varied songs elicited well deserved thanks and praise. Bros. D. Murray, W. Bell and Mrs. E. A. Ball also contributed to the vocal part of the programme; also Bro. Alex McNally electrified us by volunteering to sing a song. He sang it so well that we shall not forget to call on him next time. Mrs. J. S. Johnson read a humorous selection from "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," on Mr. Caudle becoming a Mason, which was highly appropriate to the occasion and was received with much amusement. "Old Charley" gave us "The Irishman's Letter." In the midst of the entertainment a poor, lonesome fireman was observed, left out in the cold snow, and he was immediately assailed with pressing persuasions to come in and enjoy himself. But, as he was wearing something like No. 13 boots and had evidently been trying to imitate the color of old 39's smoke stack on his face, which would render a claim to descending from the African race quite feasible, he concluded to call "some other eve," though much against his inclination.

The sincere thanks of the Ladies' Society and of the members of Avon Lodge, No. 38, are given to Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson for the generous and hospitable manner in which their house was given up to them on this occasion and for their cordial reception and treatment of them while there. We shall ever remember them as true and valued friends.

W. E. BROOKER.

A Plea for Justice.

Editors Magazine:

Perhaps it was my own stupidity that was to blame, but it certainly is true that I had to read the letter three times over, which you published in the March Magazine, from a writer signed "Chicago," before I really understood what he meant. When the full purport of the letter reached my astounded brain, that portion of my entity declared that "Chicago" took the cake for cool sanctimonious assurance, which in a less solemn writer might be termed monumental cheek. Through a long, labored sermon this western brother, Stiggins, belabors you and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, as if they had been guilty of some gratuitous attack upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Faith, hope, charity, and the golden rule are turned into weapons of offence, to be hurled upon our devoted heads; and what is the mea-

sure of our offending that this pompous tirade of patronizing imbecility and reproving whinnings should be directed at us? Have you or the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen been guilty of any lapse from the high principles of the Order to bring this infliction upon us? No. All you or we have done is to protest in the mildest and most friendly spirit, against an injury that the last Convention of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has done us. When "Chicago" prates about our duty to "do unto others as you would have they should do unto you," does it not occur to him, that the Brotherhood he claims to represent went out of its way to select members of our Order as victims of gratuitous disabilities? No matter what may be against a man who is in active service, he is eligible to represent the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, so long as he does not belong to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The members of our Order, alone, are debarred from representing the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood. It is really expecting that we possess more than a human share of Christian resignation if we are to accept of this wrong without protest.

Now, let us examine this question a little. The officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have held, for some time, that it is the duty of a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to resign from his own Brotherhood so soon as he gets promoted and join the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. But what has the latter organization to offer in the way of insurance to repay a fireman for leaving his own Brotherhood? In the Firemen's Brotherhood all members are required to be members of the insurance, and in consequence of so many young men coming in, the dues are light. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, on the other hand, make their membership of insurance optional, and the great mass of young men joining the organization decline to become members, the consequence being, that the burden is carried by comparatively few members, and the dues are extremely high. The officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and their abettors have the assurance to ask a fireman, after he has paid dues for five or six years into a good insurance to throw all the benefits away and join an order that gives no equivalent, or stand the penalty of remaining under disabilities. The interests of the two orders are identical, and it was a most unwise proceeding to declare otherwise, in the emphatic manner done by the San Francisco Convention. The sentiment which got the disability resolution passed is not of sudden growth. It has been industriously cultivated for years by most unwise counselors. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have committed the gravest mistake they have done, and, unless the good sense of the whole organization comes to the rescue disastrous consequences will ensue. As "Chicago," your man of pious sentiments, would say, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has

done noble work but there are a great many members in it who will not be forced out of the Firemen's Brotherhood.

CLEVELAND.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., February 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Magnet Lodge No. 227, B. of L. F., of Binghampton, N. Y., gave a New England supper and entertainment at Stevens' Hall on Thursday evening, February 19, 1885, which proved a financial success. Our supper room was decorated with evergreens by the wives of the brothers. These services were greatly appreciated by the boys. Our entertainment consisted of speaking and singing by the brothers. Bro. Parsous opened the entertainment by an address entitled, "Liberty Bell." This was followed by a tableau, "The Red Sea and the Plains Beyond," which brought down the house. Next came Bros. Vernold and Stonier in their negro specialties, which were very good. Then came Bro. Beach in his speech, entitled, "A Dream," which made the house ring with cheers. Then came the play entitled, "The Lunatic." Bro. Beach makes a first-class negro performer and Bro. Austin makes a good lunatic; our Master, Bro. Wentz, personates an old man to perfection, as shown in his old man songs; our Financier was right at home in his duties as General Manager for the evening. The young ladies say that he is "just splendid." There is not a brother in the Lodge but worked with a will to make our first entertainment a success, and all who assisted did so in a very creditable manner. So you see that a Fireman can do something besides shovel coal. Well, my time is up, for I hear the caller on the stairs; he is after me to go out on the road, and I suppose it is for a twenty-four hour trip. Owing to the heavy fall of snow that we have had lately, our road is pretty well blocked up. Hoping that the boys will get together again soon and give us a night's fun, I remain yours truly,

A FIREMAN.

WASECA, MINN., March 2, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

No. 85 is still growing and bears every indication of prosperity. We now have about 75 names on our rolls of membership and the prospects are that we will soon make it a "round hundred."

I am pleased to report that Bro. Charles McClure has joined the benedicts, having been wedded to one of Waseca's fairest daughters. Bro. Badger has passed the cigars around upon the arrival of a tiny girl at his mansion. Bro. Brady, of Tracy, our efficient Magazine Agent, laid off a short time ago and took a trip to S— to see (he says) a "friend." Bro. L. Lackee has been on the sick list lately but is now able to be on duty again on the right hand side of the 26. A few days ago No. 65 was made the recipient of a beautiful painting, nicely framed, by Mrs. Benedict, of Winona, mother of our worthy Bro. F. L. Benedict. We have given it a conspicuous

place in our Lodge room, and tender to Mrs. Benedict our sincere thanks. *

At our late ball the ladies came to the front handsomely and rendered us valuable assistance. The mothers, wives and sisters of our members are in thorough sympathy with our Order and never lose an opportunity to contribute to its welfare.

WASECA.

MATTOON, ILL., February 14, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Beacon Lodge No. 111 is progressing nicely, although it is seldom heard of through the columns of the Magazine. Some of our boys have been very unfortunate. On the morning of the 14th, Bro. Chas. Stiner had his feet, hands and ears frozen, and Bro. Dopell froze his fingers while endeavoring to light the headlight of his engine. Better luck to them hereafter. The cold weather does not seem to effect the matrimonial business one particle, the latest victims being Bros. H. Howell, Wm. Merkle and Jno. Mohr, all of whom have the best wishes of the boys. It would be advisable to look after Bros. Dolan and Dopell, as their actions are rather suspicious, and indicate that they are tired of single life. Bro. Marshall, of No. 16, is firing a passenger engine into this place. He is a true Brotherhood man and well deserves the position he occupies. Bro. Costall has resigned his position, and in all probability will soon start for the West. Since the organization of our Lodge many members have been promoted to the right hand side and some have also joined the B. of L. E., but still retain their membership in the B. of L. F. That both organizations may prosper, is the wish of

SHORTY.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, February 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Some time has elapsed since I have seen "Flower of the West Lodge No. 205" mentioned in our Magazine, so I write a few lines to inform you that the "Flower" has never faded nor ceased to flourish. We now have a membership of 52, all in good standing, and every one takes great interest in the advancement of the Lodge, and every effort is made to have the meetings both interesting and profitable. Bros. Jno. Tally and Evan Thomas, who have been running on the western division of the Santa Fe road several months, have returned, and we are glad to note that they are to stay with us permanently. Bro. Randlett, our efficient Financier, is the happiest man on the division, and no wonder, for it is a boy and weighs twelve pounds. Bro. Seelinger, who has been visiting friends in the East, has returned, looking much improved for his vacation. A number of the boys have been coming to the front by stepping from the left to the right side. They are all good fellows and well deserve their promotion. Hoping I have not taken up too space in your columns, I remain yours fraternally,

J. E. T.

For Firemen's Magazine:

THE INVOCATION.

Come to me, Kathleen, my bosom is burning!
Come to me, darling, appease my heart's yearning!
The light of your smile sheds such radiance about me,
This sunniest of climes seems dismal without thee!

Come to me, dearest, I long to behold you!
My toil-hardened arms do ache to enfold you!
Tho' humble the cot I've prepared to receive thee,
There's wealth in a heart that will never deceive thee!

Come to me, darling, those scenes are enchanting;
To make this a Heaven but your presence is wanting!
We'll drink the cool zephyrs blowing over the mountain;
We'll cull the wild flowers on the edge of the fountain.

We'll climb to the tall peaks in cloud-shrouded glory,
Where the sun shines forever on shaggy tops, hoary!
In the mad heat of summer we'll seek the cool snow-bed,
And live in the spring near the giant cliff's bold head!

We'll sit by the lake in the morning's first breaking,
And watch the wild deer in its bright waters slaking;
See the hills, and the rocks, and the trees on its border,
In its calm bosom mirrored, reversed in their order,

While, more bright than the stars in yon heaven declining,
Are your love-beaming eyes, from the placid wave shining!
We'll stand by the cascade with awe-inspired wonder,
To gaze on its foam flakes, and list to its thunder!

We'll sing the old songs by the pine sheltered fountain,
And hear them re-echoed from mountain to mountain;
While heaven, voluptuous, such glories display,
Festooning the cloud-couch of "God of the Day."

Then come to me, Kathleen, my bosom is burning!
Come to me, darling, appease my heart's yearning!
The light of your smile sheds such radiance about me,
This sunniest of climes seems dismal without thee!

T. P. —.

AUSTIN, NEV., Feb. 7, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I desire to ask a question through the Magazine. I am running on a little road only three miles in length, but the grade is very heavy. Our maximum grade is (8.6) eight and six-tenths of a foot to the hundred feet, making the grade over four hundred and fifty feet to the mile. The minimum is but a little less, for in going less than three miles we climb nearly twelve hundred feet. Can anyone beat this in this or any other country, where a single-traction engine is used?

J. F. F. HALE.

FT. SCOTT, KANSAS, February 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Please tell us in your next issue when the first locomotive engine was built and where run. The question was asked in a crowd of railroad men and not one could answer. It seemed rather strange that, as a class, they should know so little of the early history of their profession.

The firemen have a wide-awake Lodge here, No. 153, and the most of them take the Magazine.

A READER.

[The first actual experiment, as is supposed, was made by Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, a Frenchman, in 1769. He constructed a second steam carriage in 1770, which is still on exhibition in Paris. Watt patented a road engine in 1784, but these experiments had no practical results. Geo. Stephenson introduced the locomotive in Great Britain in 1814, and subsequently constructed the "Rocket," which, in 1829, for the first time, proved conclusively the practical value of steam locomotion. The trial trip took place October 6 of that year on the Liverpool and Manchester line.—EDITORS MAGAZINE.]

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO, February 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I take this method of exposing a fraud and dead-beat by the name of H. C. Miller, who claims to belong to our Order and the B. of L. E., and is traveling around the country on those pretenses. He tried to beat his bills in this place, but was caught and brought back. Please publish him and oblige the members of 113 and myself, of 133.

Yours fraternally,

WM. BLACK.

Society vs. Railroad.

PARSONS, KAN., March 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The question of society is the all-absorbing topic of the present day, and how to dispose of it is as trying as theatre going, dancing, etc., which refuse to go down. Railroad men find it rather difficult to gain access to the higher order of society. Yet it is not singular that the few who do gain admission is through their own strong exertions and self-denial. For instance, a railroader, from the bunch of waste in the round house, is not as apt to be as foremost as his more successful brother, who did not serve his time at wiping, and hardly knew when he began firing, whether waste was obtained from the "last remains of some poor factory girl" or the hair from the head of an Egyptian mummy. In order to advance a step in the direction of that higher plane of perfection, it is a matter of careful consideration by all classes and all people, no matter when or where brought up. A student of Knock About university is sought for and is easily found, as he is a repertoire of vast schemes and great achievements, while a man, a railroader from the cradle up, unless he has made a name for himself by passing through some hair-breadth escapes, serves as a back ground for his highly-illuminated associate. Some of us have a desire to cling to our old "Pleasant

Hour Club," and its fond associations, and perhaps others would like to, yet, because they sometimes get a little greasy and grimy, for fear they fail to shine as in the past, drop all desire to engage in a continuance of old friendships, and thereby gain a name for themselves of being sordid. Society is not what it was, but now what it is. In this place, a city composed chiefly of railroad men, and through whose influence all are successful, we are looked upon as an equal, but how do the boys fare at the flag stations," where the main line is of no importance. Of those of our brethren, we feel an interest in. A "man is a man for a' that," and by a careful regard for his appearance and actions he need not hide until the long procession of elegants have passed by. I think that after we secure a passage through the snow bank we have been in for the past two or three months, we can don our spike-tail coats, and with a tube rose in the button hole, secure a lasting and firm affection in the hearts of those who owe to enginemen a fond remembrance on account of their non-neglect of duty during the severity of the past winter.

RESURGAM.

AURORA, ILLS., March 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In vain have I looked for news of Lodge No. 80, and finally concluded to send word that we were not all "dead heads," but all were waiting for some one to "clear the track" and "go ahead."

Lodge No. 80 has been doing well this winter, seventeen of her members having been promoted to the "right hand side," ten of whom are still running. Bros. Tom Berry and Dennis Sheehy are running engines in the yard. The yard men say "no 'head light' is necessary when Tom is at his post of duty." Tom Hornby says he makes the boss "herder." Horace Johnson has gone to Hannibal to run a new engine on the Hannibal & St. Jo. R. R. Bro. Jim Early, being so fastidious in his taste, could find no one in this beautiful city to suit him, so he went to Lockport, N. Y., where he became enamored with a young lady whom he had met in days gone by, bringing her home as Mrs. Early. Bro. Tom Byron's father gave him a corner lot, providing he would there upon erect a mansion, and we expect when it is finished to see a "sweet face at the window," waiting for Tom. James Plumstead is the happy possessor of a ten pound boy.

With good wishes for the Brotherhood, I remain,

ONE OF THE BOYS.

ONEONTA, N. Y., March 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Death, who is no respecter of persons, has again entered our midst and has cast a pall over our Lodge. Bro. Eugene K. Whitteker is no more, having been killed while at his post of duty. He died like the hero he has lived, not with the bravado of the braggart, but with the true ring

of the genuine metal of which he was composed. Bro. Whitteker was caught between the dead wood and the brake wheel and tender, in the collision which occurred at Quaker street, N. Y., February 25, 1885. His ribs were broken and his leg crushed, and when the engines separated he fell nine feet from his engine. Mr. James Bacon, his engineer, who was badly shaken up, was uninjured and in a flash was by his side and gave him a drink of water. Bro. Whitteker said "boys, it's no use; I'm going to die." He manifested the utmost solicitude for his family, which consists of a wife, in an exceedingly critical state of health, and three interesting little children. Bro. Whitteker retained consciousness to the last, and his last words were "my poor wife and children, what will they do. I know my brothers will take care of them," and died without the slightest manifestation of the acute agony he was in, a soldier to the last. He was buried at Starucca, Penn., February 27. A large concourse of his comrades and brothers met the remains at the depot and tenderly and respectfully accompanied it to his home and as tenderly laid it away in its last resting place, to remain until the Grand Caller from on high shall summon him to arise.

H. M. IVES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon of
Susquehanna Lodge No. 71.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TER., March 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

While perusing the February number of the Railroader I saw several advertisements of lectures to be delivered to railroad men in the east, on "First Aid to the Injured." It occurred to me that this would form an excellent subject for consideration in our popular Magazine, by printing reports of these lectures, or by a series of articles from some physician.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know to what perfection "First Aid to the Injured" has been brought in the thickly populated districts of England. Some four or five years ago a Catholic organization started what is now known as the St. John's Ambulance Association. Branches were established in all the leading towns, and classes formed through the winter months for the purpose of instructing working men how to skillfully render first aid to the injured. The public took well to the idea, the local doctors giving it a hearty support and in many instances giving their services freely. Classes are formed by the more intelligent working men, of some thirty or forty in a class, and are instructed for a term of three or four months, after which they undergo an examination by the society, and if successful, are given cards of competency, according to their merits. They are instructed how to render first aid to bruised or broken limbs, how to successfully stop the flow of blood, how to skillfully apply plaster and bandages, how to treat cases of narrow escapes from drowning, and how to handle a wounded person in a proper manner, so as to give the least pain. It has now, I am informed,

almost become a necessary qualification for station masters, and porters, the police force and fire department, shop and mill foremen, and most all underground officials in the deep mines, and a large number of workmen themselves are proficient in first aid. Ambulances, constructed for the comfort of the wounded, are kept at all the public and convenient places, where there is any liability to accident of a serious nature, such as the mills, mines and workshops and junctions of railways where there is heavy traffic. They do not teach how to cure any diseases or in fact how to cure anything, as that would drive the doctors out of trade, but simply give sound instruction in first aid.

The benefits which have been rendered to some men has been the means of saving both life and limbs, and as the system is only in its infancy it is almost impossible to estimate the benefits which may accrue from it.

I am glad to see our valuable Magazine taking hold of the current topics of the day, and discussing them in a bright and intelligent manner. When you wrote that article on "Blacklisting" you truly opened your mouth so that I, with my dull brains, could thoroughly understand. But I warn that "Tramp" if ever he comes this way and leaves the box car, in which he beats his way, I shall hold on to him for a big talk on "Ireland and her political troubles."

I cannot close this letter without asking the members of our Order to turn to the expulsion list of the March issue and to read, learn and inwardly digest it. There you will find a list of 100 names, which is a standing disgrace to us, who are left in the Order still, although I have the greatest contempt for the scoundrels who try to get in among decent men. Yet I think that the investigation committees are to blame for being too lenient and not attending to business. We want men, before they join us, to be men of principle and honor, sober and industrious, and it is strictly our own look out that we get them. When we begin to get the idea that we can make good men out of bad timber we shall begin to find that we are badly fooled.

Yours fraternally, SPRAGUE.

LAREDO, TEXAS, March 4, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I am a railroad man and a constant reader of your Magazine. I am Yard Master at the I. & G. N. depot and on the arrival and departure of all trains I greet the brave and gentlemanly smiles of both the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F., especially John Dickenson, Percy Smith and Dad Hays, engineers of the passenger trains between here and San Antonio. They are old-timers and if they continue their runs much longer without a lay off, they will begin to think they own the road. Jake Biber is yard engineer and is capable of attending to all trains, day and night. The boys call him whistling Jake, as he has to do a great deal of whistling to keep the Mexicans off the track. Hugh Morrison, pumper, and Denny McCarty come to town occasionally, and "sets

'em up" for the boys. Brown, the dude, is still handling the royal mail. There is some talk of our station agent, Mr. Campbell and one of the fair damsels of Laredo becoming entangled in the holy bonds of matrimony in the near future. Business, at present, is quite dull, as the I. & G. N. R. R. will not receive or ship any stock, owing to the strike at the Marshall & Palestine shops, which seems to have a serious effect on the road.

As this is my first letter to the Magazine, perhaps it may not come amiss to say something about our town. Laredo is in Webb county, Texas, situated on the Rio Grande river and Mexican border. It has a population of 6,000, two-thirds of which are Mexican. There are several stores, two hotels. The town boasts of a \$40,000 court house and jail, a \$37,000 city hall and market house. There are also some costly private residences, owned by Americans. I almost forgot to mention the Milno Bank building, which cost \$39,000. It is a fine structure. Laredo can also boast of good military protection, as within its limits is the military reservation, called Fort McIntosh, in which is stationed two companies of infantry and one of cavalry.

I will now close, wishing the B. of L. F. prosperity in their good work.

Yours respectfully, PAT WELSH.

CLEVELAND, O., March 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As I have heard but little of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, through the Magazine, I will say we are in the field, with J. Saunders at the head and Bro. J. Clark to assist him. All the rest of us have our shoulders to the wheel and all is moving along nicely. Bro. P. Fishel stole a march on us some time ago. Never mind, Pat, we'll get even with you.

Instructor Stevens was with us at our last meeting, instructing us in the work. Some of our members are very slack in attending to meetings. Boys, do as Bros. Stone and Fishel did, and let us see that smiling face every two weeks. Business has been dull this winter on most of the roads centering here, and our boys have been putting in most of their time at the rink. Bro. Byerly is a dandy skater, but Bro. Buse takes the cake. Bro. Charles Stone has quit the role of widower and married Miss Reka Prim. We have been looking for what the boys from 146 received from Mrs. Richie, but no cake as yet. We have a great many more able writers in our lodge than myself and I would like to hear from them.

Respectfully yours,

PICK, No. 10.

MOBERLY, MO., March 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Please to grant a little space to Anchor Lodge No. 54 to say that she has on her rolls eighty-five dutiful members and progressing finely. Our treasury contains a very handsome sum to meet emergencies during the last year, many of our number have been promoted and all have made

good right hand men. Several of our brothers here grew tired of single blessedness and embarked on the matrimonial sea. The last one who 'done gone done it' was Bro. Pat O'Brien, who, on the eve of February 20, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Monroe, by Rev. Father McKenna. Immediately after the ceremony an elegant supper was served at the house of Bro. James Cronigan, which was enjoyed by the numerous friends of the happy pair, several of whom testified their esteem by neat and useful presents. This lodge sent some nice presents as tokens of regard for Bro. Paddy. The evening passed away very pleasantly in singing and a merry dance, and all departed wishing Bro. O'Brien and wife long and prosperous lives.

No. 54.

PERSONALS.

BRO. CURT PARSONS, of No. 24, has returned from Pennsylvania with his bride.

THE arrival of a young daughter gladdens the home of Bro. Hornsby of No. 117.

BROTHERS J. McCOLL and H. R. Hall, of No. 151 are at present occupying right hand side.

W. J. ALLEN and A. Dietrich of No. 91 are reported as having been "done up"—success to them.

JAMES A. DOCKENS, of No. 49 was united in wedlock a short time ago to Miss Anna Wishard.

THE members of Beaver Lodge sympathize with Bro. Bowman in the sad death of his beloved daughter.

SPRING has come to No. 24. Having no "warm weather" men it is a delight to have a respite from the hard winter.

IT was given to us by good authority, that Bro. Aaron Platt has, at length, decided to desert the halls of Bachelorhood.

J. E. BURKE, of Garden City Lodge No. 50 has given up the scoop and gone into the coal business. We wish him success.

WE note with pleasure the marriage of Bro. P. H. Stack, of No. 162 to Miss Rose F. Brady, a charming young lady of Buffalo, N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL motto was lately presented to Lodge No. 187 by the sister of Bro. D. A. Daugherty and the boys are very grateful.

WE are pleased to note that Bro. Foley, of No. 191 is getting around again. He is quite a favorite among the boys in the northwest.

ALBERT C. EVANS, a popular member of No. 103 was lately married to Miss Nettie A. Boyner, of Louisville, a young lady of fine accomplishments.

L. GERBING, W. Cantlon, J. Cantlon, W. Oleson, J. Pierce, M. Rowe and J. Frederickson are among the late promotions of Chicago Lodge No. 95.

JERRY NOLAN, of No. 60, has been made the recipient of a bouncing little girl, and from the smile on Jerry's face we are sure she is a welcome guest.

M. E. BUNDY and G. Miller, two of No. 107's most esteemed members have been promoted and are rendering valuable service on the right hand side.

E. L. FLOYD, late Master of No. 175, has resigned his position on account of his removal to Minneapolis, Minn., where he will make his future home.

MARRIED at Cincinnati; O., Bro. John Walsh to Miss Maggie O'Connor. An elegant reception followed the ceremony and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The members of Eureka Lodge No. 14, were agreeably surprised by the unexpected marriage of Bro. Wm. J. Mason to Miss Nellie Owens—however they have their best wishes.

BRO. W. H. Meer, of No. 10, has been suffering with a sprained knee, his many friends wish him speedy recovery. Bro. Meer's name appears among the recent promotions.

BRO. HERMAN HUGO and Miss Ada McLaughlin were married February 15. The members of Eureka Lodge No. 14 tender their congratulations and wish them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

"WHERE was Moses when the light went out?" and where was Bro. E. T. Phillips, of No. 204 when the cowboys were using the headlight of engine No. 627 for a target at Baird, Texas, on the night of December 24.

WE are pleased to note the marriage of Bro. Chas. Chambers, of the L. E. and St. L. railroad to Miss Julia Cook, of New Albany, Ind. Charlie has gained his promotion to the right side by hard work on the road and deserves both his bride and his engine.

ONE of the social events on February 8, at St. Joseph, Mo., was the joint celebration of the fifth anniversary of the marriage of Bros. H. M. Boyer and wife and J. S. Mundis and wife. We were favored with an invitation and return thanks for the same. We also unite our good wishes with those of hosts of their friends.

CHAS. OSLER, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was declared totally disabled January 15, on account of pulmonary consumption. Bro. Osler was employed as fireman on the Cairo division of the Wabash railway, and through the bursting of a gauge his clothes were saturated with steam from which he took a cold that resulted as above stated. Bro. Osler has been an active worker in our ranks and his illness is deeply regretted by all who know him.

It gives us great pleasure to note the following report of a badge presentation of which Bro. J. M. Dodge, of San Diego, Past Vice Grand Master, was the recipient:

"After the regular meeting of Heintzelman Post, G. A. R., last evening, an extra session was held, the ladies of the Auxiliary Corps were escorted into the hall and Post Commander Conkling stated the object of the extra session to be a presentation to Mr. J. M. Dodge, who was present by invitation. Comrade J. O. W. Paine, to whom has been assigned the pleasant duty after brief remarks upon the purposes and aims of the organization, presented Mr. Dodge with a handsome gold medal, saying it was a token from the Post in recognition of Mr. Dodge's time and talents gratuitously given for the benefit of the society. Mr. Dodge responded in brief and appropriate remarks, thanking the Post for the honor conferred in the bestowal of the handsome medal. The medal is of gold in the form of a crescent and star, and very handsome. The crescent has an emerald in the center and two pearls on each side. On the star, which is attached to the crescent by neat, short

chains is the inscription, 'Heintzelman Post, No. 33. G. A. R., to J. M. Dodge, as a token of gratitude for services rendered in aid of the building fund Christmas, 1884.' The reverse side of the star is similar to all the Grand Army badges, having on it in relief the corps badges of the entire Federal army."

AMUSEMENTS.

SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

We clip the following account of the first grand ball of Lodge No. 208:

"The first grand ball of Keystone Lodge, No. 208, B. of L. F., of this place, which occurred on Friday evening of last week at the Casino rink, was a flattering success in every particular. About one hundred and fifty couples were in attendance. The entire skating surface was covered with crash making a magnificent dancing area. The rink was also tastefully decorated with evergreens and bunting. Beman's Binghamton orchestra furnished the music, and dancing was kept up until after four o'clock. Without doubt this was the largest and one of the most enjoyable parties ever given in town, and Keystone Lodge are justly proud of their maiden effort. A delightful supper was served at one o'clock by Casey, at his new restaurant."

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3 gave their second annual ball at Cooper's Hall, Jersey City, February 13. It is one that will long be remembered by all that were present; they numbered about 175 couples. Dancing commenced about 10 o'clock and lasted until 5 o'clock in the morning. Bro. Thos. Maypoth acted as general floor manager, assisted by Bros. A. J. O'Neill, Archie Hill, J. W. Fredericks, S. Bond, Lincoln Bates, Charles Bentor and F. L. Hopper, and they were the right men in the right place. We had the pleasure of entertaining Bro. Freeman, of No. 149, and several of No. 13's men and their ladies. Bro. Lincoln Bates cut a great dash with charming Miss Emma Gray. He did not look very much like a coal heaver; he looked more like a dude, as did several more of the boys, but they couldn't come up to Linky. I must not forget to mention Bro. G. P. French and Mr. J. H. Farmer and their ladies from Newark. F. W. J.

POINT EDWARD, ONT.

The first annual ball and supper given under the auspices of Huron Lodge No. 221 took place in the Odd Fellows' Hall on January 28, and was a grand success in every way, both financially and socially. The greater part of the week was devoted to decorating and preparing the hall, and those who imagine the firemen's taste is restricted to the narrow limits of the "iron horse" should have examined the skill displayed in placing the decorative fabrics and flags upon the walls. Directly over the stage was a large banner in gilt letters, which bore the words, "Welcome to the First Annual Ball of Huron Lodge No. 221," and in one corner was "B. L. F." and in the other "N. A." Both sides of the walls were filled with pictures of different designs, prominent among them were the designs of locomotives and other paintings decidedly appropriate to the occasion. In the rear of the hall over the entrance were suspended two large flags, which covered the whole front of the hall. The stage was beautifully decorated with flags and other designs. Altogether it presented a rich, attractive and elegant appearance. At the proper hour Bro. Chas. Farmer led off the Grand March, and from that time on the merriment was kept up. The programme had been arranged with an eye to the dances which Point Edward people were partial to, and in consequence no hitch occurred to mar the pleasures of our first annual ball. The attendance was undoubtedly the largest that ever assembled on any previous occasion. In the spacious and elegant dining apartment of the Queen Hotel, Mr. Fitzgibbons arranged two large

tables the entire length of the room; the tables were filled at 12:30 o'clock with first arrivals from the ball room, after that the banqueters continued to arrive and depart until after 2 o'clock. The boys tender a vote of thanks to Mr. Wm. Todd, Locomotive Foreman, for his kindness in arranging matters so that all the boys could be present at the dance. We also tender our most sincere thanks to the Messrs. Wm. McIntyre and D. Suhler, merchants of this place, for their kindness in assisting and arranging matters for the dance. The sincere thanks of Huron Lodge are hereby extended to the ladies of this place, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Mooney and Miss Ashby, for the beautiful banner they presented to us, which bore the words, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." In conclusion, the B. of L. F. ball was the event of the season for this place, and the pleasures of the occasion will long be held in remembrance by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

BOSTON, MASS.

The eighth annual ball of Boston Lodge No. 57, B. of L. F., took place Thursday evening, February 26, 1885, at Monument Hall, Charlestown District, Boston, a very large and merry party assembling to participate in the festivities. Every railroad running into Boston was represented and many running on roads remote from the city were present with their lady friends to enjoy a few hours of recreation in tripping the light fantastic toe. The hall was decorated with different colored lanterns, and upon the end of the hall over the stage were the figures "57" made with the different colored lanterns. The music was furnished by the Boston Cadet Band; the order of dances, enclosed in fancy covers ornamented with lace work and fringe, contained some thirty-six dances, enough to keep the company well engaged until near sun rise. The names of the various quadrilles were suggestive of the daily life of the firemen, with here and there one that to them meant volumes. It started off with "Ring the Bell," "Which was done, "As they had prepared one for the occasion upon the stage." Then followed, "Here she goes," "Keep her hot," "Around the curves," "War Horse of Salem," "Weirs and return," "Meg's Elevated Railroad," "Great Eastern No. 4," "Steam is low," "One more scoop full," "She's just a booting," "Red Signal," which brought the announcement, "All trains stop at Hick's thirty minutes for supper." The bill of fare was headed, "Hick's Side Track," and contained a tempting list of viands, which were served in Caterer Hick's best style. The after supper dances had names as suggestive as those before mentioned; the first one, "I feel better," and no doubt they did after doing justice to the viands upon the side track. Finally, "Rah for Charlestown," the last dance was reached, then it was "Change cars for the next train is due in Boston one year hence." The managers of the Boston and Lowell and Eastern Division of the B. & M. Railroads granted special trains to those living out of town. The floor was ably managed by Mr. J. C. Edwards, assisted by M. E. Musgrave, A. J. Desoe and a large corps of aids. Much credit is due to the Committee of Arrangements, A. W. Spurr, chairman, A. J. Desoe and T. P. Cusic, for their untiring efforts to make it a social and financial success.

RESOLUTIONS.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heartfelt sorrow that we announce the death of Bro. E. K. Whitaker,

Resolved, That Susquehanna Lodge No. 71 extends to his bereaved wife and relatives in their sad hour of affliction their heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one so near and dear to them.

Resolved, That while we submit to the will of

Divine Providence we deeply deplore the loss of one who endeared himself to our members by the noble and generous traits of his character and gained for himself the esteem and respect of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Be it further

Resolved, That as a token of our respect to our late brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother's wife, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine and town papers.

C. C. BUNKER,
P. C. STILLWELL, } *Committee*.
G. W. SMITH,

DENVER, COL.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, held February 19, it was

Resolved, That this Lodge tender to our late worthy and efficient Secretary, Bro. L. D. Brown, a vote of thanks for his faithful services, and be it further

Resolved, That we have learned with deep regret of Bro. Browne's intention to leave us, but as he goes out to the Northwest to take a higher position than that which he occupied here, we rejoice with him in his prosperity and hope he may have the same success that he enjoyed here.

W. F. HYNES,
ED. SIBLEY, } *Committee*.
W. F. BRUNDAGE,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held at their hall on Sunday, March 8, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All Wise Ruler of the Universe in His mysterious wisdom to remove from amongst us, after a severe illness, our much respected Brother W. T. Heck, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death the Brotherhood has lost a warm advocate of its principles, his acquaintances one whom for his many virtues they all admired and his parents a loving and dutiful son, be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing and afflicted relatives our most heartfelt sympathy in their deep bereavement.

Resolved, That as a further token of our respect the charter of his Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, a copy of these resolutions sent to the sorrowing family, also placed upon the minutes of the Lodge and sent to the editor of Magazine for publication.

A. WALTON,
WM. J. WHEELER, } *Committee*.
FRANK DUPELL,

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge No. 13, B. of L. F., held March 8, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased our Heavenly Father in His most infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed brother, Harry Mumford, on January 31,

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Harry Mumford No. 13 has lost one of its best members and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the supremacy of and bow submissively to the All-wise Providence, it is with sincere regret that we part with Bro. Mumford and "mourn with those who mourn."

Resolved, That guided by the power of love, we extend to the bereaved parents of our worthy brother our most heartfelt sympathy in this their sad hour of tribulation, and commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded heart and give strength to bear the sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect we drape

the Charter of our Lodge for the next thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his parents, and the same be published in our Magazine.

A. W. TUBBS,
J. A. HARRINGTON, } *Committee*.
T. J. MACDONA,

CORRISANA, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Magnolia Lodge No. 226, B. of L. F., held Sunday, January 25, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of Magnolia Lodge have been the recipients of a new and handsome altar cloth, with the design of a magnolia, and the letters B. of L. F., 226, artistically worked thereon, presented to them by Miss Mattie F. Hogg and sister, of Dennison, through our worthy Financier, Bro. W. M. Nicol.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the above named ladies for the pains they have taken in making us such an elegant and valuable present, which is duly appreciated by the members of 226.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Mattie F. Hogg and sister, and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

L. C. OVERHISER,
UPTON BLAIR, } *Committee*.
A. H. HENSON.

GALESBURG, ILL.

At a special meeting of Progress Lodge No. 105, B. of L. F., held at their hall February 24, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from us our highly esteemed friend and brother, Jno. Quinlivan.

WHEREAS, Bro. Quinlivan has been a member of our Lodge since its organization, working constantly for its advancement, and by his death we lose a respected and trustworthy brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of this Lodge be hereby extended to his sorrowing relatives and friends, most especially to his wife and parents, left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and dutiful son; also be it

Resolved, That we drape our Charter and hall for the space of thirty days as a token of respect to the memory of a true brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the Quincy local papers, a copy be sent his family, and that they be published in our Magazine.

A. J. SUMNER, } *Committee*.
R. H. LACY,
J. L. WEEKS,

FALLS CITY, KY.

At a regular meeting held at their hall on January 15th, the officers and members of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F., adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

Resolved, That we do hereby tender a vote of thanks to the following parties for favors and courtesies kindly extended to us at our second annual ball, given by the members of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F., at Liederkrantz Hall on December 30, 1884:

First, we desire to express our sincere and heartfelt thanks to our able and efficient officers of the mechanical department for kind assistance and expressions of good will, and for the loan of head lights, etc., with which to decorate our hall. We also wish to thank the general manager of the late Southern Exposition of this city, for the generous loan of flags and bunting with which to decorate and grace our hall.

We also wish to express our sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for the loan of their large and elegant oil painting, with which to decorate our walls and enliven the happy occasion.

Last but not least, we wish to thank our many

friends from departments for their liberal patronage and prompt attendance, and for their hearty expressions of satisfaction and their words of encouragement and applause.

S. WM. PETTIBONE,
WM. E. MERRIGOLD,
JAMES O'NEIL,
TIM. MURPHY. } Committee.

SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

At a regular meeting of Keystone Lodge No. 208, B. of L. F., of Susquehanna, Pa., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Many favors have been shown us in our first annual ball, held in the Casino rink on Friday evening, January 30, 1885, be it therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of Keystone Lodge No. 208, B. of L. F., be extended to Division Superintendent J. Jolls, to Division Superintendent W. J. Murphy, to Superintendent Mitchell, of the United States Express Company, to Master Mechanic V. Blackburn, to General Foreman Samuel Higgins, to Foreman J. H. Findon, to Foreman W. H. Robinson, to Station Agent C. Evans, to officers of the G. A. R., to Engineer C. Ginnavan, to Fireman G. H. Fordyce, of Port Jervis, to Mr. Fred. Wright, to Engineers C. A. Jurisch and H. Kinsley, to Fireman P. J. Stoddard, to Wm. Wood, to Mrs. V. Blackburn, to the wives of firemen who made wreaths and helped decorate hall, Mrs. J. J. Lannon, Mrs. C. Anderson, Mrs. C. A. Allen, Mrs. J. Byrne, Mrs. R. M. Brown, Mrs. J. C. Barnes, also to Mr. Casey for the elegant supper and efficient manner in which it was served on that occasion, and to all others who favored us we extend our thanks.

J. J. LANNON,
C. A. ALLEN,
C. ANDERSON, } Committee.

SAVANNAH, GA.

At a regular meeting of Georgia Lodge No. 245, held February 20, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to the following named gentlemen of the C. R. R.: Messrs. D. D. Arden, M. M.; Wm. Quantock, Foreman, and E. F. Grayson, Round House Foreman, for the many favors in arranging to have as many of our members in the city as possible at the time of organizing our Lodge; also to Mr. F. Devine, M. C. B.; James Meldrim and others for favors shown since our organization; also to the members of Simpson Lodge No. 210, B. of L. E., for valuable assistance rendered while we were organizing our Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Lodge and a copy sent to the Savannah News and the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

S. BOINEAU,
J. F. DOGNER,
A. HUTTON, } Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held at their hall on Sunday, March 8, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, He who doeth all things for the best has seen fit in his inscrutable wisdom to remove from amongst us after a short and severe illness our much respected Brother, Lorenzo B. Martin, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death this Lodge has lost a faithful member, his associates a true and steadfast friend, and his sister (the only surviving relative) an affectionate brother.

Resolved, That this Lodge extend to the bereaved sister its most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in her deep affliction and sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That as a further token of our sympathy and respect the Charter of his Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, these resolutions placed upon the minutes of the Lodge, a copy sent to the sister of our deceased

Brother, and also sent to the editor of the Magazine for publication.

H. WALTON,
WM. J. WHEELER,
FRANK DUKELL, } Committee.

STRATFORD, ONT.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., Sunday, February 15, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The lady members of Good Endeavor Lodge, Ladies' Society B. of L. F., on Thursday evening February 12, provided a social gathering for the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, which was excellent and in every way a right royal entertainment, and was thoroughly appreciated by the members, at the same time the ladies presented to Avon Lodge No. 38 a handsomely ornamented brass-mounted inkstand for use in the Lodge room,

Resolved, That we tender the Ladies' Society our hearty and most sincere thanks and shall always remember this as a most generous expression and a double proof of their interest in us as a Lodge and Order. We shall always endeavor so to live and conduct ourselves that we may at all times merit the respect and co-operation of the Ladies' Society, feeling that with them to help and encourage us we shall possess a constant incentive to let our standard float high, bearing the inscription "Excelsior," till it reach the highest and noblest elevations of manhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Good Endeavor Lodge, Ladies' Society B. of L. F., and also be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. E. BROOKER,
EUGENE A. BALL,
GEORGE NURSEY, } Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is above our comprehension, we have been deprived by death of our beloved brother, J. Webster Davis, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow submissively to the will of the overruling Providence, we are deeply conscious of the loss we have sustained in the death of our late brother, and realize that our Lodge has lost an honorable member, the sorrowing wife a kind husband, the bereaved parents a dutiful son and society a good and useful member.

Resolved, That the most sincere sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the bereaved wife and parents, upon whom the affliction falls so heavily, and to all kindred whose affections have been so cruelly lacerated, and we hope they may bravely bear the sacrifice they have been called upon to make in giving up the object of their devotion and love.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of our late brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the deceased brother's wife, entered on the minutes of this meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

HENRY WALTON,
WM. S. WHEELER,
F. DUPELL, } Committee.

LETTERS OF THANKS:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX., Jan. 26, 1885.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—We wish to return our sincere thanks for your kindness to our deceased son, Allen Baxter, and especially to A. W. Schuster, Financier of Lodge No. 204 from whom we received a draft for \$1000.00 as payment of our son's policy. May your organization ever be prosperous.

Respectfully,

JOHN BAXTER,
ELIZABETH BAXTER.

WASHINGTON, IND., Jan. 1885

Editors Magazine:

I beg, through the Magazine, to return my sincere thanks to Lodge No. 246, B. of L. E., and Lodge No. 169 B. of L. F. for their kindness in sending me a beautiful autograph album as a Christmas gift. I value the gift very much, and their thoughtful kindness is fully appreciated, and I shall never forget the kindness of these noble brothers. Wishing each and all prosperity, I remain

Respectfully and faithfully,
MRS. H. B. JONES.

OSWEGO, N. Y., February 15, 1885.

I wish to return thanks to Superintendent W. B. Phelps for his many favors and kindnesses to us in all our undertakings; and also to P. Fennell, alias "Shandy Maguire," for the many favors received of him.

S. C. FORSYTH.

JEFFERSON, IOWA, January 28, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Overland Lodge No. 123, B. of L. F.:

SIRS: I wish to return my sincere thanks to your Lodge for their kindness and sympathy as shown at the death of my late son, George W. Sheldon. I also desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars at the hands of Mr. T. D. Kinney, Financier, as payment in full of the policy on my son's life.

Respectfully yours,
DR. E. H. SHELDON.

WONEWOC, WIS., February 22, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Eau Claire Lodge No. 68, B. of L. F.:

The family of Lewis Morris, who was killed on the 2d of October, 1884, in a railroad accident near Bayfield, Wis., desire to express sincere thanks for many kindnesses extended. Most deeply do we thank Mr. A. M. Kingsbury and Mr. J. S. McCauley and those who rendered so much assistance in the time of our bereavement; we also acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,000 received from Mr. H. E. Edgell, Financier.

MRS. ROSETTA CROSS.

ALTOONA, WIS., February 24, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Eau Claire Lodge No. 68, B. of L. F.:

I desire to return thanks for your kindness and sympathy as shown at the death of my late son, James Babington. I also desire to acknowledge receipt of a draft for \$1,000 at the hands of H. E. Edgell, Financier, of which my son was a member. That the Almighty Ruler may preserve the Order from harm, is the wish of an afflicted mother. Yours sincerely,

MRS. ANN BABINGTON.

DENVER, COL., February 24, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, B. of L. F.:

GENTS: Your memorial duly received and highly appreciated. In behalf of the family of the deceased, Eugene Le Bert, who was a cherished member of your Order, allow me to respectfully thank you for the generous and kind assistance rendered in the hours of their affliction. I assure you we all appreciate the many kind tenders made during Eugene's sickness and after his death, and to the members who so kindly tendered their services as watchers we are deeply indebted to and consider ourselves under many obligations. Hoping you will kindly pardon this late expression of thanks, I am yours truly,

RICHARD LE BERT.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Jan 15, 1885.

At a regular meeting of H. G. Brooks Lodge, No. 169, held at their hall on Thursday evening, January 14, 1885, the Lodge was the recipient of

one of the handsomest banners it was ever our pleasure to behold. The banner is of light blue satin trimmed on the edges with gilt braid, and on the bottom with gilt fringe. In the center near the top is a beautiful floral design in colored silks. Near the bottom in a semi-circle, the words "H. G. Brooks Lodge," and in maroon colored silk letters and underneath, the words "No. 169." The whole hung on a brass bar, on either end of which is a brass ball shaped like an acorn, to which is attached a gilt chain four feet in length for suspension. The banner is about thirty inches long by twenty wide, and is the handiwork of Mrs. A. H. Sly, the wife of our worthy Master, and was presented to the Lodge with an appropriate letter from the lady hoping it would be accepted. On motion it was accepted with a vote of thanks to the donor, and it was ordered that they be published in the Magazine. May her life ever be as light and beautiful as our beautiful banner, is the wish of H. G. Brooks Lodge No. 169.

J. E. BEACH,

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EUGENE SIMMS.

Eugene Simms, of Lodge 201, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

A. W. CLARK,

A. W. Clark, of Lodge No. 204, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF 204.

Julius Grether, J. B. Powell, A. L. Parker and O. J. Frost, of Lodge 204, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MARTIN BURNAN.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Martin Burnan will please notify his brother, Louis Burnan, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, whose address is 179 Harrison street, Indianapolis, Ind. The last heard from him he was with the Anglo A Packing Company of Kansas City, Mo.

APRIL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 1—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

1. John R. Sproat, of Lodge 99, died of consumption, January 2.
2. E. L. Kerby, of Lodge 238, was killed in a railroad accident, January 10.
3. Henry Stoneman, of Lodge 195, died from exposure, January 14.
4. Chas. Osler, of Lodge 14, was declared totally disabled with consumption, January 15.
5. Frank English, of Lodge 227 died of congestion of brain, January 16.
6. Ward Blackman of Lodge 13, was killed in a railroad accident, January 18.
7. Lorenzo Martin, of Lodge 75, died of typhoid fever, January 29.
8. J. K. Gilbraith, of Lodge 77, died from injuries received in a railroad accident, January 8.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership January 25, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before May 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before May 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearages, as per section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours

EUGENE V. DEDS,
G. S. and T.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending February 28, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.
1	2	3	4	5	6
1		\$38	\$38		\$38 00
2		13	13		51 00
3		30	46		126 00
4		30	46		76 00
5		42	48		45 00
6	22	26	45		48 00
7	6	24	30		30 00
8	1	54	55		55 00
9	15	35	50		50 00
10	4	57	61		61 00
11	116		116		116 00
12	19	165	184		184 00
13	4	87	91		91 00
14	150		150		150 00
15	8	128	54		54 00
16	12	26	136		136 00
17	17	43	60		60 00
18	34		34		34 00
19	5	29	34		34 00
20	33	11	44		44 00
21	4	21	25		25 00
22	11	40	51		51 00
23		23	23		23 00
24	8	53	61		61 00
25	7	71	78		78 00
26	3	70	73		73 00
27	51		51		51 00
28	18	30	48		48 00
29	51		51		51 00
30	52	57	109		109 00
31	15	21	36		36 00
32	5	55	58		58 00
33	3		48		48 00
34	1		37		37 00
35	17	20	61		61 00
36	11	50	82		82 00
37	5	71	76		76 00
38		74	80		80 00
39	2	6	8		8 00
40	31		31		31 00
41	1	66	67		67 00
42	58		58		58 00
43	74	67	141		141 00
44	7	27	34		34 00
45	146		146		146 00
46	72		72		72 00
47	15	29	44		44 00
48		114	114		114 00
49	50		50		50 00
50	5	87	92		92 00
51	6	41	47		47 00
52	15	70	85		85 00
53	23	84	57		57 00
54	23	185	208		208 00
55	2	21	23		23 00
56	111		113		113 00
57	12	72	84		84 00
58	42	87	129		129 00
59	44		44		44 00
60	45	18	63		63 00
61	6	45	51		51 00
62	19	46	65		65 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.
1	2	3	4	5	6
131	\$12	\$15			\$27 00
132	10	19			29 00
133		\$37			37 00
134	6	18			24 00
135		66			66 00
136	12	11			23 00
137		33			33 00
138		35			35 00
139	17	34			51 00
140	1			56	57 00
141		61			61 00
142	18	41			59 00
143	19	4			23 00
144		37			37 00
145					204
146	88				88 00
147	3	18			21 00
148	1	5			6 00
149	19	110			129 00
150					208
151		43			43 00
152		13			13 00
153	48	52			100 00
154	1	30			31 00
155					17 00
156	34	42			76 00
157					19 00
158	21	32			53 00
159	2	15			17 00
160	5	35			40 00
161	5	30			55 00
162	10	6			28 00
163	10	15			25 00
164	6	22			28 00
165	1	33			34 00
166	1	20			21 00
167		36			36 00
168	9	15			24 00
169	9	45			54 00
170	12	35			47 00
171	1	5			6 00
172		39			39 00
173	15				15 00
174	8	41			49 00
175	4	16			20 00
176				14	14 00
177	9	27			36 00
178	18	51			69 00
179	6	58			64 00
180		7			7 00
181		21			21 00
182		32			32 00
183					242
184	1	16			17 00
185					244
186	6	19			25 00
187					19 00
188		47			47 00
189	7	31			38 00

Balance on hand February 1 \$2,687 50
Received during month 1,446 00

Total \$14,133 50

By claims Nos. 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181,
182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187 and 188 13,000 00

Balance on hand March 1 \$1,133 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

Assessment notice No. 1, for March, calling for \$1 from all assessable members, was mailed from the Grand Lodge office April 1st.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of February:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
12	Frank Cooley.	61	Wm. Reddington.
16	E. G. Edwards.	101	E. J. Biechen.
27	E. Humphrey.	123	Jno. Luckey.
49	Louis Litterer.	149	Jno. Lyons.
	Jno. Bolan.	177	L. P. Crandell.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of February:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
6	A. C. Huestis.*	86	H. H. Wheat.*
6	Wm. Broderick.*	86	R. McCullough.*
6	Wm. Greer.*	88	Thos. Brophy.*
6	Platt Coyne.†	88	Fred. Hillman.*
13	T. A. Brinley.*	89	Jno. Burkin.*
14	J. K. Whalen.*	91	W. H. Bigley.*
16	Ed. Rugan.*	91	G. Hotchkiss.*
16	W. H. Achey.*	91	T. P. Horton.*
16	Ed. Mumper.*	91	C. R. White.*
16	E. G. Edwards.*	91	J. Yogis.*
16	Ed. Shaw.‡	91	Walter Pierson.*
26	David Lowery.*	91	Frank Ould.†
27	H. T. Dibbert.*	95	Jno. Powers.*
27	A. A. Floyd.*	95	Jno. Pountain.*
27	W. B. Currie.*	97	H. E. E. Green.*
31	W. W. Beasley.*	103	Geo. Reeves.*
31	L. L. Dye.*	108	Jas. Findley.*
31	G. R. McKenzie.*	111	Geo. Ragsdale.*
31	Ed. Strahan.*	111	T. T. Harris.*
31	J. I. Steele.*	115	H. M. Reardon.*
41	M. T. Kelley.*	117	Wm. Emsly.*
41	Jas. Frost.*	125	F. A. Tripp.*
47	Wm. McManaman.*	140	Richard Brown.*
52	Ralph Hart.*	140	Wm. Gibson.*
53	Geo. W. Curry.‡	140	R. Crow.*
54	R. B. Green.*	146	A. O. Woodworth.†
54	Ed. Oldham.*	146	R. L. Jones.*
57	E. Lang.*	149	Wm. H. Faulhaber.*
58	J. M. Keyes.*	156	J. W. Brin.*
58	Chas. Stanton.*	156	J. H. Rhody.*
59	Wm. Roberts.*	158	Samuel Finley.*
59	Jas. Case.*	158	Jas. McManus.*
59	Stephen Hicks.*	158	Ben. Stevens.*
61	Wm. Weicklein.*	162	L. C. Cooper.*
61	Wm. Mack.*	168	John Cole.*
64	C. R. Cooley.*	168	Willis Hawley.*
64	C. D. Cochran.*	168	Chas. Ginder.*
64	Jas. Kilcoyne.*	168	Chas. Jones.*
76	C. W. Bonner.*	168	E. W. Rang.*
76	W. A. Frink.*	178	M. W. McConnell.*
77	C. Clark.*	185	Wm. Potter.*
77	Wm. Hockinberger.*	195	Geo. Chaffee.*
77	L. S. Mayhard.*	195	L. A. Krauss.*
77	J. R. Qualey.*	195	Jas. Byrnes.*
77	M. J. Roach.*	200	Wm. Campbell.*
77	Jno. Rickeson.*	200	J. D. Bogart.*
77	Jno. Stack.*	200	B. H. Payne.*
77	C. S. Shermer.*	200	Geo. Hatfield.*
77	Ed. Scabill.*	200	S. R. Gross.*
77	T. Cushing.*	200	Jno. McMahon.*
77	Geo. George.*	203	Peter George.*
81	C. S. Larison.*	205	Ed. Leat.*
81	E. Garlick.*	205	Reuben Rodgers.*
81	Pat Hughes.*	230	Robert Butcher.‡
83	J. T. Cox.*	230	Wm. Johnson.*

* Non-payment.

† Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Drunkenness.

§ Contempt of Lodge.

¶ Defrauding members.

BLACK LIST.

G. A. BURNHAM.

By authority of Anchor Lodge No. 54, we publish the name of G. A. Burnham in the black list, he having been expelled from said Lodge for contempt, growing out of his refusal to make proper returns of the moneys that he collected while Financier.

ROBERT BEECHER.

We are authorized by Albany City Lodge No. 230 to publish Robert Beecher as having been expelled from said Lodge on general principles. He has proven himself devoid of honor or manhood and should be shunned by all Brotherhood men.

F. R. YOUNG.

By authority of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, we publish F. R. Young, recently expelled from said Lodge, as a fraud and dead-beat. While serving in the capacity of Financier he misappropriated the Lodge funds and proved false to his obligations in various other ways.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman South Pueblo, Col.
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
- 2. HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St. Master
A. P. Green, 5 Calais St. Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Financier
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
G. Aucher, 202 Newark Ave Secretary
H. Springstead, 282 9th St. Financier
- 4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
- 5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier

- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 1/2 St., S. W. Financier
- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. W. Caudle Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C., St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops Financier
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays
P. D. Mead, 246 1/2 Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
F. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1308 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Seiling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McConigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
G. W. Moore Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1146 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier

- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. . Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor, Box 233 Master
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Secretary
J. Taylor, Box 233 Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfennig, 1117 W. Water St. . Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, Globe Hotel Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 203 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 4018 Wabash Ave. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. . Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5228 State St. Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeill, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stannberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Bos-
ton, Mass. Master
E. E. Roundy, 20 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 278 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 508 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Miline, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 78 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Greimm, L. Box 364 Financier

- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick, Box 672 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 666 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, 237 Brunswick Ave. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, L. Box 330 Master
F. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
W. F. Brundage, 292 1/2 Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
H. Adams Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. T. Lowrey, Box 758 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave. Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1081 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggereen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costlin, Box 165 Secretary
C. C. Brooks, Box 205 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2561 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2561 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 186 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 685 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 685 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 685 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
D. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. Master
C. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 832 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Grace House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts. Financier

- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1903 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesneil St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13. Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27. Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12. Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12. Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Broadway. Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38. Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235. Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565. Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
M. Russell Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2. Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229. Master
A. Heenan, Box 85. Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354. Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
R. A. Harris, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. Killen, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts. Secretary
J. Clark, Corner 36th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleeson Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station. Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station. Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec. Master
J. T. Dewan, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec. Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station. Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. A. McMullen, 236 E. Fayette St. Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Hammer Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232. Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284. Secretary
D. A. Sherman Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops. Master
L. A. Sunderland, 985 Division St. Secretary
H. P. Calhoun, 719 Pierce St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907. Master
J. Callahan Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 133 McWilliam St. Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jamaica St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St. Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77. Master
T. Ballard Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55. Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327. Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Simiunson, Box 426. Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Master
J. Duggan, 53 5th St. Secretary
C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee. Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Honkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115. Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90. Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier

- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson, Newport, Vermont Secretary
M. Mulroney Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
W. G. Mahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. POKTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St. Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 199 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
W. M. Stafford, 118 W. 67th St. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
S. Roberts, 20 Locomotive St. Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
G. N. Smith Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 430 Mullett St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
W. Riggs, 420 William St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
E. K. Park, Box 56 Secretary
J. I. Smith, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier

- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
J. Sullivan, Box 455, Portage, Wis. Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, 541 Wellington St. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
R. A. Bell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horue, 16 S. 3d St., W. Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d St., W. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
W. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
A. Tankersley Financier
- 191. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 29-6 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3139 Hanover St. Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Liun, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1096 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUNTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albion, Oregon.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Master
R. J. Geis, Lower Cascades, Washington Territory Secretary
W. N. Collister, Box 287 Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
W. J. Glennan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier

197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.

Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 H. J. Kimbel, Box 244 Master
 W. S. Griffiths Secretary
 J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
 cine, Wis. Financier

198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.

F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
 T. H. Sheppard, Box 181 Secretary
 C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier

199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.

J. B. Mawby Master
 W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
 D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier

200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.

Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
 W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
 A. Tulley, Box 223 Secretary
 E. M. Lake Financier

201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
 W. B. Chilton Master
 D. W. Shea Secretary
 J. W. Turney Financier

202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
 and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
 W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
 M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
 G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier

203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.

Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
 F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
 H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
 M. Smith Financier

204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 C. E. Cramer Master
 F. M. Armstrong Secretary
 A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Las Vegas,
 N. M. Financier

205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 E. Jolly, 57 Hancock St. Master
 E. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
 F. A. Raudlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier

206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
 H. F. Brown Master
 G. M. Jones Secretary
 O. E. Work Financier

207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 S. H. Quackenbush, Box .019 Master
 J. McKee Secretary
 G. J. Holman Financier

208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.

Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
 M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
 J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
 J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier

209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. McGourty Master
 J. McCarty Secretary
 W. R. Combs Financier

210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 T. Carroll, Box 497 Master
 W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
 G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier

211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
 H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
 C. Long Financier

212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.

Meets 1st Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 T. McCarthy, 67 Coffeen St. Master
 T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St. Secretary
 E. Mahan, 73 Coffeen St. Financier

213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. Melroy Master
 K. G. Gifford Secretary
 D. J. Sisk Financier

214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
 L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
 J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier

215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Green-
 bush, N. Y. Master
 N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
 F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St.,
 Greenbush, N. Y. Financier

216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 W. E. Taylor, Box 1266 Master
 H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
 W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier

217. DFRICK; Oil City, Pa.

Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
 J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
 J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
 F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier

218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
 W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
 A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier

219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.

Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
 R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
 H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
 D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier

220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. Buck Master
 C. F. Kline Secretary
 C. C. Bowen Financier

221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
 J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
 H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
 S. Allward, Box 69 Financier

222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. C. Olney Master
 A. J. Fairburn Secretary
 C. W. Gardner Financier

223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.

Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.
 G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
 M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St. Secretary
 W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier

224. T. C. BOERN; St. Cloud, Minn.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 F. Marvin Master
 A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
 A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier

225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.

Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
 H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
 G. Sutherland, Box 282, Port Arthur,
 Ontario Secretary
 C. Unwin, C. P. Ry. Financier

226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 J. S. Smith Master
 W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
 W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier

227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.

Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
 F. Parsons Secretary
 J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier

228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
 W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
 J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St. Financier

- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. . . . Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St. . . . Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St. . . . Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. . . . Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. . . . Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. . . . Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Master
J. B. Cash, 511 E. 6th St. . . . Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St. . . . Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 . . . Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 . . . Secretary
W. N. Holt . . . Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews . . . Master
E. Hayward . . . Secretary
R. H. Coggan . . . Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry . . . Master
J. Fallon . . . Secretary
J. McIlvenna, C. P. Ry . . . Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. H. Scott, McCullough St., near 46th. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkensburg, Pa. . . . Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 . . . Master
F. R. May, Box 165 . . . Secretary
F. D. Teter . . . Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner . . . Master
D. Miller, Box 137 . . . Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 . . . Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin . . . Master
L. Robertson . . . Secretary
H. C. Kehlman . . . Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl . . . Master
A. R. Edington, Box 54 . . . Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 . . . Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St. . . . Master
A. Sunley . . . Secretary
A. Sunley . . . Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. M. Call . . . Master
A. Krapf . . . Secretary
P. C. Hagerty . . . Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. . . . Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. . . . Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. . . . Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin . . . Master
S. Fitzpatrick . . . Secretary
J. T. Nance . . . Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, W. Taylor St. . . . Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave. . . . Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. . . . Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Montgomery Sts. . . . Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Duffy Sts. . . . Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. . . . Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. . . . Master
W. M. Walker, 272 4th St. . . . Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. . . . Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
E. Miller, Air Line Shops . . . Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. . . . Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, Air Line Shops . . . Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard . . . Master
Chas. E. Hollis . . . Secretary
W. E. Boynton . . . Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. . . . Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. . . . Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. . . . Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. . . . Master
Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court . . . Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. . . . Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. . . . Master
S. A. Campbell . . . Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 . . . Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike . . . Master
C. W. Downs . . . Secretary
M. M. Hinkle . . . Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. . . . Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. . . . Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. . . . Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 . . . Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 286 . . . Secretary
W. M. Shirley, Box 101 . . . Financier
- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter . . . Master
M. E. Sullivan . . . Secretary
V. T. Thoman . . . Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Witherell . . . Master
C. S. Eastman . . . Secretary
H. D. Avery . . . Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. McNulty, Box 25 . . . Master
I. Blizzard, Box 25 . . . Secretary
J. Lynch, Box 25 . . . Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 . . . Master
M. Norton, Box 264 . . . Secretary
H. C. Forrester, Box 417 . . . Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1885. .

No. 5

TROT'S MOTHER.

Young Ladies' Journal.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first, and pass the box to me. I knew you would want to hear the particulars, and I—I have been trying to put off the evil moment. I'm getting an old man, now, Harry, and all this shook me a good deal at the time.

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my knee. There, that's better. Seems odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bachelor like me, nursing a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day, aren't you, Trot? How the time flies!

"You see, my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. She never guessed that you thought of her in that way. It might have saved her—you know?

"It must be nine years since your uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only 15 then. Don't you think Trot is very like her? The same large brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways.

"She came to me one morning soon after you started for China, with a letter in her hand.

"Look here, uncle,' she said, kneeling beside me, and holding the note where I could read; 'it's from the Golds, and they invite me to go and stay with them at Ventnor. May I accept?'

"Do you want to go, Violet?' I asked.

"Of course I do,' she answered, laughing. 'We are so quiet here at home, and this would be such a de-

lightful change. Please let me, uncle. I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything.'

"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made my life quite a different matter; but it seemed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote, begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the heart to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home.

"The very day after her return he came—that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out at first that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.

"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank, open manner, that was sure to win a girl's favor, but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word, until at last I was convinced that I knew him through, and that he was no fit husband for my little Violet.

"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I should seem almost brutal

for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care. I vowed to myself that nothing on earth should induce me to do so, and I told him to discontinue his visits.

"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him, with or without my consent.

"Don't look at me so reproachfully, Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but if so I have been severely punished for my folly. You have let your cigar go out. Here are the matches.

"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not so good as it used to be.

"I was sitting here one evening, when Violet came in slowly, and sitting down where you are, looked at me very sadly for some minutes.

"Uncle, dear,' she said at last, 'I cannot understand you. I never believed that you could be so hard and cruel.'

"I did not speak.

"It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary,' she went on. 'It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself and not be influenced by any one. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again.'

"Yes, when you yield to my wishes,' I answered coldly. 'You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of men. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is—'

"As it is—what then? Oh! uncle,' and she slipped from her chair and kneeled on the rug at my feet. 'Pray—pray be your own self again. You were never angry with me before, and it seems so strange and

unnatural to see you turn your head away from me without a smile. Do you love me only if I have no voice, no will of my own?'

"Listen to me child,' I said, looking her in the face. 'I have striven to be a father to you since I brought you here; I have loved you, heaven only knows how dearly! In return I only ask you to let me prevent your making a complete wreck of your life. I want to save you from a sad fate, and you think me a tyrant.'

"She took my hand in both hers, and pressed her face on it, then looked up with a smile.

"I wish Harry was here,' she said. 'He would help me to convince you. He always took my side.'

"I ought not to have told you that, my dear, boy, but it was so fresh in my mind, as it struck me forcibly at the time, knowing as I did your love for her. Forgive me my want of tact.

"She was not given to shedding tears like some woman or she would have cried then. Her cheeks were hot and burning as they touched my hand, while her eyes were feverishly bright. She used every argument she could find to induce me to consent to her engagement, and as I remained silent she drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in my face.

"You relent, uncle?' she whispered in an agitated way. 'You will let me the happy?'

"In that way, never,' I told her, sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw away my fingers, but she clung to them tightly, while her lips quivered.

"Don't say that, uncle!' she cried hoarsely. 'Dear uncle, oh, what can I say—what can I say to move you?'

"You think I was very hard, Harry, I see; but I thought it best."

"Hush, child,' I said. 'Nothing will influence me. I am resolved.'

"And so am I," she said sorrowfully, dropping my hand and rising to her feet. "I should always have wished to please you; but now that you are harsh and unjust, and will not listen to reason, what can I do?"

"She waited for me to speak, but I had no words at hand. I was too hurt and angry. She went toward the door, then came back and stood behind me, resting her hand lightly on my shoulders.

"Try and forgive me, uncle. I love him so—I love his faults that make you despise him, and his virtues that you do not know. Won't you kiss me uncle?"

"I was half inclined to take her in my arms and tell her she should do what she would; but I did not. After a few minutes of a dread silence I heard her catch her breath in a half sob, and then the door closed upon her, and I was alone.

"The next day she did not come down before I went to the city, and when I came home she was gone. I have forgiven her now, Harry; but it was a cruel blow. After all my love and care I did not think she could have left me like that!

"Why, Trot, you look quite frightened! I'm not cross, my pet.

"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on; but you are so impatient. Well, some time after—a year, or two perhaps, I can't remember exactly—I was coming home at dusk—in the Strand I think it was, I met a woman in a shabby black dress, with a child on her arm; our eyes met, and then somehow or other we were the center of a crowd, and I was raising Violet's head from the hard pavement. She had fainted on seeing me, and I had just contrived to save her and the little one from a severe fall.

"I brought her home in a cab, and my housekeeper helped her into bed. Harry, she was next door to starvation, when that accidental meeting gave her back to me—for only three days. I was too late to save her.

"You have forgiven me?" she

asked that evening, as I sat by her bed.

"I forgave you, my child, long since; but not him who has brought you to this. Where is he?"

"Dead," said the poor girl, in a faint whisper. "Don't speak ill of him. I can't bear it."

"I asked her why she had not let me know she was in distress—why she had not come home.

"I was ashamed to come," she said, I knew you would not turn from me; but I was too much ashamed."

"The next day but one the doctor told me—what to expect. I promised the poor child that Trot should take her place with me. I held the little one for her to kiss, and had it taken away; and then—

"Trot, my darling, run upstairs to nurse for awhile; I'll call you down again by-and-by."

"And then, as I said, Violet bade me good-bye. Her last words? They were, 'Give my love to Harry.'"

* * * * *

"These incessant fogs have a very bad effect on my throat. I can't talk for any length of time without getting like I did just now, so that I can't croak out a word.

"There isn't much more to tell, fortunately, for I'm getting as hoarse as a raven.

"I was out, with Trot by my side, one day last autumn, when I came upon some one I had thought gone to join the majority. He was walking with a pretty, stylish-looking girl, chatting and laughing, but when he saw me his smile died on his lips, and the blood flew to his face.

"His gaze dwelt for an instant on the child whose hand I held. He knew those brown eyes and long lashes, and he saw the black frock.

"There, that is all. Harry, I read your thoughts. You must not! Leave him to heaven. Promise me, boy—for her sake. You promise? Your hand on that. Heaven help you, my poor lad!"

NOT PREPARED TO DANCE.

Youths' Companion.

Those who make pleasure and amusement the principal business of life need not wait for a great war or public calamity to teach them that more serious employment often demands their attention and time. The delicate rebuke of LaFayette to the Baltimore ladies has been repeated with force on many an occasion when money needed for better purposes was being wasted on vain gayeties.

LaFayette, at the age of twenty, left his young wife and flew to aid Washington. He loaded a ship with supplies which were mostly needed by American troops, and helped them with the prestige of his name, with scant military experience, and all the cash he could command. He not only drilled his soldiers, but clothed and fed them; and when his own means were exhausted, he appealed to the generosity of others. When the ladies of Baltimore proposed to give a ball to the gallant young Frenchman, he said to them:

"Ladies, I should be delighted to dance with you, but my soldiers have no shirts."

The ball was postponed, and the belles of Baltimore made shirts for the soldiers.

NO MYSTERY TO HIM.

Detroit Free Press.

A stubbed farmer, who had come to market with a load of potatoes, entered a restaurant near the Central market, and called for a dozen oysters on the half-shell. A couple of jokers happened to be in the place, and while one attracted the farmer's attention for a moment, the other dropped a bullet into one of the oyster shells. The man gulped down one after another, until he got the one with a bullet in his mouth. Calmly and quietly he bit at the lead with his teeth—calmly and quietly he removed it from his mouth and turned to the light.

"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men.

"Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other.

"Well, that's a mystery," said the man behind the counter.

"Gentlemen, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Fair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung to my watch chain if it costs \$5."

WOULD HAVE SAVED MONEY.

Arkansas Traveler.

"My dear," said a husband, laying aside the local paper and addressing his wife, "I see that Mr. Harnerthorn is dead."

"That's unfortunate, indeed," the sympathetic woman replied. "Died so soon after buying a new buggy. But we never know what's in store for us. If he had known that his end was so near, he would not have bought the buggy, perhaps, and would have saved several hundred dollars."

CONCLUSIVE.

Youth's Companion.

Older people as well as children sometimes make unexpected answers to puzzling questions. For example:

In the court-house an Irishman stood charged with stealing a watch from a fellow citizen. He stoutly denied the impeachment, and brought a counter-accusation against his accuser for assault and battery committed with a frying-pan.

The judge was inclined to take a common-sense view of the case, and regarding the prisoner, said,—

"Why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you, without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand to defend yourself with?"

"Beddad, your honor," answered Pat, "I had his watch; but what was that against a frying-pan?"

GEN. BUTLER ON STRIKES.

The following is the full text of Gov. Butler's letter to a laboring men's meeting held at Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I answered your telegram inviting me to take part in a meeting of laboring men of Buffalo on the 23d inst., in consideration of their rights. Expressing regrets that it was impossible for me to be present because of imperative professional engagements, I desire by this note to add a word or two to what might otherwise appear to be but a formal regret. I wish to call to mind what very likely is as familiar to you as to myself, but which in public discussions I have not seen much alluded to, which explains the reason why strikes—that is, the refusal to work by laboring men for wages offered—are so rarely successful. Let me premise by saying that I do not think a strike should ever take place if honest and fair-minded dealing was always had between capitalists and laboring men, because their interests do not naturally clash, and it is only when some advantage is to be taken of the laborer by the capitalist or some unfair dealing takes place that a call for a strike ever exists. I have been an employer of labor to a considerable extent for more than a quarter of a century, and I can say no strike has ever occurred of the slightest extent where I have had a considerable interest as compared with the whole. A strike is not a contest between labor and capital, but between two kinds of capital, the property of two different sets of men. What is usually called capital is the earnings of labor with its aggregate profits when that capital is employed in productive industry. If that production stops nothing is lost by such stoppage except profits which might be gained if production went on. The capital untouched, the profits only are lost. On the other hand the laboring man's capital is the capacity to earn or produce, the capability he has

of doing a day's labor of a given value. This capital of the laborer perishes in the using as well as in the non use.

The only accumulation of the laboring man's capital, leaving out what he may have saved of his former earnings, is the worth of so many days work to be done by him. If he loses a day the earnings of that day are gone forever. If he lies idle a month the losses to him of that month can never be replaced. He may work and earn another month, but that does not make good the lost month. Therefore, being idle on a strike he loses all his capital and profits against the profits alone on the part of the capitalist. Hence, I have always said that a strike, while comparatively useless, and even if it were useful it is beneath the dignity of an American workman, should not be the resort of the laboring man to settle his differences with his employer.

If he is wronged in his relations with the employer, as he would in every other relation of life, he ought to find an adequate and prompt remedy by the law of the land, and that law made by representatives elected by his ballot. This is no new thought of mine. I gave voice to it in public some twelve or fifteen years ago, and now, recalling it to mind, I speak to you of it for the reason that I have seen going on long, and what will turn out to be a useless strike, disastrous, but not equally so to both employer and employe. Contests arising between employes and employed as to their rights, are the only ones of any importance in which efficient, if not too prompt, tribunals are given by our laws. But there is no court of arbitration, or other court, that can decide the most important of all controversies to those having them, as well as the country in general, differences arising between what is usually termed labor and capital. May we not hope that a law will be passed at an early date giving some

tribunal in which these controversies can be justly and equitably settled.

HAIR OIL.

Detroit Free Press.

A youngster on Cass avenue had noticed a tall, black bottle on his father's dressing table and asked what it held.

"That, my son, is hair oil," answered his father with a furtive and wandering look, "and it is not at all nice for little boys."

The youthful questioner took a smell of the contents and asked no more information upon the subject. He kept up a good bit of thinking, however. Last Sunday the family entertained some friends at dinner, and there was plum pudding and brandy sauce. The small boy had found his opportunity. When he was helped to the pudding he seized it up with large eyes.

"Pa," he said, in a loud, shrill tone, as he snuffed the sauce afar off, "the hair oil on this puddin' smells awful good."

POSITIVELY THE LAST.

Detroit Free Press.

A traveler for a New York house found a new firm down in Jersey about three months ago. The sign over the door read "Jacob Reber & Co." On his next trip down the sign had changed. It read: "Jacob Reber & Son." When the traveler struck the town the third time he looked for the sign and discovered that it read: "Hans Reber & Father." The old man stood in the door, and the traveler halted and said:

"I see that this firm has changed again?"

"Yes, we made a change last week."

"What's the matter—can't you agree?"

"Vhell, you see, I make der puiliding, my wife furnish der money, und Hans put in his experience. It vhas a leedle mixed."

"Going to make another change?"

"Shust one more. Next week der sign will be: 'Mrs. Jacob Reber.' She pays me rent, hires Hans py der week, and expects to boom mit der fall trade."

DEPENDENT ON HIMSELF.

The Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter recently met one of the male members of his flock, and at once addressed him:

"Why, Mose," he said, "how stout yuse gittin'. Yuse gittin' mighty stout an' corpulent; in mighty fine order, I tells yer. Dar's nuffin' lean about you, fizzically, but spiritually yuse thinner dan a rail. You doan lean on de Lord enuff."

"I kin 'splain all dat ar," said Mose.

"How does you 'splain it, Mose?"

"I did lean on de Lord, an' ebery Sunday I listened ter your preaching, an' I got as poor as Job's turkey."

"But how does yer 'splain it? How does yer 'count fer de transformation?"

"Why, doan you see? Yo' furnishes de 'ligion, an' I does my own fattenin'."

A GOOD MEMORY.

Texas Siftings.

In an Austin street car were several gentlemen who passed away the time in telling jokes and anecdotes. Among them was also a cranky individual who positively refused to enjoy the fun, and after each yarn he would remark:

"That's nothing new. I heard that years ago."

"Did you ever hear the anecdote about George Washington and the railroad conductor?" asked one of the company.

"Why, certainly," replied the cranky individual, "although I cannot now remember the circumstances."

It was not until the laugh had gone all around that the crank discovered how badly he was sold.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR STEEP INCLINES.

A. Brunner sends from Munich to London Engineering the following communication regarding steep railway inclines:

The Huddersfield tramway accident, of which an able report is given in your issue of July 27, teaches a very serious lesson to all engaged in the working of steep railway inclines. With the rapid extension of local railways and steam tramway, the question of working steep gradients economically, and, at the same time, safely, becomes more and more prominent, and it is a well-known fact that engineering opinion differs somewhat widely as regards the efficiency of the various systems employed and proposed.

Now, the majority of locomotive engineers, and particularly so on your side of the channel, will agree with me, that, as a rule, the simplest machine is the safest, and on this account, a simple adhesion locomotive would present a larger margin of safety on steep inclines, than an engine fitted with complicated mid-gear, which may go wrong at any time. Moreover, the loads that have to be propelled on local railways or steam tramways are generally so limited, that the corresponding resistances can be easily overcome by tank engines of moderate size, even on steep inclines.

With regard to adhesion, that is to say, the gripping powers of the driving wheels on the rails, experience teaches, that under favorable conditions a tank engine, with all the wheels coupled, can take a load equal to its own weight up such steep gradients as 1 in 12, and this is about the maximum rate of incline at which any useful work can be depended upon, although Mr. A. Percival Haywood informs us in your issue of August 10, that his small tank engine takes a load equal to its own weight up to 1 in 10 in all weathers, of course with the copious use of sand, according to the state of the rail surface. Now, the same load,

which an engine has taken up the maximum gradient, it ought also to be able to control in descending at the same rate of speed, and, in fact the resistance, and consequently the adhesion required being somewhat greater in going up than in coming down, the downward run ought to be all the more manageable, provided the necessary precautions have been taken.

The safety in descending a steep incline by means of a simple adhesion depends on the following points:

1. The rate of speed.
2. The brake power.
3. The co-efficient of adhesion.

These points cannot be better considered, perhaps, than by the practical illustration of a successfully worked line with steep gradients, and for this purpose no better line could be chosen than that leading from Zurich on the Uto mountain, in Switzerland. This tourist railway was opened in 1875, and according to my advice, the system of simple adhesion was adopted, while, first of all, the rack rail system, inaugurated shortly before with so much success on the Righi railway, had been in contemplation. This line on the Uto mountain has a total rise of 405 meters in 9,228 meters length, with a maximum gradient of 1:14 above a mile long, containing a curve of but 135 meters radius. The engines were supplied by Messrs. Krauss & Co., of Munich.

They are six-coupled tank engines of the normal gauge, of the following principal dimensions:

Diameter of cylinders	12½ in.
Length of stroke	21½ "
Diameter of wheels	3 ft.
Wheel base	6 ft. 6¼ in.
Heating surface	778 sq. ft.
Firegrate area	10.76
Contents of water tanks	97 cub. ft.
" " coal bunkers	43 "
Weight of engine (empty)	18.85 tons.
Weight in working order	25 "
Boiler pressure (12 atmospheres)	176 lb.
Tractive force (at 50 per cent. of boiler pressure)	8,157 lb.

There are four such engines, with which the line has now been regularly worked during eight years, summer and winter, without the

least hitch or accident having occurred. The engine can easily take, under all conditions of weather, a load of 25 tons, composed of three carriages and 40 passengers each.

We will now proceed to consider the manner in which the descent of the mountain is being effected, in respect to the three points—speed, brake power, and adhesion.

1. Rate of speed.—The speed in descending the inclines is the same as in going up; in each case 25 minutes are allowed, which makes an average speed of 13.76 miles per hour. On the maximum incline the speed is somewhat reduced, while the greatest speed over the rest of the line never exceeds 15 miles per hour.

2. Brake Power.—Each engine is fitted with a powerful hand brake of the Exter system, capable of skidding all the wheels of the engine. In addition to this each carriage is of course supplied with an ordinary hand brake. The Exter brake on the engine, which is put into action by merely throwing a lever over, is, however, only used in shunting about the stations, while the speed in coming down the inclines is regulated by means of a compressed air brake arrangement, which works in the following manner: The principle of this brake being that of a counter-pressure brake, the engine is reversed after the regulator has been closed, and air is admitted into the steam chest of each cylinder by means of a valve, which can be opened from the footplate. As soon as the counter-pressure begins to work, a small jet of cold water is injected into the cylinders to prevent heating, while the issue of the compressed air, and thus the speed, is regulated by a cock placed upon the regulator box, and worked by a handle from the footplate. In this case the blast pipe is left open during the action of the brake; other brakes on the same principle have, however, been

designed by Messrs. Krauss & Co., where the cold air is sucked in through a connecting apparatus at the end of the blast pipe, in which case the blast orifice is of course kept closed. From this it will be seen that this counter-pressure brake is of the most simple description, it is very handy, highly effective, and at the same time economical, because no steam is used, while brake blocks and tires are preserved, like with other counter-pressure brakes.

3. Coefficient of Adhesion.—To insure at all times a sufficient amount of gripping power of the wheels is the most important item in connection with the working of steep inclines by simple adhesion, and on this point many of your readers will be somewhat surprised on learning that on the Uto mountain railway no sand is used to this effect. It is a well-known fact that on a very wet rail the adhesion is almost as good as on a dry rail, the principal exigence being a clean rail, and in order to obtain this, when necessary, the engines are fitted with a special apparatus, by means of which strong jets of water, under boiler pressure, can be discharged just in front of the wheels. The water is taken from the tanks and passes the injector, from where the jet can be directed into the branch pipes, leading to the nozzles in front of the wheels. The bore of the nozzles is but $\frac{1}{8}$ in., and the quantity of water consumed at the above speed is about 40 gallons per mile of road. This system of cleaning the rails has proven so highly effective, that it is introduced on several lines, where adhesion is often bad, as for instance in the Giovi tunnel near Genoa, also on the St. Gothard Railway and others; the ordinary injectors used for feeding the boiler have, however, been found too large for the purpose of cleaning the rails, and accordingly the St. Gothard engines have been fitted with separate injectors. I remember having seen also in Belgium an

apparatus on the same principle, but of more primitive construction, consisting merely of a cock for discharging steam from the boiler on rails. From the foregoing description of the working of the Uto Mountain Railway it may be deduced that nothing has been neglected on the part of the engine-builders to render the passage on this line as safe as possible, and that the designers of these engines certainly knew what they were about. Had similar care been exercised in the design and construction of the Huddersfield engine, the world would have been spared the terrible tale of the tramway accident at Huddersfield.

VERY PROPER.

Merchant Traveler.

An old maid from the country was visiting a city friend in whose house was a telephone. Early one morning there was a call for her, and the servant went to her room.

"Miss Jane," she said, "there's a call for you at the telephone."

"I'll be there in a minute."

"Come now."

"You can't wait; it's a gentleman, and he's in a hurry."

"A gentleman? Good heavens, then I won't move a step till I get on my clothes. Do you think I'd go down to that telephone and talk to a man without a dress on? I don't know what your city styles may be, but I do know what is proper in the country, and that man can wait till I'm ready or not see me, that's all."

WHY HE THOUGHT IT THE BEST.

"Allow me to compliment you on the last issue of your paper," said a gentleman to an editor. "I think it is the best number that you have ever issued." "Your kind words are too late," the editor replied, "for with the last issue I suspended the publication of the Horn." "Yes, I know," rejoined the friend, "and that's why I thought the last issue was the best."

A FIREMAN'S HEROIC DEED.

San Francisco Post.

History has never recorded a more heroic act than that performed the other day by Frank C. Leach, a poor fireman on a freight train of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Line. A landslide threw the engine and several cars of the train into the Columbia river. The escaping steam scalded the fireman from head to foot. He was injured beyond hope of recovery. But, notwithstanding his intense suffering, he swam some distance out into the Columbia river and rescued another man who had been thrown into the water from the engine, and who, he saw by his struggles, was unable to swim. Leach's flesh was trailing like ribbons from his neck and shoulders, and his hands so blistered that touching with them was an agony of pain, but he grasped the drowning man and brought him safely to shore. That fireman had a giant heart. He must have been nobly unselfish. His deed was the sublimity of heroism.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

"How stupid I am," said Birdie McHennepin languidly, executing at the same time quite a respectable yawn act.

"That's true," remarked Gus De-Smith, rather impulsively.

"Sir!" exclaimed Birdie, "you are impertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, petulantly.

"Yes, and up to the time you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

DOUBLE DELIGHT.

"It would delight me to know when you will pay me," said a creditor to Kosiusko Murphy.

"Yes, no doubt," replied Murphy. "And it would delight me still more to know when I will be able to pay you."

MARK PAYNE.

BY ED. TOY.

It was a clear, beautiful evening. The stars were shining brightly, and the lovely rays of the moon seemed to turn night into day.

"Oh, dear," said Flora Emerson, stamping her dainty foot on the platform, and gazing at the large regulator in the office of the quaint little depot in the town of Sandusky. "What a bother it is, to stand waiting for a slow train; don't you think so, Del?"

"Yes, Flora, I do; but just think of the glorious time we will have when we get to Aunt's," said her sister Adella, as she buttoned her ermine circular, the air growing chilly.

"There it comes!" said Flora, as a volume of smoke arose above the hill, and the great headlight appeared as the train rounded the curve.

All was confusion and bustle as the passengers boarded the train. Presently the stentorian voice of the gentlemanly conductor was heard, "All aboard."

The train moved on, gradually moving faster, and then coming to a sudden stop (which threw the passengers from their comfortable seats) and then started again.

"There, just look! All my beautiful flowers spoiled. How abominable it is. If I was president of this road, I should employ better men," said Flora to her sister, as she regained her seat and re-arranged her bouquet.

"Don't worry Flo, you can get more flowers at Aunt's."

"Yes, I know I can; but that horrid engineer,—I never did like them, and if father builds a road, as he talks of doing, I shall have things to suit me."

"Flora, you should not be so severe on the railroad men. Some day, I hope you will have a better opinion of them, and may even marry one," said generous-hearted Della, thinking of her handsome lover, who was

in the employ of this railroad company.

"Marry one!!" Why Del, how you do talk, and yet, you know I detest them," said Flora, as she gathered her packages together, preparatory to leaving the train.

Flora was a most beautiful girl, being endowed with all nature's best gifts. Large, brilliant blue eyes, which sparkled like diamonds, lovely, light curly brown hair, that hung gracefully down her back, a well molded form, with grace in every motion, clear and expressive features, and nineteen years old. Her sister was the exact opposite, being a brunette, and very timid.

Arriving at their destination, they left the train and met their aunt, who was there waiting for them. Entering the handsome coupe, they were driven to the palatial home of their relative, which was a grand old house, surrounded by beautiful parks. In the rear was a most lovely valley, through which a small brook rushed along in its serpentine course, dashing against the rocks and throwing its spray on the velvety grasses.

Mrs. Lamberson, their aunt, was a very wealthy lady, and had made her nieces her heiresses.

Spending several weeks with her, and enjoying themselves hugely, they left her for their home.

Bidding her good bye, the girls boarded the waiting train, and were rapidly borne homeward. Suddenly a terrible jar was felt, and the hissing of steam was heard—a collision had occurred. Screams of distress, moans and groans issued from the coaches. The rear cars had overturned, and they had caught on fire, and all was confusion. The passengers that had been lucky enough to escape injury were heard breaking windows and doors in their efforts to escape from the fiery fiend. The engineer had not left his post, but seeing that his engine had escaped serious damage and was all right, he left it and hurried to the sufferers. Grasping a long ax on

his way, he broke open one of the doors and entered the burning car. Near the center of the car he saw two beautiful girls that were fastened to the floor by a large beam. It was the work of an instant to free them. Picking one up in his muscular arms, he carried her to a place of safety, and then returned through the suffocating smoke for the other.

The fresh air revived her. A look of gratitude shone from her beautiful eyes, and gazing upon her stalwart and manly rescuer, she thanked him graciously for his timely assistance.

The wreck was rapidly cleared away, and they soon arrived home.

When Flora looked upon her rescuer, she was charmed with him, and several days later she learned his name.

"Mark Payne. Oh, what a lovely name!" she said, as she folded a neatly written note and addressed it to him. "I know I shall like him."

Mark called and was cordially welcomed. It was not his last call, for he became a frequent and welcome visitor.

Four months have rolled around, and Mark and Flora are seated in the vine sheltered arbor, screened by the tender foliage and the clinging ivies. The air was filled with the sweet perfume of the flowers and the joyful songs of the birds.

"Dear Flora, will you trust me and love me?" he pleaded, lovingly.

A look of tenderness shone in her lovely eyes, and a faint flush arose to her face as she lovingly placed her arms around his neck, and answered gently, "Trust you, and love you, my Mark? Yes, always, and my prayer shall always be 'God bless the noble engineers!'"

DER OLD SONGS.

Carl Pretzel.

Der old songs vas condain a good much chenuine melody. Der "Roll out Silver-plated Moon," und "Old Sour Buttercup," und "Der lay of

der last minstrel," "Sour Violets," "Der Garden Vall Over," und a goot many oder old songs I vos lofe to hear, but now der singers in der up-down churches have completely discouraged der melodious elements of goot old songs.

Der man vat will revive em, vill, vhen he goes died, hafe a good abbetite on his tombstone, and his name vill been took down to integrity, mit Tweed's, Washington's, Pretzel's, Mrs. Livermore, und der udder boys.

I vos hafe "music in my soul." I vas know dot, for ven a feller vas shstep on my toes, I right avay vas commence to tanz.

Who could tanz mitout moosic?"

It vas lofely like der duce, to vake your ped out und hear shweet foices your vindow out, gifting you a lemonade. How dhere foices vas beautifully blend, und vas conthraast so shtrangely mit der hums of der muskeedler, vat hafe been keeping your ears from gitting closed, so dot you could vent to shleep.

I lofe singing, oxpressly in der long summer morning, vhen der air vas heavily laden mit der perfumes of der rich and flagrant flowers, und vwhile der summer sun vas shweetly breathing der shleeping valleys ofer, und vwhile you vas shweetly und calmly shleeping der dream of innocence, to hafe der old man at der foot of dher.shtairs sing to you out, "Got dot bed out, you young raskil, so quicker like listenin', or mit dis shtick Ile beguile thee."

A DECEIVER.

Texas Siftings.

A gentleman, who was closely wrapped in a fur coat, surmounted by a cap to match, took a seat in a railroad car by the side af a lady. He made several attempts to draw her into conversation, but without avail. At last he exclaimed:

"Madam, why are you so ungracious? Do you take me for a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"No; quite the reverse," answered the lady.

CHARACTER IN RAILROAD MEN.

The following ideas as to the character and ability required of railroad men are not altogether new, but have never been quite so ably expressed before. They are given by Division Superintendent A. M. Richards, of the Alton, in an interview with the railroad reporter of the *Bloomington (Ill.) Leader*:

"Every man in railway train service acquires a nerve and executive force and obedience that is worked into his very soul by the character of his employment. He is a true soldier. He believes that he knows his own duty and can and will do it, and he expects the same of every man above or below him. The unforgiven sin in railroading is incompetency. If constitutional, or often shown, no penance or prayers will save the unlucky possessor's head. Incompetency in railroading is an intolerable defect, and can offer no excuses. Regarding the Chicago and Alton train men, Mr. Richards ranks them high in every respect. A comparatively modern thing required in railroading is total abstinence. In former times a little indulgence in the social bowl was winked at. But whisky has been found a foe of railroading. It has caused the loss of a good many lives, and much money. Railroad managers have learned that a man who drinks is dangerous. Hence if he indulges even off duty, he is discharged. If he is on duty at night and then stays up during the day time he is likewise bounced for not going to bed. He may be warned once of his faults, but a repetition costs him his job. Railroads must have not only clear brains but well-rested bodies. It wants every man at his best. Formerly the "hail fellow well met" man was likely to rise in authority in railroading. This no longer true. Conviviality is frowned upon everywhere in the service. Urbanity is expected of all, but debauchery permitted in none.

The railroads employ no green

man after he is forty. It is considered then that he is too old to be taught the business. Every applicant is required to sign a statement showing where he worked for three years last past. Railroad men wear out faster than others, but are well paid and kept by the road that employ them to an old age if their powers do not fail and so impair their usefulness. Good eyesight is especially required and good hearing is very important. Railroading has become a great profession or trade and a sure one. To men of broad ability it offers fine opportunities to rise to good positions of excellent salaries. Managing officials' salaries on good roads run from \$2,000 per year up. But Darwin's theory of the "survival of the fittest" finds inexorable sway here, and only men gifted for their respective duties go up to higher positions, while if only a mediocre a man can not even enter the lower ranks. The railroad service employs essentially picked men throughout. Mr. Richards says that nearly all managers and chiefs of departments are men who rose in the service with no training prior to entering it. But he expects the time will come when special railroad training schools will be founded and eventually recognized by railroad managers as efficient aids in laying the foundations of successful railroad careers. The trade or profession as such he expects to take higher and yet higher rank and thinks the grade of efficiency required is likely to rise gradually till the service has attained human perfection.

TO EXTINGUISH A LAMP.

Popular Science News.

Our own method of extinguishing a lamp is to turn the flame down quite low, and then blow lightly across the top of the chimney. Only a very gentle puff is necessary; and the light is immediately extinguished, without giving off any offensive odor.

QUAIL ON TOAST.

Merchant Traveler.

A Kentucky farmer with a lot of friends were doing Louisville one night, brought up at a small restaurant where the farmer called for everthing on the bill and especially quail on toast. When he went to settle, the bill was \$23.75.

"What's that? I don't want to buy your dogoned old restaurant; I want to pay for the feed for the gang."

"That's what the bill is for, sir."

Then one of his friends got hold of him and urged him not to pay so much.

"Do you know," said he "what quail on toast is?"

"No, but it was in the bill in big letters."

"I know it, and they charged you 75 cents for each one."

"What are they?"

"Why, quail on toast ain't nothin' in the world but pa'tridges and light bread, and you know we can git pa'tridges for seventy-five cents a dozen down where we come from, and bread don't cost nothin'. Don't you pay more'n that; if you do you're a fool."

He settled at \$20, and as he went out he remarked:

"Well, dog on the French language, anyhow. French is bad enough but when a man tackles Kentucky French and has to pay \$20 to find out that quail on toast means pa'tridges and light bread, I think it's about time to build school houses at every cross roads in the State and reorganize the democratic party."

WHY THEY PARTED COMPANY.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

An excellent story is told about a young man, whose attentions to a young lady became the subject of comment. She was his companion in his daily rides, and apparently they both enjoyed the propinquity. Suddenly the rides ceased, and the fellow was asked the reason. He replied that she had called him a

jackass, and that he would not ask any girl to ride with him after that. The lady's friends were shocked and asked for particulars. This was his explanation: "You see, we had been so much together that I gave out in topics for conversation, and when I took her out last I couldn't think of anything but the weather, and I said: 'I believe it is going to rain; I felt a drop on my ear.' She looked at me and carelessly said 'That rain is a half mile off.' Now, did not that mean that I was a jack-ass with long ears? I have never been near her since."

ONE WAY TO ECONOMIZE.

Virginia Chronicle.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jay Gould, picking up a new diamond paper weight, "This will never do. We must economize."

"Well, shall we give up the steam yacht?" exclaimed Mr. Gould, lighting a cigar with a \$50 bill.

"Oh, no. We can't spare that."

"How about sealskin sacques?"

"I have only nineteen now, and none of them are fit to be seen."

"Why not stop buying diamonds?"

"Mercy! What are you thinking of? The doctor says I need exercise, and how can I get exercise if I don't go shopping?"

"Very true; but as you say, something must be done. Ah, I have it! I will just order another reduction of wages."

A MINOR MISUNDERSTANDING.

"What is that you're reading?" asked a youth of a fair maiden who was perusing one of Tennyson's poems.

"This is the 'Galahad,' sir."

"Does he say anything about the gal he's got now?"

"I guess you didn't understand me. This is a poem about Sir Galahad, one of the ancient knights."

"Oh, yes; I see," replied the young man, as he went out with a modern daze on his countenance.

THE WAY HE LOOKED AT IT.

Albany Argus.

A boy passing the peanut stand at the corner of Broadway and Columbia street yesterday, snatched a single peanut from the open roaster. The attendant Italian saw the act, and as quick as a flash seized the lad, to whom he administered a vicious kick. A benevolent old gentleman who had witnessed the affair remonstrated with "John."

"Why do you kick a small boy for taking one peanut? You ought to be arrested."

"Dida you somtima sella ze peanut?" queried the Italian, pleasantly.

"No," replied the old gentleman with a puzzled expression.

"Wella, I talla youa somezing, zen. Onea lit-tel boy steala onea lit-tel peanut, no maka mucha losa. Buta when ze tousen lit-tel boy steala ze tousen peanut, it maka hella ze hole in ze bag."

WHY THEY REFUSED HIM.

Captain Nuglin had company and sent his little boy to the butcher's for a roast. The boy came back without the meat, and, appearing in the drawing-room where the company was seated, said:

"Pap, the butcher wouldn't let me have the meat."

"Ah," replied Mr. Nuglin, not knowing what to say, "probably my son, he did not know you."

"Yes he did, and that is the reason he wouldn't let me have it."

I went up to the other place, but the fellow told me to get out.

You'll have to send the money, pap, or they won't let you have it."

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.—*Adam Clark.*

AS HE WAS SAYING.

Detroit Free Press.

At one of the theatres the other evening a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left it at the close of an act for a trip down stairs. When he returned he found a vacant seat two rows back between two women, and dropped into it with the remark:

"As I was saying when I went out, it's none of your pudding what other women wear. Because some one else makes a fool of herself by wearing cotton stocking in the winter, it doesn't follow that you must do the same."

"Sir!" came from both sides of him at once, and the way he vacated that seat made the soles of his boots red-hot.

AN EXPLICIT WOMAN.

A gentleman from Philadelphia came to Austin, not long since, and had a commission from a lady to her brother, which he was anxious to carry out at once.

"Where will I find Mr. B——, who is in the grocery business?" he asked of an Austinite.

"There are two brothers of that name, both in the grocery business," was the reply. "Which do you wish to see?"

"I mean the one that has a sister in Philadelphia."

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

"Say, pard," said an Austin man to a stranger who was shuffling so slowly along the street that his shadow seemed to be stuck fast to the sidewalk, "don't you come from the West?"

"I reckon you're about right in your calkerlations," he drawled.

"I thought so."

"What made you think I hailed from that region?"

"Because I hear that there has been a shower of snails there lately, and I was sure that you must be one of the family."

EXPERIMENTS WITH STEEL GUNS.

By direction of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, experiments with the six-inch steel gun were resumed at the experimental battery at Annapolis recently, the chief object being to develop and encourage the home manufacture of steel projectiles. Steel projectiles manufactured by the Midrale Steel Company, near Philadelphia, having different physical characteristics as to toughness, extensibility, etc., were fired at a target consisting of two mild steel five-inch plates strongly bolted together, and backed with twenty inches of live-oak. The first and the second shots broke up; the third pierced the plates and was stopped by the backing; while the fourth perforated target and backing, and buried itself in a mound of earth beyond the target. This projectile had an initial velocity of 1,983 feet, and weighed 75 pounds. The charge of powder was 32 pounds, and the striking energy per inch of shot's circumference was 108 foot-tons. The results indicate that there will be no serious difficulty in procuring the proper material for armor-piercing shells in this country.

A somewhat remarkable result was obtained with a projectile weighing 52 pounds, and a charge of 33 pounds of powder. The muzzle velocity obtained was 2,323 feet per second, with a pressure of about 13 tons. The ratio of charge to projectile was adopted as being nearly that which will be used in the new ten-inch gun designed by Commodore Sicard. These guns will be manufactured at the Washington navy yard, and are intended for the batteries of the four double turreted monitors.

It does not necessarily follow that results equally favorable will be obtained with the ten-inch gun, since the masses of both charge and projectile will be greatly increased.

The pressures will doubtless be higher; but these guns will be sufficiently strong to withstand a working pressure of more than 25 tons to

the square inch. The indications, however, are, on the whole, extremely favorable to the success of the ten-inch gun.

This experiment is likewise interesting when compared with the record of a six-inch gun constructed by Sir William Armstrong in which, with an 80-pound projectile and a charge of 55 pounds of powder, a muzzle velocity of 2,297 feet was reached, with a pressure of 21 tons. In the latter case the ratio of charge to projectile is 11 : 16, whereas in the former case the ratio is 11 : 17½. It is to be regretted that the size of the chamber of this experimental gun does not permit the employment of a larger charge of powder.

Two six-inch guns, representing the types proposed for the broadside batteries of the new steel cruisers were in process of construction at the Washington Navy-yard, and to be ready for testing last August.

HEATING RAILWAY CARS.

Our inventors should not forget that there is still a demand for a superior heater for the railway cars.

In a long article on this subject, the Railroad Gazette recommends, as preferable to the present style of stove now quite generally used, the substitution of cylindrical stoves made of boiler iron, the longitudinal seam welded instead of riveted, and the top heads welded in like the reservoirs of the Westinghouse brake. The inside could be lined with fire-brick, or it could have a cast-iron fire-pot. The stove should then be bolted down, not with a few leg screws, but with strong three-quarters inch or seven-eighths inch rods passing over the top of the stove and down through the floor, with proper nuts and washers underneath the sills. In order to protect the sills of the car from the heat of the stove, it could be inclosed with a cylindrical casing made of tank iron, with a liberal space, say six or eight inches, between it and the stove. This might be open at the

top and bottom, and the lower edge should be raised and have an open space of about six inches between it and the floor. The effect of this would be that the air between the stove and the casing would be heated, and would raise, and thus draw in the cold air next to the floor, which in turn would be heated and would also ascend. Above the stove, and in the end of the car above the end window, a suitable ventilator could be placed, with slats inclined upward, so that the current of cold air as it enters would be directed upward and would mingle with the ascending current of hot air from the stove and would be distributed through the car. This arrangement would, it is believid, heat the car effectually and with a fair degree of uniformity; it would give good ventilation; it would be less liable to set the car on fire in case of an accident than the ordinary heaters; and it would be simple and cheap.

The plan may not have all the advantages which some of the systems in vogue possess, but it is apparent that cars could be heated very satisfactorily and cheaply with such an apparatus.

SHERMAN'S SIMPLE HABITS.

Albany Journal.

Sherman's habits during the campaign were of the simplest. He rose early in the morning and was up late at night. In the face of the enemy five hours sleep sufficed him. Before reveille sounded he was often in the middle and out on the most exposed parts of his line. The orders were always to arouse him at any hour of the night if reports came in. During the Atlanta campaign he set the example to his troops of discarding tents and reducing baggage to a minimum. There was but one tent attached to his headquarters and that was used by his adjutant general and his clerks. With his staff he slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched at night over a pole resting in the

crotch of some convenient sapling. It used to be said that his headquarters were in a candle-box, because one or two small boxes, emptied of the candles they had originally contained, served to transport his papers. The soldiers called him "Old Tecums," and "Uncle Billy," the latter name coming into general use during the "march to the sea." At his headquarters a single sentry stood guard; but nobody, whether officer or private who wanted to speak with the General, was stopped. He always had a cordial and encouraging word for the soldiers when he road along in front of the enemy or passed a marching column. For the details of military etiquette and ceremony he cared nothing, but for steadiness of action and endurance in hard marching he had a quick eye and a ready word of praise. He was communicative and outspoken, unless his plans demanded secrecy. Sometimes his frankness deceived the enemy more than concealment would have done.

THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

Affection never leaves so touching a memory as when death overtakes it in a vain effort to help and comfort. Here is one of the little incidents in humble life that excite the pang of pity, and start the tears. A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled.

As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was at once sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Bill Nye, in *New York Mercury*.

The great sculptist was born in 1475, at Settignano, thirteen miles from Florence. His correct name is supposed to have been Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Mike began to draw as soon as he was large enough, and for miles and miles around Florence they still point with pride to pictures on the high board fences of which he is supposed to have been the author.

While very young, Michael went into the Madonna business, and now it is a pretty poor Italian town that can't afford a Madonna of some kind. The first great work that Mr. Angelo executed in Rome was the "Drunken Bacchus." It seems that Bacchus was a first-rate boy if he had let liquor alone. But he would drink. He would go and fill his skin as full of old-fashioned red liquor as it would hold, and then he would hunt up a sculptor and get himself measured for a bust.

Early in the sixteenth century, Michael executed a statue of David, from memory. This statue weighed 19,000 pounds, and several Americans who have been over there and who were perfectly familiar with the way David looked pronounce the expression perfect. It takes a certain kind of American to settle the merits of any great work, from the creation itself down to the latest joke.

The fame of the great sculptor had by this time reached the ears of Pope Julius II, who was meditating the erection of a colossal mausoleum for himself in St. Peter's. A serious misunderstanding arose, however, between Michael Angelo and the pope over this work, and the sculptor left in disgust. It is not yet fully settled what this trouble resulted from, but as near as I am able to learn, the pope became enraged and discharged the sculptor because, at the last moment and when it was too late to remedy the evil, he found that the mausoleum

didn't fit him. If this be true, I am free to say that Mike was in the wrong. No man wants to pay a large sum for a mausoleum and then find when he comes to try it on that it bags at the knees.

Later on, at Florence, the great artist designed a magnificent work representing a company of soldiers startled by the call of the trumpet while bathing in the Arno. This was never completed and only the cartoon itself remains to suggest what a masterpiece was designed. So life-like is the cartoon alone that on a still day you can hear the snort of the trumpet as the soldiers rush to the bank. As you gaze at the picture you are lost in admiration and you hardly know whether to go wild over the master's great genius or to go and inform the police.

Michael frescoed the Sistine chapel ceiling in twelve months; and did it well, too. He was a rapid as well as a thorough artist, and his head was literally full of ideas.

At last he and the pope again became reconciled, and in 1513 the sumptuous pontiff died, leaving instructions for Angelo to cut his mausoleum a little higher in the neck and his executor would settle the bill on sight.

It would take many pages to give even a rough outline of the many beautiful monuments which Michael Angelo has erected to his own undying fame as a sculptor, painter and poet. He lived to be ninety years old, and then, full of years and crowned with the glory he had carved out by his own genius and industry, he died.

Though his work was beautiful, he was not himself beautiful. He ran largely to brow; but his nose was broken in a little misunderstanding that he had at school with a young designer, who thought it would be a good scheme to put what was termed in Florence in the fifteenth century a tin nose on Mike. This gave him a look of pain, and his nose served to convey the idea

that the great sculptor had just detected the presence of Limburger cheese under his pillow.

As a general thing, however, great men are not beautiful. The pretty young man has really but one avenue open to him in the world's great race. If he cannot mash a tough old heiress whose father has got the pip, he has very little chance in the mighty struggle of life.

If my son should show any signs of great physical beauty, having taken them from his mother's side of the house, I would immediately hump my back ready to bear a great burden; for judging by the world's history, his father-in-law and I would have to take turn about in maintaining the young man and his cumulative family.

LINCOLN'S START IN LIFE.

New York Graphic.

Under what grinding disabilities Abraham Lincoln labored for some years may be inferred from the account of his arrival, in 1837, at Springfield, where the lawyer who lent him law books had offered him a partnership. "He rode," an old friend says, "into town on a borrowed horse, without earthly goods beyond a pair of saddle bags, two or three law books, and some clothing in a bag. He came into my store, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and said, 'Speed, tell me what the furniture for a single bedroom will cost.' I took my pencil, figured it up, and found it would cost \$17. Lincoln replied, 'It is cheap enough, but I want to say that, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail, I shall probably never be able to pay you.' The voice was so melancholy I felt for him, and told him that I had a very large double bed, which he was perfectly welcome to share with me, if he chose. 'Where is your bed?' said Lincoln. 'Up stairs,' I an-

swered. He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went up stairs, set them on the floor, and came down laughing, saying, 'Well, Speed, I'm moved.' The ludicrous idea of moving all his earthly goods and chattels by taking his saddle-bags upstairs had made his elastic spirit as mirthful as just before it was depressed."

WESTERN FERTILITY.

Denver News.

The following story on an engineer on a Western railway shows how fast the country is growing. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the truth of the story, but we do not hesitate to say that it is "not much of a story," compared with that told by the Western man who makes an effort:

"One day I was driving my engine over the prairie at the rate of forty miles an hour, without a house in sight, and supposing the nearest town to be thirty miles distant. But as I glanced ahead I was astonished to see that I was approaching a large city. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it was a mirage.

"Jim," says I to the fireman, "what's this place?"

"Blamed if I know!" says Jim, staring out of the cab. "I declare if there ain't a new town growed up here since we went over the line yesterday!"

"I believe you are right, Jim. Ring the bell or we shall run over somebody!"

"So I slowed up and we pulled into a large depot, where more'n 500 people were waiting to see the first train come into the place. The conductor learned the name of the town, put it down on the schedule, and we went on.

"Jim," says I, as we pulled out, "keep your eyes open for new towns. First thing you know we'll be runnin' by some strange place."

"That's so!" says Jim. "An' hadn't we better git one of the brakemen to watch on the rear platform for towns that spring up after the engine gets by?"

CHEERFULNESS AND HOPE.

Philadelphia Sunday Post.

Pleasant, cheerful people make a dull day cheerful; they have somewhat of the same effect in a room as an open fire or a bouquet of flowers; they make us feel for the nonce as if everybody was pleasant because they are.

We cannot always explain exactly why they are so pleasant. They may not be beautiful—they are often plain; they are not always robust people—they are sometimes invalids; they are not always the wittiest; but they possess a magic superior to all these which dwarfs the wit and cleverness of others, and makes these of small value beside their own attractiveness.

As a general thing, it will be found that those who have the largest faculty for enjoyment have the largest development of hope or cheerfulness, and vice versa. We project our present feelings into the future, and make them its interpreter. The constitutionally happy man may have many griefs, and suffer under them acutely, but he is elastic, and his spirits at length rebound to their natural condition. Thus he habitually dresses the future in bright colors. He hopes for the fulfillment of his desires, whatever they may be, with a hope. If he is enterprising, he hopes for success; if ambitious, for honor; if affectionate, for love; if benevolent, for the good of the community.

These hopes are so strong that they come to be expectations, if not convictions; and, as he looks forward, he sees the continued image of his own happy thoughts as we see our countenance in a succession of reflections from opposite mirrors. It is largely because he enjoys that he hopes, and his hopes in their turn afford him new enjoyment.

People who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, declaring that the good are often unsuccessful and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to ana-

lyze carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it cheerfulness, hope, peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right, according to their standard. But, if these latter possessions are preferable, then are the good prosperous, indeed, with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch, and no loss can remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth, station, power and ease.

There is a certain feeling of calm power that always attends the fact of possession. When we are struggling and hoping cheerfully for what we desire, we are eager, excited, and in a measure unstrung; but, when we finally obtain it, we become, so far as that one thing goes, restful and assured. Of all possessions that can possibly be secured, there is none which gives this quiet and dignified sense of power so thoroughly as a proper sense of hope and justice. To feel sure that we possess any single power or faculty, that we have it under our control, and can use it at our pleasure, is a source of great happiness and peace of mind; and those who are fortunate enough to have this sense extended over many of their faculties, are to be warmly congratulated.

THE PLANETS,

Their Origin, Growth and Death, Described by Prof. Proctor.

Baltimore Sun.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor lectured in Concert Hall, Academy of Music, on "The Planets." He compared the different bodies in the solar system to the trees in a forest—some, like the sapling, young, others of mature growth; others, again, old, and others still, withered and dead. These things follow just as in any other evolution. This earth is in its middle life, doing what she was intended to do. The stages of a

planet's life were given from the time when it was formed by the gathering together of the fragments until its death. The first is that of intense heat, and the greater part of the time the planet would be a mass of vapor, the orb being lustrous and glowing, giving out intense heat. Later it would lose heat, and the greater part of it would become liquid, afterward becoming solid. The earth, while in its first stage, had probably a diameter of 10,000 or 12,000 miles, instead of 8,000 as at present. In the earlier stages, the volcanic and other disturbances were much greater than now. The globe gradually became cold enough for life, and life would begin. There is evidence that the earth is 10,000,000 of years old, but it is difficult to say what is the age of a planet when life on it begins. Sir Isaac Newton believed that the waters of the ocean were being gradually absorbed by the earth. The waters of the sea were being diminished in this way, but in what degree cannot be said. They are absorbed to the thickness of a sheet of paper in one year, to the thickness of an inch in 100 years, in 10,000,000 years (a mere second in time) 10,000 feet. In time all the water would be gone, and in a long period the air itself would become so thin that it would not support life. Planets, like other bodies, cool slower, as they are of greater bulk. If the earth cooled in 10,000,000 years, then it would take Jupiter 70,000,000 years to cool. Thus the larger planets are yet in their youth or first stage, while the small planets are in their advanced age. Thus the moon shows old age, while Jupiter is yet a baby. The larger ones have the characteristics of youth, and the small ones old age.

Illustrations of such things were thrown on the screen. The sun shows better than any of the others the vaporous or first stage, and no one believes it to be the abode of life. Being the largest, the sun is

the youngest of all the solar system as regards advancement in life. The tornados of the sun move at the rate of 100 miles per second. All the tumults of earth combined would not equal the noises on one mile of the sun's surface. The great disturbances of Jupiter were compared with those of the sun. Jupiter is still glowing, and too hot for life. Saturn was said also not to be the abode of life.

The condition of planets less than the earth was considered. Mars shows divisions of surface into land and water. Masses of snow are seen which grow larger in winter and smaller in summer. This has been the case every season for 200 years—the time which has elapsed since their discovery. Oceanic and air currents are also observed. The reduction of the seas indicates age.

The moon is so old as to be in planetary death, though evidences of her fiery youth are yet to be seen in the mouths of her extinct craters. She is not too cold or too hot to support life, but the seas are all absorbed, and there is no air, or it is so thin that no creature known in this world can live in it. There is no water, and the moon is dead. Pictures of the moon were thrown on the screen, showing her death and dissolution. Myriads of extinct volcanoes were shown.

MOTHER.

Youths' Companion.

"But after all, she used to be good to us."

It was a son who said this of his mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was a clerk on a salary. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault-finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month

after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for her good. His work by day and his vigil by night wore on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it, and be always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom, and foreboding, and unrest. And the answer came,—

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her; when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself, the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said, 'Yes, she would;' and she tended me day and night, for three years, till I began to grow strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow."

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs which the doctors can recognize that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt before long she will be her old self again. And then will come her son's reward. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

To many mothers, worn by long care, such years of melancholy and nervous prostration must come.

And the sons and daughters who find their homes saddened by such a sorrow, should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless, and mother was "good to them."

THE GUEST OF THE CYCLONE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Good Farmer Thistlepod sat in his farm house on the prairie wide. The shadows of the evening were falling silently over the shaded roof. There was a crashing sound like a burst of sarcastic laughter in Congerss. A person—a stranger to Farmer Thistlepod and his family—came through the roof without the formality of an introduction, disturbing the ceiling on his way through and falling upon the dog, killing it instantly.

Farmer Thistlepod looked up and said in a tone of interest:

"Where from, stranger?"

The stranger rose to his feet, and, apologizing for his disheveled condition and the plastering on his coat, said that he was from Sac County.

"Expect any more of your folks along putty soon?"

The stranger reckoned not; good many started when he did, but they mostly went in different directions. Did bring part of his wagon along with him, but dropped it out in the barn yard. Reckoned he could stay all night?

Farmer Thistlepod allowed he could. They wa'n't very much crowded this time of the year. A couple of fellows from Missouri came down the chimney last Sunday night, and a horse and wagon slid into the smokehouse middle of the week, but cyclone travel was mostly over for the season. Bring much of your farm with you?

The stranger reckoned he only started with twenty acres of timber and the barn. The barn dropped into the creek, but the timber land he scattered over Hardin and Miller Townships. Farmer Thistlepod,

suddenly bethinking himself of the rites of hospitality, asked if his guest had been to supper.

The guest said no, he had not, and they started for the dinner-room, Farmer Thistlepod remarked that he wouldn't charge him anything for supper and lodging, and they could settle for the damages in the morning.

HER INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

Boston Courier.

"Of course I have no objection to your having a beau, Jennie," said a fond father to his marriageable daughter, "but you must not keep him so late. Keeping a fire running all night lengthens the coal bill, you know."

"That is true, pa," gurgled the fair girl, "but I had thought of that, and consequently have been economical with the gas. The saving in gas will offset the additional expenditure in coal, and I must do George the justice to say that his views entirely coincide with mine in practicing economy in the matter of light."

"You foolish girl," said the father "how little you know. Let me inform you, my child, that the gas bill never diminishes, no matter how little you burn."

"Still you must admit, pa, that my intentions were good."

"Certainly, my child. Kiss me and we'll say no more about it."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Liverpool Courier.

Guy Tiptleton is a great practical joker. At a country house, not long ago, when the ladies had retired for the evening, the gentlemen had congregated in the smoking room.

"I say Ewart," said Tiptleton, "I think it's a very bad form of yours coming in here without taking the trouble to go up stairs and change your coat. If you do it again, I certainly shall have those claw-hammered tails cut off."

Next evening the scene repeated—young Ewart strolls into the

smoking-room with his dress coat on. Without more ado Guy and a few congenial spirits had young Ewart down on a couch and cut the tails off his coat. Ewart took it very coolly. He strolled up to the fire and stood in the attitude the ladies allege to be the favorite one of the male sex.

"You take it very philosophically," said one of Guy Tiptleton's friends.

"O," replied Ewart, "it doesn't matter to me. It's not my coat; it's Tiptleton's garment. I knew he'd keep his word, so I just dropped into his room in passing, and put his coat on."

There was a roar of laughter, and, to do Guy Tiptleton justice, no one joined in it more heartily than he.

THE FATHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Somerville Journal.

"John," said a father to his son, "you have disappointed me gravely. I have given you every opportunity to learn something, but it has just been money thrown away. You are the stupidest young man I ever saw. You know nothing."

"It is true, father," said John, with a sigh.

"I never see you with a book in your hand," pursued the father; "you never take up a newspaper; you know nothing of current events. You don't take after your mother or me, for we've both got good natural intelligence. What you're going to do to earn your living is a puzzle to me. There isn't a single earthly thing that you can turn your hand to."

"But I'm not altogether an imbecile, father. I can count up to a hundred."

"I know it, and that's what vexes me."

"Why?"

"Why, don't you see, if you didn't know that much you would make an excellent juryman for criminal trials; but your knowing that much entirely disqualifies you. It's a sad case."

A DEPOT SCENE.**How Virginia City People Bid their Friends
Good Bye.**

The following is taken from the Virginia City Chronicle: It is worth four dollars of any man's money to be on the Virginia City evening train just before it leaves the depot. You are always certain to see three or four families leaving the city for a day or so, and all their friends and relatives are on hand to say good-bye.

In the first place the family just on the eve of leaving is surrounded on the platform by forty or fifty people who want to shake hands and help get the baggage on the cars. Then there is a great scramble and jostle and kissing as the engine blows off steam, and when the crowd find it is a false alarm they talk a few minutes, and then another kissing carnival begins. Occasionally an outsider, perhaps a Comstock reporter or a San Francisco drummer, seeing how promiscuous things are getting to be, rings in and kisses a pretty girl, and she, thinking that it must be some old friend whose face has grown out of her memory temporarily, takes it in good part and wants some more.

After four or five false alarms the family gets on board the rear car, and then for ten minutes there is a crowd jammed in the aisle like a pack of terriers in a rat pit, and the ceremony of saying "Good-bye," again begins. First they all kiss the old lady and then they shake hands with the old man and kiss him a few times, but don't overdo it. Then they all stand round and begin to cry as they wait for the train to move. When a brake slips they fall to work to kiss for the last time, but the train don't start and they begin to talk.

"Now, Flora, don't forget to write."

"Say, Johnny, what did you say your address was?"

"Oh, my, I forgot to bring down

that little hood for the baby. I'll send it by express."

"Lord sakes, but you forgot those ginger snaps for ma."

"Oh, gracious, where in the world are those keys?"

"Have you got that lunch basket all right?"

"With the pickled peaches?"

"And the preserves?"

"And the hard-boiled eggs?"

"And the grape jelly, etc.?"

Then the engine bumps the smoking-car up against the passenger and the real fun begins.

"Oh, Auntie, must you go?" and they fall upon Auntie with a shower of smacks.

"Now, be sure and write, (smack). Give my love to Jenny and cousin Sarah (smack.)."

"Just let me have one more for luck (smack)."

"Oh, I forgot to kiss the baby; here, quick—" (train jolts and she misses the smack). Then the women folks make a rush for the door, and half a dozen young men rush in, like birds swooping to their prey, and grab the pretty girl of the family. They catch her and kiss her and drop her one by one, and drop off the rear of the train, all except the last, who makes a sudden rush for the platform, decides that it is not safe to jump, and saunters back to ride as far as Gold Hill, while the others climb up Union street, and say:

"Well, we've rid of that crowd at last," and the old dame in the lead says, "Thank God!" with considerable fervor.

GRAND WORDS.

"After all there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon—when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely

spell the records of vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

"Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is 'Good night.'

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the years."

[The above is copied from a private letter to a friend, and the author as might be guessed from the words is Col. R. G. Ingersoll.]

GUM ARABIC

In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is after the rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes from the trunk and branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow down which it runs, in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval or round tears about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as they belong to the red or white gum tree.

About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports where it is sold to English and French merchants. The gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey to the port, the Moors of the desert live entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man for twenty-four hours.

PLAYED HIS PART WELL.

San Francisco Chronicle.

"Henry, I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to behave exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe that I can pass for an old married man. I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to give the snap away."

"No, you musn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try, but I know I will not succeed."

The first evening of their arrival the bride retired to her chamber and the groom fell in with a poker party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours waiting. At last he turned up and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again and everybody knew after that that they had just been married.

ACTING in harmony with an article published in the *Railroader*, it gives us much pleasure to state that the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen decided to memorialize Congress to obtain protective legislation for American engineers and firemen in Mexico, who are subject to unjust treatment in case of accident to the trains they are running. We hope similar action may be taken by all associations of railway men. It is highly creditable to the firemen that they were the first to respond to the call of our friends of the Mexican republic, a response so justly demanded by sympathy and by duty.—*Railroader*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Exchange.

The following touching incident is recorded of Madame Marie Roze, during her sojourn in this country, and while on a visit to Auburn prison, New York, where she sang in the presence of nearly all of its inmates, including upwards of twelve hundred convicts.

On her arrival she desired to know if all the prisoners were present, and being answered in the negative, she requested that even those in solitary confinement should, as a special privilege, be permitted to come into the chapel and join the other convicts in listening to the music which she proposed to sing.

The request was accorded, and the poor fellows, some of them for the first time in many years, were permitted not only to look once more on the face of a beautiful woman, but to hear again from an accomplished artist the sweet notes that reminded them of the innocent days of youth.

The chief selections of Madame Roze were "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer," and "The Sweet By and By," and even the most hardened criminals were stirred to tears. After this the fair cantatrice made a tour of the institution the prisoners meanwhile being retained in the chapel, and on her return she sang the old familiar air, "Comin, Thro' the Rye." The most intelligent of the convicts prepared a testimonial of thanks, which was duly signed and presented to the lady. It closed with the following quotation :

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

WHY HE WOULDN'T GET UP.

Christian at Work.

Domestic midnight scene: "Robert, you get up now and carry the baby awhile; I'm tired out."

"I can't Jenny; I've got the headache."

"So have I the headache, but still

I must keep up. It's as much your baby as it's mine."

"No, it isn't. It's a girl. If it was a boy I'd carry it all night."

"So you are still angry about that. O, dear me."

HENRICO'S SENTIMENT ON SPRING.

Yonkers Gazette.

"Henrico! Dost thou scent the gentle spring?"

"Me nostrils do attest the same indeed, for dust that's to me neighbor's carpet wed, already yields to his athletic strokes."

"Nay, do not carp at cleaning industry, nor thus ingrain thee with such worsted thoughts. The spring! the gentle spring is at the door!"

"Let him not in, Andromeda, I pray, till he hath purified his breath a bit, and purged his raiment of its rubbish tang."

"Dost thou not like the spring, thou testy one?"

"Aye, if the same were not too long a-spring-ing. This spring halt makes me hoarse with fierce protest, and studs me through with fillyments of wrath."

"I wonder, sith thy stable wit I hear, that thou dost favor not this teeming time."

"This steaming time is good thou cunning conjurer, for thro the seams and sewers of soil doth ooze obnoxious odors that proclaim the steaming process of this vernal change. And man, the imitator that he is, contents him not with watching nature's whims, but finds fresh fuel for this gaseous glow in heaping high the garbage funeral pyre. I wonder not, when first the liverwort uprears the dainty crest above the glebe, and scent the garden truck's effluvium, he hies to silent sanctum of the soil, and saith: "My dainty redolence will seem obscure in atmosphere so freight with fumes."

"And to thy sense is't only scents that makes thee sentient of spring's sentiment?"

"Nay, be me troth; Italia's wanderings genius of the crank, the

booming business of Esculapians, emblems, and the housewife's howl
 the school boy taking furlough from as with the moth she holds her
 his books to interview the spiral annual joust, these be some symp-
 angleworm, the homely hen that toms that assert to me the year's con-
 hums the humble hymn of Easter junction with the wanton spring."

THE IDYL OF THE BAGGAGE MAN.

With many a curve the trunks I pitch,
 With many a shout and sally;
 At station, siding, crossing, switch,
 On mountain grade, or valley.
 I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
 With vigorous endeavor;
 And men may smile, and men grow cross,
 But I sling my trunks for ever!
 Ever! Ever!
 I'll bust trunks for ever.

The paper trunk from country town,
 I balances and dandles;
 I turn it once or twice around
 And pull out both the handles,
 And grumble over traveling bags,
 And monstrous sample cases;
 But I can smash the maker's brags
 Like plaster-paris vases!
 They holler, holler as I go,
 But they can't stop me never;
 For they will learn just what I know,
 A trunk won't last for ever!
 Ever! Never!

And in and out, I wind about,
 And here I smash a kiester;
 I turn a grip-sack inside out
 Three times a day, at least, sir.
 I tug, I jerk, I swear, I sweat,
 I toss the light valises;
 And what's too big to throw, you bet,
 I'll fire it round in pieces.
 They murmur, murmur everywhere,
 But I will heed them never,
 For women weep and strong men swear,
 I'll claw their trunks for ever!
 Ever! Ever!
 I'll bust trunks for ever.

I've cowed the preacher with my wrath;
 I scorn the judge's ermine;
 Woe, woe to all who cross my path;
 I've spilled both brief and sermon;
 And books, and socks, and cards, and strings
 Too numerous to mention;
 And baby clothes, and women's things,
 Beyond my comprehension,
 I've spilled, and scattered, and slung,
 As far as space could sever;
 And scatter, scatter, old or young,
 I'll scatter things for ever!
 Ever! Ever!
 Scatter things for ever.

—Burdette.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.

WM. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00

SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

MAY, 1885.

ART THOU A MAN?

The question we have selected as a caption for this article has met our observation elsewhere. We adopt it because it is fruitful of reflection. It will be observed that the question is not, Art thou of the masculine gender? It goes deeper than the arts of the costumer. It ignores whiskers and mustache, size and weight. It regards with little concern, fortune or position, the plaudits of the crowd or self-glorification. The interrogatory, "Art thou a man?" demands for a satisfactory reply facts, in the presence of which subterfuge sits silent. Chicane is at a discount and duplicity, unmasked, seeks refuge as best it may. There are thousands who, if they were asked, "Art thou a man?" would, indignant at what they would characterize as an insult, reply, "I am," and with pugilistic gesture add, "Try me." It is well-known they can hit hard with their "dukes," and it is equally well-known that mules are hard-hitters. As a consequence in their case the query, "Art thou a man?" is not

satisfactorily answered. Something more than a superb development of muscle, prize-ring science and bulldog courage is required to constitute a man. There is a multitude of masculines who pass current in certain circles as men. Their outward appearance meets the exacting demands of Fashion. Inquire at the church and they are designated as "pillars." Look over the list of those who are identified with charitable institutions and their names are high on the roll. Go where business men congregate to discuss ventures in commerce, trade and finance, and they will be seen and heard, as their presence is an honor and their words potent. Ask, "Art thou a man?" and the reply will be, Ask these, my friends and associates. Look at my phylacteries, listen when I pray, note how abundantly I pay tithes. But such things do not make a man. Is he a banker? Examine his accounts. To-morrow he closes his doors, and the world learns with amazement that he is a base hypocrite, a moral monstrosity, a social pestilence, a loathsome imposter, religious that he might the more successfully play the role of rascal. What must be the answer when such an individual is asked, "Art thou a man?" Religion is abashed. Truth, honor, integrity cry out shame? All the virtues known to ethical philosophy protest that such characters are destitute of manly qualities and that they degrade human nature.

We select a representative of another class of individuals and ask, "Art thou a man?" Look at him. He appears to have friends, money, education, culture. He talks glibly upon current topics. Is "hail f-

low" in numerous circles. He is gay, liberal, a good hand-shaker, genial and companionable. When such an individual is approached and interrogated, "Art thou a man?" we anticipate the prompt reply, Ask those who know me best. But that is not the response. There may be bluster and bravado, assumed indignation, arrogant demeanor, a disdainful curl of the lip, and other evidences of scorn, but withal a blush of shame mantles cheek and brow, and there is a cowardly expression of the eye. All combine to answer he is not a man, but rather a counterfeit of "the noblest work of God." Why? He is untrue to his home—out in the world he smiles, at home he frowns. He has other than home shrines where he kneels and worships other idols than wife and children. Forgetful of marriage vows his infidelities are first whispered, then bruited abroad, and the finale is a wrecked home and a divorce. A worse than a widowed wife and more unfortunate than orphaned children are his contributions to society. Such masculines are not men in any dignified or ennobling sense.

Observing people are quick to notice another type of individuals. They are conspicuous because they have money or can command money. They are money worshippers. They are often referred to as "financiers"—the progressive element. Those who keep the world in motion. It is said were it not for such men business would stagnate, and their operations and speculations are referred to in proof of the proposition. They dress in purple and society's mouth

waters when reference is made to their sumptuous entertainments. Their homes are palatial, and they are adorned with all the treasures of art. To ask a representative of this class of citizens, "Art thou a man?" has a horrifying ring in the ears of their confreres and the fawning, degenerate lick-spittles, whose ambitions are parasitic, and they answer by asking, Why not a man? The reason why is found in the fact that they use their money, their opportunities and their influence to increase their gains by making life to the poor more perilous. They are the men who "corner" food, thereby reducing the buying power of the poor man's hard-earned dollar, a reduction which invites hunger pangs in the midst of abundance and shrouds many a home in gloom where otherwise would be joy and contentment. To call such persons men is to outrage the proprieties of speech and obliterate from the face of the earth those standards by which Christ measured men—venal, callous, heartless. Such people are men only because they are masculine. In all other regards they are so much less than men that were the destinies of mankind left to their control the wisdom of their Creator would be justly called in question.

Another type of men (?) so nearly allied to the class whose greed of gain renders them incapable of doing justice when their own interests are involved, blind to calamities which they create and deaf to appeals which their mercenary natures extort from their victims, are those who use their positions not to advance the price of food, but by com-

binations seek to reduce the price of labor. They are known as "monopolists." They claim great credit for employing men, and would have it understood that but for them universal famine would visit the land. As a class, they profess to be animated by a profound desire to promote the welfare of laboring men, but in every instance, or with rare exceptions, laboring men find that those who are loudest in their avowals of sympathy are the quickest to reduce the dividends on the investments of toil. In specious reasoning their resources are exhaustless. They will point to their investments and ask, Ought not our capital to pay us something? and then, with astounding sangfroid, add, "If wages remain at present rates, we get nothing, or vastly less than our due." To illustrate their duplicity, one instance answers the demand. The Western Union Telegraph Company suffices. On an actual investment of \$40,000,000, the officials demanded dividends on \$80,000,000—\$40,000,000 of which was water. To obtain the required dividends on the sum total of cash and water, employes were required to suffer. The subject is susceptible of indefinite elaboration, and the more it is discussed the more inefaceably becomes the impression in the public mind that when a representative of this class of individuals is asked, "Art thou a man?" the paving stones, if they had tongues, would cry out, "No." A MAN will not rob directly nor indirectly. A MAN despises a lie, prevarication and subterfuge. A man is true to wife and home, to obligation and trust.

A man will recognize probity without reference to position or artificial surroundings. He will estimate other men by character rather than cash or coat, by head rather than hat. If when asked, Art thou a man? he responds, "I do unto others as I would have them do unto me. I seek no man's downfall that I may rise. I disdain to profit by the misfortune of others. My life is an open book, investigate at your leisure and to your satisfaction. I disdain the arts of the cheat, the hypocrisies of the Pharisee, and the duplicities of the demagogue. In my acts I am governed by conscience and judgment, the examples of the wise and the standards of justice, and to them, one and all, I appeal." Then a man is found, a man honest and true, who knows his rights, and knowing dare maintain them. He will be found with moral and physical courage, ready to assume the responsibility of his acts, not vauntingly, but with a calmness and determination which, through all time, has made truth invincible, and which will, in all time to come, enable those who are possessed of the God-like attribute to answer affirmatively, when asked, "Art thou a man?"

EDUCATION AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

No one, we presume, is prepared to controvert the proposition that the circumstances by which man is surrounded, in a very large degree, affect his physical organization. It will be readily admitted by those who have given the subject special or even cursory examination that food, climate, habits, associations

and exercise, both of mind and body, have a marvellously transforming influence. If such helps to physical development are properly regulated they elevate man, but if otherwise they sink him in the scale of life. Those who are fond of contrasts need not be over-studious to find illustrations in the lives of many wandering tribes who, though human, are scarcely one remove from monkeys in physical development, and whose methods of subsistence are, in many instances, more abhorrent. It is manifestly true that of late years there has been a general awakening to the supreme importance of physical education, by which, we mean, that the body shall be wisely disciplined, that the physical and intellectual faculties shall receive that prudent consideration required for such perfection as it is possible to obtain by education. It will doubtless be conceded by those at all familiar with educational enterprises that the mind has received an undue share of attention. It will, we surmise, be further admitted without extended debate, that educators, writers in the various schools of philosophy, as well as those who seek to explore the secret ways of science, have endeavored, by elaborate discourses and by many volumes placed in the hands of pupils and teacher, to illustrate the nature of mind and the necessity of its improvement, and yet, we conclude, if the ablest expert in mental science attempted to tell what mind is he would be compelled finally to confess failure. He could mystify by high sounding definitions of the properties of mind and point to numerous manifesta-

tions of its power, but when he had reached the limit of his information little knowledge of mind would have been gained. It is conceded that mind as an abstract principle, and as such, in this connection, we refer to it, cannot be comprehended by man, no matter what the extent of his attainments may be. It is something, defined sometimes as a part of infinity, attached to material beings, and can only be thought of in connection with matter. We may, and we do, talk of operating exclusively on mind, and of improving or enlarging mind, but this does not establish the fact that mind has ever been changed. It is now, as in the days of Adam, the same incomprehensible and immutable essence. Just here, we may observe, comes prominently to the front physical education. To "improve the mind," to use a phrase of the schools, we must improve the physical man. We may cut new doors, open new windows and prepare the machinery so that the mind may take new views and discover new objects and new beauties in nature, or new perfections in nature's God, but still, the mind, the tenant of the physical building will remain the same incomprehensible essence.

Physical education has for its object the perfection of the body, of which the brain, considered as the organ of the mind, may be regarded as the most important. But it must be understood that a well-developed, healthy brain cannot be secured if prudent attention is denied to other organs of the physical structure. To secure the largest possible brain force, by which we mean its intellectual

power, the blood must be ample and healthy; nor is this all, there must be a healthy heart to drive the blood with sufficient force through the arteries and veins. If this is not done, though the brain may be large, it will be little more than a ponderous mass, serving chiefly to point out the imbecility of its possessor. If, then, we are to have brains that are to perform the best service, healthy stomachs must be provided for supplying healthy blood and strong hearts capable of sending the blood to the brain. It is not required that we should introduce, in this connection, all the organs of the physical man, our purpose being accomplished, if we arrest the attention of our readers, by stating the general proposition that too much attention is paid to "mind culture" and too little to physical education—to the harmonious development of all the physical faculties. We are not advocating the necessity of a race of giants, nor do we propose to discuss specially the value of athleticism, but we write more in the spirit of protest against a system of education and a school of philosophy which continually exalts mind and correspondingly neglects the body, a system which everywhere has degenerated into "cramming," and which, in nine schools out of ten, is forcing upon the community scores and hundreds of persons whose education is little less than a calamity. We are aware that it is easy to be hypercritical, but we are not disposed to be censorious. There are thousands of parents who are anxious to see their children, while of tender years intellectual prodigies, who never

so much as dream their solicitude is leading in a direction directly the opposite of their parental yearnings. They do not think of the danger of undue and premature development of the brain, which is simply the organ of the mind. These anxious parents would not for a moment tolerate a cruel task for the arms or the bodies of their children, and yet, uncomplainingly and with many expressions of approval, they permit the brain to be overtaxed. It has been said, and all experience demonstrates the wisdom of the opinion, that "the effects of a well-conducted physical education upon the development of the system in early life are visible throughout the existence of the individual." Physical education, in order to be useful, should embrace the exercise of every organ of the body, but especially the entire muscular system. For this education, if parents will permit, nature supplies every needed incentive. Permit children to have constant outdoor exercise—let them roam to any extent compatible with safety. This gives symmetrically formed limbs—a broad chest, pure blood, healthy heart and lungs, a good appetite and, better still, a healthy brain, blessings the school room does not confer. We do not antagonize parental solicitude for the education of their children, nor are we inclined to unduly criticise the educational systems now in vogue, but our purpose is to bring into prominence the neglect of the body in this mistaken ambition to "improve the mind." It is well understood by those who have given the subject the thought its import-

ance demands that to endure study the system must be healthy and all its organs fully formed, hence the supreme importance of attending to the body first. Illiteracy, it is conceded, is a national calamity, but widespread physical deformity or infirmity is still more to be deplored. If we are to have succeeding generations of men of great intellectual power, it will be because men and women have well-formed, fully developed and healthy bodies. The infant-school idea is totally vicious. It is without one redeeming element. It antagonizes the simplest and the most important laws of physical development, and, as a consequence, infant schools are so many calamities. The infant-school system, if designed to produce mental cripples, could scarcely be improved upon, and, if accuracy in regard to results were obtainable, the world would be amazed at the sum total of evils which have accrued to society by the establishment of infant schools. It is eminently worthy of remark that parents of feeble children regard them as capable of mastering some one of the so-called learned professions. As a consequence, in medicine, law and theology, we find scores of men who neither honor themselves nor their families; they drag out a few years in poverty and obscurity and then die. With poorly developed bodies and overtaxed brains, such victims of vicious theories are among the most unfortunate of those who excite sympathy. It may be said in this connection that society has become so thoroughly inculcated with false ideas that certain people, far too numerous, profess

amazement when looking upon a large woman with a fully developed, healthy physique, and these same people are not less prolific of "O my" in the presence of a robust broad-shouldered, big-handed man.

Education in the United States, when discussed with regard to the well-being of the masses, means an industrial, a mechanical education. Such an education secures physical development, and if then those who desire to observe, all things considered, the highest achievements of brain power, they will not go to Harvard or Yale to satisfy their curiosity. On the contrary, they will visit national and international expositions or they will enter some of the great mechanical shops, some of the extensive manufacturing establishments, where, in the presence of the magnificent accomplishments of invention and skill, the verdict is certain to be rendered that education, to accomplish its greatest and best results, should never overlook the supreme needs of the body.

MAY AND ITS FLORAL WEALTH.

It is always in order to write of the seasons. Each month possesses some peculiar characteristic, some special attraction upon which it is pleasant to meditate. Winter in the temperate zone, when the ice king of the arctic regions invades all the land and rules with despotic sway, is by no means the unmitigated evil that some censorious people would have us believe. It is nature's season for repose—for sleep. The snow is not a winding sheet, nor do the winter-winds wail forth a dirge—they are the lullaby songs which keep the

bright eyes of the flowers closed until they are opened by the sun's warm rays and the melodies of the song birds returning from their pilgrimage to the sunny South-land. We could find exhaustless delight in writing of the seasons. They have been said to be, as they change, exhibitions of "the varied God." Spring, "walking in tenderness and love;" summer in all its glory, "with light and heat refulgent;" autumn with its "mists and mellow fruitfulness," and winter with its clouds and tempest, are themes which the most gifted have selected for the display of their wealth of genius. But our task is to write of May, the brightest of the months included in the vernal season, the month of which Milton wrote—

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

In the far away days of the Druids, May day celebrations were in vogue. Then the May-pole was erected and decorated with flowers and with the branches of blossoming trees, and then youths and maidens of all the towns and villages throughout "merry England" danced and sang around the garlanded pole. Such festive scenes no longer announce the coming of May, and yet the delightful pastime of "going a-May-ing" has not been entirely abandoned, and as winter sometimes too long reposes in the lap of spring, thousands sighingly sing:

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May—"

Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
When the fragrant hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May."

"Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Throbbing for the sea side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away,
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing
Throbbing for the May."

Other months than May are crowned with flowers. The violet and the daffodil do not wait for May day, but May is nevertheless, of all the months, the floral millionaire, her wealth of blossom-beauty defies exaggeration. We are not inclined to take much stock in people who do not love flowers. They are near relatives of those unfortunates whom Shakespeare refers to as having no music in their souls, who are, therefore, fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Al Ha Reschid says, in one of his inimitable Arab poems, "We converse with those we love through the flowers; with those we worship through the stars," and it is told of the myriad-minded Goethe that when he sought the quiet of the country to refresh his wearied brain he saw some peasants strewing flowers over a child's grave and said, "Yes, bring flowers, my friends, to the infant's tomb; for they both make us think of Heaven—there the babes are all gathered, and there the flowers never die." The contrast presented in this latitude between January and May never loses its power upon the mind, however familiar we may be with the wonderful transformation. It is the difference which marks life and death, silence and song. In January, or

any of the winter months, in forest and field, dale and dell there is universal muteness, the hush of the grave prevails. But go forth in May and the earth is vocal. The birds sing, the flowers talk. The leaves of the trees have a language. The apple tree blossom speaks of "preference" and the beech tree of "love's tryste." The buttercup prates of "riches" and the aspen tree of "excess of sensibility," while the birch extols "gracefulness." When a branch of the cedar is presented it says, "I live but for thee," while the four-leaved clover gently pops the question by saying, "Be mine." The hawthorn is all "hope" and the hazel desires "reconciliation." The blue hyacinth tells of "jealousy" and the ivy of "matrimony." The purple lilac discourses of the "first emotions of love," and the geranium family discuss a wide range of subjects, from envy to despondency. The nettle talks of "slander," moss of "ennui," the passion flower of "holy love," and the dandelion assumes to be "love's oracle." But why pursue the subject? All the flowers have a language, and to those who can converse with them there is boundless instruction. They are gay and mirthful, or serious as the tomb, and when the "rolling year" ushers in the month of May the whole family of flowers and trees and shrubs are ready to be interviewed. They are ready for chaplets and garlands when the festive throng gathers to sing and dance away the hours, or they willfully take part when mourners gather around the dead for farewell words. Always beautiful, always welcome, always chaste,

they with equal charm decorate a temple or a tomb, a bridal altar or a boudoir. It is not surprising, therefore, that May, the month which brings such a wealth of floral beauty, is welcomed as a benediction, or that regrets follow its departure.

But it may be said that May, in this utilitarian age, is deserving of note for considerations of vastly more importance than the production of flowers, and it may be asked why not talk of corn and wheat, potatoes and cabbage, of plowing and fence-making, splitting rails and digging ditches. Verily, these are robust topics and demand a masculine pen. But it should be remembered there is a time to be sentimental as certainly as there is a time to sow and reap, and it may be said with eminent propriety that those who discard flowers from their thoughts and their homes are little in sympathy with those refinements of mind which contribute largely to the glory of our advanced civilization.

In this connection another reflection is suggested. The Creator of the Universe made the flowers as certainly as the stars, and whether it required greater creative energy to make a world than to make a lily, we leave those to decide who can divide a hair between its north and northwest side. It is by no means conclusive that a person is intellectually great, because he chooses to talk only of great things. It is said of the lily, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in such magnificence. It is not characteristic of the truly great to belittle any of the works of nature, but rather to extol

them, and the tiniest flower that turns its face heavenward to drink the dew and receive the kiss of the sun is as far removed from the creative power of boastful man as the brightest world that rolls in space.

Women love flowers. It has not been our ill-fortune to know one of the gentle sex who was not charmed by their beauty, and the more refined and cultured, the more devoted are they to these divine expressions of the Creator's love. A home where there are flowers and pictures and music, is a home where children are likely to display those virtues which contribute to make home a heaven, and unless we are prepared to discredit history, the little rose blooming on the window-sill, where women

"In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double stitch,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

gave them all the joy that cruel fortune and cruel men bestowed.

It is during the month of May that, from the orange groves of the South to the pine forests of the North, the people come forth to deck the sod where sleep the brave, with flowers, come with eulogy and song, flags and music, but the crowning glory and beauty of the ceremony is the floral decorations of the mounds, beneath which is the dust of the heroic dead. It is May's offering of gratitude, and of affectionate remembrance.

"Your voiceless lips, O, Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

"Floral apostles! That in dewy splendor
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
Oh, may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime."

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever,
We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom, that we may wear;
And then we wonder, and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but dower,
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting,
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

—Ella Wheeler.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

FLORIDA, March, 1885.

I hoped by this time to be in New Orleans, but still am detained here. I have been building a winter residence in Florida, and to one who is accustomed to the energy and enterprise of the North, the slow and easy way of doing things which they have down here is simply unendurable. The motto of the State is, "The day for rest, the night for sleep and Sunday for recreation," and anybody who comes down here will testify that they live up to it. The guileless Northerner looks at the thousands of acres of pine forests, and he thinks that where lumber is so plentiful one ought to be able to build very cheaply. Experience is dear, but it costs a little more in this line than in almost any other. It takes quite as much money to build in Florida as it does in any other State. Labor is high, rates of freight are enormous, bricks are worth their weight in silver, and all kinds of hardware, &c., are much more expensive than at the North. But if you have a good location and wish to rent your property you can make a large per cent. on the money invested.

There are many beautiful woods in Florida. The curled pine would be invaluable if we had it in the North. I have seen planks in common little shanties that were pretty enough to frame. Oiled and polished, it is highly decorative. I visited the home of Mr. Harris, near Citra, in the central part of the State. He has the largest orange grove in the United States, and ships annually 20,000 boxes and sells over 1,000 trees. His house is finished entirely in Florida woods, which were prepared by workmen from the Pullman car shops. The red bay is almost as handsome as mahogany and grows dark and rich with age. The white holly is beautiful for trimmings, and then there are cedar and juniper and oak and cypress and many other varieties.

There is a general impression that houses do not need to be built for warmth in this State. This is a mistake. If they were built as our northern houses are, there would be much less suffering from cold in winter and heat in summer. In most instances the houses are set upon posts and are not plastered. Consequently they are extremely uncomfortable both in summer and winter. Either because of the high price of brick, or from pure shiftlessness, none of the stores and shops in Floridian villages have any

place for a fire. When the nights are cold, which is about six months in the year, they build a fire out in the road and all huddle around it, the children lying full length in the dirt. Among the poorer classes the houses are built of rough logs and have no floor except the ground, no chimney and only one room. There is no necessity, whatever, for this, for they can have all the lumber they want if they will prepare it, but the men lie around all day, too lazy to wash their faces or comb their hair. I have not the slightest idea that they do either once a week. When they cook they build a little fire either outside or inside of their houses, and only prepare enough for one meal, always living from hand to mouth. Although they could have gardens the year around, they do not so much as have a lettuce and onion bed. Chickens thrive and lay wonderfully well in Florida, but these "crackers," this "poor white trash" will not take the little trouble to raise them. They subsist the year 'round on bacon and hoe cake, with a little game and fish, which they soak and cover with lard until the flavor is entirely destroyed.

Fuel in this State costs only the labor of preparing it, while the poorer classes roam through the woods and gather up the pine knots and faggots, thus avoiding the trouble of chopping or splitting. The Floridian is a model labor-saving machine. Each day only enough is gathered to last twenty-four hours. It is against the unwritten law to provide anything for the morrow. These pine knots are not called wood or fuel, but "lighted," and if they are full of turpentine or resin they are said to be "fat," and they are gathered, not in the pine woods, but in the "piney" woods. You need no paper or shavings to start a fire, but have only to touch a match to the pine and it blazes instantly. There is a great deal of sentiment written about the wonderful fascination of a fire of pine knots, but I would always prefer coal. The pine blazes so fiercely for a few minutes that you have to keep at a distance and then it is all over and fresh fuel must be constantly added. The flakes of soot are much worse than those of coal, falling everywhere and leaving a grease spot. It seems a pity to destroy the romance of the novel writer, but this is an age of plain unvarnished facts. Nothing could be sweeter than the spicy, aromatic odor of a new pine cottage, and the air that comes through the pine woods always seems purer and more bracing than any other. Consumptives often find relief and sometimes a cure by taking daily a preparation of pine slivers in whiskey. A great many of the men forget to put in the

pine slivers, and this mistake is not peculiar to Florida.

The most unpleasant and dangerous feature to be found in this State is the land agent. The public cannot be sufficiently warned against this individual. His ways are dark but his tricks are not vain. Alas, for the innocent and unsuspecting traveler, who is looking about for an opportunity to invest a little money, if the land agent once gets hold of him! I have seen these fellows swear that land was unsurpassed for farming purposes, when I knew positively that it was pure sand for a depth of forty feet, and water all the rest of the way to the land agent's home in hades. I have seen them sell land for orange groves when they knew that not an orange ever had been or ever could be raised there. But it is in his circular that the land agent has full sweep. Swamp lands and pine woods are represented as a second Garden of Eden, and the confiding purchaser fondly believes he has a section of Paradise Regained. I have heard men talk in the most lordly style about their orange grove in Florida, and when questioned as to its location they would admit that they never had visited it but should do so when their trees began to bear! And I have often thought what fun it would be to take a bird's eye view of these same individuals when they went down to hunt up their grove.

But to a man who has risked all he has upon representations made to him by another it is not a laughing matter if the venture proves a failure. There is still some good land to be had in Florida but it is only reasonable to suppose that the agents will reserve these locations for those parties who go in person to make the selection, and will dispose of the worthless lands to those who purchase "sight unseen." It is possible to make paying investments in this State but they are the result of careful judgment and not of mere chance. With the present cheap rates of travel it is an easy matter to go to Florida and will, in the end be a saving of money. There are many reasons for and against buying property in this State but there is no question but that the purchaser should go and see for himself what he is getting in exchange for his money. A man would not buy a piece of real estate in his own State without first going to examine it. How much less, then, should he invest in a State of which he knows nothing and where he may find himself in possession of a fine orange grove and he may find himself the owner of a swamp full of alligators.

WE all take great pride in the Woman's Department of the Magazine. We are proud of the Men's Department, also, but as they belong to that sex which is supposed to have the exclusive right to "crow," of course they can tell the world all about it. We won't attempt to usurp any of their privileges but in our own quiet, little corner we will plume ourselves with considerable pleasure over our success. Many of our writers are beginning to seem like old friends. Their letters embrace a great variety of topics and are breezy and interesting. Write to the point, ladies, and make your articles brief as possible, so that all may have a chance. Before the issue of another Magazine we will all have passed through that trying ordeal, house cleaning. Most of us feel about this periodical infliction as the old lady did about her husband, "John, I cannot live with you and I cannot live without you." We look forward with dread to this domestic earthquake and yet we would not miss it for the world. If some thoroughly competent person were to offer to take the whole burden off our hands we would reject the offer with Spartan heroism. Every woman must go through with the programme herself, slowly, solemnly conscientiously, and, though the whole household may groan in spirit, not one would dare to interfere. At this season of the year every woman is a cheerful, willing martyr to the cause, and when all the house is serene and beautiful in its spotless radiance, then she enters upon her reward. Bear with her infirmities of temper, oh, husband be patient, kind and cheerful, eat cold victuals and keep out of the way.

Friends, let us have an experience meeting. How do you manage your house cleaning? What do you do with the husband and the baby and the unexpected company and the hired man who fails to come, and the paper hanger who does not materialize? You shall have all the space you wish upon this subject. Let us compare notes and profit by our mutual experience.

WHY is there no Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in Florida? There are plenty of railroads which charge from four to eight cents a mile, as an outraged traveling public will testify. It seems to me the Lodge and the Magazine would have so healthful, refining an influence. What is the reason they have no Order? I would ask the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, but, with the Brotherhood, the Magazine, the Legislature and a sweet-heart, all on hand at once, he has no time to answer questions.

For Woman's Department:

MAN'S CONSCIENCE.

The first great bible that He wrote,
God, in his wrath, man's conscience smote;
You can't erase it, you can't deface it,
It's on your heart, it's in your brain.

And it will last while life remain,
So don't profane, be it your shame
Thus to abuse God's holy name;
You've tried it o'er, and o'er again.

Don't play the part that you are smart,
In hardening your human heart.
And when life is done, and we must pass,
Our life on earth is our looking-glass.

Don't picture it with life of shame,
For you must read it o'er again;
The hidden sin, no one will know,
They, on that looking-glass will show.

So beat your conscience if you can,
It's God's great bible written in,
However much you abuse the holy writ,
That first great bible is with you yet.

—M. E. H.

ELKHART, IND.

HOW TO BE PRETTY AND INTERESTING.

To Woman's Department:

I have a letter from Lilly Vale, of Kansas. She says: "We are three girls of fifteen years, and we want you to tell us, through the Fireman's Magazine, how to be pretty and interesting?"

This is a pretty question, Lilly, and looks easy enough, but I fear there are many more competent to answer it than I; since you ask me, however, I will try.

Most any young girl who is neat and tidy, with a bright, intelligent look, is pretty. Your manners, in a great measure, make your looks. A good looking girl may be made positively pretty by a due regard to dress and proper care, and yet be only pretty to look at, but when she is both pretty and interesting, she is as a bright flower filled with perfume, which not only charms your admiration by its beauty, but enchants all your senses by its sweet fragrance.

Keep your temper well under control, cultivate a happy, cheerful disposition, and feel interested in others. Do not talk of your affairs if you see that those you are entertaining wish to talk of their own, but listen with an interested air and ask a well directed question now and then to show that you are listening, and they will think you interesting though you may not have spoken a dozen words during the visit.

Read the current events of the day; good periodicals, and books that will elevate and refine your mind, broaden your views, and give you something interesting to think of, and to say. This will not only make you interesting to talk to, but will add to your countenance a look of beauty and intelligence that will mark you in any audience as a girl worth knowing.

Intellect stamps itself indelibly upon the features, fills out the lines, and gives an air of refinement and beauty, even to a homely face, making it handsome and fascinating, and much more interesting than a pretty doll face without

a mind. Who has not read of the fascination of the ugly Robespierre, and many others equally noted for their intelligence and ugliness.

In reading, where you find a sentence which particularly interests you, stop for a moment and re-read the passage, once, twice, or even thrice, until it is impressed upon your memory, you will be surprised at how short a time will elapse before you will need this very idea to illustrate something yourself.

I remember when I was about Lilly's age, asking Father what to do to become an interesting talker to gentlemen? He smiled at me quizzically, a moment, and said: "Get your lesson, now, child, and go in the kitchen and help mother." Well, that was one way to be interesting, and a very good way, too, but in a well regulated household where there are plenty girls to "help mother," there is no occasion to spend all one's time in the kitchen, and things are soon done there, even to dish-washing which most girls dislike because it spoils their hands. Now, let me tell you right here, that the very prettiest girl I ever saw, one who had the loveliest little, white, dimpled hands, once said to me and several other ladies. "I will not let ma wash dishes; I wash them altogether, myself, for it preserves ones hands so." "How do you manage that?" asked one. "I get a pan full of warm, soft water with good soap, and if the water gets soiled a bit, I throw it away and get more, after the dishes are all done my hands are perfectly soft and moist; then I wash them with white glycerine soap and soft water, dry carefully and dust with Indian meal, and see!" she held up a pair of hands that were pure and spotless, without a flaw. I used to think they were so pretty as she made crochet, lace or bead-work. But to be most interesting to gentlemen I do not think, as a rule, they like lace, knitting, or crochet; they prefer you to sit in idleness and look pleased and interested in all they say. But if you can talk well with them, and do not contest your points too strongly, but yield gracefully to their superior knowledge, they will think you very interesting indeed.

Thus, if you are well read, and have moderate tact, you may lead the conversation in many interesting channels, and not only enjoy the time yourself, gain many new ideas and thoughts, but you will cause others to spend a pleasant time, to think you are interesting, and to feel your influence. There is no one in this little world of so little value but has an influence either for good or bad, it is a gift from heaven for which every one will be called to account.

The most interesting woman I ever saw, one who fascinated all who ever met her, and one whom I thought really beautiful, was sixty years old when I knew her; she told me, that when she was eighteen, she was in despair at her own ugliness. She lived then in Ohio, near the river, she had two sisters who were very beautiful girls, and one day her sisters' admirer said of her. "Wouldn't Lizzy make a big lot of soap grease?" This almost killed the sensitive girl, and she

rushed from the house with an idea of throwing herself into the river. On her way she met a little, old, crippled, hunch-backed man, with an extremely ugly face, she thought as she looked at him then, though she had known him all her life and had never noticed before that he was ugly, every one loved him, he was an intelligent, good, honored man who had a pleasant word for every one, and whose influence was unbounded. As she chattered with him she forgot her chagrin, and began to wonder why it was, that this little, ugly man was so much beloved. Then she resolved to be like him, to do as he did, and to gain love, if she could not admiration. She began to take an interest in everyone, to be good, natural and interesting and she never moped or fretted. Her father insisted that she should dress herself in bright colored silks, as her sisters wore. She felt that the contrast made her hideous, but she wore them with a pleasant, interested air, and before the first year of this endeavor was out she was the favorite of the whole neighborhood. Pretty Susan would say, with a pout, "Ma, why is it that at church it is: Where is Lizzie? I want Lizzie; I want to tell Lizzie. They rush right by me and Charlotte, to get to Lizzie, as if she were the only girl in the world." When I knew the old lady she had grown positively handsome and every one, young and old, rich and poor loved her. She lived, at the time, on the stage line, between Waxihachie and Milford, in Texas. Learned Judges, and many people of distinction used often to stop by to renew their acquaintance and to enjoy the hospitality of her home, which seemed a part of herself, it was so thoroughly fascinating. She had grown both handsome and interesting through her own endeavor, and the example of a poor, little hunchback. Hundreds of miles from her home, I met a distinguished lady, who had traveled for eighteen years, and must have met many interesting people. She once said to me, "So you knew Mrs. H—, of Ellis county. I spent one night at her home, and I must say that she is the most interesting lady I ever met."

If you are fifteen, or under twenty, you are pretty, naturally, if you have pleasant manners. If you have them not, you should use every endeavor to cultivate them, with a cheerful disposition, for

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

Is true to a great extent. If you are growing older and wish to preserve your good looks, a cheerful temper will go far towards helping you. To avoid crowsfeet near your eyes, lie upon your back at night, in a pleasant room, and do not go to bed to think or read. Nothing ages one so rapidly as spending the first hours of the night in thought—even pleasant thoughts are harrowing to the looks, and encouraging to wrinkles, but to worry or think of vexing problems is adding one year to your looks for every time indulged in. To be pretty, be young, fair and pleasant. To be interesting to others, be interested in them, intelligent and modest.

If I have not explained my meaning sufficiently, Lilly, write again and I will write you a long private letter that may help you.

IRENE.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., February 14, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I like to read the Magazine. I find it very interesting. In the January number, a sister says that all of the "gentler sex" talent hails from the west. I have noticed that it has been so, but in the same number I also noticed that there was an exception, for New York and New Jersey were represented. New Jersey is a *little* State, but she is still in the Union, and always will remain there, whatever is said to the contrary. In her, the third Lodge was organized, the Adopted Daughter, of Jersey City, and I hardly think that those who organized the first Lodge had any idea that the work would spread so rapidly, and that in a few years so many Lodges would be in existence. But so it is, how little we know the influence we exert on those with whom we associate. It was a grand idea (this Brotherhood of Firemen), and a great benefit to them. But of Lodge No. 3, why don't we hear something from them? Surely some of the members can write something concerning their Lodge that will be of interest to others, or are they waiting, one for another? Query: Why?

SISTER OF THE ORDER.

For Woman's Department:

IN MEMORIAM.

Written in memory of James R. Mains, who died in San Francisco, February 4th, 1885.

I am dying, sister, dying,
Soon I'll leave this world so fair,
I am going to join the loved ones,
Who in heaven are waiting there—
For to greet your loving brother,
Who must soon cross death's dark tide.
But I fear not for the future,
Trusting God, my Heavenly Guide.

I am dying, sister, dying,
Do not weep when I am gone,
Do not dread the coming parting,
For it will not be for long,
E'er you'll come to meet your brother
Who from you hath "gone before"
To that home where pain and sorrow,
Cannot reach me never more.

I am dying, sister, dying,
Yet I see you standing near,
But I miss from those around me,
One I fondly wish were here;
She will come too late, dear sister,
To receive my last farewell,
But you'll tell her how I missed her,
Missed her more than words can tell.

I am dying, sister, dying,
Swift the fleeting moments pass,
The "Good Bye" will soon be spoken
That on earth shall be my last;
And when life for me is over,
Come unto that silent spot,
Where in peace thy brother slumbers,
For I would not be forgot.

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

SACRAMENTO, March 18, 1885.

BREAKING UP.*To Woman's Department:*

Does any one stop to consider the meaning of these two words? And do they reflect long enough to get their full import? When we, the children, are all at home under the same roof, when we are participating in the same pleasures and very often engaged in the same thoughts, we often think that these pleasures are not to endure forever, but that separation must necessarily come, sooner or later. How secure we feel against the world's trials and thorns when shielded by a parent's loving care and surrounded by the charms of the family circle, hallowed by the love of dear ones. We feel so safe that we often fail to look to the hand of Omnipotence to offer thanks for the blessings we have received. How dear to us (the sisters) are the faces of our rugged, big-hearted brothers, whom we may scold (and at the same time love as dearly as our lives) and receive their smiles and laughter in return. What a source of happiness they are to us and how proud we feel of them! Still, we are in the habit of looking down the silent vista of coming years and seeing, as it seems, our greatest happiness just beyond our reach.

Boys, when grown, have a desire to try this world for themselves. While under the home roof they think so often what they might do on the outside—they crave to "sow their wild oats." Let them try the realities of life and the chances are ten to one that they will soon want to return and as the poet says: "When the world is dark to you, look to the light of home." And then the girls think: "When I am married like others, I will not have near so much to do as I have at home." But oh! I have been taught by my dear, good mother that I will find household duties far more burdensome than those I shared with her. It is generally in the absence that we realize the wealth of love and kindness that our parents lavished upon us. Oh, how regretfully we look back upon the time before we "broke up," when we all lived together in the old homestead.

In fancy we see the old arm chair in which father and mother used to rest their weary forms. But they have gone to a better home we hope—one in which there will be no "breaking up." If we have got a home, however humble it may be, guard it sacredly and make the fireside bright and cheerful for there is no happiness in this life without a home, and when at last the "break-up" takes place all its joys will be transferred to the great Home that awaits all who have lived the life of the righteous.

OLLIE.

FROM THE BACK WOODS OF MAINE.

FEBRUARY 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

To the readers of the Firemen's Magazine, I would pen a few lines, providing it is approved by our dear Mrs. Harper. Feeling confident that a little gossip will be preferable to lengthy preliminaries, I will proceed to business. I am not

prominently connected with the Brotherhood, but hope this does not debar me from admiring it—not overlooking the Sisterhood, which is some I reckon. As I am acquainted with some of those who *are* prominent, I will speak of a few of them. The first I will mention is the "Wife of Barnabas." Have you ever, dear readers, pictured to yourselves just how some one looks? Some one, I mean, that you knew of without knowing. Well, that was how I had been thinking what the "Wife of Barnabas" was like. In my mind I had planned a petite brunette. Imagine my surprise in beholding a stately blond, and so entertaining one can't help loving her. No need of manufactured sunshine in their house, for I have been there and have named Barnabas "perpetual sunshine" and then dear Mrs. B. is not one bit jealous or envious, and those are fine traits of character. I am not personally acquainted with dear Sister Brooks, although I am very much in love with her, and I admire her sentiments. I will now speak of some of the Brothers. The first one is Lewis Martin, the delegate from Tucson, Arizona. He was considered the most congenial by the ladies. He overlooked some of his friends, when about to leave Toronto; unintentionally, I hope. Then comes Bro. Chas. Elton, the worthy delegate from the Pacific Slope. His lovely wife I must mention, having tested their genial hospitality at their beautiful home in Los Angeles, Cal. It gave me great pleasure to meet them again. Young Charles must not be forgotten, as he is a "chip of the old block." The handsomest man was Bro. Sid Vaughan, of Toronto. Bro. J. O'Malley, the most gallant, and Bro. Selby, of Texas, the ladies friend at all times. Hoping my first attempt may meet with your approval, I am yours in the cause.

GOSSIP.

ESCANABA, MICH., April 7, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

It does seem tantalizing to read in Mrs. Harper's letter or editorial from Lake de Funiak, (I wonder how it is pronounced Fun-i-ak, or Fu-ni-ak) of using a parasol to keep off the sunshine. I wish that some of it could be transmitted here, where we have had several fine days, or rather mid-days, for the air grows cold after two o'clock in the afternoon, if not before, and the thermometer has been below freezing every night excepting last night and the one previous. The snow melts slowly and a few of the side-walks are visible, but the Bay de Noquette will be a field of ice for some weeks yet, and our busy season will not begin until navigation opens.

I shall watch for some more views of Florida, St. Augustine in particular, and New Orleans. I think it is very easy to find husbands and wives like those in both of Phoebe's sketches; it is a proof that there is some truth in the saying, that "in married life one gives all the love,—and the other receives."

I wonder if the "Husband of Sarah Case" did not have his arm around Mollie Jones through force of habit, and being interested in the game of Polo, and watching the skaters, he possibly

forgot, that it was not the wife in her usual place, for there is no doubt he often holds Sara that way, or she would not have been in a hurry to go home.

Mrs. Jones' letter is so interesting I hope she will write more about Wales, and of her present home also. I can almost fancy meeting Irene, and hearing her talk. I wonder if what she calls Wild Buffalo clover has leaves like the hyacinth, not very long, and the flower stem ten inches long, with a bunch of odd, blue colored flowers on top of it. I have a plant like the above but do not know the name of it.

My last and best is a recipe for a beef omelette—it is excellent for a dinner pail and will keep some time, and, like fruit cake, is always ready: Three pounds lean beef steak and one-fourth pound fat salt pork, chop both fine, roll three soda crackers, beat one egg, add one-half cup milk, butter the size of a hickory nut, one tablespoon salt, one tea-spoon pepper, and the same of sage or Thyme if you like them, but it is good without them. Mix the above well and pack it hard into a deep tin and bake slowly one hour. I sometimes add some mashed potatoes also.

DAISY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 10, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have, of late, become a very much interested reader of the Firemen's Magazine, and as such, I deem it the duty of every one connected with locomotive engineers and firemen to do all in their power to make it interesting and attractive. In thinking of this, I ask myself "Why don't you try to help do so." With this thought I contribute my item, a mere mite in importance though it be, not knowing whether our editor will consider it worthy of acceptance or the waste basket.

I would not discourage any enginefeman in his high calling, but who says the life of these men is enviable? He leaves home, he kisses his wife and little ones good bye, not knowing whether or no he shall ever see them again on earth. What engineer's or fireman's wife does not, at this time, feel the hot tears struggling within her for freedom. How hard does she try to conceal her emotion until he has gone from her sight. Then all is forgotten for a few moments, save the one thought, "Will he ever come back to me?" Think of the enginefemen, as they start out on a trip. They take their seat in the cab, not knowing how soon they may be thrown therefrom, not only to the floor of the cab or the ground beneath, but to eternity. Who is to be loved, honored and pitied more than the much abused locomotive engineers and firemen? How very appropriately the words of the poet apply to them when he says:

"Oh, bless him and guide him,
Dear Savior, we pray,
That from Thy blessed precepts
He never may stray.

Who requires this blessing more than these men? I answer, as you will do, no one. How anxiously do each of us sisters in the work watch for the incoming of the train which shall bring

home to us our dearly loved one, and do not each of you, as your husband, father, son, or brother starts out on his trip, send up a prayer to the divine Ruler of all things to guard and protect him and bring him safely home to you again? Let me implore you to not be selfish in this matter but ask the Almighty Father, who doeth all things well, to let his blessing rest on each and every locomotive engineer and fireman and in asking, remember He hath said "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that shall ye receive."

FIREMAN'S BRIDE.

LONDON, ONT., March 20, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Seeing an article in your February number about the insurance being raised to \$1,500, I thought I should like to say a few words about it. I am not like our friend who thinks that it was good enough for all purposes before, for a thing can never be so good but what it might be better, for there is always room for improvement, not only in this but in every thing else that we undertake in life. The London Lodge is composed chiefly of married men, and they pay \$1.25 a month, and that covers assessments and dues, and I think they always have enough and to spare, and if a married man that has a family to keep can spare \$1.25 a month, surely a single man ought to be able to spare twice that amount. I hope that our friend will think differently in the future than what he does now, but I have taken up enough of your valuable space, so I will close, wishing the B. of L. F. success, and prosperity, and remain a

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., March 25, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I am a Fireman's wife and as the boys are too bashful to write themselves, will you kindly allow me a little space?

We seldom hear anything concerning Deer Park Lodge No. 1, and I think that whereas such a glorious Order started there certainly are some left that could write some interesting items for the Magazine. I will not condemn them entirely, for they at least keep out of the black list, and, I guess, carry no dead heads.

Deer Park Lodge is composed of the best of men and numbers about fifty. They are now talking of getting a new set of regalias, and I would like to say that nothing would please me better than to have the ladies take hold and do this for them. (Why cannot we do this ladies?)

Great sorrow is felt here at the sickness of the Master, Chas. Barkman and his wife. We hope they will be around soon. Deer Park has just sustained another loss in the death of ex-Financier A. J. Shiner, who was killed in a collision on the West Shore Road. His body was brought to this place for burial by the Brotherhood. He leaves a wife and two children.

As this communication is getting rather long for the first one, I will stop for fear it will go in the waste basket.

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

"Let the Oppressor Tread Lightly on the Oppressed."

Editors Magazine:

I regret that my illness has delayed this reply, as it has many other things. I write this letter simply to enter my protest strongly and emphatically against any impression that may have been formed by the correspondence of the "Tramp" in the March Magazine. I for one do not agree with him. The tone of his letter would lead one to believe that he voiced the sentiments of the entire Order on the subject of his epistle, and I repudiate that impression. If he has any personal views on monopolies or dynamite, let him use care on whom he wishes to impose those opinions. If he has any particular affection for monopolies, corporations and capitalists, and judging from his letter those three graces (?) possess a warm place in his heart, I have no objection to his giving expression to his feelings, and I hope he will allow me to say that I have not any love for the trio, separately or collectively. They have proved themselves ungrateful, unreasonable and unjust. They have become arrogant and overbearing, cruel and oppressive to a degree of tyranny. These are a few of the charges that lay at the door of the monopolies, corporations and capitalists toward their employes, the wage workers, the wealth producing classes; and as a wage worker I make this charge. True, there may be exceptions to this, but it is rarely that even the exceptions can stand close inspection. What, may I ask this defender of monopolies, what of the capitalists that stole the people's honesty, by first making them poor and then purchasing their franchise, defrauding them of their choice and making a farce of our Republic? What of the corporations that bought the people's Representative that the law may be framed for their benefit, to the detriment of the masses? What of the monopolies that robbed the people of millions of acres of their own soil, and then sold it for immense sums to foreigners, who in turn made the settler, the rightful owner, pay an exorbitant price for the

water that nourished it? The cattle kings may occupy, without molestation, a thousand square miles, with their numberless herds to roam at will, nor need they turn a sod for cultivation, or in any manner assist in improving or developing the resources of this vast uncultivated region, but the hardy settler having with him everything that he possesses in life, or that makes life dear, his family, his horse and wagon and his household goods, moves on to the boundless prairies, an advance post of our civilization, and is there met by the ruffianly hireling of our cattle owners, who orders him to continue his march, "no room for settlers here," and often he is compelled, owing to their extensive fences, to go many miles out of his way to water his scanty stock, or procure a drink for his wife and children. Will this champion of capitalists point to us what the land-grabbing corporations have done for the improvement of the people?

What a deep student of the labor question he must be who said: "It is the monopolies that have built the immense iron works, saw-mills, manufactories and railroads that adorn the land. It is they that furnish millions of men means to earn a living." What a slander on labor! What an insult to the intelligence of the toiling masses,—and I, as one of these, deny the truth of the assertion.

Everything in life, beautiful or useful, emanates from labor. Where is the capital, or combinations of capitalists, that can by the simple possession of their money, without labor, produce a single ear of wheat, or build the humblest cottage, or feed the hungry or clothe the naked? No, labor should be considered first and then capital that *entirely* depends on labor. Truly is it said that labor is the philosopher's stone, from whose magic truth comes forth food and raiment, the morass becomes a garden and in the wilderness springs up a city; the seas are traversed and their depths are measured. Capital, that is money, stocks, real estate, &c., is considered the accumulated result of labor, or the representation of so much labor, when really the result of labor should be the enjoyments of the comforts and happiness of life. How much of these things do the toilers of the iron works, saw mills, coal mines, manufactories and railroads receive? That they do not receive it, is as firmly established a fact as that they earn it. He would lead us to believe that millions of people were created to give to monopolies the toil of their lives. How came this system? Was it the toilers that brought about such a state of things? Will he dare tell me that God created one man to be the slave of another? Will he dare tell me that wages alone is the price of labor? or, will he dare tell me that there are not higher considerations than wages?

This man says we, too, are a monopoly. Did it ever occur to him how such organizations originated? But no matter; some other time, perhaps, we can take up this subject. At present I wish merely to show some of the benefits (?) of monopolies. Since the introduction of machin-

ery a system of oppression has been practiced upon the working classes that is horrifying to contemplate. The machine, conceived by the light of the genius that God gives every man, and born of the sturdy arm of toil, was intended as a reward to man for the use of the talents God gave him, to elevate and ennoble him, lighten his burden and shorten his hours of labor; but what is the fact? Why, monopoly, corporation or capital, as you please, have actually made the machine the master of man, its creator, and man the slave of the machine. Will the "Tramp" deny this?

A short time since the Secretary of State, in a letter to Congress, gave much information upon the subject of labor in England, Germany and other portions of Europe. I will quote briefly from that letter: "To the Consul at Birmingham a female tack-maker tells the following: 'I get paid by the thousand; the card price is 17c per thousand, but I am glad to take the work at 14½c, it is so hard to get. I work four days a week and make \$1.16. Have a brother, a nail-maker, himself and his wife both work at the trade, and earn about 14 shillings per week; after paying rent and fuel for the forge they have \$2.43 per week for food and fuel; they hardly ever see fresh meat; I do not think the children get enough to eat.' The Consul at Bremen estimates the number of females employed there in industrial establishments at 28,000. The average wages of adult females is \$2.18 per week of sixty-nine hours."

This letter shows the condition of the working-classes in Berlin, Crefeld, and parts of Holland, where horse meat is a rarity, that is, with the laboring class. It appears, from the report, that the working class in Italy are patient, economical, sober, industrious and trustworthy, yet their wages are the lowest in Europe. In Russia the general condition of the working classes is one of poverty and want. A metal turner of St. Petersburg, 45 years old, says: "Have a wife and two children; earn 72 cents per day of eleven hours." In paper box factories girls earn \$1.00 per week, holidays deducted. Women, laboring in tanneries receive 15 cents for ten hours labor. And yet these are the countries that give the greatest protection to monopolies, and the money power, "that adorn the land" with their slave-pens. Are we drifting to this? I will answer that question by giving a few facts from the report of the New Jersey Inspector of Factories and Workshops: He found 15,000 youths and children at work in 5,000 factories in that State. The average age at which they went to work was nine years, after one or two years of schooling, they work ten hours a day, and many of them fourteen hours. Those who entered the shops the earliest in life were set at work at so tender an age that they could not tell when they began. Their wages do not average \$2.00 per week.

The New York Bureau of Labor Statistics has also found a bad state of infant labor. It appears from the evidence taken at Cohoe's that

the little slaves of the mills there are kept at work, under their drivers, eleven hours a day, all the year around; that various subterfuges are adopted for employing children not yet in their teens; and that overseers are permitted to apply the strap to their backs, as well as to slap them. The fathers, themselves, it appears from the testimony, have been turned out of the mills because the children and women can be got to work more cheaply, and so the men are described as a worthless set of do-nothings, living, after a fashion, on the toil of their offspring. The superintendent of one of the mills said: "Families come here from Ireland, and the girls are as healthy and rugged and rosy-cheeked as you would ever see, and yet in two years the girls would be in consumption, and half the family would be gone in seven years." The commissioner says: "It is an established fact that parents would be unable to support their families without the wages earned by children," and that, even with this addition to the family income, a "majority of families barely manage to make both ends meet at the close of the year, while a considerable number actually find themselves in debt." Need we go to Europe for pauper labor? And these are the mills "that adorn the land?" Oh! God, what a sad future for those little children to contemplate. They grow to manhood with the finer and divine-like instincts of their natures hardened and callous; to them comes with great force the truth of the line of the immortal bard:

"Life is war, an eternal war."

I would like to ask the "Tramp" why is it that all wage workers, with very few exceptions, after their many years of toil, possess no fruits of that labor, while those whom they have worked for live in opulence, and too often in idleness? I hope he will not advance that exploded monopolist argument, that we squander our wages in dissipation. It appears that the Philadelphia Times recently sent a man to investigate the condition of affairs in the town of Manayunk. This is what he found: "Of the 12,000 people whose bread is dependent on the whirling of the mill machinery, nearly 10,000 today are dependent on charity. At every street corner stand groups of men, shivering in the bitter wind, with faces haggard and pinched with want and privation, hopeless and almost desperate."

Jefferson lays down the proposition that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living, and that the dead have no claim to it; but Jefferson was a revolutionist, and might have been a rebel. Many of our wage workers, that have so materially assisted in making us a great and powerful nation, have no home.

I shall endeavor, in your next issue, to show the hollow shallowness and false teachings of the "Tramp" on dynamite. TIM FAGAN.

ADD ONE MORE TO 251. Bro. Geo. Fulton was united in marriage to one of Mauch Chunk's fairest daughters. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Mutual Insurance Systems.*Editors Magazine:*

I had intended to have an article ready for the April Magazine, but was prevented by a press of engagements beyond my control, and I am rather glad that I did not prepare an article for that number, as I now have a chance to answer Bro. T. P. O'Rourke's articles of the last two months together, and having done so, I do not propose to again occupy these columns by any reply to personalities, sneers or innuendoes, emanating from him, but, having stated certain facts and given certain figures to support them, I shall await and welcome any statements to the contrary properly backed by proof to sustain them, and shall not notice any others.

In his last two communications our worthy Bro. T. P. sets himself up as a mentor, and wishes to impress it upon our memories that he avoids personalities, and yet he does not hesitate to use personalities and ridicule without stint, and then caps the climax by saying, "it was not me." "X. L. C. R. resorted to personalities to hide his weakness." In order to refresh his defective memory I would call his attention to that sneering personality about "the poor Eastern brothers, who could not raise 50 cents to pay on a \$1.00 policy;" to the sly innuendo at a higher degree of learning to be obtained in a college; to the flat arraignment of my motive, in his assertion "that it was the amount of the policy and not the scheme that I was dissatisfied with;" then he feelingly alludes to "the ethereal scheme," and praises himself that he has what most of the readers of the Magazine have not, namely, nerve enough to read one of my articles. As if these points were not enough, he accuses me of allowing a too free range to my imagination, in concocting such "a grand and magnificent scheme," only to be "grasped by gigantic intellects," and yet, in the same article, he "puts the lever down in the corner," and "opens the throttle of his imagination wide" as he describes how we might "buy all the railroads, all the land, all the governments, all the judges, and even all the lawyers in this and adjoining countries," by following up my scheme. Having pointed out some of the slips of memory of our esteemed Bro. T. P. it is to be expected that when he writes on insurance, or any other matter, hereafter, he will conform to his very good rule, and avoid gross personalities and offensive imaginations, and confine himself to facts and figures.

Bro. T. P. says he is reviewing my scheme, so, of course, he can have no objection to my reviewing his review, and, as he holds me accountable for my expressions, I claim the same right in regard to him, and while I am ready to stand by and defend any and every sentence I have ever written for the Magazine, I hope he will have the manhood to abide by his words, and not be like a certain man's flea, which is often alluded to because it had a faculty for not being on the spot where it was when the man started to put his finger on it, but "bobbed up serenely" elsewhere about that time. For in-

stance, if Bro. T. P. says he has not been to school since his thirteenth year, and has not learned much since, and you go to find him there he will hop away, and turn up somewhere else and sneer at figures "that perplex him," even if they are put in such shape that any ordinary schoolboy ought to understand them.

When Bro. T. P. says "If we have to pay in as much as we draw out, what is the use of supporting an Order like ours," and you go to take him, he is not there, but turns up elsewhere, and says, "There are good things about the Order outside of its insurance. Having stated his views in one article, he ought not so readily abandon them, except he finds they are not as sound as he thought they were before they were brought to the light of investigation.

The facility for rapid transformation exhibited by Bro. T. P. reminds me of a little incident I saw in print some time ago.

A certain doctor, residing in the South, had, in addition to his practice as a physician, a plantation, and was rather an admirer of improved stock-breeding, extending it even to pigs, of which he had a fine litter of the famous Berkshire breed. One day in going his rounds the doctor gave such a glowing account of the beauties and good qualities of his new "Berkshire pigs" as to excite a desire in the mind of one of his friends, who owned a plantation several miles from the doctor's, to have one. The doctor promised to send his friend a fine pig as a present, to convince him of their excellence. In due time the doctor ordered his colored servant, Sambo, to take one of the pigs in a basket to his friend, with the doctor's compliments.

Sambo got the pig, put it in a covered basket and started on horseback to do his errand. About half way between the two plantations Sambo had to pass a wayside inn, the owner of which was seated on the veranda and hailed Sambo as he was going by to know where he was going with his basket. Sambo informed him of the pig he had in charge, and as the breed was then new, the landlord wished to see it. Sambo dismounted, and exhibited the pig to the landlord's satisfaction, and was then told to go to the bar room and get a drink for his trouble. While Sambo was in the hotel the landlord quietly took the pig from its cosy nest in the basket, and slipped a New Foundland pup into its place. Sambo came out soon afterwards, mounted his horse and rode on.

On arriving at his destination he presented the basket, with the doctor's compliments, and the friend, pleased with the promised gift, hastened to examine the pig, and found the pup. He finally concluded the doctor was playing a practical joke on him, and sent Sambo back with the pup in the basket, and a sharp message to the doctor about his ability to tell the difference between a pig and a pup.

Sambo came riding back to the hotel in great haste and some alarm, and was again hailed by the landlord, who had been on the watch for his return, eager to hear how his joke was working.

After Sambo had given his account, and shown the pup in proof of the strange transformation, he was invited to take another drink on it. The negro went, which gave the landlord the desired opportunity of taking the pup out and replacing the pig in the basket. In due time Sambo arrived home, delivered the friend's message and in proof raised the lid of the basket to show the pup, when, to his intense surprise, there lay the pig. After gazing at it with dilating eyes for some time, poor Sambo gasped out, with a deep sigh, "No use, massa; he can be pig or pup just as him pleases." Even so is it with our worthy Bro. T. P.; he can be one thing at one time and when you next see him he is another thing, quite different.

He ridicules the idea of his heir walking down Wall street, with money and stocks in his pockets, and yet I am inclined to think he would rather have it so than to have his heir left with on inheritance, simply because his heir's ancestor wanted to get a cheap insurance, and got badly disappointed. It should be impressed on the minds of all that the cheap things are not always the best, and every man should be ready to give a fair equivalent for all things he receives, whether it be an insurance or his monthly pay. Perhaps, if this rule was properly followed, we would hear less of railroads being insolvent, and in the hands of receivers, like the D. & R. G., and find them flourishing like the D. L. & W., with over \$8,300,000.00 net earnings, or about 16.7 per cent. on the capital stock, for the year 1884.

One other point in Bro. T. P.'s article deserves notice, and that is the fact that he seems to glory in the idea that we, as an Order, are outside of the reach of the law, and can thus do as we please about paying claims. I ever thought that our noble Order, as we are proud to call it, had nothing to fear from the law, or its officers, for rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil, and conscious of this fact and our own rectitude, I did not, and do not, see that we have anything to be afraid of by living within the bounds of the law. It is indeed a strange anomaly to find that any one enjoying the protection of the laws of the country in his capacity as an individual should attempt to claim exemption from all laws as a member of an Order, when the Order could not exist, and everything would be in a chaotic condition, without the law.

After exhausting all his ammunition in the attempt to blow me and my scheme up, Bro. T. P. asks me to come down and give him a few of the details of the scheme as it would appear in operation. Perhaps it would be fair to answer Bro. T. P. in his own language, when asked to do a similar thing, "that I have no confidence in your judgment and reasoning power," "consequently we do not think the result would pay for the effort;" but as it would not be manly, much less brotherly, I will say that I have written on the subject of insurance to call attention to certain defects in our present system and to propose

a remedy for them, but did not propose, unaided and alone, to get up a "complete scheme," to bring before the Convention, but to have the whole matter discussed in a fair manner, and with a candid desire to ascertain whether my fears for the permanency of our insurance system were well-grounded, and if they were, to obtain such advice and suggestions from different sources as to elaborate a scheme which could be presented in a finished state, and as near perfection as human (not gigantic) intellect could make it.

In order to return to the main subject I will again state the point of weakness in our present system.

Our Order is comparatively young, our death-rate light, but even now on the increase. Say we have 14,000 members, none of these worth counting will be alive fifty years hence. If 14,000 die in fifty years, 280 must die on an average, each year, and at \$1,500.00 each would call for \$420,000.00, or at the rate of \$30.00 per year for each member.

If for every member who dies, or is disabled, expelled or withdraws, we admit a new member, and allowing some for the natural growth, we might hope to have 20,000 members or over at the end of fifty years, for we can not expect to grow as rapidly as we have for the last three or four years. Some of the members admitted during this period of fifty years will also die before its expiration, and probably \$20.00 per year will be needed for them, on an average, making \$50.00 per year per member. If we get clear this year with \$17.00 we are \$33.00 below the average, and at some time we will have to make up these \$33.00 in addition to the regular average of \$50.00, making a total of \$83.00 per year for each member. Then where is your cheap insurance, and who will be able to stand the assessments and keep up the association?

According to my plan we should pay in more than is needed now, and allow the surplus to accumulate, so as to have a reserve fund to help us pay claims when they come too fast for us, and thus secure a cheap and permanent insurance.

X. L. C. R.

STRATFORD, ONT., Feb. 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have read with great pleasure and interest the many and varied letters from your correspondent X. L. C. R. The wide range of subjects, the sound and logical reasoning, and the clear, forcible manner in which he presented his convictions warrants me in judging him to be a deep thinker, a close observer and a man of great practical ability. I am sure I voice the sentiments of many more brothers in heartily welcoming X. L. C. R. as a truly valuable acquisition to the pages of the Magazine. I have been much impressed with his articles during the past few months on the subject of "Our Mutual Insurance System"—(as conducted on the principles of the B. of L. F.) the best, safest and decidedly the cheapest insurance possible to obtain. But since

studying his articles I must confess he has completely converted me to his views on the subject supported as they are by clinching proofs; statistics of hard facts and figures, showing well calculated foresight. However I maintain with X. L. C. R. that our insurance can be made safe, permanently beneficial and cheap, only by adopting the wise and prudent course of providing a reserve fund to back it up and make it in the end nearly self-supporting instead of an ever increasing burden. I have also read our worthy Bro. T. P. O'Rourke's letters in reply to X. L. C. R., arguing in favor of our present system and against the elaborate plan proposed by X. L. C. R. I am glad Bro. T. P. O'Rourke has written and in the manner he has, for in his letter in the January number of the Magazine he embodies the chief ground of argument, which would naturally arise in the minds of the great majority of our members. They are plausible, and on the surface appear reasonable, but commence to investigate and endeavor to prove these finely spun theories and they vanish into thin air. Having no solid foundation to rest on, these airy castles, hap-hazard conjectures and unsubstantial arguments presented by Bro. T. P. O'Rourke can not stand the sound logic, the convincing proofs and well-timed arguments which X. L. C. R. brings to bear upon them. It was with much regret I noticed in the March number of the Magazine, that Bro. O'Rourke having failed in his supply of arguments had descended to sarcasm and ridicule in which he presented a ludicrous picture of X. L. C. R.'s gigantic plan and its results. Now Bro. T. P. will please remember that while this is very funny and will no doubt excite a laugh whenever read—*Yet ridicule is no argument and will not convince.* Neither will the laugh be at the expense of X. L. C. R. But his well-grounded arguments will create a lasting impression upon the minds of his readers, and T. P.'s sarcastic ridicule will sink into the oblivion it deserves and will be forgotten, as all obstacles to progressive and beneficial measures are in the end forgotten. The very fact of this discussion taking place is to my mind only another evidence that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is rapidly and surely emerging from the experimental vacillating stage to a more permanent solid basis. Before leaving this subject I would suggest that we do not fix the insurance premium up to the usual rates of insurance companies, (\$36.00 per year for \$1,500) but meet it in a medium way and place it at, say \$24.00 per year for \$1,500. This would cover all demands and build up quite a respectable revenue fund sufficient to give to our insurance the required solid and permanent character. I am led to making this suggestion by the reflection that we do not support hundreds of officers and agents to carry out our insurance scheme. Therefore it seems to me reasonable that \$24.00 per year should (in our case) accumulate as much reserve (or nearly so) as ordinary insurance companies at (\$36.00 per year. But no doubt X. L. C. R. had figured this out for us. In the event of X. L. C. R.'s plan

going into effect would it not be well to divide the Order into districts of say twenty-five or thirty-five Lodges each, and each of these districts to elect by a majority vote the ablest business man among them. The whole of these to form a "Committee of Managers" for the investment, protection, and to transact all business in connection with the "General Reserve Fund." No investments or business to be done without the majority vote of the whole Committee—said committee to meet as often in such places and in such a manner as the business is found to demand. It will thus be seen that in some such way as this the whole of the members of the Order will have a voice indirectly in the management and investment of the funds and it is likely that in this way we should secure the men best-fitted for these responsible trusts. It would also seem better if they were elected once every two or three years. I simply make these suggestions thinking they may perhaps be improved upon and utilized in perfecting the plan under consideration.

I look forward hopefully to finding this very important subject brought forward at the Philadelphia Convention in 1885, and thoroughly discussed in all its bearings. I hope to see X. L. C. R.'s plan in its main principles (if not in exact detail) adopted by the Convention. In the meantime let each and every member of the Order think out and reason among themselves upon these things and if there are any who have not read X. L. C. R.'s and T. P. O'Rourke's letters (or who, perhaps, have only read them temporarily without much thought,) let them study them carefully, comparing one with the other, giving an unbiased and independent judgment, and I think they will say with me: May X. L. C. R. ever go on growing in knowledge, promulgating new progressive ideas with his watchword "Excelsior," ever to the front.

Before concluding this letter it has occurred to me that we never have had the pleasure of reading Grand Master Arnold's opinions or writings in the Magazine. I have subscribed to the Magazine for over three years and have not yet seen the smallest article over the signature of Grand Master Arnold. Now it seems to me that as Bro. F. W. Arnold has proved himself an able and eloquent exponent of the principles and work of our Order by his speeches at the various conventions, he could also prove a means of substantial benefit and exert far greater and wider influence for the advancement of the Order by his writings from time to time in the columns of the Magazine. It would, I know, give great pleasure to many to hear from him. Let us hope he will take the hint, and that we may be favored with words of wisdom culled from the master mind of him who stands exalted at the head of an Order which is the peer of its rivals among working men. I would also like to make a suggestion with regard to Magazine Agents. I think our present system of giving large prizes to three or four Lodges and Magazine Agents is unfair to the vast majority of Agents whose

hopes of ever gaining one of these prizes are very slender indeed. So slender in fact, that I dare say the most of them seldom think of it as a possibility, and therefore seldom or ever try to compete for them. I think all Magazine Agents work hard—are put to considerable inconvenience and trouble in their zeal to promote the sale of and distribute our Magazines, and oftentimes get thanklessly treated. Therefore it seems only just and right that all Magazine Agents should be compensated accordingly. I consider if they received, say five or ten per cent on all paid subscribers received by them, it would only be a fair remuneration for all alike, and would doubtless prove a far greater incentive to them to work and swell their subscription lists, than the almost forlorn hope of ever getting one of the annual prizes, and in the increased number of subscribers thus secured would doubly pay the outlay of paying Magazine Agents a small percentage for their work. And now, Brothers for the present *au revoir*.

W. E. BROOKER.

The Tramp's Observations.

TWO LETTERS DESCRIBING A TRIP TO THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

II.

Editors Magazine:

I will in this letter briefly sketch Colorado and some of the people as I saw them.

Manitou! How to describe it is the question. It is there; eighty miles south of Denver, and six miles from Colorado Springs. It is very appropriately called the Saratoga of the West. The permanent residents are few in number, but with each return of warm weather the numerous cottages find steady occupants and the three immense hotels are crowded to their utmost capacity, and here, in this summer city, nestled down among the pyramids and mountains of dull brown sandstone, at the foot of the trail leading to Pike's Peak, whose bald pate, covered with snow the year 'round, glistens and sparkles in the sunlight, grand and sublime, weary mortals "drive dull care away," seek and find repose. The ever-present curiosity shop, where various petrifications, odd and ill-shaped specimens, and last, but not least, the notorious "Album of Photographic Gems" are disposed of at a ruinous sacrifice (to the purchaser), here abounds. The bath house man, or rather fiend, drives a lucrative trade. You may get a cold bath of *soda spring* water, and the privilege of using an old rusty colored towel, *all* for fifty cents. The hackman is happily unaware that Niagara is his harvest, but he is quite ably represented by the man who owns a *burro*, that has long ears and unwilling, but perfectly sure, feet, that can be induced to proceed by a series of love pats and caresses, administered as often as possible, and oftener if necessary.

The chief attractions of Manitou are its soda and iron springs and cool atmosphere, together with the magnificent scenery; a short distance from there are the notorious Cave of the Winds

(one dollar, please!) and the pass leading to the South Park. To describe my sensations on first imbibing at the famous Navajo Spring is impossible. I was "all broke up," so to speak. My friend, Gould, who officiated as engineer on the branch of the D. & R. G., from Colorado Springs to this Mecca, related a story of an aged lady of African extraction, who, when she drank of this water, exclaimed "Golly, who done gone put saleratus in dis yere water." But after one drink I overcame the strange shudder of the first "bowl" and literally got full up to the neck. These waters are said to possess excellent medicinal qualities, and for the accommodation of invalids and wealthy sight-seers, Manitou reserves her bland smiles and loving embraces.

From Manitou to Pueblo, in care of Bros. Bickford and Helker. Everybody knows Dave and Ed. They need no introduction from me. Pueblo, the future great, the "Pittsburg of the West," with its suburbs of South-side, East-side and Bessemer, contains about 25,000 people. The D. & R. G., A., T. & S. Fe, and the D. & N. O. make this place a terminal point. Here I met No. 50 in all her glory and in company with Bros. Hill, Carr and others took in the D. & R. G. shops. The engines in use on this road are nearly all of the Baldwin make. The freight engines are all consolidated. They have 3-ft. drivers, 15x20 in. cylinders, one Monitor and one non-lifting Friedman injector, no pumps (except air) and the standard weight about 34 tons. Those for passenger service are all six-wheel connected, double truck, straight boiler, except some small eight-wheelers in use on the San Juan and Salt Lake divisions; their drivers are, I believe, 4-ft in diameter. Mr. John Kelker, the M. M. in charge at this place, is an old veteran, having filled a similar position on the Vandalia, and also traveled some time for the Baldwin Works. His men respect him, because he is worthy of it, which I find is not always the case where I have visited. It being meeting night for No. 50, I followed the "gang" into one of the nicest lodge rooms controlled by the Order. They take a deep interest in the workings and welfare of the Brotherhood. Their hall is nicely furnished and ample room for a library at some future time is provided, and here I learned something that many of our lodges might do well to imitate. There is a box provided, into which any question one has to ask in regard to a locomotive or time card are deposited. On each meeting night three of these questions (if the other business admits of it) are taken out by the presiding officer and read, then each man, commencing with the Secretary, is asked to answer them. Through the kindness of Mr. Kelker, a blackboard is provided, on which members may explain their answers. The end justifies the means, and many evenings are thus made pleasant and instructive. The benefits of such a course are considerable.

The next morning I started west, and with Conductor Wood for *interpreter*, I became well acquainted with the world-wide famous Royal Gorge, one of the wonders of nature's art. Here

in the Grand Canon and Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, the Gods themselves have been at work. Here they have hewn monuments and tombs from the solid mountain. Here the *rocks*, and not the *mad torrents*, laugh. The angry waters dash their forces against the stubborn and unyielding rock, and, as if ashamed of their foolhardy trick, they recoil, and flow onward with a sullen, never-ceasing roar. The D. & R. G. track follows the north bank of the stream from Canon City to Brown's Canon, a distance of sixty-four miles. The scene filled me with wonder and awe. It is said "comparisons are odious," but I must make one here. Imagine a common sawkerf in a four-foot log, half-way through, and you have a miniature Royal Gorge. These rocks are 2,000 feet high, and at the bottom they are only thirty feet apart. People go to foreign lands for scenery. I have not been fortunate enough to enjoy a foreign trip, but if Swiss and Italian scenery exceeds these sights in magnificence and grandeur, nothing but a soul of art could portray it.

Salida came next, with its skating rink and Monte Christo. Bro. Yates informed me that the employees of the Rio Grande did not stop at this palace of hotels, because four dollars a day was too *steep* for them, but I find the majority of No. 140's members running on a 217 foot grade; that ain't *steep*. (No flowers, Bill.)

Bro. Griffiths accompanied me on a trip to Marshall Pass. Again my poetic soul was on fire. Such a view. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a sword is not big enough to describe this grand sight. The contemplation of a track for cars to run on, over these gigantic hills, was the product of deep thought and long continued study; its completion was a marvel of the age; an engineering feat of which Mr. McMurtre may well feel proud, defying nature's most skilled and strongest workmen, defying the elements themselves. He has builded a monument that marks the progress of a nation, for future ages to contemplate. People talk of the Pyramids and who built them; read of Xerxes crossing the Hellespont, and regard the feat as well-nigh impossible. The Pyramids are a grand achievement; Xerxes' successful transportation of his army was a grander one; but the completion of a railroad over such obstacles, through hail and snow, is the grandest of all. Future centuries may wonder at our nation's growth when they witness these evidences of our skill, and well they may.

But duty called me from these scenes, that furnish food for thought, and I took a long farewell look at these noble, soul-inspiring sights and sadly turned and retraced my steps to the Queen City of the Lakes. Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

THE official chart of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a beautiful work of art, can be had on reasonable terms from Bros. Berquist and Baker, of No. 83, whose address is L. Box 283, Ft. Worth, Tex.

For Firemen's Magazine:

ONWARD BROTHERS!

Onward brothers, duty calls you,
By the Mystic word and sign—
Onward, evil ne'er befalls you,
In a warfare so divine.

Onward brothers, there is sorrow
That your hearts can surely quell;
Onward, wait not till the morrow—
Do it now and do it well.

Onward brothers, there is mourning
Which your voices may assuage.
Onward, mercy's path adorning,
Be the prop of drooping age.

Onward brothers, there is weeping—
Wipe from every eye the tear;
Many poor are sorrows keeping—
Go, their aching hearts to cheer.

Onward brothers, he that falters
At the dangers of the way,
Ne'er hath loved our holy altars—
Ne'er did love his actions sway.

Onward brothers, are you weary
Of the charge you did assume?
Onward, though the path be dreary.
Onward, rest you in the tomb.

Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry shall
light you
In a path by brothers trod—
There no dangers e'er shall fright you.
Onward, 'tis the path of God.

—W. B. W.

LA FAYETTE, IND.

Comments on our Constitution.

Editors Magazine:

I have read with interest the different articles published from time to time in our Magazine. One from Bro. Debs, several month since, showing the purposes and intent of a constitution and a more recent one by the "Tramp," in which he expresses himself as being somewhat dissatisfied with the fundamental laws of our Order and in which he suggests a way to remedy its defects, more especially claiming my attention. I am aware, in taking up this subject, that it is an easy matter to raise objections, or to find fault in a general way without assigning any very logical reason or offering any remedy. Thus far no one, if I remember rightly, has brought any specific charge against any particular article or section of our constitution. I hope it will, therefore, afford the reader the pleasure of a variety if I openly attack a certain article in our law. Or, to speak more correctly, an article that is not, but in my judgment, ought to be incorporated into our constitution, namely, the manner in which it is to be amended. So far as my limited acquaintance with constitutions reaches, I do not know of its parallel in this particular. Cast iron constitutions have never been and I am persuaded to believe, will never be popular. The framers of the best constitutions of the world have foreseen that they would require to be changed or amended some time and have included in their work the manner in which it is to be legally done. I am not going to say, as some might, that it would have been better for our Order if the provisions, or in other words,

the failure to make any provision for a change in our constitution had been complied with. For, as a matter of fact, I do not believe such a statement would be true, and, moreover, it would reflect very little credit upon many of our members, for whom I have the highest regard. Well, you say you have pointed out a defect and now how are you going to remedy the matter?

I am fully aware that I am now approaching "very deep water." The accusation was very easy to make and substantiate, needing only a casual glance at the book to satisfy one of its correctness. But how shall it be amended, is the question before the house. Before answering that inquiry directly let us consider some of the evils that attend the manner in which it has been customary for us to make these changes and the object to be aimed at in so doing. Under our present system our laws are constantly changing. Our constitution is hardly in effect and in very many cases never understood or heard of until another is devised. Figuratively speaking, the boundary which we have thrown around ourselves, and which makes us, in a degree, a separate social circle from the sum total of society, is constantly changing. This year it takes in this territory, next year that, the next, perhaps, neither or both of the domains which it included before. This constant shifting gives our institution the appearance of an unsteady, vacillating and uncertain concern. Again, I think that any of our members who have represented Lodges in our annual conventions will bear me out in the statement that under our present system sufficient time is not given in which to give these matters due consideration. I hold as a principle to be observed in this relation, that any measure that is of sufficient merit to be incorporated into or engrafted upon our constitution is worthy of all the time and attention which we are likely to give it. And any measure that is not worthy of our most careful deliberation is certainly unworthy of adoption. It will be seen from the foregoing that I am opposed to frequent changes in our organic law and also that I am in favor of giving plenty of time for deliberation. How best to obtain this time, is then, probably, the next question demanding an answer. My plan, taking things as we find them now, with a convention each year, but of the wisdom of which I am in doubt, would be to have the proposed amendments reduced to writing. That they be read twice during the convention, that they then lay over until the next annual convention, mean time being published in the Magazine for the month immediately preceding the assembling of the convention, so that every member of the Order might have the privilege of knowing just what was proposed. Then, at the meeting of the Convention have the proposed amendments referred to a committee to be engrossed and corrected, then submitted to a vote, a two-third vote being necessary to adoption. Then, as a further safeguard against a packed delegation, bribery or wanton carelessness, let the amendment be a

law after its ratification by a majority of the Lodges in the Order. By holding our conventions only once in two or three years and remaining in session a little longer, the allowing of the proposed changes to lay over a year might be obviated. A few points in favor of this plan, and I will close.

It would prevent any abrupt change in the duties (or the officers themselves) of our Grand Officers. It would provide a way by which the salary of an officer for a given term might be a known and not an unknown quantity. This would be of the greatest importance to our officers, and as they are men of our choice and at the same time our servants, they are certainly worthy of our protection. It would preclude the possibility of any put up jobs or rushing any measure through unawares. It would give the Lodges recourse, in case their delegate failed to execute their wishes. More than all this, it would give an abundance of time in which to study and discuss the questions and ascertain their bearing on other parts of our laws. I know that it will be urged that this process is too slow for these progressive times, but I wish to remind the reader that when we are building a constitution we are building the foundation on which we expect to stand. When we amend it, we are repairing or adding to the foundation already laid, and I can not conceive of our being too careful. I believe the principle which I have before stated will hold good.

Now, brothers, my case is before you and I expect your criticism. All I ask is that you do not call me fool or liar. I can bear to see my arguments decapitated by the keen cutting cimeters of logic, for I have been accustomed to that from boyhood. In fact, I think I would submit to a little sarcasm, or openly be made fun of, but to insult, never!

Yours fraternally, STRAY MUTTON.

Little Bertie.

Lines written in memory of Bertie, son of Mr. Dennee, of the G. S. R., St. Thomas, Ont., aged 4 years and 3 months.

Once we had a fragrant blossom
Full of sweetness, full of love;
And the angels came and plucked it
For the beauteous realms above.

Tearfully we lowly laid him,
Nearth the grass that grew so green
And the form of darling Bertie
In our home no more is seen.

Days have passed and still we miss him
And our hearts ne'er throb with glee,
When we think of little Bertie
Whom on earth no more we'll see.

Oh, sweet Bertie, when we meet thee
In the joyous realms above
Gladly will we haste to greet thee
Filled will be our hearts with love.

Little Bertie was our darling
Pride of all the hearts at home,
But the breezes floating lightly
Came and whispered "Bertie, come."

*For Woman's Department:***TO GEORGE BARTHEL.**

Oh, little hands, so white and dimpled now,
Must they work on through weary years;
And little heart so happy and so free to-day,
Beat on through toil and tears.

Oh! baby laughter rippling forth,
So sweet in baby gladness;
Oh! sweet brown eyes that sparkle now.
Must they be dimmed by sadness.

Must those little feet e'er trod alone,
Through life's uncertain day,
Or will they find a resting place
Beside the shadowed way.

Through life may all the thorns be cast aside,
And absent ones look down from heaven above;
See your path paved smooth by hands,
That guard you now with tender love.

—*Evelyn Ashton Hughes.*

LOS ANGELES.

PALESTINE, TEX., March 12, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

If you can find room in our valuable Magazine for a short letter I will endeavor to let some of our sister Lodges know that 156 is still in existence and doing what good she can for the cause of the Brotherhood. The members are all earnest workers for the cause, trying to raise it in the estimation of our fellow-men. Our boys are having good success in promotions. There are thirteen of them, namely: Frank Bennett, Wm. Janders, H. C. Sorry, W. P. Mallory, T. H. Motter, J. M. McMillin, R. P. Wardlaw, W. R. Cole, H. M. Jones, D. Monk, J. H. Pitzer and H. Rody, who are doing good work on the road. Bro. Dick Eagan holds the 782 down in the Palestine yard. Bro. Henry Young is our Engine Dispatcher and if the boys do not get around in time, look out for him.

F. H. M.

PERSONALS.

ALEX. SUTTON gives us good reports from the boys at Decatur, Ill.

W. M. CHILTON, Master of 201, rejoices over the arrival of a new boy.

H. HEARST has taken unto himself a charming bride. "Pride of the West" rejoices.

FRANK N. MILLER is the happy father of a son. No. 38's members congratulate Bro. Frank.

G. A. DRISKO, of 120 has our sympathy in the illness of his wife and the loss of their little one.

BRO. LUTHER LEBARRE, the clever Master of No. 251, has been promoted to the right hand side.

THE members of No. 6 extend their sympathy to Bro. Tully upon the death of his beloved wife.

IN the loss of their little daughter, Bro. Wm. Whitwell, of 120, and wife have the sincere sympathy of all.

THE members of Avon Lodge are pleased to see Bro. W. O'Brien around again, after his late illness.

MUCH sympathy is expressed by the members of No. 232 for Bro. Reynolds, who mourns the loss of a little daughter.

FRANK N. LORD, of 36, is able to be on duty again, after a long spell of sickness. The boys are all pleased to see Frank out again.

IN the death of his only child Bro. Irwin Pribble, of No. 56, has the heartfelt sympathy of his fellow-members and many friends.

WE are pleased to learn of the promotions of Bros. E. O. Bradley, Joe Shelly and Wm. Beck, who are now running on the P., Ft. W. & C.

M. CURRIGAN is running an engine on the C. St. L. & P., with headquarters at Bradford Junction. He is one of No. 14's clever members.

J. D. WRIGHT and George H. Thomas, two of Tippecanoe's stalwart members, are running first-class Brooks engines, on the L. E. & W.

R. A. CRANE, of 198, was united in wedlock to Miss Della Bowman, of Huron, O., on March 30th. The boys extend their congratulations.

A FRIENDLY letter from our old friend, H. A. Boedecker, of Brainerd, Minn., reminds us that he is still at his post, rendering good service to 81.

Z. JACOBS, one of 47's stalwarts, has resigned his position as engineer on the Canadian Pacific, and accepted a similar one on the Memphis & Charleston.

DR. DUNPHY dropped in on us recently and paid us a very agreeable visit. The "Doctor" says that No. 50 keeps right up to the standard in the work of the Order.

THE members of F. W. Arnold Lodge, No. 44, have chartered the elegant steamer Helena for an excursion up the Mississippi river, on Sunday, June 21st. A big time is anticipated.

A SOUTH PUEBLO correspondent says that the recent visit of Instructor Stevens was much enjoyed, and also that the Lodge, with J. A. Hill at the head, is in a prosperous condition.

O. E. RAIDY, one of 16's clever members, has been elevated from the position of conductor to that of train master of the entire Vandalia system. His many friends will rejoice in his prosperity.

RIVERSIDE Lodge reports the marriage of its worthy Master, Bro. R. J. Kimbel to Miss Emma J. Simpson, a charming young lady of Savanna, Ill. The Secretary suggests that cigars are now in order.

A MEMBER of No. 44 congratulates Bro. Long as follows: "You have my earnest congratulations upon your marriage, and I hope that each succeeding year may bring you choicer blessings than the preceding one."

THE members of Three Brothers Lodge No. 235 desire to return thanks to Bro. Wm. Douglass, their late Master, for services rendered. He was a great favorite among his brother members and his withdrawal is a matter of deep regret.

J. W. TURNER, Financier of 201, met with a serious accident on April 4th, by his engine running into a trestle. He received a painful wound in the left leg, but we are glad to say that he is improving and will soon be around again.

WE regret to learn that Mrs. Willoughby, the amiable wife of Bro. W. H. Willoughby, of No. 36, sustained a fall at the skating rink, by which she dislocated her arm. We hope her injuries are not serious, and that she may soon recover.

ALEX. SUTTON, the old war-horse, of Decatur, sends us good reports from J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49. He says the boys are in downright earnest, and propose to stand by the guns. Alex. is one who has been tried, but never found wanting.

Mrs. ALICE BROOKER, wife of Bro. W. E. Brooker, of Avon, No. 38, has presented him a charming little daughter, and Bro. W. E.'s cup of happiness is now full to overflowing.

Our Lafayette members have two warm friends in Hon. B. Wilson Smith and Hon. J. Osborne, their Representatives in the Indiana Legislature. These gentlemen take a profound interest in every measure that is calculated to benefit the condition of railroad men.

The thanks of the members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75 are extended to Bros. G. Auchter, C. W. Williams, C. French, P. Logan, G. Engle, J. Bohern, J. O'Neill, D. Mahoney, C. Bogart and J. Knowles, of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3, for their kindness in assisting at the funeral of the late Bro. Wm. T. Heck.

WIN G. LYON, the gentlemanly Magazine Agent of 141 has been transferred from the left to the right side of his engine, which position he fills perfectly, and rumor has it that he is about to transfer a handsome belle from one of our rural villages on the west end of the P., Ft. W. & C., to Ft. Wayne, as Mrs. W. G. L.

CUPID has been at work among the members of No. 14, and we are advised of the marriage of Bro. Harmon Hugo to Miss Addie McLaughlin and Bro. Louis Burnan to Miss Mary E. Melshmes. These two couples are among the most popular young people in Indianapolis, and they have the best wishes of many warm friends.

The thanks of the members of Guard Rail Lodge No. 168 are hereby extended to G. J. Johnson, yard master C., M. & St. P.; W. E. Kitridge, Round-house Foreman; L. Woodin, of the roller skating rink, and Mr. Truesdale, of the Daily Republican, for favors received on the occasion of their recent ball and reception.

The Chairman of our Grand Executive Committee, Bro. E. B. Mayo, has changed his location from South Pueblo to Ft. Howard, Wis., where he is rendering good service on the right hand side. The members of No. 189 have extended Bro. Mayo the right hand of fellowship and wish him prosperity in his new field of labor.

HARRY KELER, of Fargo Lodge No. 85, wishes to return his sincere thanks to the members of Friendly Hand Lodge No. 201 and their lady friends for the courtesies shown him on his recent visit to Jackson, Tenn. He anticipates a brilliant future for the Lodge, from the fact that her members consist of the very best men on the Mobile & Ohio road.

By virtue of the generosity of the members of Eureka Lodge No. 14, an elegant banquet and reception was tendered the Secretary of the Grand Lodge, while attending his legislative duties in Indianapolis. The affair was gotten up in elegant style and reflected great credit on the hospitality of the Eureka brethren. It is needless to say that a most enjoyable evening was spent and that the Secretary of the Grand Lodge was royally entertained, for which he returns his most sincere thanks to the members of No. 14.

UNION MEETING B. OF L. E.

On Sunday, April 12, a union meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was held at Terre Haute, Ind., on which occasion we had the pleasure of meeting the Grand Chief, Mr. P. M. Arthur.

The afternoon meeting was held with closed doors, and a large number of visiting members were present from surrounding Lodges. In the evening an open meeting was held at the Council Chamber, and a fine audience was in attendance, including a number of ladies.

Mr. Jacob Sachs, of Division 25, called the meeting to order and introduced Grand Chief Arthur, who delivered a most able and interesting ad-

dress, reviewing in a masterly style the origin of the Order, its early trials and privations, its many adversities and subsequently its grand triumphs, which now command for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers universal respect and admiration. Mr. Arthur spoke with great earnestness and commanded the closest attention of his audience throughout his masterly address.

He stated that the Brotherhood was in excellent condition, and that its prospects for the future were gratifying to contemplate. New Divisions were springing up, the membership is rapidly multiplying, and a spirit of harmony and good will pervades the entire fraternity.

Mr. Arthur is an able and earnest advocate of the principles of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He dignifies the position of Grand Chief by an abundance of qualifications for the position and, as one of the members expressed it, "while Mr. Arthur stands at the head, the prosperity of our Brotherhood is secure."

AMUSEMENTS.

DECATUR, ILL.

We clip the following from the Decatur Herald: The second annual ball of John M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, B. of L. F., was held at the tabernacle last night. The Order has been organized for the past ten or twelve years, and has 13,000 members in America. The ball last night had been postponed from February 13th. The total number of tickets sold was in excess of 400, and so there was a great attendance. At times there were from fifteen to twenty sets on the floor at once in a quadrille. There was good music from the full Opera orchestra, and Lou Friburg did the calling. Supper was served at the New Deming hotel.

The firemen are proud of the success of their ball. Everything contributed to make it pleasant. The weather was cool, and the management was so good that everything passed off quietly. The ball was a great financial success. The net receipts will probably be in excess of \$200, and this money will be added to that already in the Lodge treasury.

NORTH LACROSSE, WIS.

The Daily Republican gives the following account of the late ball of Guard Rail Lodge, No. 168:

A most enjoyable affair was the ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen last evening in the Union Hall, North Side. About fifty couple assembled and each seemed bent on having a good time, and all showed signs of wanting their friends to enjoy themselves likewise. The music was splendid, order perfect and the hall just large enough to accommodate all present very comfortably. The room was tastefully and artistically decorated with festoons of pictures, flowers and colored railroad lanterns. In the end of the hall opposite the orchestra was a large headlight, and on the right, was the Brotherhood's chart, a new and appropriate symbol of the Order. The first scene represents the engineer leaving home and bidding wife and babes good bye; the next shows him greeting the station agent and receiving orders; then follows the scene where his engine passes through the tunnel and on to the trestle which is made unsafe by storms and his engine is precipitated to the depths below and a "Terrible Disaster" follows; next is a friend carrying the news to his bereaved wife and orphaned children and of her receiving the life policy is then shown, and final is a meeting of the Order and expressions and resolutions of sympathy recorded. It is a picture calculated to awaken sympathy in the strongest heart. Had the weather been more favorable a much larger crowd would have been present. But taken in all, it was an affair long to be remembered by all present, for the pleasantness of the occasion. May the Order never weaken or lessen in friendship.

RESOLUTIONS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge No. 45, B. of L. F., held February 23, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to Dr. R. W. Bourne, of Mexico, Mo., for his kind services rendered Bro. Fred. F. Smith, who was badly injured February 20, caused by the explosion of his engine near Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. R. W. Bourne and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

EDWARD CHAMBERLAIN,
H. H. BURRUS,
O. J. HOLMES, } *Committee.*

UTICA, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Rickard Lodge, No. 229, held March 8th, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our charter has been handsomely framed by Mr. Michael Rickard, of Division 14, B. of L. E., after whom our Lodge has been named, and whose sterling qualities both as man and engineer are such as to recommend him to us as a guide, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of Rickard Lodge be tendered to Mr. Rickard and that we do assure him that he has our most hearty wishes for his success in all present and future undertakings.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolution be sent to Mr. Rickard, to the Engineer's Journal and to the Firemen's Magazine.

R. E. JACOBS,
F. E. BEACH,
J. W. CHARLES, } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been the recipient of a beautiful plush Altar Cloth, from the accomplished wife of Bro. W. P. Wright, upon which the emblematic initial of our Order, "B. S. I." are beautifully embroidered in chenille, by the donor's fair hands. Also from the estimable wife of Bro. J. J. Coffy an elegant floral "B." composed of white carnations, bordered with smilax, an ornament which will ever be appreciated by the members of No. 50, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to these ladies our grateful thanks for their beautiful and magnificent presents, and hope that their lives may be unmarred by even a ripple of disappointment, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each of the ladies and recorded in the minutes and published in the Magazine.

H. W. ROUSCUP,
E. P. TONER,
LEROY SWEETLAND,
OSCAR FISHER, } *Committee.*

DENVER, COLORADO.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, held March 12th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our worthy Bro. W. W. Duffey, who died March 8th, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Duffey this Lodge has lost a good member and his parents a kind and loving son.

Resolved, That we extend to his grief stricken family our most heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our dead brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family and to the Magazine for publication.

M. S. O'ROURKE,
PERER NAGLE,
O. W. RICHARDSON, } *Committee.*

PEORIA, ILLS.

The third annual ball of W. F. Hynes Lodge, No. 48, was given in Rouse's hall, on the evening of February 10, and was a grand success in every respect. At the close of the ball the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt thanks to our friends, who helped to make our third annual ball a success:

Resolved, That we extend our most hearty thanks to the mothers, wives and sisters of the members for furnishing us with such a splendid supper and that their kindness shall never be forgotten by the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Millison our heartfelt thanks for the beautiful horse shoe of flowers, which decorated the stage, and to Mr. J. Lingo, Div. M. M. of the P. D. and E. R. R., for the use of a head-light and bell to decorate the hall.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our meeting and a copy sent to the Magazine for publication.

W. A. McMILLEN,
JOS. JOHNSON,
JOHN WATT, } *Committee.*

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL.

At a regular meeting of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, March 16th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We are once more called upon to recognize the hand of an overruling providence, in taking from among us our worthy Bro. Michael Shannon, who died at New Orleans, La, Feb. 25, and

WHEREAS, We deeply deplore his loss, as an earnest co-worker in our noble mission, therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, and we would point his sorrowing friends and relations to Him for comfort and consolation in this, their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the Magazines, and also to the sister of Bro. Shannon.

H. L. YOUNG,
M. ORF, } *Committee.*

BUFFALO, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heartfelt sorrow and sincere regret that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Bro. James Henry,

Resolved, That Buffalo Lodge No. 12, extend to his bereaved wife and relatives in their sad hour of affliction, their heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one so near and dear to them.

Resolved, That while we submit to the will of Divine providence, we deeply deplore the loss of one who endeared himself to our members by the noble and generous traits of his character and gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him, be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our late brother our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to our deceased brother's wife and they be published in the Firemen's Magazine and the Buffalo city papers.

F. H. COE,
W. A. DIAMOND,
B. H. GREGORY, } *Committee.*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him that doeth all things well, to remove to the Lodge above our esteemed and much respected Brother James Haswood, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Haswood, our Lodge has lost a faithful and efficient member and each of us a good brother fireman, and pleasant companion.

Resolved, That this Lodge, through love for our brother, extend to his sorrowing family and friends its most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of trouble and distress, and commend them to him who gives peace to weary hearts; also be it

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem our Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our late brother, also sent to the Magazine for publication, and also spread on the minutes of this meeting.

THOMAS ARNELL,
JOHN HOLLAND, } Committee.
JOHN WIDNER.

PORT DODGE, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Webster Lodge, No. 222, held March 5th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Inasmuch as our Lodge circle has been broken by an unbidden visit of the angel of death, and we made to mourn the loss of our most worthy Bro. J. W. Stites, be it

Resolved, That we bow in meek submission to the will of Him whom we lovingly and tenderly call our Father.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as an expression of our respect for our late brother we drape our charter in mourning for the space of sixty days, spread a copy of these resolutions on the minutes of this meeting, furnish a copy to the city papers and Firemen's Magazine for publication and send a copy to the family of our late brother.

C. W. GARDNER,
GEO. KELLY, } Committee.
A. N. ALLIS.

CRESTON, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Advance Lodge No. 101, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the mysterious providence of God, we have lost our Bro. W. Lauritzen, who on the threshold of manhood, was suddenly and unexpectedly removed from among us, on March 22d, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. W. Lauritzen the Brotherhood has lost a most worthy member, the company a most efficient and trustworthy man, and we, his brothers, a true and warm friend and the community in which he lived an upright and honorable citizen.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are due and are hereby tendered the Y. M. C. A., of this city, for the gift of beautiful flowers for the funeral, and we shall always remember this as an expression of their interest in us as men, and shall endeavor so to live as to always merit their respect.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

C. C. SUTHERLAND,
J. F. BRYAN, } Committee.
F. A. NEELY.

RIVER DU LOUP, QUEBEC.

At a meeting of Colonial Lodge No. 119, held on March 19th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst Bro. Crosby Walker, a most estimable member of our Order, be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Walker, our Lodge has lost a tried and true member, one who was in every way worthy of our confidence and esteem.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be extended to the relatives and friends of our deceased brother, in this great trial.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to A. R. McDonald, District Superin-

tendent; T. Crockett, Chief Despatcher, and A. Ouellet, Locomotive Foreman; for their kindness in enabling so many of the brothers to attend the funeral.

Resolved, that we drape our Charter for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

W. CARMICHAEL,
G. MONTGOMERY, } Committee.
G. FINDLEY,
D. CHARRIEN.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

At a regular meeting of Frisco Lodge, No. 51, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His most infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed Bro. Geo. Fish, who met his death while coupling cars, on the morning of May 1st,

Resolved, That Frisco Lodge, No. 51, B. of L. F. extends to his bereaved mother, sister, and brothers, in this, their sad hours of affliction, their heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one so near and dear to them, and that they may look for consolation in Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to the members of our sister Lodge, No. 109, for assistance at our brother's funeral, and also to the officials of the St. L. & S. F. R. R. for arrangements to let so many brothers attend.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and also published in our Magazine.

JOHN HULSE,
J. A. DRYDEN, } Committee.
W. A. WOLEMAN,

DECATUR, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of J. M. Raymond Lodge, No. 49, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to call home our beloved and highly esteemed Bro. John Hamilton, who died at his home in Spencerville, New York, March 6th, 1885, and

WHEREAS, From personal acquaintance we mourn the loss of our brother as an earnest supporter of the principles of our Order and one whose life was in accordance with our motto; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his grief stricken family and friends, and that we shall ever remember him as an upright, manly and respected man; and be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem for our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

H. P. DAVIS,
ED. HIGGINS, } Committee.
JOHN HIGGINS,

DECATUR, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, the following resolutions were adopted:

Once more we are called to weep with those who weep, and mourn with those who mourn.

Bro. Irving Hopping has been stricken down in the prime of life by the fell destroyer, Death. He was a worthy citizen, a warm friend, a true Brotherhood man, and in every relation of life his deportment was such as to win the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

In this bereavement our Order has lost one of its valuable supporters, his family a kind and indulgent son and brother, and the Wabash Ry. a faithful and competent servant. He was ever

present when and where his services were required, and was remarkable for his promptness in attending to all duties.

To the sorrow stricken family we would extend our heartfelt sympathies in this their sad bereavement, and as a token of our respect and esteem, be it

Resolved, That our Lodge room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of this be sent to the bereaved family, and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

L. MEISSE, }
J. KEYS, } Committee.
F. DAVIS. }

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Deer Park Lodge No. 1, B. of L. F. the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the death of our highly respected and beloved Bro. A. G. Shiner, who gave up his life on the rail, the Order has lost a most faithful worker, and the family a kind and loving husband, and one whose absence will ever be remembered, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved widow and children of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this, the hour of their affliction. While we bow in humble submission to Divine providence, we deeply feel our loss, and shall forever cherish the memory of our departed brother as one most dear to us.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the members of West Shore Lodge No. 213, who so kindly assisted Bro. Hedgion in looking after the remains of our late brother while clearing up the wreck, and also for the offered assistance to the widow of the deceased.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and also a copy be presented to the widow of our deceased brother.

C. E. BARKMAN, }
J. E. COOKE, } Committee.
E. S. HARDING. }

NEW YORK, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Just in Time Lodge, No. 149, B. of L. F., held April 11, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In His divine wisdom Almighty God has seen fit to remove from our midst, by death, our esteemed Bro. Mogul Call, thereby reminding us of the uncertainty of life, be it therefore

Resolved, In the death of Bro. Call Just in Time Lodge, No. 149, has lost a staunch supporter and an ardent lover of our Order, and having endeared himself to us all, as a token of our respect and esteem, be it

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the mother and family of our departed brother, in this their sad bereavement; also be it

Resolved, That we drape our Charter for the space of sixty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Lodge, and a copy be engrossed and presented to the mother of our lamented brother, and the same be published in our Magazine.

We will speak of Bro. Mogul,
In language so sincere
That in the fanks of our Brotherhood
He will be remembered many a year.

For now he has departed,
For that bright land far away,
Where God in His mercy pardons
The faults of former days.

JOHN J. MCCAFFNEY, }
JAMES R. JOHNSON, } Committee.
THOS. V. MCGRANE, }
DAVID R. TUCKER, }
MINOR H. KEYES. }

LOST.

Jas. O'Reilly, of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150, lost his address book, containing a B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. traveling card, somewhere between Kansas City, Mo., and Pueblo, Col. The cards are ordered to be taken up, and any information in regard to the lost property should be addressed to L. L. Hood, L. Box 217, Marquette, Mich.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

C. W. GREEN.

C. W. Green, of Lodge 113, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 135.

S. McLaughlin and R. E. Fallis, of No. 135, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

CHAS. THOMPSON.

Chas. Thompson, of Lodge No. 147, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

P. H. KANE.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of P. H. Kane will please notify his brother, Mark M. Kane, Rock Island, Ill. He was formerly employed as engineer, on the Illinois Central, and when last heard from, in November, 1884, he was in Kansas City.

MAY ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Nos. 2 and 3—\$2.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

9. Harry Mumford, of Lodge 13, died of apoplexy, January 31.

10. W. C. Nance, of Lodge 55, died of pneumonia, January 22.

11. W. T. Heck, of Lodge 75, died of typhoid fever, February 1.

12. J. W. Davis, of Lodge 75, died of paralysis, February 2.

13. Byron Gillett, of Lodge 28, was declared totally disabled with consumption, Feb. 5.

14. Dennis Cronin, of Lodge 202, died of pneumonia, February 6.

15. John Barlow, of Lodge 96, died of typhoid fever, February 17th.

16. J. T. Quinlivan, of Lodge 105, died of tuberculosis, February 18.

17. J. W. Stites, of Lodge 222, died of typhoid fever, February 18th.

18. E. K. Whitaker, of Lodge 71, was killed in a railroad accident, February 25.

19. Crosby Walker, of Lodge 119, was killed in a railroad accident, February 26.

20. Wm. Turner, of Lodge 158, was declared totally disabled with general debility, Feb. 13th.

21. C. D. Green, of Lodge 115, was declared totally disabled with contraction of the liver and ascites, February 17.

22. A. J. Shiner, of Lodge 1, was killed in a railroad accident, February 20.

23. Edward F. Long, of Lodge 7, died of tuberculosis, February 22.

24. G. H. Fish, of Lodge 51, was killed in a railroad accident, March 1.

The amount of two DOLLARS is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership March 1, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before June 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before June 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearages, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours

EUGENE V. DEDS,
G. S. and T.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending March 31, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.
			54.	55.					54.	55.	
1		\$39			\$39 00	66		\$64			\$64 00
2	\$18	11			29 00	67	\$28	63			91 00
3	31	129			160 00	68	20	69			89 00
4	7	52			59 00	69	39				39 00
5	42		\$50		92 00	70	33	37			70 00
6	15	31			46 00	71	11	44			55 00
7	3	23			26 00	72	10	64			74 00
8	5	56			61 00	73	47				47 00
9	37	38			75 00	74	26	56			82 00
10	3	61			64 00	75	59	111			170 00
11	1	119			120 00	76		\$59			59 00
12	19	171			190 00	77	49	84			133 00
13						78		92			92 00
14	1	150			151 00	79		40			40 00
15			57		57 00	80		68			68 00
16	9	130			139 00	81		69			69 00
17	13	21			34 00	82	3	126			129 00
18	21	47			68 00	83	4	70			74 00
19	24				24 00	84	70				71 00
20	7	33			40 00	85					163 00
21	40	11			61 00	86	5	65			70 00
22	7	19			26 00	87	33				33 00
23	17	39			56 00	88	7	52			59 00
24			54		54 00	89	41				82 00
25	23	40			63 00	90		7			7 00
26	13	55			68 00	91	23				23 00
27	18	64			82 00	92	12				12 00
28	4	67			71 00	93					171 00
29	5	26			52 00	94	6	64			70 00
30	5	52			31 00	95	90				90 00
31	20	50			70 00	96	5	38			43 00
32	14	20			34 00	97	6	51			57 00
33	3	55			58 00	98					176 00
34			45		45 00	99	21	37			58 00
35	19	23			42 00	100	5	39			44 00
36	16	50			66 00	101	51	90			141 00
37	54				54 00	102					180 00
38			63		63 00	103	27	84			111 00
39			82		82 00	104	16	27			182 00
40	2	75			77 00	105	1	68			183 00
41	11	8			10 00	106	8	15			184 00
42		31			31 00	107	15	29			185 00
43	2	67			136 00	108	1	29			186 00
44	2	69			131 00	109	13	41			187 00
45	30	70			100 00	110					188 00
46	14	39			44 00	111	19	36			189 00
47		157			157 00	112	24	47			190 00
48	1	74			75 00	113	4	15			191 00
49	24	24			48 00	114		23			192 00
50		117			117 00	115	1	29			193 00
51	12	61			73 00	116	3	44			82 00
52	7	86			83 00	117		44			44 00
53	16	46			63 00	118	11	23			34 00
54	11	66			77 00	119		26			26 00
55	6	32			38 00	120		56			56 00
56	24	1			25 00	121	10	34			44 00
57	24	193			217 00	122	4	36			40 00
58		21			21 00	123	10	51			61 00
59		109			109 00	124	42	42			84 00
60	7	73			80 00	125	14	29			43 00
61	32	82			114 00	126		35			89 00
62	6	50			56 00	127	2	96			98 00
63	33	16			49 00	128	5	27			32 00
64	44				44 00	129	12	52			64 00
65	29	62			91 00	130	16	48			64 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.
			54.	55.					54.	55.	
131	\$12	\$17			\$29 00	194			\$28		\$28 00
132	23	24			47 00	195	\$1	\$16			17 00
133			\$38		38 00	196		37			37 00
134	11	27			38 00	197		20			20 00
135	7	71			78 00	198	2	13			15 00
136	8	9			17 00	199		24	25		49 00
137		33			33 00	200					23 00
138		35			35 00	201		23			41 00
139		33			33 00	202	1	40			36 00
140						203	9	27			25 00
141	2	66			68 00	204			25		92 00
142	39	60			99 00	205	12	45	35		30 00
143	21	4			25 00	206			30		36 00
144						207			36		29 00
145		31			31 00	208			29		24 00
146		24			24 00	209	6	18			51 00
147	6	19			25 00	210	1	23	27		43 00
148	16	9			25 00	211			43		30 00
149	26	119			145 00	212	1	29			11 00
150	4	45	50		99 00	213	5	18			18 00
151	7	50			57 00	214					32 09
152	14	18			32 09	215					12 43
153		39			39 00	216	12	43			16 00
154		27			27 00	217	7	9			16 00
155		17			17 00	218		16			34 34
156	6	36			42 00	219		17			33 00
157	6	19			25 00	220		33			21 00
158	29	38			67 00	221		21			37 00
159	13	13			26 00	222	16	15			5 00
160	4	52			56 00	223	5	15			20 00
161	19	42			61 00	224	2	15			18 00
162		99			99 00	225		18			22 00
163	2	18			20 00	226		22			19 36
164	14	8			22 00	227		17			37 00
165		33			33 00	228		27			37 00
166	6	24			30 00	229		37			27 00
167	1	35			36 00	230	1	37			42 46
168	6	14			20 00	231		5			8 00
169	8	44			52 00	232	3	5			7 00
170	7	37			44 00	233		7			12 00
171	7	5			12 00	234	3	9			17 18
172		39			39 00	235	1	17			12 00
173	3	18			21 00	236		12			29 00
174	11	41			52 00	237	2	27			28 00
175	4	19			23 00	238	8	11	9		19 00
176					18 00	239		19			14 24
177	11	33			44 00	240	10	13			60 00
178	9	51			64 00	241		17			27 00
179	3	61			7 00	242		27			
180		7			21 00	243	1				
181		21			32 00	244					
182	1	31			36 00	245					
183		36			30 00	246					
184	7	23			10 00	247					
185	10				28 00	248	1	4			
186	4	24			18 00	249					
187		18			48 00	250					
188					32 00	251					
189	3	29			28 00	252					
190	7	21			18 00	253					
191	18				32 00	254					
192	4	14			25 00	255					
193					25 00	256	2	1			3 00

Balance on hand March 1 \$1,133 50

Received during month 12,254 00

Total \$13,387 50

By claims Nos. 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194,
195, 196, 197, 198, 199 and 200 12,000 00

Balance on hand April 1 \$1,387 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of March :

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
22	A. H. Aldrich.*	94	George Proser.*
22	G. D. Oliver.*	94	A. Straube.*
22	A. H. Stevens.*	94	Samuel Thomas.*
22	C. N. White.*	94	Fred Small.*
22	T. McCaffery.*	94	Martin Holst.*
22	J. W. Blakely.*	96	Ed Keller.*
22	A. P. Green.*	99	Larry O'Loughlin.*
3	W. J. Power.*	99	H. L. Crofut.*
5	B. E. Earl.*	99	John Keating.*
5	Geo. D. Westfall.*	112	E. T. Peck.*
6	John Browell.*	113	Jas. M. Hammill.*
8	J. C. Berner.*	115	Joe Fuggett.*
8	Herman Willreth.]	115	Fred Rodefheldt.*
8	Geo. W. Danner.*	121	Z. B. Warner.*
8	Thos. Burke.*	122	Geo. Firth.*
9	J. J. Lauer.†	123	Patrick Lynch.*
26	N. W. Bennett.*	127	F. Second.*
31	N. H. Lamar.*	127	John Noble.*
40	Charles Harmon.*	130	J. S. Rourke.†
43	August Marsh.*	131	John M. Brown.*
45	J. E. Brown.*	131	L. T. Jackson.*
45	A. W. Quinby.*	132	James Beagle.*
47	James O'Connor.*	146	J. B. Harris.*
51	Bert Coleman.*	148	W. B. Clennard.*
51	B. S. Chinn.*	148	D. A. Hayes.*
53	Geo. Fadle.*	148	Chas. Hotchkiss.*
53	John Hayes.*	148	C. P. Jones.*
54	G. A. Burnham.‡	148	A. Lea.*
58	Thos. May.*	148	Andrew Major.*
63	D. Casey.*	149	Charles Ritchie.*
63	J. Kilroy.*	149	W. Bloomfield.*
63	James King.*	149	J. J. McAuliffe.*
63	J. Lumsden.*	150	Eugene Sullivan.*
63	Theo. Simmons.*	154	J. D. Stiles.*
63	Q. Westfall.*	156	P. M. Edge.*
63	George Pugh.*	156	H. J. Miller.*
63	George McReynold.*	158	J. Fuller.*
67	Gus Corner.*	159	Lee McLain.*
70	Chas. Haughton.*	159	J. W. Rowe.*
70	C. L. Morgan.*	159	J. A. Koehler.*
70	C. C. Greer.*	166	W. A. McIlvain.*
70	W. W. Nichols.*	173	Jas. Dougherty.*
74	Chas. Paris.*	175	A. Allen.*
74	Daniel Heffron.*	177	J. L. Rawley.*
76	J. W. Clark.*	187	S. Y. Elkins.†
78	J. E. Sheble.*	201	John Campbell.*
78	J. Hogg.*	204	C. E. Cramer.*
82	Wm. Nixon.*	204	A. L. Parker.*
85	Ed McEvoy.*	204	O. J. Frost.*
94	Peter Fagin.*	218	H. L. Roth.*
94	A. H. Howard.*	240	Fred Westbrook.*
94	E. A. Kingsley.*	246	Z. T. Hutchison.*
94	Wm. Patrick.*		

† Drunkenness and Defrauding brothers.

* Non-payment.

‡ Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Contempt of Lodge.

† Drunkenness.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of March :

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
9	Ed Gimbey.	76	T. B. Sloman.
14	James Newnon.	82	M. F. Hulet.
16	Ed Murphy.	106	George Danner.
46	Louis Smith.	115	Fred Rodefheldt.
54	D. T. Hayes.	123	George Fulmer.
	George House.	203	James Sweeney.
	W. N. Hall.	238	John Nilson.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
- HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday and 4th Wednesday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Financier
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
G. Auchter, 167 Fourth St. Secretary
H. Springstead, 282 9th St. Financier
- GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
- CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
- PRIDE OF THE WEST; Denoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
- POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier
- RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. E. Johnson, Box 517 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
- FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C. St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops Financier
- FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
- EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St.,
Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier

12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs. Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1308 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 514 Master
L. Selling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseaman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
P. A. Loveland Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
31. **R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
W. Jacobia, 1511 Utah Ave. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
34. **CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1146 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
35. **AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
36. **TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Rome St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
37. **NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
38. **AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
39. **TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
40. **BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
41. **ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor Master
H. K. Stratton Secretary
J. Taylor Financier
42. **ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
43. **ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier

- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
A. D. Hensley, S. W. Cor. Douglas
and 10th Sts. Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E. Washington St. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5928 State St. Chicago
Illinois Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Bos-
ton, Mass. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 278 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 508 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milline, G. T. Ry. Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
W. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, 237 Brunswick Ave. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier

- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drunkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, Barnesville, Minn. Master
J. Robinson, L. Box 380 Secretary
G. J. Miller, Barnesville, Minn. Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
W. F. Brundage, 202 1/2 Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. T. Lowrey, Box 758 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave. Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
D. Reid, Box 170 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2851 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2851 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebtag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 332 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 342 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C. & B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts. Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1093 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader, 720 York St. Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesneil St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Bertram St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier

- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Broadway Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
M. Russell Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs Master
J. Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
J. Clark, Corner 36th and M½ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleason Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
J. T. Dewar, Chaudiere Curve Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. A. McMullen, 236 E. Fayette St. Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Haumer Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennls, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
L. A. Sunderland, 935 Division St. Secretary
H. P. Calhoun, 719 Pierce St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
A. J. McClain Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 183 McWilliam St. Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St. Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Siminon, Box 420 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Master
J. Duggan, 53 5th St. Secretary
C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier

- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 569 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 569 Financier
- 141. A. G. POMER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St. Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVEY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
J. J. Sangster Master
T. Bettis Secretary
D. A. Middleton Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
W. M. Stafford, 118 W. 67th St. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St. Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
T. H. Wade, Box 183 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 430 Mullett St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
Wm. Riggs, 25 John St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2008 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
E. K. Park, Box 56 Secretary
J. I. Smith, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
W. Osg Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
J. Sullivan, Box 455, Portage, Wis. Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier

- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, 541 Wellington St. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
R. A. Bell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, 160 S. 3d St., W. Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d St., W. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
A. Tankersley Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleve-
land, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Geisen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3139 Hanover St. Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Tuesday
at 7:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall Master
R. J. Geis, Lower Cascades, Washing-
ton Territory Secretary
W. N. Collister, Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
J. H. Woffington Secretary
H. McGowan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, L. Box N. Master
W. S. Griffiths, L. Box N. Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
cine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayler, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
A. Tully, Box 223 Secretary
E. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier

- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st and 3d Mondays at 8:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
George Moore Master
W. H. Barber Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45 Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St Secretary
F. A. Raudlett, 79 Jefferson St Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 019 Master
J. McKee Secretary
J. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. J. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffeen St Master
T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffeen St Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 69 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1268 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St Financier
- 217. DFERICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Ritchey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St Master
H. B. Shaffer, 296 Locust St Secretary
D. W. Triem, 296 Locust St Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HUBON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOERN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 175 Secretary
C. Unwin, Neerbing P. O., Thunder Bay, Ontario Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 38 Ontario St Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 400½ Poplar St Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 324 Lombard St Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Cogan Financier

224. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.

Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
 J. Fallon Secretary
 J. McIlvenna, C. P. Ry Financier

225. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 R. H. Scott, McCullough St., near 46th. Master
 J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East
 Pittsburgh, Pa Secretary
 J. B. Martz, Wilkinsburg, Pa Financier

226. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.

Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 H. Straining, Box 3 Master
 F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
 F. D. Teter Financier

227. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last
 Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 O. B. Frogner Master
 D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
 J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier

228. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.

Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. Mulvin Master
 L. Robertson Secretary
 H. C. Kehlman Financier

229. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.

Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
 D. Wahl Master
 A. R. Edington, Box 54 Secretary
 J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier

240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.

Meets every Sunday.
 G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St Master
 A. Sunley Secretary
 A. Sunley Financier

241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.

Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
 J. McCall Master
 A. Krapf Secretary
 P. C. Hagerty Financier

242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.

Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
 E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
 J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier

243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas

Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. Malin Master
 S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
 E. H. Christman Financier

244. T. P. O'ROURKE; Chicago, Ill.

Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
 at 2:30 P. M.
 W. E. Burns, W. Taylor St. Master
 C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
 N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier

245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.

Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. J. Williams, New Houston and
 Montgomery Sts. Master
 A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and
 Duffy Sts. Secretary
 S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier

246. MACON; Macon, Ga.

Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
 D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
 W. M. Walker, 272 4th St. Secretary
 T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier

247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.

Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 W. G. Angier Master
 J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
 C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier

248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 E. N. Packard Master
 Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
 W. E. Boynton Financier

249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.

Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
 O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
 H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier

250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. Van Why, Ashley Pa Master
 Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court Secretary
 E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa Financier

251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa Master
 S. A. Campbell Secretary
 C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier

252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 S. F. Wike Master
 C. W. Downs Secretary
 M. M. Hinkle Financier

253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. Master
 F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
 J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. Financier

254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
 I. C. Perrin, Box 296 Secretary
 W. M. Shirley, Box 101 Financier

255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.

Meets every Sunday.
 C. G. Potter Master
 M. E. Sullivan Secretary
 V. T. Thoman Financier

256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.

Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 H. E. Witherell Master
 C. S. Eastman Secretary
 H. D. Avery Financier

257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 M. McNulty, Box 25 Master
 I. Blizzard, Box 25 Secretary
 J. Lynch, Box 25 Financier

258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 Master
 M. Norton, Box 264 Secretary
 H. C. Forrester, Box 417 Financier

259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.

Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. Turk Master
 F. Bradbury Secretary
 H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier

260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.

Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
 J. A. Baker, Room 8, Masonic Temple, Master
 G. E. Hanford, 1730 O st Secretary
 A. Henderson, 1517 N st Financier

261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.

J. F. Hennessy Master
 J. H. Applegate Secretary
 E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier

262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. M. Riddick Master
 W. Wyndman Secretary
 F. A. Sproule Financier

263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.

Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
 Z. B. Mansfield, Box 52 Master
 J. P. Greene Secretary
 M. B. Moynahan Financier

264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.

Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
 T. Malee, Box 832 Master
 J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
 M. W. Fitzgerald, Box 832 Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1885.

No. 6

THE BROOK SONG.

I'm hastening from the distant hills
With swift and noisy flowing,
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going.
The willows cannot stay my course,
With all their pliant wooing,
I sing and sing till I am hoarse,
My prattling way pursuing.
I kiss the pebbles as I pass,
And hear them say they love me,
I make obeisance to the grass
That kindly bends above me.
So onward through the meads and dells
I hasten, never knowing
The secret motive that impels,
Or whither I am going.

A little child comes often here
To watch my quaint commotion,
As I go tumbling, swift and clear,
Down to the distant ocean;
And as he plays upon my brink,
So thoughtless and so merry,
So full of noisy song, I think
The child is like me, very.
Through all the years of youthful play,
With ne'er a thought of sorrow,
We prattling, speed our way,
Unmindful of the morrow;
Aye, through these sunny meads and dells
We gambol, never knowing
The solemn motive that impels,
Or whither we are going.

And men come here to say to me:
"Like you, with weird commotion,
O little singing brooklet, we
Are hastening to the ocean;
Down to the vast and misty deep,
With fleeting tears and laughter,
We go, nor rest until we sleep
In that profound Hereafter.
What tides may bear our souls along,
What monsters rise appalling,
What distant shores may hear our song
And answer to our calling.
Ah, who can say! through meads and dells
We wander, never knowing
The awful motive that impels,
Or whither we are going!"

—Eugene Field.

JOHN'S TRAIN.

"Then you never heard what brought John and me together? Just hitch your chair close up to the fire, for there's a rain falling outside, and this wind from the sea sounds cold and feels cold. If you'll believe it, when John is foolish he says that fire is like the light in my black eyes. John talks a lot of nonsense. But there, I haven't started that story. I think John and I always fancied one another ever since we went bare footed to the little yellow school house at the corners, but then we did have so many fallings out, hot one day and cold the next! The makings up, though, were nice, and I fancied sometimes that John did it all purposely, that he would have a falling-out time that there might be a falling-in one.

"There was one thing, though, that did make me mad—the way John would show attention to Sase Cullis. She was a little, snipper-snapper sort of a blue-eyed thing. She had a pretty, milky kind of a complexion, a lot of curls pasted together over night, and she knew how to put blue, yellow and red together, and come out some Sunday gay as a rainbow. But I knew the girl was hollow as a pumpkin stem. She had little brains, but a heap of self, and I knew she could not make John happy. So unlike him!

"There had been a coolness between John and me, but when I saw him and Sase Cullis walk away from the harvesting at Uncle Tobias's I was not cool a bit; I was hot. If any one had touched me with a wet finger I should have sizzled. 'That John,' I said, 'is a fool. She is not fit for him, and yet she's a-winding him around her little finger as she does one of her pasted-up curls 'round a stick.' He was a smart, enterprising young fellow, was my John. Why, he started as brakeman on our road only a few years ago, and was at the tail end of the train. The next thing people knew he was handling baggage at

the forward end. Then—well, I don't know all the steps, but one day John had a bit of gold ribbon tied 'round his blue cap, and he looked real foolish under it. I asked him what it meant, and he blushed and said he was 'conductor.'

"I am real glad,' I said.

"Are you?' and he spoke to me in a quick, surprised way. 'I didn't know that you cared nowadays?'

"Why, 'John,' I told him, 'of course I do.'

Then he turned to me like a flash, and looked at me just the very same way he did when we sat on the old log and made up after a quarrel. But then I was not going to have any of that after he had been cutting up so with Sase Cullis, and I knew, too, that I was needed at home, and I broke out, 'Why, John, I believe I have lost my mind, for I haven't skimmed the milk at home.' It is real handy to have some such idea near you in an emergency, and I used it to good effect, and turning, left the conductor to his reflections. About a week after that I wanted to go to the Mills to do some shopping. I thought I would take the first afternoon train down, and come back on a train reaching home about seven. It would be dark, then, I well knew, and I could have made an earlier start, but I knew it was John's train, and I wanted to see what kind of a conductor he made. I did not want him to see who I was, so I borrowed sister Cynthy's veil. This and my own would make a screen he could not see through. Then I wore some of mother's fixings, and I knew John could not tell me from Methuselah. Well, everything passed off just as I had planned it. My lord! The new, nobby conductor came up to me and took my ticket. He suspected nothing. Behind that thick fence of veils I was safe as Adam.

"Good mother,' he said.

"The idea of it, calling me good mother.

"'Good mother,' he remarked, 'are you going far?'"

"I cracked my voice and pitched it high, shrieking, 'a leetle way, sir, but I'm skittish as I'm alone.'"

"'Don't worry! I will look after you.'"

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'John makes a good conductor.'"

"In two minues from that time I was saying, 'John don't make a good conductor.' That fellow went and sat down by the side of a young woman who chanced to turn her head, and there was Sase Cullis! Now, it is no part of a conductor's business to be flirting with young girls, though Sase was hardly that, being several years older than John, and a kind of an aged bird, I used to think.

"All of a sudden, just then, the engine gave the danger signal and whistled down brakes. My! didn't John drop Sase like a hot potato, and how he sprang for the door of the car.

"'What is the matter?' I thought, raising the window near me and looking out. As I looked, my blood seemed to turn to ice and refused to flow. Coming 'round the curve beyond us, winking horribly, was the headlight of the locomotive of the evening express! How it came there it was of no use to imagine. I thought of a hundred dreadful, dismal things all at once, of a terrible crash, of people scalded by the hot steam, of people mangled, of people shot down the bank into Mud Creek close by. Above all, there was John. What if anything should happen to him? And there he was, back again. He had come to the car door and shouted "Brakes." I knew what he meant. He supposed that a brakeman was on hand, but I had seen him leave the car and go forward. John did not know it. He only shouted, 'brakes!' and then tore across the platform to the next car, whose brake he began to swing around.

"Was I going to sit still there?

Sase Cullis might, but the next moment I was flying to the rear of the car.

"As I went the old lady's things flew to the right and left, even as a tree sheds its leaves in October, and I stood at the brake, not as an old woman, but as Sue Plympton, young and lively. As I seized the wheel and began to turn it, trying to do as I had often seen John, how I thanked God for any strength he had put in my arms. Didn't I, when turning the brake-wheel, thank Him for all the times I had pulled on the oar out on the water when the spray wet my face and the wind would rush up to wipe it; for every summer that I had helped father pitch hay into the barn; for every day when, alongside mother, I had tried my muscles on the churn handle?

"I thought of John, and any natural strength I had seemed to grow into a giant's. And the engines of the two trains—they stopped.

"Mercy, what an escape that was! Those engines came so near that John afterward told me that he did not think you could have laid a hair between the two cowcatchers. There the locomotives stood, their headlights flaring, and they glared at one another on the track like mad buffaloes, snorting and puffing and eyeing one another, real demon like.

I held on to the brake, for I didn't know what those critters might take it into their heads to do. There John found me on the platform, as he afterwards said, my arm gripping the brake, my cloak thrown back, my eyes flashing, my teeth set! You see he had come out of the car hurriedly to look after things. Seeing me, he said, 'Why, Sue!' Then he exclaimed, 'You darling!' and kissed me. In a moment he spoke again. 'There, dear, that will do, I want to start the train back, and we have all been wondering what made her hitch so. There, dear, you step into the car, and I will come and see you soon.'

"One 'darling,' two 'dears' and

a kiss! I could have gripped that brake a century just to help John. I went back to my seat. I was all gone, though I did have strength to look around and see where Sase Cullis was. She had left the train.

"Though we were three and a half miles from the station in our town, she declared that she would rather walk it than be another minute in that frisky old train. I would have stayed there with John, if the next minute we had gone over into Mud Creek. Our train was now backing down to a side track three miles off, to let the express train pass (it was the express conductor's fault that night, and not John's, everybody said). John said he had two minutes to spare, as he came and sat down beside me. 'Heavens!' he exclaimed, jumping up as if he had dropped down on a percussion cap. 'Where is that old lady I promised to look after?' I could but laugh, and say, 'don't worry, John, here she is.'

" 'Why, Sue!'

" 'He did not ask for any explanation, but put his arms about me and said he promised to look after that old lady, and he guessed he would on the spot!'

"Then he spoke of the time when we went to school together, and how he loved me, and that I didn't love him, he thought, but now—now, how many foolish things he did say! And I—I was so weak after my tug at the brake, that my will was like a snow-flake on John's coat sleeve, and it melted away—and—and, but there! You can't expect me to tell you everything!

"When John said good-bye to me at the station that night, he kissed me before all the train hands, and he did it, too, as if not ashamed of it, but having the best right in the world to do it. In two months we were married."

THE heart of a statesman should be in his head.—*Napoleon.*

NEVER MIND IT.

Burlington Hawkeye.

In one of her characteristic talks with women on the duty of cultivating a contented spirit, Miss Muloch quotes:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none;
If there is, try and find it,
If there isn't, never mind it.

We find by observation and experience, that one fruitful source of unhappiness in this world is an often unconscious desire that seems to possess us, to make our friend over to our own liking. As we have said, this is frequently an ill-defined feeling that we fail to recognize at once in all its absurdity; but a little self examination will show us how we vex and worry ourselves into a fever of dissatisfaction over a failure on a friend's part to conform to all our ideas of right and propriety. Or possibly the defect in his character is so slight as to show itself in nothing more than a lack of congeniality of taste; yet we grieve over it as a sorry fault, and lament the unloveliness of human character until we grow morbid.

And right here is where the applicability of our text appears. "There is a remedy, or there is none." As evidence in deciding whether there be a remedy in this case or not we quote Thomas a Kempis, who said of this natural tendency of man to fret over his fellow's failings, "If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?" This question is so quaintly put, that like many others from the same sage source it seems to need no answer.

Then if there is "no remedy," why not devote our best energies to cultivating the habit of "not minding it?"

Let friends and acquaintances and fellow-creatures in general be as they will, let us see to it that we devote ourselves to admiring that which is lovely in their character instead of censuring the other, and we will

soon forget the disagreeable. Thus will we avoid much misery and discomfort to self, while we aid in developing the good there is in others.

READS LIKE A NOVEL.

A Story of Thurlow Weed During the Days He Worked as a Printer.

W. A. Croffut.

The late Thurlow Weed, who was sometimes called "The Priam of the Press," because he was the father of so many newspapers, once told me an interesting incident of his life which has been inadvertently omitted from his memoirs. It was during the war of 1812, when he was living in Cooperstown, N. Y., the home of the yet unfledged novelist, and was setting type as a journeyman printer. "I was nineteen years old and I fell in love with Catharine Ostrander, my landlady's daughter, two years younger than I was. Her folks objected, very properly, to her marrying a strolling printer, without money or anything else, and I agreed to wait.

"About this time I got into a bad scrape. I, with three other young fellows, who were rather a hard lot, were arrested on complaint of four girls whom we met at a prayer meeting. I had never seen them before, but we walked home with them, and they made a charge of improper conduct against us all. The others got bail, but I had no rich relatives and prepared to go to jail. At the examination I told the justice that I had no lawyer and no money to pay one, when, to my great surprise, a leading attorney of the town, whom I had never spoken with and did not know, stepped forward and gave bail for me and offered to defend. It was Ambrose L. Jordan. I was delighted. I did not go to jail, and at the trial the girls voluntarily declared that I was not a party to the offensive transaction. I left town for a while, but came back in a year or two and Catherine Ostrander accepted me and we were married. I never forgot Jordan.

"Some fifteen years after that,

when I was in Albany in a position of some influence, we were making up the whig state ticket in convention. The principal officers had been placed in nomination, when somebody said, 'Now for attorney-general. We must have a man down in the middle of the state.'

"I named Ambrose L. Jordan and he was elected.

"When he came up to Albany he said to me: 'I have some conscientious scruples about accepting this office. You gave it to me because I defended you in Coopers-town when you wanted a friend.'

"'Not entirely or exactly,' I said. 'I merely reasoned that a man who would come to the rescue of an unknown and penniless youth for the sake of seeing justice done had the right ideas to make a good attorney-general.'

"'Well, he said, 'I am not entitled to the credit you give me for either sagacity or right feeling. I gave bail for you and defended you because Catharine Ostrander came and made a fuss about you and wouldn't give me any peace till I did it. Better appoint your wife attorney-general.'

"It was the first I knew of her agency in the matter. She had never told me during all those happy married years."

LOSING HIS POPULARITY.

The Ingleside.

"I regret to inform you," said a physician to a wealthy patient who had been sick for a long time, but was convalescent, "that I shall be compelled to resign your case in favor of some other physician."

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the patient. "I am getting on nicely."

"That's just the trouble. I have a large and profitable connection among your numerous relations, and I notice that the manner in which I have handled your case is causing widespread dissatisfaction. My resignation is purely a matter of business policy."

PRENTICE'S KIND HEART.

How the Veteran Editor Forgave his Old Enemy and had Him Released from Prison.

Louisville Argus.

I read with a good deal of interest an article in your issue entitled "Reminiscence of the Marshall and Pope Families." I would like to supplement it with an incident relative to James Birney Marshall's arrest. I knew him well. He had started from Memphis to come to Louisville during the war, and was arrested here or near here on suspicion of being a spy, which suspicion, I might mention, was utterly unfounded. He was hard up, of course, and as soon as he could get word out he sent for a friend in the Journal office, and expressed very naturally a desire to be released.

"There's one man can get you out in an hour," said his friend.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"George D. Prentice. He has great influence with General Boyle and all the Union authorities," was the reply.

"I suppose so," said Birney, "but Mr. Prentice and I have been bitterly opposed to each other for more than twenty years. He would see me rot here before he would aid me."

"No. Mr. Prentice will befriend any man who will ask him. He is a kind hearted man, as I know very well. If you will authorize me, I will go to him at once and ask his influence in your behalf."

"Go, for Heaven's sake, I will die if I stay in this prison. But I dread a refusal from my old political enemy. Go ahead."

"Well, the gentleman went to the Journal office and found Mr. Prentice at work. He said to him abruptly:

"Mr. Prentice, Birney Marshall is in the military prison at Fifth and Green. He was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, which is absurd. He is desperately hard up and in a bad way. Can't you get him out?"

"Mr. Prentice took off his spectacles, looked up at the gentleman for a moment and said:

"So Birney Marshall is in prison, and hard up, is he?"

"Yes, he is. And he says he'll die if he has to stay there."

"Did he ask you to come to me?" asked the old man, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes. I told him you had influence with the authorities, and he begged me to see you."

The old man mused for a while and then said:

"Birney Marshall has been the bitterest enemy I have had in Kentucky for twenty-five years. There has been no time that he would not have done anything to break me down, and I would have done anything to get rid of him. But he is in prison now. Stay here until I return." And Mr. Prentice took up his hat and walked out.

"He was gone less than an hour and returned. Handing a folded paper to the gentleman, he said:

"This is an order for Mr. Marshall's release."

"Shall I bring him here to see you, Mr. Prentice?"

"Yes," said the old man, "bring him here. I would like to see him."

In a few minutes Birney was at liberty. He was told all the circumstances, and what Mr. Prentice said, and was decidedly affected.

"I'll go and thank him," he said.

They went up to the Journal office, and as they entered the editorial room, Mr. Prentice rose and walked toward his old time enemy.

In a moment these old veterans of many a wordy battle had their arms about each other, and the tears were falling down their cheeks.

"It was an affecting scene," remarked the gentleman, "and I retired, going down into the counting room."

In a few minutes Mr. Prentice and Marshall came in, and Mr. Prentice said to the cashier:

"Judge Lynch, have you any money in the drawer?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Please give Mr. Marshall one hundred dollars."

"The money was counted out and the two friends who were once such bitter enemies, went off arm in arm.

"Mr. Prentice didn't show up for a week," said the gentleman, smiling; "he and Birney Marshall had a royal old time. After that Birney went away for a while, and I never saw him after."

THE NUMBER CRAZE.

A Railroad Brakeman's Monomania — In the Asylum, "Clean Gone."

Chicago Herald

Two railroad men were talking over old times. Inquiry was made as to what had become of an old freight brakeman, named Jack Taylor.

"Didn't ye ever hear about Jack? No? I thought everybody knew what he come to. Poor old Jack—he'll never twist another brake or swing another lamp."

"Dead?"

"No, but he might as well be. You see, Jack got the number craze. He got 'em bad, too, and—

"The what?"

"The number craze. You don't know what that is? You eastern railroaders don't seem to know much of anything. Well, Jack got 'em, his being the third case I ever heard of. Seven or eight years ago they took hold of Jack, and they kept growin' worse. In 1879, I b'live it was, he first started out to find the number of the year. Long about the middle of the summer he found it. Then he was happy. But New Year's Day he started hunting for 1880. He looked all summer and all fall. Finally cold weather came, and would you believe it? Jack would sit on the top of the cars the freezingest weather, looking for a car numbered 1880. Whenever we passed a side track he'd look at the cars like a wild man. He got so crazy over it that he mighty near

lost his job. Christmas Day he found his car, but New Year's Day he started looking for 1881. You see, he got to believing that if he didn't find a car numbered the same as the year before the year was out, he would die before the next Easter. We couldn't talk it out of him. In 1881 he had good luck, and found the number about July.

"But in 1882 he had no luck at all. 'Long the last of the year he hunted day and night. Instead of going to bed he would take his lantern and go up and down the tracks in the yard, looking at the numbers on the cars. After Christmas he got frantic, and we saved him only by taking an old car and painting the number over for him on the sly, then steering him around that way to look at it. This narrow escape frightened him so that early in 1883 he was as crazy as he usually was in November. He got so he was of no use on a train, and he got fired. Then he spent all of his time going up and down the yards. He imagined we boys were keeping the car he wanted away from him, and so he went over to the other roads, where they didn't know him. When the New Year's bells rang out at the end of 1883 Jack was running up and down the tracks like a maniac. He is now in the asylum—harmless but clean gone. He didn't find a car numbered 1883."

WHY IT FAILED.

Philadelphia Call.

First Theatrical Star—"Oh, my darling girl, how glad I am to see you looking so well. I haven't seen the papers yet. Was your new play last night a success!"

Second Theatrical Star—"No, dear, it was a dismal failure."

"No audience?"

"Oh, the audience was very large but everything fell flat and the people began to leave at the end of the second act."

"Too bad, too bad; but then, you know, my dear, I warned you against that new dressmaker."

THE SMART YOUNG MAN.

**How a Tender, but Self-Important, Merchant
Was Taken in and Done For.**

Young business men are apt to think that they know everything, says the Philadelphia correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. There are any number of young fellows starting out in business now at the beginning of the year, and the combined wisdom which is stored in their not very capacious brains is something wonderful to contemplate. Two or three years ago they were boys, last year they were clerks and now they are partners or sole proprietors. I was talking to one such only yesterday. "You see," he said, "my uncle died and left me some money. I had a friend who was a clerk in a produce commission house. He had a little cash and wanted to cut loose from the bosses, we started together and he brought a good deal of trade with him. I knew nothing about the produce commission business then, but there's very little anyone can teach me now," and he strutted about his office, sent volumes of tobacco smoke curling about his head, and every now and then called out to the men who were moving in a load of fresh eggs: "Look out there how you handle those! Do you think you have stones in those baskets?" "Eggs, my dear sir, are 25 cents a dozen. We can't afford to have you break a gross!"

I have a young friend in the wholesale dry goods business. He has been in a couple of years, but is still very fresh. We will call the firm Brand, New & Co., and my friend we will denominate as Mr. New. I was in the store this morning, chatting with him about the opera, when a poorly dressed, elderly man came in. The man looked like a tramp who had been sprucing up, and I could see that the young merchant wished to show his authority. The man wanted to see some sort of worsteds, and Mr. New showed them to him.

"How much are they?" he asked. "Forty-six and a half cents a yard," was the reply.

The scene which followed was somewhat amusing. The tramp-like visitor leaned on a packing box pencil in hand, and commenced to scribble on a piece of waste paper.

"Let me see he said, stopping suddenly, what did you say your name was sir? I have forgot—"

"I never told you," interrupted my friend.

"Oh, neither you did (smiling), but do you know I could have sworn you said your name was either Jones or Smith."

My friend was beginning to grow angry at the man's coolness and impudence, but when the fellow asked him point blank what his name was he replied:

"New!"

"New, eh?" said the visitor, as he wrote it down and drew stars before it and after it on the paper. "Mr. New, how is your father?"

This further riled the young merchant, but he did not allow his temper to get the better of him, and he told the fellow politely that his father was a physician and not connected with the firm, and as far as he knew, not acquainted with the inquirer. Therefor he could not see the pertinence of the question.

"Then you are the only New in the firm?" next asked the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. New, what did you tell me was the lowest price for those worsteds?"

"Forty-six and a half cents, sir."

"By Jove, you've got a good memory, you said that before."

"Of course I did," fumed New; "dont you think I know my own business?"

"You ought to," was the response; "and you may be able to tell me how many cases of those goods you have in the store."

"Look here, sir" said the young man, exasperated at his visitor's

manner, "I've a sight more than you are able to buy."

The shabby looking fellow smiled grimly.

"Put down the number," he said. New seized the pencil and chalked down in rapid succession: "Two hundred cases of red, 600 cases of blue, 1,000 cases black, 1,400 cases brown, 500 cases green, 500 cases purple."

The old man added it up.

"Four thousand cases," he said; "is that all?"

New started at him aghast.

"That's all," he said.

"I'll take them. Ship to Cleveland, Shelly & Co., Chicago, Star line, fast freight. You are a member of the firm, and the bargain is made."

With that the fellow left the store, and my friend, with weak voice and shaking knees, told me that he had not one-third of the goods in the place; that he would have to buy them at a much higher price, and that the firm would lose something like \$13,000 by the operation.

This is a fact; and the whole thing occurred just as I have related it. See what it is to have a great buyer, and see what it is to have a young, inexperienced irritable man in the firm.

A KIND DEED.

Some years ago a gentleman entered the Albion Hotel, London, and asked one of the proprietors if he would kindly place in sight a small programme, announcing the benefit for the widow of a popular circus manager, who had recently died. As his request was being complied with a tall, thin, genial-eyed man, crossing the office, hailed the aforesaid gentleman with the salutation: "Hello, George," continuing with, "What have you there?" pointing to the programme. The gentleman explained concerning the benefit for the widow, whereupon Henry J. Byron, the actor and dramatist, for such was the ques-

tioner's name, drew forth a check book with the remark: "Just give me the best box you have."

"Why, you never knew the man," was the surprised rejoinder.

"That's all right," answered Mr. Byron. "You say he was a good fellow and that his wife and child are left unprovided for—perhaps some of these days I may need a private box myself, old boy," and with a humorous twinkle lurking in his eyes he added, "I trust my friends, on my last benefit, will come cheerfully to the front." Then thrusting a check into the gentleman's hand, he deftly changed the conversation."

THAT WAS THE TROUBLE.

A New Yorker who was doing business in the Western part of the State a few days ago finished his dinner at a village hotel and walked out just as a young man drove up with a horse and buggy. An old man shortly came up and began looking the equine over and feeling of its points, and the New Yorker saw such a resemblance between them that he concluded they were father and son. The old man finally turned to him and said:

"Stranger' is that a good-looking horse?"

"Pretty fair."

"Does he stand well on his legs?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Is he blind?"

"I don't know much about horses, having never owned one. Why don't you ask your son?"

"That's just the trouble, stranger," replied the old man. "It's my son who's got this hoss to sell, and he knows I'm blind in one eye and half drunk in the other! If you want to do a favor for an old man just look for spavins while I poke around in search of ring-bones!"

The dentist's epitaph:

*Ylew this gravestone with gravity,
He is filling his last cavity.*

CHASED BY AN AVALANCHE OF FIRE.**Mad Race Between a Locomotive and a Blazing Oil Train.**

New York Tribune.

Duff Brown, of Portland, N. Y., one of the oldest locomotive engineers in the United States, is dead. On his death-bed he told the following story of his ride from Prospect to Brocton, with the request that it be published:

In 1869 I was running a train on the Buffalo, Corry & Erie R. R. The track from Prospect, or Maryville Summit to Brocton Junction is so crooked that while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile. About 9 o'clock on the night of August 17, 1869, we reached the summit with a train of two passenger cars, six oil cars and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting horses and their keepers; on their way, I believe, to Chicago. There were fifty-six passengers in the two cars. I got the signal to start from the conductor, and pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when, looking back, I saw that an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed the engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakeman jumped off, uncoupled the passenger cars, set the brakes on them and brought them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling pin between that car and the head oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough to save the box car and the locomotive. As I ran down the hill after the pin had been withdrawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not been able to put on the brakes. I saw that the only thing that was to be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed we

would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves where we had never run over twenty miles an hour. When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor.

The heat was almost unendurable, and to do my best I couldn't put more than thirty feet between the pursuing fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as the fireman opened the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen, he having crawled up to the grated opening in the end. It was as pale as death, and he begged me for God's sake to give the engine more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was sufficient to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine refused to pump. Every time we struck one of those curves the old girl would run on almost one set of wheels, and why in the world she didn't topple over is something I couldn't understand. She seemed to know it was a race of life or death, and worked as if alive. The night was dark, and the road ran through the woods, deep rock cuts and along high embankments. There we were thundering along at lightning speed, and only a few paces behind us that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were 50,000 gallons of oil in those tanks, at least, and it was all flames, making a flying avalanche 500 feet long. The flames leaped into the air 100 feet. Their roar was like that of some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like a cannon, when a column of flame and pitchy smoke would rise high above the body of flame and showers of burning oil

would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around. Well, it wasn't long, going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brocton came in sight down the valley.

The relief I felt was short lived, for I remembered that train No. 8 on the Lake Shore Road would be at the junction about the time we would reach it. No. 8 was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope all along the race had been that the switchman at the junction would think to open the switch there, connecting the cross-cut track with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we would soon get away from the oil cars. The switch would be closed now for the express, and our last hope was gone, unless the express was late, or some one had sense enough to flag it. While we were thinking of this we saw the train tearing along toward the junction. Could we reach the junction, get the switch and the switch be set back for the express before the latter got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we, but scores of others, would be crushed to death. All this conjecturing did not occupy two seconds, but in those two seconds I lived years. "Good God!" I said to my fireman, "what are we to do?" The fireman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take chances. I did so. That whistle was one prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had its fears. Neither the fireman nor myself spoke another word. Thanks be to God. The engineer of the express train, seeing us tearing down that mountain within an eighth of a mile of a fire in close pursuit of us, knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his engine at a standstill not

ten feet from the switch. The switchman answered our signal, and we shot on the Shore track and whizzed on by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us in, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and, after chasing us for a mile, they gave up the pursuit, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

My fireman and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we couldn't get out of our cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box-car. The horses were ruined. And how long do you think we were in making that sixteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just twelve minutes from the summit to the place where we stopped! A plumb eighty miles an hour, not counting the time lost in getting under way and stopping beyond Brocton.

THE CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION.

Nashville Union.

A gentleman of this city remarked to a Union representative, recently, that the gift by Mrs. Vanderbilt to Vanderbilt university of a photograph of the "Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America," should be followed by a gift of the original document—say to the Tennessee Historical Society. "This document," he said, "is for sale, and some one of our Southern societies should fall heir to it. It is valuable as being the organic law of the now defunct Confederacy."

"Who has the original?"

"Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, now of New York city, who has had it in her possession ever since the fall of the Confederacy. At that time her husband, Felix Gregory de Fontaine a well known journalist and war correspondent, was editor and publisher of a paper in Columbia, S. C. After the evacuation of Richmond,

a train load of boxes, containing public documents, etc., was shipped to Columbia. De Fontaine needed paper on which to print his journal, but where to get it was a puzzling problem. George A. Trenholm happened to be in Columbia at the time, and to him the journalist explained the situation. 'Go down,' said Trenholm, 'to the depot and help yourself to some of the Confederate boxes, in which something may turn up that will answer your purpose.' De Fontaine acted upon this, and one of the boxes contained the Confederate constitution. Mrs. DeFontaine laid claim to this relic, and has sacredly protected it ever since. In 1882," continued the reporter's informant, "I went abroad, and was commissioned to negotiate its sale to the British museum. As the custodian of such papers was absent from England at the time, my mission failed. The price asked was \$10,000, but I believe half that sum would secure it now."

"Have you seen the fac-simile referred to in the Union?"

"One of the first copies was sent to me, and it tells a mournful story. Of the forty-nine signers, over one-half have joined the silent army, and of the living, only one, John H. Reagan, of Texas, is in public life."

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND TO-DAY.

Rochester Democrat.

The sun was bathing the beautiful island with a flood of golden light as we neared its picturesque harbor. In little boats we went ashore, and landed in the primitive manner of running the boat aground and pulling the boat up on the shore. It was difficult to realize that we were, indeed, on this historical, mysterious island that imagination had pictured from childhood's early hours in so many fanciful forms.

The books tell you that it was on this lovely island that in 1704, the celebrated English navigator, Dam-

pier, landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, with whom he had quarreled, and left him alone on this uninhabited spot with a small quantity of provisions and tools. Here he lived four years, till he was picked up by a passing ship, and brought back to Europe.

It was from the notes he made during his solitary residence that Daniel Defoe composed his incomparable work of "Robinson Crusoe." No book, doubtless, ever held the childish interest with greater fascination than that which describes his wanderings on this mysterious enchanted island. That which had always seemed but a dreamy romance was now before you. The scenes where all the wild and wondrous experiences were described are just at hand, and you wander on, as it were, but just aroused from a fanciful dream. Perchance it was on this sandy beach, along which you wander that Crusoe first discovered the footprints of his good man Friday.

The island is about seven Spanish leagues in circumference, or a trifle over twenty English miles. It belongs to Chili, and for a number of years the government used it as a place for transporting convicts, till one night all the prisoners arose in their power, killed their keepers, and taking the only boats on the island sailed away and were never heard of more.

Of late years the government has leased the island to one man who pays something like \$2,000 a year for its use. This man has a small colony of workmen, whom he employs in cutting timber, drying fish and goat skins and sending them every few months to the markets at Valparaiso.

"WHEN I married Georgiana," said Frank, "my folks told me I was foolish to wed a girl who didn't know how to handle a rolling-pin. Lord, how they misjudged her. Do you see that lump on my head?"

BRIDES AND GROOMS.

Signs by Which the Hotel Clerks Know Them and Which Have to be Paid For.

New York Sun.

"To watch the newly-married couples who travel is one of the compensations of our arduous life," said an old hotel clerk the other day.

"How can you tell whether they are newly married or not?" inquired the Sun reporter, to whom this remark was addressed.

"Tell them? ejaculated the clerk; 'I can pick them out as easily as if they carried signs, 'We are just married.'"

"Yes; but how?"

"Well in the first place, they are always more abundant in the fall and winter. I don't know why it is, but such is the fact. One of the signs of a newly-married couple is their spick and span new clothes. Somehow, when people get married they generally get as many new clothes as possible. The bride and groom have new hats and trunks and dusters. Then, again, they spend money more freely.

When a man is in his honeymoon he generally feels as if he ought to be generous. He has a grateful sort of spirit, and throws his money around as if he wanted to show that the world had used him well. He has put by his money for the occasion, and is not afraid to spend it. He is specially anxious that the bride shall eat and drink of the best. He must have a room with a private parlor, and not up stairs very far, and with a good view. Sometimes he is a little chary of asking for these things, but when we suggest them he always says 'Yes.' Of course it is a part of our business to suggest them. We consider that we have the same right to pluck a newly-married couple as an undertaker has to pluck bereaved relatives."

"Do they behave differently from other people?"

"I should—well, yes. The husband does not run off to the bar-room or the billiard-room as the old mar-

ried men do. When the old married couple arrive you may be certain that the first thing the husband does is to take a drink or lounge about the billiard tables, telling his wife that he has some business to attend to."

"Are newly-married people bashful?"

"That depends. The widower and widows don't mind it, but the young people are a little coy. At Niagara Falls we had most of the new couples late in the season when the regular boarders had left. I have seen as many as a dozen at a time file in to the dining-room, trying to look as if they had not been married yesterday, but casting furtive glances about to see if they were suspected. The men were specially watchful lest somebody should be ogling the brides.

One day I thought we should have a fight in the dining-room. A strapping big fellow from the West in a suit of store clothes sat down to the table with his bride, a buxom brown-eyed beauty. She looked so fresh and rosy that she could not but attract attention and she got it. Every gentleman in the room took more than one look at her and she knew it. Of course, she did not object. But the man began to get angry. He did not like to speak to the bride about it, because she was evidently not displeased. Finally he got up and walked to the nearest gentleman whom he had observed and said:

"Look here, stranger, I'd like to know what you are staring at my wife for?"

"Your wife! Allow me to congratulate you, my dear fellow. You have got the finest wife in the city," said the gentleman addressed. "The fact is, I thought she was your sister. Excuse me if I was rude; but if you don't want people to look at your wife you must really never take her out in public. No offense meant, sir."

"The bridegroom went back to his place, but he took good care at

the next meal to put his wife with her face to the wall."

"Which do you think take to the new conditions most gracefully?"

"Women, by all odds. The men are always betraying themselves. They want to talk about it; they are full of the subject. Women are more artful, and have more adaptability to new circumstances. But, with all their arts, they can't deceive the old hotel clerk, and it is very seldom we don't turn in a few dollars extra to the house on account of our knowledge."

"Another peculiarity of the newly-married couples who go to hotels," continued the clerk, "is that many of them live in the city. They always come equipped for a long journey. They have left the wedding guests with the announced intention of taking a long journey, conspicuously displaying, perhaps, their railroad tickets, and have been driven by the way of the depot to a first-class hotel previously selected. I know one case where a bridal couple, to avoid detection, actually boarded a train and started apparently on a journey, but took at the next station a train back to the city, and stopped at a hotel a few blocks from home. Then the wedding guests were permitted to stay at the feast as long as they pleased without disturbing anybody."

THE LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.

Mechanical Engineer.

A locomotive cab in winter is a dreary place. It is bad in daytime, but on a winter night, when the snow flies fast, the locomotive cab is a good place to keep out of. Even in the day it is impossible to see anything if a snow storm prevails. The rails run right up into the air. Nothing can be seen ahead but a jumping-off place. The windows are frozen up or covered with snow, and from innumerable cracks and crevices around the floor where it joins the boiler come draughts that bite and sting. The engine caws

like a crow—haugh, haugh, now fast, now slow, according as the drifts cover the track or uncover it for a brief space, and when it strikes a drift it throws the snow in blinding clouds all over itself, just as the spray flies over a vessel shipping a sea. The track is rough, for the frost has disturbed it, and the engine lurches ahead, staggering to and fro like a drunken man.

There are few more impressive spectacles in this world than a powerful locomotive laboring through a snow storm. To the observer beside the track it looms up through the gloom tremendous and awful. The locomotive seems the embodiment of the Death Angel, moving swiftly and noiselessly. The snow has muffled the whir of the rolling friction of the wheels on the rails, and the train glides by like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. With its black breath, its snorts of fire, its hoarse voice, it is truly Apollyon, the destroying angel, and the man must be unimpressible indeed who does not feel a thrill at its advent.

HOW CANDOR PAYS.

Atlanta Constitution.

"We had better understand each other," he said deprecatingly, as he shambled into the editorial room, "before we begin. I'm a book-agent!"

Unmindful of the groans that met this statement he went on:

"I'm not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven, who has come south through sympathy for your stricken people. I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book-agent."

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal he took a seat, and dropping his feet in a waste basket, said:

"I'm not a retired clergyman who seeks to scatter religious instruction while he builds up his worn out frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region, and educate your people by

parting with a few picture books in part. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum-sucker. I'm an unmodified book-agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin."

"Here's candor at last," remarked the young man who writes the puffs of hardware stores.

"Yes; candor at best. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise or art or morality going incog. I do not fly the skull and crossbones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you. "I've got the regular old Death's head nailed to the mast, and I'm a pirate from keel to center-board, and if you don't want that sort of company blow me out of the water."

He had the whole force on deck at this point.

"I've got no off-hand preamble to my bloody work. I do not lead you through the flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung. I do not beguile with anecdote, inspire with eloquence, soothe with persuasion or pique with local grasp. I was not directed to you as a leader of culture or a person who'd be likely to buy. I won't show you a list of high toned decoys who have put their names down to get rid of me and draw you in. I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the pictures."

Here he paused while the manager called for the cash-boy.

"That's about the size of me and my business. The book's right here—fifty parts, fifty cents a part, plenty o' pictures and big type for the reading, written by some body or other and means \$10 clear money to me every time I work one off. Do you take, or do I go?"

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered, and the "eleven able" resumed their work,

while the office boy indites this tribute to a man who ain't ashamed of his little racket.

DRINKING LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

Medical Reporter.

As a class, engineers in active service are exceptionally temperate men. The daily performance of their duty requires a clear brain and steady nerve, which is very soon broken up by any use of alcohol.

The nerve tension to which they are subject in active work produces, after a time, many and profound nerve disorders. One of the hints of breaking down in this class is excessive caution and timidity. Often men who have had an accident and escaped without any external injury will soon exhibit signs of mental shock, in what is called loss of nerve or childish caution. Their trains will always be late, they will "slow down" and slacken speed from no reason except some internal fears, and have to be changed to other work. Insomnia and dyspepsia are also common signs of exhaustion. After the day's run they will be unable to sleep or properly digest food, and alcohol in some form will be found to give relief. This will soon verge into inebriety, and the drinking will be confined to the hours after the work is over. During the day, they drink nothing, except, perhaps, beer, and that in great moderation; but when night comes they use spirits to excess again. After a time such men will show marks of failure in excessive caution or recklessness, and be very irregular in their management of the engine. They will have heated journals and broken engines beyond the average experience.

These and many other indications soon render them unfit for the work. It is the opinion of a competent authority that an engineer who begins to drink will be, as a rule, obliged to give up work in two years from general incompetency, although his use of spirits may be

at home and largely concealed, and what is called general moderation. A fact has recently come to my notice with its explanation that is of unusual interest. On a through line running out from New York it has been observed that nearly all the engineers who were changed and discharged for drinking were on the night trains and were considered the most competent. The conclusion was that men on the night trains were more likely to drink, and the individual opinions of railroad managers agree on this point.

SURGERY AND DYNAMITE.

Scientific American.

The medical faculty have recently given some little attention to what they are pleased to call "Surgery of Dynamite," by which is meant the effect of dynamite explosions upon those in their immediate vicinity. It is interesting to learn from these discussions that the jar or shock which the system receives differs altogether from that which is the result of a blow upon the head or body, or resulting from railway collisions. These latter follow a comparatively well-localized and gross form of violence, whereas the shock coming from a dynamite explosion is diffused and divided.

In the case of the two young women who were injured by the recent explosion in the Tower of London, neither suffered from contusions, nor did they bear any marks of wound save a few scratches received from falling upon a pile of rubbish. The sensation they experienced was not that of being violently knocked down, but of being "pushed back." Both suffered from severe pain along the right inferior dental and auriculo-temporal nerves, and a profuse catarrh showed the meatus had been injured. Cole, the policeman, suffered from no complication through a fracture of his ribs, but, as in the case of the young women, his chief ailment

came from a general enfeebling of nerve function, which caused a depression in the heart's action and a temporary loss of sight and hearing.

AFTER GETTYSBURG.

After the battle of Gettysburg, when the baffled Confederates, worn, weary, heartsore, were recrossing the Potomac at dusk, many were groaning, some were cursing, while the majority felt too unhappy to express themselves boisterously. Finally, they went into camp, cooked their frugal meal, and settled down to a grim quarrel with fortune, or lapsed into sullen silence. All at once, swelling melodiously through the summer air, came a noble, resonant tenor voice singing "Give Me a Cot in the Valley I Love." They listened with rapture and the dear vision of home turned the bitterness in their hearts to sweetness and peace. All blasphemy, anger and unutterable anguish ceased. By the power of song Heaven descended upon the raging hell in their bosoms, and when the ballad lulled into an echo, dying plaintively away, it was as if an angel had passed and touched the valiant men in gray with the healing of his wing.

WHAT HE GUARDED AGAINST.

Arkansaw Traveler.

It's de odd sarcumstance dat ketches de man on de hip. We ginerally knows how ter han'le de sarcumstances whut ain't odd, case we knows dar tricks. I neber wants ter box wid er lef' handed man nor rassel wid er bow-laiged pusson.

A MIXED QUOTATION.

A country clergyman who recently preached in an Austin church is an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see my brethren, as the scriptures say, 'Bar-kis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

The hour was ten, the night was dark,
The fast express was late,
And, if there is in railroad life
One thing I fiercely hate,
'Tis finishing a run up like
An owl-train or a freight.

The dear old engine shot ahead,
Though big the load she drew;
Regardless quite of cloud and night,
She shook herself and flew;
And, spite of grades, and curves, and cuts,
I drove the darling through.

I thought I knew the tricks and ways,
Of every one-horse road
That crossed the track, and small respect
To any such I showed;
But whistled for the crossing, while
Our speed was scarcely slowed.

Just as we flew around a curve,
And darted through a cut,
I saw a sight that made me start
As if I'd felt a shot;
A freight train lay before us, like
A wagon in a rut.

Across the track its length was stretched,
And not a wheel was stirred,
While down the grade my big machine
Went flying like a bird;
I pulled the rope and worked the valves,
But could not speak a word.

I did my best, but toward the freight
We speeded like a flash,
With not a hope but that we might
Go through it with a dash,
And I could only stand and stare,
And wait the coming crash.

A level head, a lightning brain,
Oh, who can tell their worth!
Above all value wealth can give,
Or, rank, or place, or birth;
And such a head at such a time
Outweighs the solid earth.

It wasn't mine—some other man's;
A brakeman on the freight,
Who saw us aiming at his train
And coming for it straight;
And when he got his work in, you
May bet he didn't wait.

As quick as thought that fellow jumped
And pulled a coupling-pin;
And thus he cut the train in two
Just where the rails begin,
And signaled to his engineer
To go ahead like sin.

The engine puffs and pants; the train
Starts slowly like a snail,
And through a little space I saw
Our line of shining rail;
But when we sped across the space,
My very beard turned pale.

The buffer of the rearmost car
We tore away with ease;
But that was nothing. Down I dropped
And prayed upon my knees
That I might never know again
So very tight a squeeze.

A little matter? Had you stood
Where I was standing then,
You might have said that it would test
The powers of tongue or pen
To well describe that brakeman's deed;
One of a million men.

—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

A WIFE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Burlington Hawkeye.

A Burlington man recently wedded a young wife. The lady became enthused over Will Carleton's tale of the elopement of a handsome young woman with a "handsome man," and determined to try the same thing herself. She wrote a neat little note, stating that she had left home with a gentleman whom she had dearly loved before she had met her husband, and that he need not trouble himself to look for them.

Then she called in her younger brother and went calling with him, arranging to return and hide where she could witness her liege lord's dismay when he came to read of her flight. She from her place of concealment saw him enter, saw him look around in surprise at her absence, and finally saw him discover the note. He opened and read it, while her heart beat high with excitement in anticipation of the breaking out she expected to hear.

The poor fellow finished the cruel missive, tore it up and threw the fragments on the floor, and then, without a moment's warning, drew a revolver and fired point blank at his breast, and fell without a sign of life to the carpet.

With a terrified scream the woman was at her husband's side in a moment, lifting his head, rolling him, shaking him, turning him, and hunting for blood, all the time shrieking for her William to speak to her. William lay motionless, however, and the neighborhood, aroused by the shot and screams, came flocking in to learn of the excitement, when suddenly, when a score or more had gathered, the dead leaped up from the floor as well as ever, at which the wife fainted away. She soon revived, however, and then it all came out that the younger brother, being in sympathy with William, had let him into the scheme, and he had chosen that

mode of punishing his joking wife. She jokes no more, but her husband has compromised on a pony phæton to keep peace in the family.

EDUCATING YOUNG LADIES.

Syracuse Journal.

I have heard my mother say that, when she was a pupil of the famous Mrs. Emma Willard, at Troy, every girl in the school was obliged, in turn, to receive the other pupils and teachers, as though they were her guests. What an ordeal for a young girl to pass through; but the severe criticisms of Mrs. Willard (a lady accustomed to the highest society at home and abroad), her ideas of dress, deportment, personal grace, etc., were invaluable. Why, do not our teachers of girls attend more to the personal polishing of their pupils and give them less finish in the "ologies," physics and the dead languages? Why not inaugurate classes in walking, running, leaping, etc., to make young women walk with an airy grace? You know that dress reformers talk of the bondage of women's petticoats, etc. Well, there is a good deal in it, yet a woman can dress sensibly, and be within the bonds of fashion, too. Pardon this sermon on the art of walking well for women. Just notice the gait of our sisters, when you are next in the street. No two walk alike. You will find it an amusing, possibly an instructive diversion.

HONORABLE.

A well-known American author—we wish we could mention his name—died lately, leaving a large estate to his children. They assembled to hear his will read, all of them being married and heads of families. An adopted daughter, who had offended their father, it was found, was passed over in the will with a trifling legacy. One of the daughters interrupted the reading of the will.

"Father, I am sure, is sorry for that, by this time. A—should

have a child's portion. We must make that right."

The other children assented, eagerly.

A widowed daughter with a large family received an equal share with the other children. One of the sons spoke now. "C—ought to have more than we men who are in business and are able to earn our living. I will add so much"—stating the sum—"to her portion." The two remaining brothers each agreed to give the same amount.

When the will had been read, one of the elder children said, "There are some of father's old friends to whom he would have given legacies if he had not been ill and forgetful when this paper was written. Shall we not make that right?"

It was done, cordially and promptly.

Now this was only the just action of just and honorable people; but how rare such conduct is in persons to whom legacies are given.

THE MODERN GIRL'S FORCE.

Brown—"The modern girl is a useless creature."

Robinson—"Think so?"

B.—"Certainly. Good for nothing but dawdling over the piano or languishing before the looking glass. She has no force to her."

R.—"Don't know about that. There's Smith's girl now—"

B.—"Well?"

R.—"Well, Roe and Doe, fine young men, both fell in love with her. She encouraged both, and from being fast friends they became bitter enemies. Then while they were running around chasing each other with clubs on her account, she quietly goes off and marries the aid at the roller rink who taught her skating, thus making three men miserable."

B.—"Three?"

R.—"Yes, the two who failed to get her and the one who got her. No force to her! You're mistaken about the modern girl, my friend."

NO BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.

"Yes," said a manufacturer in reply to a reporter's question, "we can construct a safe of iron and steel that will resist the ordinary burglar for several hours; one that can not be opened in a single night. Common safes, however, are not intended to be secure against expert crooks, but only fire proof. With the perfected combination and time locks now in use no one but an expert can open a safe, and they can't always do it without using an explosive. With the old styles it is comparatively an easy matter, for you can get enough powder between the edge of the door and the frame to blow the door open. All manufacturers now make the door fit tight so that an explosive cannot be applied from that point. Some of the devices have the additional advantage of giving better protection from fire.

"As a rule now, the cracksmen, when they can't discover the combination, drill the door and insert a dynamite shell, which shatters the lock. The noise of the explosion is likely to attract attention and is consequently dangerous for the thief. The very 'fly' crack drills into the lock within a few inches of the dial and attempts to slip the wheels so that the 'dog' will fall in the slats. This can be done without being heard in an adjoining room. There is one point in a safe door, which, if bored by a drill, renders the lock useless. Not many can find it, and I have seen safes brought to the factory with half a dozen small round holes in the door. But the trouble is not over when the inside is gained. The chilled-steel chest within is often a greater bother than the door. You remember, about a year ago, the safe at the postoffice in Annapolis was broken open. The burglars carried the box that it contained nearly a mile, and when they reached a secluded place proceeded leisurely and laboriously to smash it to pieces with a sledge hammer.

"One of the most bungling jobs

I ever saw was done in east Baltimore last summer. The fellow, by sheer strength and hard work, knocked a hole through one end of a safe, picked out the filling, broke through the inside lining, but did not get much afterward. He was captured with a jimmy made of two pieces of steel. It was unlike those commonly used by the profession. Occasionally the burglars take a safe out of the building before they begin to work on it. This can only be done with the small sizes. The best burglar proof safe is lined with bars of the hardest steel placed transversely. One of that kind will break any drill. Our primary object is, as I said before, to make a safe that will stand fire. The merit of the different kinds depends upon the filling. The three or four inch filling of cement, gypsum, mica or whatever mixture is used between the iron or steel cases, is the non-conductor. Metal alone would not afford any protection in a hot fire"

KEEPING AT ARM'S LENGTH.

St. Paul Herald.

"Your beau seems very bashful," said a Dayton avenue mamma to her daughter.

"Bashful!" echoed the daughter, "bashful's no name to it."

"Why don't you encourage him a little more. Some men have to be taught how to do their courting. He's a good catch."

"Encourage him!" said the daughter, "he cannot take the most palpable hint. Why, only last night, when I sat all alone on the sofa, and he, perched up in a chair as far away as he could get, I asked him if he didn't think it strange that a man's arm and a woman's waist seemed always to be the same length, and what do you think he did."

"Why, just what any sensible man would have done—tried it."

"He asked me if I could find a piece of string so we could measure and see if it was so. Ain't he horrid?"

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

What is to be Seen in one of Uncle Sam's Sub-Treasuries.

"We have got more money than we want here," said Gen. Beveridge of the sub-treasury at the government building yesterday to a reporter. "Come in and see what we've got."

One of the clerks was just pushing a wheelbarrow laden with silver upon the little elevator that runs along the wall of the vaults. The wheelbarrow contained about \$10,000 in bags and the money was taken into the top vault. There are four vaults as large as an ordinary bed-room, each one rising above the other. Two of the vaults are below the floor of the sub-treasury, and the lowest one is on the level with the mailing-room of the postoffice department, for which both the lower ones were built. They are not in use at present, although they are reached by the elevator.

"This is the second vault we have undertaken to fill since the silver began rolling in," said Mr. Gray, as the car of the little elevator touched at the highest landing. "The one immediately below this has been full for two or three years."

The door of the vault stood open, and Gen. Beveridge was inside close to a large iron safe. The walls on every side were lined with silver money in bags carefully piled one above another in tiers, each bag containing sixty pounds, or \$1,000.

"Here we have some nickels," said Mr. Gray. "There is \$45,000 in those bags, and behind these cages, which are locked, is about \$3,000,000 of silver. Counting what is in both vaults, we have \$7,684,000 in silver, of which \$4,166,189 is fractional. The other is in dollar pieces. We have \$47,200 in pennies. A good deal of what you see in this vault is in small change."

"Here is something that may interest you," said Gen. Beveridge, opening the combination lock to

the safe. "There is \$1,730,000 in gold in those bags—\$10,000 in a bag. Feel of this—doesn't weigh much, does it?"

"No."

"Well, you've got in your hand five and a half millions dollars!"

"Almost a week's salary for an advance agent."

"Yes; greater than the capital of any bank in the city," was the reply.

The package was in \$10,000 silver certificates. It weighed about a pound and a half and was not more than three inches thick, containing 550 bills.

"How much specie have you now in all?" the reporter asked.

"We have \$9,314,000 in silver and gold, besides the nickels and coppers, of which we have a fortune."

"How fast do you get rid of the silver?"

"Get rid of it! There's no getting rid of it unless we send it to Washington. What we pay out is a trifle of what we get in."

"Then it is accumulating?"

"Of course; and rapidly, too."

"How fast?"

"At the rate of \$100,000 a month."

"How much vault room have you left?"

"We have room for \$1,000,000 or so more. By the end of the year we will need a new vault. We expect to use the two below this floor, as the postoffice has no use for them."

NEARLY HIT IT.

Philadelphia Call.

"What is it, my children," exclaimed the temperance advocate, "that causes men to ignore the ties of home, neglect their families, stay out until after midnight and get up with a bad headache in the morning?"

"I know," shouted the little son of a Congressman.

"Well, my little fellow, tell the others what it is."

"Politics."

HOW HE WON HER.

Merchant Traveler.

A young editor, bright, poor and punsterious, had won the affections of a rich man's daughter, and they fixed a day for him to call on the father, and on that day he was promptly in the old gentleman's office.

"Good morning, sir," he said, confident, but ready to run, "I have called on a matter of—"

"We don't want any advertising to-day," interrupted the old gentleman, looking up over his glasses.

"I'm not on that business, sir. I came to ask you for your daughter."

"What do you want with her?"

"Marry her."

"What for?"

"For better or worse."

"What does the girl say?"

"She says she will be my wife."

"Ugh! You haven't got a cent in the world have you?"

"Yes, sir. She gave assent, and if you will do the same, that will make two, and we can buy a postage stamp and write to you for the balance of our salary."

It was a wretched attempt, but he got the girl.

THE AIR AND THE TELESCOPE.

Scientific American.

The air we breathe is, in truth, the worst enemy of the astronomer's observations. It is his enemy in two ways. Part of the light which brings its wonderful, evanescent messages across inconceivable depths of space it stops; and when it does not stop, it shatters. And this even when it is most transparent and seemingly still; when mist veils are withdrawn, and no clouds curtain the sky.

Moreover, the evil grows with the power of the instrument. Atmospheric troubles are magnified neither more nor less than the objects viewed across them. Thus Lord Rosse's giant reflector possesses—nominally—a magnifying power of 6,000; that is to say, it can reduce the apparent distances of the heavenly bodies to

one six-thousandth under their actual amount. The moon, for example, which is in reality separated from the earth's surface by an interval of about 234,000 miles, is shown as if removed only 39 miles. Unfortunately, however, in theory only. Professor Newcomb compares the sight obtained under such circumstances to a glimpse through several yards of running water, and doubts whether our satellite has ever been seen to such advantage as it would be if brought—substantially, not merely optically—within 500 miles of the unassisted eye.

HE WASN'T JOKING.

New York Journal.

"A line of earthworks that were thrown up by Gen. Jackson can now be seen at Chickasawhatchee," said farmer Furrow to his wife, looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Chick as a what?" she exclaimed.

"Why, Chickasawhatchee, in Georgia," replied the granger. "What makes you stare at me in that manner?"

"Oh, nothing," said the little woman, with a knowing look; "I only thought you were trying to spring a chicken conundrum on me. That's all, you old rascal."

TRUE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

St. Paul Globe.

There was a touching story told by Mr. Gladstone when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the physicians not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The Princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow and began to caress him. Touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck

he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love was stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a thousand forms lay concealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.

THE LONDON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A Chicago man who has been to London thus tells how they put out fires there: "Near the American exchange, at the corner of the Strand and Adelaide streets, is the Chandos street station of the Metropolitan fire brigade. Here are located a manual engine and a steamer and twelve or fourteen firemen. One day I chanced to be passing the brigade station, when a young fellow, all excitement and perspiration, rushed up from the direction of Drury lane and breathlessly shouted:

"Urry up 'ere! There's a fire just breakin' hout in Drury lane. Look sharp, now!"

"The engineer who was in charge of the place turned to a group of firemen and said:

"'Arry, put on your 'elmet and go see what it is."

'Arry proceeded to don the brigade tunic and the 'elmet, and started off on a run in the direction of Drury lane. He was gone perhaps ten minutes. When he hove in sight again he had his 'elmet in his hand, the perspiration rolled from his flaming brow, and he was puffing like a locomotive."

"Come along," he managed to articulate, "'hit's sure enough fire."

"The engineer deliberately ordered the manual to be hitched up, and while one man went around the corner to get the horses, two others put the pole in place and the rest put on their tunics and 'elmets. When the team was hitched up, they pulled out and rattled away over the pavement to Drury lane. Do you know what happened then? No! Well, they got to Drury lane, found that the fire had spread from an upper floor, where it had started, to a paint shop on the first floor, and the whole building was booming. Their manual was no use under heaven, and they rattled back to the station after the steamer. When they returned with their steamer, the fire had consumed the interior of the building and its contents, and there was no use for the engine. So they quietly returned to their quarters."

IF ONE COULD GO TO SLEEP AND DIE.

If one could go to sleep and die
As sinks the sun to rest,
And yield the soul without a sigh
Back to the giver, blest!
How sweet 'twould be if you and I
Dear friend, could go to sleep and die!

To miss the weary days of pain,
The sleepless nights of woe—
To miss the poor soul's dying strain,
Discordant, sad, and low—
To miss all these, and 'neath the sky
In peace to fall asleep and die!

To close the eye when twilight gray
Falls o'er a world of care,
And waken in the "far away"
Where all is bright and fair!
Who would not, then, without a sigh,
Rejoice to go to sleep and die?

Slept Byron when his sweetest chords
By death were snapped atwain,
And floated far, o'er Grecia's swords,
The poet's deathless strain!
When comes my time, I pray that I
May gently fall asleep and die.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS *Editor.*WM. F. HYNES *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00

SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

JUNE, 1885.

WAR CLOUDS.

About seven hundred and sixty years before Christ, Isaiah, who is styled "prince of all the prophets," in prophesying the coming of the Messiah, and his reign on the earth, said, "He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." That sublime declaration of the "prince of all the prophets" was made more than twenty-six centuries ago. In the meantime the Messiah has come, established his kingdom, delivered his message of peace, and departed, but swords are not beaten into plough-shares, nor spears into pruning-hooks. Nations continue to lift up the sword against nation, and the study of war receives more attention than at any period since the "prince of prophets" proclaimed his prophetic visions to the Jews. Manifestly the "Prince of Peace" does not direct the affairs of

nations, particularly Christian nations. It is doubtless true that the sword and the spear are less used now than in the days of Isaiah, but they were laid aside because their death-dealing qualities were not up to the standard required by Christian nations. We would not be irreverent, we would not discredit prophecy, we would not, if we could, detract from the majesty and sublimity of Isaiah's prophecies, but, if he had been blessed with powers of vision to see Christian nations of the present time preparing for war; if he could have seen the standing armies, the iron clad fleets; if he could have seen the numerous modern inventions constructed with special reference to the greatest possible slaughter, and for the destruction of the monuments of labor, it occurs to us that all his God-like faculties would have been aroused and that thunderbolts of denunciation would have been hurled at the nations, which, professing Christianity, excel savages in devising methods of slaughter and destruction; and yet, these Christian nations, with an impudence which defies hyperbole, mutually implore the Prince of Peace, the Son of God, the Messiah of whom Isaiah prophesied, to bestow upon them heaven's choicest benedictions, assuming, forsooth, that their prayers are answered most fully when their instruments of death have done the largest possible execution. Notwithstanding such reflections, and paradoxical as it may appear, we are of the opinion, there have been, and will continue to be Christian wars, wars which heaven has approved and will continue

to approve. When a crushed, enslaved, and cruelly treated people go to war for their liberty, then it may be said that:

" * * If there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the hearts that bleed and break in her
cause."

And he who would like to determine approximately when such wars will cease on the earth, may survey the map of the world, find its dark spots, where despots rule, and say, "until these are made light and bright by the effulgent sun of liberty, wars will not cease." When the down-trodden are emancipated, when kings and potentates admit that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," then the world may prudently anticipate an era of peace, then it may be that the swords will be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks; but not till then.

The student of current events finds all Europe preparing for war. England and Italy and Germany are fighting Arabs and negroes in Africa. France proposes to bombard Alexandria, while conducting a war in China. England and Russia are preparing for war in Afghanistan, which, if finally declared, will be felt throughout the civilized world. Chili has not yet relaxed her grasp upon Peru. The relations between Brazil and the Argentine Republic are warlike, Central America is convulsed, and in the far Northwest of the Dominion of Canada, the Indians and half-breeds are on the war path. "Men may cry,

peace, peace," but there is no assured peace on earth. It is war, or preparation for war. There can be heard no harbinger voice proclaiming universal peace, no ray of light glows along the horizon, betokening the dawn of an era when nations shall learn war no more. Why these war clouds, and what are to be the results of the conflicts they portend? If a laconic reply could be tolerated we might say manifest destiny accounts for the clouds, and final results will demonstrate that the world has been improved by the convulsions of war. In every quarter of the globe civilization confronts savagery, barbarism and semi-barbarism. A higher type of civilization bears down upon the lower type. Intelligence is in conflict with ignorance, power treads upon weakness. The question is the "survival of the fittest," and the fittest in war is the strongest. The right, in every conflict does not prevail, the truth is often cloven down; but ultimately, truth and right and liberty are to be enthroned. When this high noon of civilization and progress is reached, when all men are citizens—crowned sovereigns by constitution and law—when education is universal and savagery and barbarism disappear, when the boundary lines of nations are clearly defined and made inviolate by the consent of all, then it may be that swords will be transformed into ploughshares, and the nations will be at peace. To accomplish such results may require ten thousand years or ten times ten thousand years. The question of time is of little consequence, but if with all the light before us we are able to determine that the drift of

events is in that direction, generations, as they come and go, can afford to be satisfied if they can, in any way, expedite the grand consummation. Taking human nature in the aggregate, as it is, wars are inevitable. To determine with any degree of accuracy the causes which provoke war is of less importance than to contemplate the results. No one except the parties engaged cares particularly why English soldiers are in the Soudan or the French in Tonquin, but the world looks on with ever increasing solicitude to note results. If El Mahdi is vanquished, then a vast region is redeemed from the thralldom of barbarism; otherwise darkness will continue to overshadow the land. It is difficult to understand why the French are at war with the Chinese, but upon general principles, all Christendom hopes for a triumph of French arms, because the exclusiveness of the Chinese is not in consonance with the civilization of the age, and will not be tolerated. But such struggles are dwarfed to comparative insignificance when contemplating the impending conflict between England and Russia; causes are lost sight of, and only results are discussed. Treating the question negatively, it cannot be said that the resort to arms between the two nations will be in the interest of others than those who are ambitious of power and dominion.

It will not be unprofitable in this connection to state, with some degree of definiteness, facts relating to the extent and power of the two mighty empires, whose belligerent attitude startles Christendom. The

British Empire embraces with its colonies and dependencies about one-third of the terrestrial surface of the globe, and nearly one-fourth of its population. Such a vast extent of territory naturally suggested Daniel Webster's figure of speech, "drum beat" and "martial airs" "following the sun and keeping company with the hours." In Europe the British Empire includes: Great Britain and Ireland, Gibraltar, Malta and Heligoland; area, 121,000 square miles and 32,000,000 population.

In Asia: British and Farther India, Hong Kong, Aden, Straits Settlements, Labuan, Ceylon, &c.; area, 1,600,000 square miles and 200,000,000 population.

In Africa: Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Gold Coast, Gambia, Sierra Leone, Mauritius and St. Helena; area, 250,000 square miles and 1,500,000 population.

In North America: The British Possessions from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island; area, 3,800,000 square miles, and 4,000,000 population.

In the West Indies and Central America: Honduras and fifteen islands and groups of islands; area, 28,000 square miles and 900,000 population.

In South America: British Guiana and Falkland Islands; area, 80,000 square miles, and 150,000 population.

Australia: New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, Queensland and New Zealand; area, 2,550,000 square miles and 2,000,000 population.

Making a grand total of 8,427,000

square miles and 240,550,000 population.

The Russian Empire includes 8,088,331 square miles, having a population of 78,732,000. Of this territory, 2,226,982 square miles are in Europe, with 70,880,000 population, and 5,861,348 square miles in Asia, with a population of 7,924,000. It will be observed that the Russian possessions are in Europe and Asia, while the possessions of England are scattered over the whole earth. A glance at the map of Asia will help materially in revealing the cause of the war-cloud which now portends a terrific struggle. British India extends northward until it touches the southern boundary of Afghanistan, while the Russian possessions extend southward until they touch the northern limits of Afghanistan. If Russia invades and conquers Afghanistan, then Russia comes down to the British India boundary. To prevent this occasions England's hostile attitude. Russia is looking for a pathway to the sea. She has maritime ambitions. With such facts in full view the intelligent reader will be able to form conclusions more or less satisfactory until the war begins, or the threatening cloud is dispersed by the triumph of reason over pride and passion. The nations to be engaged have staying qualities and vast resources. Both are Christian nations, boasting of established churches. They civilize with catechisms and cutlasses, bombard with bibles and bombs, reform with rituals and rifles, and canonize with cannon. The missionaries in Asia are making poor headway. In all of its 15,000,000 square miles

there is not now an inch of "Holy Land" left, unless Siberia and India may lay claim to the title. There is idolatry, ignorance and idleness, requiring the gospel of gunpowder, and the baptism of fire. Such, at least, is the view that Russia and England take of the situation. As we write the war cloud hanging about Afghanistan grows darker. What the outcome will be the Infinite Disposer of Events only knows, but it may be gratifying to believe Asia cannot be injured.

EXPOSITIONS AS EDUCATORS.

In the April number of the Magazine we published an editorial article captioned "Expositions." Since the writing of that article the country has been deluged with descriptions of the World's Exposition at New Orleans. The leading journals of the country have had their special correspondents on the ground, and those who were denied the pleasure of being eye witnesses of the wonderful display of science, art, skill and mechanism, as also the boundless resources of the States and territories composing the Great American Republic, have not failed, we conclude, to read, with ever increasing interest, descriptions of the exposition, which, in some regards, if we are to credit the testimony of those who have visited all the great expositions of Europe and the United States, stands unrivaled. It is no part of our purpose, at this writing, to criticise that class of correspondents, who, unmindful of what their readers really wanted to know, have turned their attention more to the discussion of political and social subjects than to the great merits of

the exposition. It is well known that New Orleans is not Chicago, St. Louis nor Cincinnati, nor is Louisiana Illinois, Indiana or Ohio. Persons predisposed to censoriousness find much in the South upon which to comment in a spirit of unkindness, and it is equally true that those who visit the Southern States, with an honest purpose to deal justly with facts, find an abundance of material with which to build arguments demonstrating that the South, in the near future, as nations reckon periods, will be a land of fabulous wealth and of such progress as will astonish the world. But, dismissing such reflections, it may be said that the establishment of the World's Exposition at New Orleans demonstrates, beyond cavil, that the South, even now, possesses a vitality, an indomitable will power, a capacity to grasp and to solve great problems, which it were less than manly to deny, and the recognition of which must be creditable to men of intelligence, and the fact that New Orleans is unfortunately situated, geographically, for securing exhibits and visitors, only increases the admiration all must feel for the pluck and energy which, overcoming all obstacles, finally achieved a grand success, for all, including the most intensely hypercritical, admit that the exposition is in all regards creditable to the nation and to the age.

As educators, we regard national and international expositions cheap at almost any price, and the fact that the people, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, white and black, are anxious to visit them and

declare that they afford pleasure and instruction, confirms the opinion that they are among the most valuable educators known to the times.

The New Orleans Exposition was opened on the 19th of December, and, according to the original programme, is to close on the 1st day of June—the entire time of the exhibit being 163 days. It is assumed that the average attendance will reach 5,000 a day, grand total of visitors 815,000. The general Government has contributed to the exposition \$1,300,000, or about \$1.60 per capita for all the visitors who have passed within its gates. The question arises, what have they learned, and in what way can the information obtained be of value to the Government? Before attempting to answer such interrogatories, it may be prudent to assume that the term education, whatever may be the dictum of lexicographers means more and far more than is taught in colleges. We have intimated that expositions are educators. They teach, and those who attend them learn. The lessons taught are necessarily of a character which elevate, awaken thought, arouse ambition, magnify estimates of the conquering powers of mind, exalt manhood and refine taste. Expositions address the eye, and through that organ the intellect, and the humblest toiler, the illiterate wayfaring man, beholds the ten thousand wonders of skill, the products of earth, air and sea, of shop, factory, mine, forest and studio, and learns more in a day than the schools could teach in a century. It is

questionable, if in our boasted advance in education, we give sufficient prominence to the importance of things to be seen, and devote undue attention to books. The order of nations seems to be to address the eye. If we look upward to the azure heavens the eye is treated to the most wonderful phenomena. We behold innumerable organized systems of flaming spheres. If we contemplate the earth, our own planet, "our cradle and our sarcophagus" we are confronted with things in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, which defy computation—men, cities, villages, mountains, forests, plains, lakes, seas and rivers, birds and bees and beasts, beauty and deformity. These are man's first educators, and he who closes his eyes to the sublime exposition, to the Creator's exhibits of His skill, "though he speak with the tongues of men and angels," his education is defective, a fact happily illustrated in the answer of the shepherd to the philosopher:

"The little knowledge I have gained
Is all from simple nature drained.
The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry;
Who can observe the careful ant
And not provide for future want?
Thus every object in creation,
Can furnish hints for education,
And from the most minute and mean,
My teacher does my morals glean."

We have stated that the general Government has contributed \$1,300,000 to the New Orleans World's Exposition, and that 815,000 persons have viewed the vast wealth of exhibits, and have asked what have they learned, and in what way can the information obtained be of value to the Government? We de-

sire to say, in the first place, that expositions cannot fail to challenge the admiration of the world for the triumph of mechanical skill. Say what we may in exaltation of art, whether it be by the chisel or the pencil of the great artists, from Phidias to Michael Angelo, still, the mechanic at the world's great expositions stands forth in imperial grandeur, from the simplest trinkets displayed to catch the eye of the visitor, to the great engine that moves the machinery, all, all proclaim the indebtedness of the world for its progress to the skilled mechanic. Expositions are the world's towering monuments in honor of labor and skill, and he who is not educated by the ten thousand silent and yet eloquent teachers found in the trophies of skill, which meet his gaze on all sides, to the conviction that labor produces all the wealth, belongs to that class of unfortunates who go into ecstasies at an oratorical tournament, and look with blank indifference upon any display of skill in the realms of mechanism.

But expositions have a direct tendency to broaden and liberalize thought. The croaker, the hypercritical censorious person finds in a World's Exposition multiplied influences designed to correct his mental deformities, to expand him to dignified proportions and to lift him out of the fault-finding rut in which, by inheritance or choice, he is placed. And these influences are of a nature to either kill him or cure him of his infirmities. If he has a soul, though it be so small that a thousand of them could stand flat-footed on the point of a cambric needle, a world's exposition will

either expand, or by the magnificent display of its wonders, dazzle it to death. It has been written that "in the history of most countries the period of the highest literary glory will generally be found to coincide with that of some very marked and permanent achievements in commerce or in war," and that "those men who best can perform great actions are in general best able to think sublime thoughts." Such propositions naturally lead to instituting comparisons in regard to the educating forces in operation, in times of war and times of peace. Commerce, industry, manufacturing, the multiplying sources of progress, comfort, peace and prosperity are the trophies of peace, and of these expositions are full to overflowing. Do they educate? Do they elevate the beholder and sublimate the mind? Does it require war to usher in eras of "literary glory?" Is it required

"That men should stumble o'er the slain,
'Mid splintered bone and scattered brain;
That men should see the streaming blood
Drench the green sod and tinge the flood,"

to be educated up to a point necessary for literary glory? Must it be that—

"Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,
In covert of a regal den
Lays waste all mercy, sense and right,
Defies a God and tramples men,"

must scourge the world with whips of flame, before literature can reach the summit of glory? We prefer a negative reply to such interrogatories and to maintain that expositions in their mighty educational influences lift men and nations to higher plains of honor and usefulness, that they intensify noble ambitions and make the world better, and that their cost is an investment which

pays incalculably rich dividends in all that pertains to the well-being of society.

Discussing the World's Exposition at New Orleans from a national standpoint, the effect cannot fail to have been in all regards the most gratifying. Standing in the gallery of the Government building, the visitor was able to take in the vast Republic at a glance—not its acres, mountains and rivers, its forests, fields and farms, and its mines, but the products of all the states and territories were before him. In that glance sectionalism disappeared—the Union came into full view, state pride gave place to national exultation, and the exclamations, "The Union, one and indivisible," "one country, one flag, one destiny," was naturally on every American tongue and the lessons of national pride and national glory were taught in a way beyond the reach of the most renowned educator that ever thought or wrote or lectured. Expositions, as educators of the people, are worth all they cost, and should the General Government conclude to defray the entire expense, as often as once in every census decade, the result would be to bring widely separated States into harmonious relations which would result in giving stability to our institutions, whereby the perpetuity of our liberties would obtain such guarantees as standing armies would fail to secure.

WHITE MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

The term "white" has special significance; used without reference to race or complexion, it means "bright; being without color, or in

a popular sense, being of the color of pure snow," hence, the term is used to convey the idea of "purity—free from spot, stain or blemish, presenting the hue of immaculateness," or "sanctified; purified from grossness," indicating "exemption from debasing influences." In common parlance it is often remarked, when referring to a man of honor and integrity, "he is a white man." We hear often of "dark deeds," "black hearts," etc. The significance of such terms is easily apprehended. Mistakes are never made. We are thinking at this writing of the extended lists which monthly appear in the Magazine of "Expulsions" of members of the various Lodges. It is not our purpose to array the sum totals for a year, one month will suffice. We will take the month of February, 1885. That will show. It will be seen by the official report that 110 members were expelled from 48 Lodges. Of these 104 were expelled for non-payment of dues, 2 for defrauding the Lodge, 1 for drunkenness, 2 for contempt of Lodge, and 1 for defrauding members. Of the 104 members who were expelled for non-payment of dues, we are not prepared to say that *not* one was a *white* member. There may have been one or more impecunious to a degree that payment was out of the question. If so, the reason why should be sought. If misfortune had overtaken him; if work had been sought and not found; if sickness had entered his home and struck down himself, his wife or children; then, in such contingencies, the brother might still claim to be *white*. But we surmise, if such

facts could have been shown, the brother would never have been expelled. The *white* members of all our Lodges are disposed to deal honorably and fairly with the membership, and hence we conclude that such members as are expelled for any cause had ceased to be *white* members. They had repeatedly, in the case of dues, for instance, violated their obligation, broken their plighted word, tarnished their reputation, soiled their character and stabbed their honor. They were willing to be helped, and quite as ready to stand aloof when assistance was required of them. Such men are not *white*. There are spots upon their lives and characters. They are not to be numbered with honorable men who regard obligations, and are true to trusts. Their influence is pernicious—they are a burden and an obstacle. They are without honorable ambitions. Their theory of life is low and vulgar. They are *dishonest*. They are not *white*. To see an extended list of expulsions of that class of members has an invigorating rather than a disheartening effect upon the membership at large. Ten honest men are stronger than a hundred others, who, upon slight provocation, or any provocation, will violate obligations. The action of the Lodges in promptly expelling such material is indicative of vitality, and a robust courage to do the right thing at the right time. We would not disguise the fact that such exhibitions of mercenary meanness as we have referred to are not to a degree humiliating. It is by no means agreeable to see men who have worn the badge of the

Brotherhood play traitors to obligation, honor, integrity and associates, but no effeminate sentimentality should stand in the way of promptly ridding our cherished Order of men who are incapable of comprehending its mission, and too contemptibly mercenary to contribute their pittance that it may respond to the cry of the widow and orphan, when the father, standing bravely at his post, goes down to death. Verily, such men are not *white*. They are neither clean nor pure, and while they can be of little service anywhere, their presence in any Lodge of our Brotherhood must, of necessity, be contaminating. Only *white* members are wanted. There need be but little said of such offenses, as drunkenness, defrauding Lodges and members, and kindred improprieties, and Lodges which promptly rebuke, to the extent of their power, such outrages, will receive the applause of all honorable men.

Our views upon the subject of the payment of dues have hitherto appeared in the Magazine, and we are confident that our reflections have met the approval of every *White* member of the Brotherhood. But we regard the occasion as favorable for a further reference to financial topics. No fireman enters our Brotherhood ignorant of its requirements. Every contemplated purpose bears the stamp of moral excellence and mental development. To help those who desire to help themselves, to sympathize with the afflicted, to bury our dead, and relieve the wants of sorrowing widows and orphans, are qualities which justify encomiums. The benevolent

features of the Brotherhood, as well as its current expenses, require money, and require it promptly. Postponements mean embarrassments, and failure to pay means degradation and death to the Order. It will be observed, by consulting official reports that during the month of February thirteen death claims, amounting to \$13,000, were paid. We might write that the sum appears large, but were we to set opposite the figures facts relating to the blessings conferred by the amount paid they would loom up in such grandeur of proportions, they would shine with such effulgence, that all *white* members of our Brotherhood would be devoutly thankful for the privilege of making their contributions in aid of such Christ-like benefactions.

We are gratified to know that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is growing in membership and in moral and financial power. It has had, and may continue to have for a time, those within its ranks who take upon themselves the obligations of membership from unworthy motives. Such persons, however skilled in chicane, will not be able to play the role of impostor to any serious extent. The vigilance of the *white* members will be more than equal to the arts of duplicity, and rogues and tramps, parasites, time-servers and hangers-on, will be required to move out. The principles and purposes of the Brotherhood are in consonance with right and all things of good report, and its destinies are in the hands of a membership who are *white*, and in the future, as in the past, will keep it free from debasing influences.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

A SPRING POEM ON HOUSE CLEANING.

One bright day in the latter part of April I decided to go out "calling." The preliminaries to house cleaning had all been attended to. The cellar had been thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed, all the accumulations of winter removed, steps and shelves scoured and everything made fresh and sweet. The attic had been overhauled, the paper rags sold, the carpet rags sorted over, the cast off garments given away, the rubbish destroyed, windows washed, and cayenne pepper dusted into all the cracks and crevices to keep away the moths. The wood shed had been put in order, boxes and barrels and countless odds and ends properly disposed of, and all stray boards, &c., converted into kindling. The yard had been raked, the walk repaired, the gate mended and the cistern fixed. And now I was "resting on my oars" and waiting for permanent good weather before attacking those parts of the house that were occupied by the family.

So I concluded to employ this little "breathing spell" in paying a number of visits which had accumulated during my long absence. Arrayed in my best gown, I started out. The sun was bright but the air quite chilly and I gave special directions to the servant to keep up a cheerful fire in the grate. But I soon found that my friends were much "smarter" than myself. Almost without exception they had finished house cleaning. The parlors were swept and garnished, the base burners taken down, grates closed up and over all was that general air of chilliness which indicates that the family ark has been through a deluge. Some of the ladies remarked that they had not cleaned any of the "nooks and corners" but always began with those rooms which were used the most because they seemed the dirtiest. I smiled and shivered and tried to be agreeable while my teeth chattered and the cold waves ran up and down my spinal column.

At each house I had the same experience. The final call was made in a brick row where the parlor faced the north. Everything was spotless, ghostly lace curtains at the windows, bric-a-brac all shining and grate decorated with evergreens. The hostess came in enveloped in a blanket shawl. I felt as if I did not have on any clothes. It was the last feather and before the call was ended I took a hard chill. I hastened home but

tonsillitis set in and for a week I was confined to the house with ulcerated sore throat. A minister happening to call during the time, related his own experience. He said, in the early days of his ministry he came very near going into consumption, simply from making pastoral calls and being entertained in cold parlors, and that of late years he had declined to leave his overcoat in the hall, as he did not propose to be made the victim of neat but cruel housekeepers.

This little incident hardly needs a moral. Every woman can decide for herself whether she is in the habit of killing off her friends in the manner above described. One scarcely knows which to pity most, a family with a housewife who is careless and slovenly or one who is excessively neat and painstaking. In both cases there may be poor management. In the former the family are subjected to much delay and inconvenience and in the latter they may suffer equally from discomfort and annoyance. Each of these traits of character is especially prominent during the house cleaning season. It is very provoking at this time of the year to find the newspapers full of sarcastic jokes in regard to the awful condition of the household. One would suppose chaos reigned supreme and that husbands and children had been driven forth like our first parents from the garden of Eden. We are told that the head of the family cannot move without stepping into a bucket of suds and that the children go hungry to bed, if, indeed, they can find any bed, and that every body gets out of the way of the wife and mother who is supposed to look and act like a "holy terror."

Now, I should consider all this a malicious libel if I did not know from observation that it has some foundation in fact. It is lamentably true that there are some homes where house cleaning is a sort of volcanic eruption, an internal upheaval which pitches all the contents of the house to the four winds. The whole neighborhood and all the passers by know that there is some unusual commotion. All the household gods and goods are exposed to public inspection. The yard and the porches and the top of the verandas are heaped and piled. Everything is in confusion, at night all is taken back into the house and the next morning carried out again. There is no opportunity to cook a good meal, and if one wants to make a change of toilet for the evening it is impossible to find the raiment wherewith to be clothed. Everybody feels cross, and husband and children think they would rather live like

pigs in a pen than pass through this trying ordeal.

Each housekeeper thinks her own way is best and that she knows all that is needful on most domestic topics, but to my mind, there is no necessity for all this fuss in regard to housecleaning. In the first place there is usually no particular hurry about it. If it is not all done this week you will, in all probability, live to finish it next week. If the house is very large or the help insufficient it is a good plan to put out the washing and ironing for a week or two. Otherwise let Monday and Tuesday be given up to these duties while the house wife gets everything in readiness for the cleaning, engages the paper hangers, carpet beaters, &c., and makes all necessary trips down street so that there be no interruptions. Wednesday let all the house be put in order except the part that is to be cleaned, and have enough bread, pie, rusks and cake baked to last several days. There are then three days left for cleaning. There is no economy of time or labor in commencing any more in the morning than can be finished during the day. It is not essential that the family have a cold dinner. A pot of beans may be put on after breakfast and a pan of apples put in the oven. With a cup of coffee, baked beans, a bunch of spring onions, roast apples and bread and butter any family can make an excellent meal and it takes very little time to prepare it. Or baked potatoes and hominy may be substituted or a kettle of palatable soup made with very little trouble. Neither is it necessary that the mistress of the house look like a fright. While it is quite true that a lady cannot work so well when "dressed up," yet it will not in the least interfere to have her hair neatly combed and a clean collar and apron on. Nor is it in good taste to advertise that you are cleaning house. The back yard and porch are the suitable places for such articles as must be taken out of the room and it hardly seems proper to exhibit to the public how much dirt has collected during the winter.

In many years' experience I have always found it expedient to so arrange the work as to make a neat toilet for the evening. It is pleasant to the remainder of the family and gives to the wife herself a certain feeling of self-respect that more than compensates for the loss of time. If the tacks are drawn the night before, the carpet can be lifted and dusted early in the morning, the floor scrubbed, windows washed and wood-work cleaned before dinner, the carpet laid immediately afterwards, pictures hung and furniture replaced in time to

change one's dress for supper. Of course these suggestions are based upon the supposition that the housewife has an assistant. Nothing but a need of the strictest economy will justify any woman in attempting to do this work alone, and I really doubt if in the end it proves to be economy. It is a tax upon her strength that will be felt in the years to come. In closing a subject that offers a theme for endless discussion it may be said that there is no branch of domestic science which is of more importance than the annual housecleaning and none which requires more systematic management and executive ability.

A PLEASANT letter from Glendive, Montana, is omitted because of a personality which it is feared might give offense. Writers must remember that the Magazine is read by thousands of persons and it is not in good taste to permit in its columns any exhibitions of malice or unkindness. Personalities should be very sparingly used and should be so good-natured as not to wound the feelings of their helpless object.—[Ed.]

BEARDSTOWN, ILLS., April 22, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

My husband is a fireman and has been a member of the B. of L. F. for more than three years, so of course I am interested in the Order and also a great admirer of the Magazine, not the least attraction of which is the Woman's Department.

This Lodge, H. B. Stone No. 122, is doing well, and has about fifty members. However, there is a great lack of sociability among the families of the members. If the men are *brothers*, I think their wives ought to be *sisters*, and call on each other in a sisterly manner. I wonder if any of you know how much easier it is to do the washing if you boil the clothes first and then rub them. This is the way I wash and I find it much easier than the old way. Wet the clothes and soap them well and put them into boiling water with plenty of soap in it. Let them boil twenty minutes. Many of the pieces do not need rubbing at all. Those terrible over-clothes lose half their terrors when washed in this way, but they are bad enough at best. By the way, I have come to the conclusion that it does not pay a woman to kill herself trying to get every spot and stain out of them. I try to get them reasonably clean and let the rest go.

I have found in baking cake that where a recipe calls for sweet milk, cold water will do just as well. You cannot see any difference. I presume you all know that there is nothing nicer than shot to use in cleaning the coffee can in hubbie's lunch bucket. And now I want to tell the sisters about my tea set.

Animated by Alexia's letter in the January Magazine I sent to the Great American Tea Co..

31 and 33 Vesey street, New York, for circulars,* and finding its terms and prices so reasonable I thought I would try to get up a twenty dollar order and thus obtain "a beautiful decorated gold band porcelain china tea set of fifty-six pieces." I succeeded with but very little trouble. As for myself I had no fear of the company being a humbug after reading such a straight forward letter, but found that some of my friends were almost afraid to trust it.

However, the order was sent and the goods soon arrived. In eager haste I opened the box marked "china" first and what a surprise I had! I will confess that I had expected cheap looking dishes with *dabs* for decorations, but lo! they were just as pretty as you can think, and far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and of course I am perfectly delighted with them. Now, sisters, you know that the loveliest tea set in Christendom would be but a poor source of satisfaction or pleasure if my customers were to complain of getting "poor trash" for tea and coffee. On the contrary, all that I have seen so far are more than satisfied, so I can enjoy it to the fullest extent, knowing that all are pleased. Now that I have "set the ball rolling" here, ever so many are ready to give it a push and I expect the G. A. T. Co. will receive a great many orders from this place. Well, I hope they will, for my dishes are so nice. I want all my friends to get a set like them, or nicer if they can send larger orders. If this encourages anyone else to try I shall be pleased and wish you success.

FLORA BLODGETT.

TEXARKANA, TEX., May 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have recently become a reader of the Magazine and through it I have learned to appreciate the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I see so many letters from other points, but none from our own little Lodge, J. H. Shelby No. 243. The Lodge being so young and so small, you probably did not expect to hear its feeble voice. The Lodge is composed of a body of men who would be a credit to any Order and is progressing rapidly.

While I am not eligible to membership in the Brotherhood I am quite sure that the members will not object to receiving the expression of my highest regards.

The motto of the Brotherhood is emblematical of the principles of the Order and if the members are only true to their duties as members, they are sure to be better men.

My husband belongs to the Lodge here and he also takes an interest in securing subscriptions for the Magazine. He is kind, noble and true to his home—when he is through with his labor he hastens to his family, nor does he stop on the way to frequent saloons or gambling houses. Home, wife and books receive his attention during his leisure hours.

But the way he can dispose of a good dinner would be a sight you would all appreciate.

I hope to see all the members guard their

Brotherhood carefully and stand by it manfully in every emergency.

The members are much pleased with Mr. S. M. Stevens, the Grand Instructor, who recently paid them a visit.

Wishing the Brotherhood and all its members God speed in their God-like mission, I remain

MRS. E. H. CHRISTMAN.

DUQUOIN, ILLS., May 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have long since desired to join the ranks of your correspondents, but have lacked the courage to make a start. How the letters of our talented sisters cheer and help us on. The brothers, too, are very interesting in their correspondence. I imagine I am traveling with the "Tramp" and see with him the sights he so ably describes in his "observations."

How instructive it is to read the spiritual articles of X. L. C. R. and T. P. O'Rourke and what a splendid man our "Tim" must be. I wish I had the pleasure of knowing them, but presume I must be content to know them through the Magazine.

Irene, I am heartily glad that you answered Lilly's letter through the Magazine, thus giving us all the benefit of your advice and instructions. After reading your letter I asked myself: have I influence? I know not, but shall take your word for it. Does anyone know what has become of our "poet"? We miss you sadly Threlig, so don't forsake us.

I must close now, or this, my first attempt, will prove my last, for I could never brave the dangers of the waste-basket a second time. If our editress is willing, I should like to call again.

BEATRIX.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 11, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Mr. Sidney Watkins and wife have been sadly afflicted in the sickness and death of their little daughter. Less than a year ago a little poem, dedicated or addressed to Baby Watkins, appeared in the columns of the Magazine, now the same columns are called upon to announce the death of the then healthy and attractive child. On Sunday, May 10, her little form was consigned to the tomb. The chastening rod falls with great severity upon the parents, it being the only one, the "ewe lamb," given them by the Divine Giver, and which, in his wisdom and goodness, which we are unable to fully understand, He has taken from them.

Mr. Watkins is Magazine Agent for Fortune Lodge, No. 120. He has the sympathy of all the members, several of whom have passed through the same sorrow, and the wives of the members sincerely mourn with Mrs. Watkins over her irreparable loss.

May all mothers, whose children are yet spared to them, show all love and kindness to them while we may, for we know not how soon we may experience the same sorrow which has fallen upon Mr. and Mrs. Watkins.

MRS. I. C. A.

DON'T NEGLECT MOTHER.*For Woman's Department:*

No, boys, don't neglect your mother,
Give her your tenderest care,
Remember when there was no other
To look after you but her.

How loving and tender she watched you,
All through your infantile years,
When childish sorrows distressed you,
'Twas she who kissed off your tears.

Her heart is as loving to-day, boys,
Although deep lines mark her face.
She remembers you still as her boys,
In her heart you have always a place.

As long as her life lasts, will she give you
The wealth of her pure mother love,
No treasure so rare, could she leave you,
When she's gone to that bright home above.

Her steps are measured and slow, boys,
Yet she moves with that same gentle grace
As of old, in the dear old home, boys,
With that same sweet smile on her face.

Now, kindle a fire in the parlor, boys,
Make it bright and cheery and warm,
Bring her footstool and old armed rocker,
For she may not be with you long.

Boys, when you're grown up to manhood
And settled in homes of your own,
And dear mother is left, oh! so lonely,
Don't neglect her, but give her a home.

She was young once, and happy, too, boys,
Once a household's idolized pet,
Though her eyes are dim, her hair now gray,
Dear mother is beautiful yet.

AURORA, NEB. —Mrs. W. K. Ream.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

Miss Isabella Oates has been appointed vaccination officer at Fordingbridge, England.

A Yonkers bride received, among her wedding gifts, a receipted bill of eight dollars, for gate hinges, from her father.

In the last twenty years four colleges for women have been founded in the United States, and one hundred and seventy-one colleges for men have been opened to women.

Miss Roseleaf (who is trying to force a conversation)—What do you suppose, Mr. Van Noodle, makes our hosts' receptions so invariably stupid? Mr. Van Noodle—Aw, weally, I haven't a ghost of an ideaw. Miss R.—And all the other gentlemen are very much like you. Yes; that must be the reason.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Mr. Guthrie once told a story which was as suggestive of a moral as it was amusing. A friend of his, questioning a little boy, said: "When your father and your mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's answer. Parents will do well to consider the truth there is in this reply. The parent who is too much engaged, or too selfish, to look after the training of his child, need not be surprised to see the child come to serious harm.

Mrs. C. I. Wade (Bessie Bramble), who has been on the staff of the Pittsburg Leader for a number of years, and also conducts a department in the Pittsburg Dispatch, in which she is doing good work for women, was last week elected a member of the Pittsburg Press Club. Mrs. Wade is said to be the second woman in the United States admitted to the privileges of a Press Club hitherto composed exclusively of men, Miss Laughlin, of New York, being the first. Mrs. Wade was admitted without opposition, and her name was received with rousing cheers.

Mrs. Ingalls, of San Jose, California, owns a little fruit farm of twelve and one-half acres, of which she has had the sole management for ten years. She planted her land to fruit trees, giving them the most careful cultivation. She soon began to realize a handsome return, which increased, until now she is independent and has abundant means for travel and profitable enjoyment. Year before last her fruit yielded her thirty-five hundred dollars, and last year she sold her crop on the trees for four thousand dollars. From five and one-half acres of prunes the purchaser gathered eighty tons of fruit.

We find throughout the Southern States many women holding unusual posts, and busy at different kinds of work which are ordinarily left to men. Some of the largest newspapers are owned and partly edited by women, and some of the successful stock-breeders of Kentucky are of the same sex. The "post-masters" of four of the largest cities in the South are post-mistresses. At every turn we find ladies, born and bred in habits of seclusion and luxury, struggling cheerfully to support their children. Before the war it was considered derogatory for a Southern woman to earn money in any way. Now it is rather a matter of pride that she does it. She gains instead of losing caste by refusing to succumb to the hardships of fate.—*Youth's Companion.*

During the first appearance of Henry Irving as Louis XIV, in Boston, a lady found herself seated next to a party of three intensely typical Boston girls, who observed the development of the play with that reserved, serene, and critical aspect for which their class is noted. The lady was more enthusiastic than they, and at various points which the actor made was not chary of applause. At last, when a particularly strong situation had been met and mastered, she exclaimed, sotto voce: "Ah, he is, indeed, great!" The three young women who sat beside her immediately put up their eye-glasses and looked at her in a quiet, but superior way, and the nearest of the party, in a calm and very distinct voice, said: "Pardon me, but I have not yet experienced any thrill." Afterward, in relating this incident, the lady said: "I had in my dress at the time a long shawl-pin, and I was awfully tempted to jab it into the cold creature's arm to see if she felt any 'thrill' at that."—*Boston Journal.*

There is visiting in San Francisco a very learned Mohammedan named Gopal Vinayak Joshee. He recently arrived from Bombay, and has attracted considerable attention on the streets by his huge Oriental turban of many folds, which he wears constantly, and is the only thing especially remarkable about his costume. Mr. Vinayak is not only a philosopher and scholar in his own language, but is thoroughly conversant with European affairs and customs, and, withal, speaks English with exceptionable accent and wonderful fluency. Yesterday afternoon being the time set for the Teachers' Institute at the Girls' High school, he was invited to be present, as he is particularly interested and well-informed on educational topics. After the regular exercises had been concluded Superintendent Moulder asked the sage from the far East to present his views on the education of girls, both from the standpoint of Asiatic customs and from the results of education in the western world, which had come under his observation. He very courteously complied, and thoroughly entertained the unusually large audience, mostly composed of young lady teachers, by his graphic description and peculiarly original ideas.

He said his own idea was that ignorant wives were much preferable to educated ones, as they made much better slaves; that is, they performed their duties with greater contentment and reliability, and were not continually opposing their own views to those of their husbands, causing the dissemination so frequently seen in more enlightened households. He thought there would

be less of that "gadding about," which he had noticed on the streets here if there was less of this placing of women above their sphere. He had especially noticed the great crowds of handsomely dressed ladies constantly promenading on Market street and other thoroughfares, who seemed to have no care and no thought of home duties or household responsibilities; this was a condition of things that would not for a moment be tolerated in Bombay.

At this point Miss Hunt, one of the teachers present, asked him if it were not true that he had an educated wife now in Philadelphia, studying medicine. To this he naively answered "Yes," and joined heartily in the storms of laughter that followed. He said he was fully qualified to speak, and that in his opinion the uneducated women made the best wives. He explained that there were a few very intelligent and finely accomplished ladies in India, who had received their education from the government schools established by the English throughout the entire country, but he thought it was all a mistake. The ladies especially enjoyed his good-natured onslaught on the fair sex.

THE Rhode Island Legislature passed the woman suffrage amendment by a large majority and it was then discovered that it had been acted upon one day too late to be legal according to the law of that State. The Legislature of Dakota also passed the Amendment and it was then vetoed by Governor Pierce. In this connection it is stated that "women own one-half of the property and pay three-fourths of the taxes in that State." The Union Signal of Chicago says:

Right in conflict with Governor Pierce's version of the value and importance and need of woman's ballot in Dakota, comes this testimony from a woman who has large farming interests in a fine agricultural portion of the Territory. She employs some twenty-four laborers, each one of whom on a recent occasion, after she had exerted herself to her utmost to secure the establishment of a school for the neighborhood, went and voted the school "down and out," while she, a tax-payer to the extent of several hundred dollars a year, having no vote, was obliged to forego the educational advantages coveted for her children, and not a single one of the twenty-five voters paid a pennyworth of taxes. No wonder the women of the country are crying out against "imported governors" who fly personal political kites. The actual settlers of Dakota are largely women. Men come to speculate, but women go there to stay and grow up with the country.

TRANSPLANTED IN HEAVEN.

Lines on the death of Little Emma Watkins.

To Woman's Department:

The fairest flowers bloom and wither,
Spring up in beauty droop and die,
And off with eyes bedewed with teardrops,
We murmur much and wonder why.

The babe upon its mother's bosom
So innocent, so pure and fair,
Is but a flower from Heaven's garden,
Entrusted to her loving care.

'Tis sad, dear parents bowed and stricken,
To lose a loved and priceless gem—
To have death pluck your fairest flower,
And leave you but the broken stem.

Your darling one lies cold and lifeless,
But free from every earthly pain;
God has taken your dearest treasure,
To sweetly bloom on heaven's plain.

Fold the little ice-cold fingers,
Close the loved and sightless eyes,
God transplanted little Emma—
Now she blooms in Paradise.

SYRACUSE, May 8, 1885.

MRS. C. W. LYMAN.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Plain Talk to Masters.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., May 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The time is rapidly approaching when many of our Lodges will resume active work, as well as elect new officers to preside over them for the ensuing year. A word of caution may not be out of place, provided it is received in the same spirit in which it is given. I will endeavor not to merit the name of a chronic grumbler, yet if I happen to scold a little, and it should fail to please the fastidious taste of some good brother, I am perfectly willing to be forgiven, and give him full liberty to hurl his anathema at me to his heart's content. I want him to see things as they are—it is entirely foreign to my nature to call black anything but black, or white anything but white, and if I see a sin of omission or commission and I know it to be such, I shall endeavor to point it out, no matter whom it hits. It is a well established fact that cannot be controverted, that as the officers, so the Lodge. With too many the responsibilities attached to the office of Master are underrated. The Master must be something more than a figurehead, who is simply required to repeat certain lines at certain times and places. It requires something more than this. It requires for a successful Master a brother of ability and brains. He must be a brother of good judgment, and possessed of good sound practical common sense. He must be a good ritualist, having the whole work at his tongue's end. He must be well versed in the constitution and by-laws and render his decisions in conformity to those laws. He must also be capable of setting aside all personal feelings and work only for the best interest of the Brotherhood. He should also be able to explain to the candidate the ceremonies of initiation through which he is passing, not in that careless slipshod manner so characteristic of many Masters.

Remember you are moulding a new brother and to him, for the time being, you are the important factor of the Lodge. If your Lodge is

lifeless and on the downward road, you have a double duty to perform. It is for you to put your shoulders to the wheel and bring it out of the rut. Do not get disappointed and say it cannot be done. I say that it can, if you have the will to do it. It may be hard, up-hill work at first, but "patience and perseverance accomplishes all things." Persevere and you will surely bring order out of confusion, but in order to do so you must put energy into your work, you must infuse new life into the sluggish blood of your brethren; be up and doing and you will be astonished at the result. Again, drill the brethren in the ritualistic work; be patient with them, for all are not apt scholars. Lead them on little by little! Make your meetings interesting and you will find no cause to complain of non-attendance. When the hour comes for you to open your Lodge, be in your station: be prompt and punctual and never omit details because they seem to be unimportant. When you open your Lodge, open it in due form; do not take the short plan to open it with a bar—attend to the little things, for they go to make up the large ones. If you have no work on hand, start off by having several of the brethren deliver an address; or, which is better, deliver one yourself. After you have exhausted the talent of your Lodge, call on the brethren of some other Lodge to come to your assistance. There are always to be found plenty who delight in airing their Brotherhood knowledge, and "who will be willing to give as you will be to receive." Fall on that or any other course that seems best, and my word for it, in a very short time you will see a radical change for the better, both in attendance and in interest. Do not get discouraged because some croaker throws cold water on your plans. If he does not like to see a live Lodge let him stay away, or, what is better yet, let him withdraw and go with his own kin. Do not get the erroneous idea into your head that you know it all, because if you do you will find yourself sadly mistaken, and then, too, at a time when you will feel like crawling through a small hole. The brethren also have a duty to perform, as well as the Master. In the first place, they must see to it that he whom they are about to elect to preside over them is worthy and well qualified. This does not apply to the Master alone, but to every one of the officers down to the outer guard. I do not care how bright a Master may be, if he has wooden men for his assistants he cannot do good work. It wants something more than a jovial, convivial fellow for a Lodge officer. It wants brethren of ability.

Do not overlook the Magazine. You have a Lodge of perhaps fifty members, and not ten copies of the Magazine are taken and read by the members: Mighty poor encouragement that for the editors. Now what excuses are offered? They might at once be stereotyped, for they are used often enough. They are: "can't afford it," and "haven't time to read it." Let us analyze them and see if they hold good or not. "Can't afford it." I say that you can in nine

cases out of ten, and I will prove it, too. Now stop and think a moment. The Magazine costs one dollar a year; eight and three-fourth cents a month; two cents a week and less than three-tenths of a cent a day. Good gracious! Is this not enough to bankrupt a nation? Two cents a week—can't you afford that? If you cannot you are indeed "hard up," and no mistake. Some one had better solicit a subscription in your behalf; but there is a better way than that—smoke one less cigar; or if you do not smoke, deprive yourself of some ten cent luxury for a month, follow it up for a year, and presto! You will have money enough so that you can afford it. A man is no man that cannot afford to spend two cents a week for solid brain food to improve the mind, to raise yourself in the intellectual sphere, and to know what the fraternity is doing. The Magazine is double worth the price asked for it, and when your aid is solicited to maintain it, you put in the nonsensical plea, "I cannot afford it." That is not the real truth; you have not the inclination, you have not the moral courage to deprive yourself of one single luxury in order to advance your intellectual faculties. Had you the will you could find the way very quickly! Show me a Lodge of reading brothers and I will show you one that fully carries out the true principals of the Brotherhood, and one, too, that does good work and has plenty of it to do. I will also show you a comfortable Lodge room and its members amongst the first classes of society, men of influence and brains; but show me a Lodge that is composed of non-reading brothers, and in the majority of instances I will show you one that is a by-word and a reproach to the Order. The reading Lodge exerts an influence for good in the community in which it is located. Brothers, do not overlook the Magazine of the day, for it is well worthy of our perusal.

No doubt my readers are tired of the grumbings of an old fashioned Brotherhood man, and I will close, expressing the wish, that as for me, I had rather live on hog and hominy than starve the brain.

Fraternally,

HARRY KELER.

A Plea for National Freedom.

Editors Magazine:

"God help the king or kings,

Or if he don't I doubt that men will longer,
Methinks I hear a little bird that sings,

By and by the people will be stronger."
—Byron.

The very vague and unintelligible manner in which the "Tramp" mingles and jumbles together the cause of the Irish dynamiters (a people struggling for self-government) with a circular coming from the worst element of one of our worst cities, calling for something that nobody knows, and demanding that which they already possess, is certainly a betrayal of his utter ignorance of the question.

If I were in Russia I would be a nihilist, if I were in Germany I would be a socialist, and if I were in Ireland I would be a dynamiter, and

such a dynamiter as would leave no doubt in the mind of the "Tramp" as to my convictions of the justness of the cause. But here, in the United States, we hold a government that gives to its citizens such liberties and privileges as have never been enjoyed by any other people at any time within the knowledge of history. It gives to the world a civilization that has illuminated the cabins of the oppressed, making their liberty possible, and securing to them a home and the right to enjoy the fruits of their labor. While this is true, yet many abuses have crept into the administration of our affairs, whose growth causes alarm, and whose dreadful march of demoralization must be checked. The corrupting influences of the money power is the greatest danger to the perpetuity of our institutions, and they are confronted by the laboring classes, the defenders and supporters of the Republic.

I oppose the sentiments of the "Tramp," not particularly because I am a Celt, but because I am a lover of liberty the world over, and because I am an American citizen, whose democratic principles were established and maintained by the oppressed of every clime, seeking that right and liberty which was denied them in their native land.

Napoleon the First, ambitious tyrant that he was, said, at the creation of the Venetian Republic, "No people ought to be subject to another." If Napoleon never said it, its truth can not be denied, and is it not equally true that every people have the right to arm and overthrow the oppression of an alien government? and in doing so have they not the right to choose their own weapons and the manner in which they should be used?

Balmez, the celebrated Spanish scholar defends these principles of right and justice in his work on "European Civilization." To me it matters little who defends them or who attacks them, the truth is the same in all climes and at all times.

George Alfred Townsend, writing in the Cincinnati Enquirer, on the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa, said, among other things: "A great deal of our literature comes to us from England, and we are still ignorantly governed by it." It struck me that the "Tramp" was one of this school. It appears his great sympathy for Ireland comes from his knowledge of the history of the colonies. I would rather think his sympathy would be aroused by reading the history of Ireland. If he had seen, as I have, the poor, aged mother, rudely thrown from her sick bed, out into the cold and rain on the roadside by a brutal soldiery at the command of a ruffianly landlord, and the home of her girlhood leveled to the ground before her eyes—if he had seen, as I have, grown men, the sons of this aged woman, torn from her and cast into prison, because they had dared to cry out against their country's wrongs, I think he would not be so apt to condemn any action of theirs leading to their liberation. He asks, "are not the accounts of the sufferings of these people exaggerated?" I an-

swer no; there is no room for exaggeration. Ireland's cause is the cause of the military terrorized people of Germany, England, Russia, Spain, and other countries of Europe. Ireland's cause is the cause of the Zulus, the Boers, the Egyptians, the Afghans, and every people struggling for independence and the God-given right to govern their own country, to make their own laws, to cultivate their own soil, and partake of the fruits of their own labor. The young and talented poet, Tom Davis, gave expression to the aspirations of many a noble heart when he sang:

"Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,
Or else if you will, a field or foot, or guarding a leagured wall,
For freedom's right,
In flushing fight
To conquer, if then to fall."

The "Tramp" attempts to degrade the great cause of any people by connecting their efforts with the crimes of murder, arson and pillage; here is his language: "If a people are oppressed by tyrannical governments, I say by all means organize and obtain your rights, but I will always oppose murder, arson and pillage, as the means of obtaining justice." What clear and intelligent advice! What a logical conclusion! How very considerate! Where was this man's sensitive soul when Sherman was throwing hot shot and shell into the cities of Atlanta, Charleston, Raleigh, and other cities of the South were meeting a similar fate, their women fleeing through the streets, clasping their babes to their bosoms, rushing to a certain death, their homes wrecked and made desolate? What I say here of Sherman's army can be said of any army. It leaves in its track devastation and death. Then why must one be condemned and the other lauded to the skies, or will the "Tramp" tell us that some nations dare not assert their manhood and claim the right of self-government, while others raise their banner of "might is right," and so conquer and subjugate because they can? Here is what the London Times says under date of January 31, speaking of the late explosions in London—and I wish to remind the "Tramp" that the London Times is the official organ of the British Government:—"A certain class of men in Russia, in Germany, in Spain, in France, in Italy and in England, have constituted themselves secret avengers of wrong. This is a significant fact, be it looked as it may. The 'dynamite war,' as it is called, had its birth in Russia, where the government had done its best and worst to stifle aspirations for freedom. It cannot be denied that the new method of warfare was fostered by an intolerable Russian despotism. The native Russian, longing for liberty and throbbing with wild patriotism, strikes at the government which oppresses him. And he is prepared to sacrifice his life, if need be, in dealing his avenging blows. The man who killed the late Emperor Alexander knew well enough that he would fall by the same act which brought down the monarch. He, nevertheless, walked to death with the same intrepidity as that which sus-

tained the Arabs at Abu Klea in charging a British military square.

"Science has forged for human use tremendous agents of destruction, and these agents the most civilized governments do not scruple to use in order to secure their ends. Russia is using such against the semi-barbarian tribes of Central Asia; France is wielding them with terrible effect in the destruction of thousands of human beings in Egypt and the Soudan, and is now preparing to destroy thousands more. During the bombardment of Alexandria, the Times correspondent on board one of the British ships said that he saw shells burst over the centre of the city. These shells were propelled by a British government pledged to international righteousness. That government did not care to inquire how many innocent women and children were destroyed on account of British interference. An eye witness who visited the city and its suburbs a few days afterwards said that thousands of these women and children fled for their lives from the doomed city, and scores of them perished on the desert sands. If civilized governments, priding themselves on their love of righteousness, will, without scruple, use such deadly agents of destruction, it is not unnatural that men carrying with them the memory of wrongs, will use, in their wars against governments, similar agents.

"Unfortunately, justice has not hitherto been done to Ireland but in the presence of menace. The ruling class have, therefore, in a great degree, to thank themselves for crops of outrages, of which they sowed the seed. In hanging or imprisoning O'Donovan Rossasites let us not purposely slaughter, by the thousand at the time, unarmed Arabs. We have too much conquest, too much confiscation, and too much coercion in Ireland and abroad. It is time that we should turn over a new leaf, and endeavor, by acts of right and justice, to atone for the mistakes and the blunders of our forefathers," to which I refer. These are but extracts from the article. Such is the language of the London Times, wrung from them after centuries of oppression. They see their Nemesis approaching with a steady and determined tread. Already is seen the hand-writing on the wall, and its interpretation has begun to dawn upon them. The strong, clear light of the spirit of democracy is rapidly displaying to the minds of the masses of the English people the truth of Emerson's lines:

"God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more."

And surely if any people suffered from the tyranny of Kings, and their natural attributes, an idle arrogant aristocracy, that people are the English toiling masses. The people should be sovereign, and where they are not, their rulers quickly enclose them. Who supports that immense standing army of England, Russia, Germany and other European powers? Why have these standing armies? What an extraordinary civilization has the century given us that per-

mits the Russians and the English to embark with millions of their countrymen, leaving their families and their firesides, and fight to the death, on the frontiers of Afghanistan, thousands of miles from their homes, because they cannot agree as to where the boundary of that country should be. Why must they make that boundary? I suppose they consider this glory. Is it glory to make war upon and subjugate a people who have never done you an injury?

"If this is glory,

Then let me live in ignomy forever."

That sympathetic chord that connects every suffering heart cannot be imprisoned or subdued. At times it becomes mighty and powerful, and like certain chapters in the world's history, it rises up strong in its sense of right, and seizing the oppressor slays him.—Let the "Tramp" not forget that "they who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

TIM FAGAN.

The Tramp's Observations.

It seems as if the letter I wrote for the March issue has been productive of considerable comment, the most of which has so far been anything but complimentary, if one is to judge by reading Bro. T. P. O'Rourke's letter in the April issue and then follow it up with Tim Fagan's in the May number.

I have no apologies whatever to offer to any one for a single sentence I have ever written for the Magazine or a single act I have ever done as a Brotherhood man, still I wish to reply to the letters above referred to, and in doing so I have an explanation to make with reference to certain expressions of mine.

Bros. T. P. and Tim Fagan have, in their last letters to the Magazine unjustly criticised the letter I wrote in the March issue, inasmuch as the spirit in which it was written is lost sight of entirely; that this should be so, is owing no doubt to their own personal ill-feeling against the author, which fact cannot be disputed, and the only cause either of them have for any malice is somewhat older than this correspondence. I make this statement in order that the readers of the Magazine may more readily understand the reason for their ungenerous and ill-timed tirade against my writings.

Since they both attack me on the same ground I will answer them both at once and *only* once.

I am held up for the readers of this book to gaze upon as a defender of Gould, Sage, Keene, et al., an undying friend of the much-hated monopolies, that in so large a measure control this country, and why? Simply because I am willing to accord to others the right to do as I would if I had the chance.

I am not the friend of monopolies, nor have I ever said that I was, but I claim that the rights of men, under the present social systems, the world over, give them an undeniable right to exist, and it is this right that I have endeavored to show, and not how they had used it. There has yet to exist a government of any kind under

which monopolies did not exist in some form or other, and in liberty-loving America they exist as a necessary evil, and by virtue of the declaration that said "all men are born equal, with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." That monopolies have oppressed our people, corrupted our legislators, spread poverty and misery, is a lamentable fact, but this is not the question, and no one knows it better than Tim. If it is his purpose to misconstrue and misapply my statements solely to draw me into an argument that can only result in enduring malice in the ranks of the Brotherhood, or to repeat the little exploit of last year, when a certain brother in Chicago expressed an honest opinion on some matters, let him be at once undeceived. Don't try that on me, for it won't work. If on the other hand, it is his desire to show up the true condition of the laboring classes, I am perfectly willing to "give battle" on the monopoly issue. Now as I have never defended the actions of the much abused(?) monopolies, it is utterly out of place for me to answer the many questions asked, bearing on how they have mis-used their rights and privileges, and I will commence where he (Tim Fagan) says "what a deep student of the labor question, &c." I said that monopolies had built the immense iron works, saw mills, etc., that adorn the land, and I maintain that I am right. He says that labor built them, and not capital. Would he convey the idea that the *laborers* who did the work did it for fun? or that they wanted the work so badly that no agreements were made as to the price of the labor, in fact, that *pay* was never thought of? I think not. He does not mean that any more than I meant, that the simple formation of a monopoly and its consequent aggregation of capital *alone* built its works.

To illustrate the truth of my statement that monopolies built, etc., let Bros. T. P. and Tim commence the erection of refining works in Denver and see how far you can go. The very first question asked is, *where is the money?*

Would these two men have us believe that they *would not* live in opulence and splendor if they had the means? Knowing them as well as I do, it would be hard to make me believe any such statements as applied to themselves, and would they deprive any one else of the privileges they would assume if they could?

Yes, I dare tell him or any one that *wages* are the price of labor and with that price man may obtain the higher considerations, namely, the enjoyment of the comforts of life and the pursuit of happiness. Does either Bro. T. P. or Tim Fagan think that I mean to say or have ever said that the *price* paid was always equivalent to the *worth* of the work? You can not find it.

Again, would Tim prefer to do away with the "machine" and go back to the days when men built everything by hand? Would he prefer to have lived in some past age when enlightenment (as seen in the present) did not exist, or would he rather be where he is. It is true the *machine* is often *master*, but what would be the condition

of the world without it, as compared to what it is with it?

I have no *exploded* monopolist argument to advance. It is true, that some squander in dissipation what they ought to save, but this, if changed, would not materially relieve the laboring class. Tim, also *explains* by extended extract from "state papers," the condition of the laboring class in England and Germany, but I guess the editor forgot to put in what quotations there were on the cost of living in those countries.

In conclusion I wish to call attention to the fact that Bro. T. P. in his public and private correspondence has used language unbecoming to a member of the Order and I shall not further reply to him. The letter from Tim Fagan is to an extent free from personalities and were it not for the streak of malice running through it, it would be a good argument on the question at issue. I am the friend to right as I see it. I believe in liberty, not license, and with malice toward none and charity for all, I shall trust to time to demonstrate the truth or falsity of my opinions.

Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

A Question.

PARSONS, KANSAS, April 22, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Considerable ill-feeling seemingly exists between engineers and firemen employed on certain lines of the Gould system, the outgrowth of an agreement entered into between officers and the firemen, the substance of which, as near as we can learn, is that no more transient engineers be employed, but that when engineers are wanted hostlers and firemen are to be promoted according to rank and service in the Company. In one sense the firemen are right, and again in the other they are wrong, but as we were not acquainted with the difference settled I will not run a risk of incurring the displeasure of others engaged in this critical matter by any great attempt at analyzing the right or the wrong. Suffice it to refer to the maxim: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." We are in favor of protection, but not the kind where discrimination affects the interests of brothers, for we ought to be, if we are not related. And right here allow me to say that there is not that feeling which should prevail between the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F. As far as my experience in mining coal has been concerned, I will state that the engineers have been very kind to us, and deserve more credit at our hands for past favors than they receive. It is well known that the influence of engineers secures promotion for a deserving fireman, even if the Master Mechanic does hire an itinerant engineer once in a great while. Suppose all roads were shackled with an agreement like the one referred to, would not all interest for an engine be like "sweetness wasted on the desert air," for the reason it would be a worry and fret lest you be discharged and lose your chosen and cherished

occupation? On account of some trouble or other, and we are all more or less liable, an engineer who has been on the road for ten or twelve years, is discharged, what is he to do, in case he has accumulated property and all his interest are centered here? Is he to go back to firing or leave the road entirely, unfit to engage in other pursuits, not meaning that honest labor of any description is beneath the dignity of any laborer, but for that calling to which his mind has been trained for years. The engineer may, perhaps, have been a brother fireman, and in treating him as above where is our kindness towards one another? We are all working for promotion, and some receive it, yet on our first trip we fail to see that the pump is frozen and off goes the "lug" and cross-head, and immediately following goes our head as soon as we get in. We cannot get another run because we have at last attained the end for which we have been assiduously working, and that is the right hand side. When a fireman is competent he deserves to be elevated to four cents a mile before the arrival of a new-comer, and it has been done on this road since my connection with it. The engineers will not utilize all the vacant places by importing material from abroad, we are confident. We are sorry that hard feelings have been engendered because nothing should emanate from the firemen to cause ill-will, because a fireman expects to become an engineer to-morrow and we are honest in our belief that entering into such an agreement was about as unwise a policy as could have been adopted.

We did not know of a darkening cloud hovering above, until the storm, in all its fury, broke upon us. No. 24 wants to have a bright front and its members are willing to scour it until its lustre shines with a perfect light upon each and every Lodge, forming the constellation of our glorious Brotherhood.

RESURGAM.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TY., May 4, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As I have been several times interested in reading descriptions of different divisions in the East, I thought I would return the compliment to them by telling them something of this western country, and the place where Sprague Lodge grows and thrives.

The Idaho division of the Northern Pacific is the most western division, in a continuous line from St. Paul, the Pacific division being the most western, running from Portland, Oregon, to Seat-tle, W. T. Heron is the eastern end of the division, and is the terminal point for two divisions, the Rocky Mountain and the Idaho. This division is 200 miles long, extending from western Montana to Wallula Junction in Washington Ty. Heron is situated near the Clarkes Fork river, with a spur of the Rocky Mountains on either side. The company has erected here a neat 12-stall round house, with fuel sheds, and a handsome \$35,000 hotel. There is also a neat little depot and freight house; the town only

boasting of a small population, which is made up chiefly of railroad men. Leaving here and running west we go through a thickly wooded and mountainous country, with the Clarkes Fork river on our right, sometimes on a level with the track, and at other times presenting before us deep gulches and chasms, with the river surging and boiling below, through its bed of rock 200 or 300 feet deep.

Thirteen miles from here we cross the river where it is a fine, broad open stream with only a gentle current; on our left we have been passing under high bluffs and peaks, which look as if they would roll over at any time into the river below.

Passing on from here we soon strike the famous Lake Pend d'Oreille, which stretches out like an inland sea, with its calm and placid waters, and sandy shores. We cross the lake in two places, over trestles a mile and a half long, first at Koo-leenal, then again at Sand Point; most of the timbers for the latter trestle being over ninety feet long, driven through a sandy bottom. The lake is about sixty miles long and several miles wide, and is completely hemmed in by mountains. The scenery from the train as we cross the lake is very fine, as there seems to rise tier upon tier of mountains, as far as the eye can reach, whose summits are snow-capped at all seasons of the year. The lake abounds with fish and the neighboring country with game.

Leaving Sand Point we soon arrive at Pocatella, which also boasts of a fine lake, with good fishing, and pure water, from which the ice supply for the city of Portland, Oregon, is annually taken. We are still traveling through a wild, rugged, rocky and thickly timbered country, with no evidence of the refining touch of civilization, except the track and the iron steed which is bearing us along.

We shortly arrive at Rathdrum, a town of some importance to the Government, on account of a military post, Fort Cœur d'Alene, which is a few miles out from here. As we leave here we begin to find a more improved country, with the pioneer farmer fencing and plowing, and showing us the first signs of industry since we left Heron, although we have traveled about 100 miles. We cross a fine open prairie country from Rathdrum, thirty miles long, which is being brought under cultivation, after which we arrive at the city of Spokane Falls. This is the county seat of Spokane county, and is at present the most important town in eastern Washington, or anywhere within a radius of 450 miles. The town is splendidly situated on one of the finest town sites in America. It is on a gentle slope, with a gravelly ground, and is thinly timbered. The town had its first impetus given to it by the fine water power it possesses, which is capable of turning the machinery for the different public works and is held for a high price by the capitalists who have got hold of it. Its streets are laid out with a view to its future greatness, and there are many handsome brick blocks on its chief thoroughfare.

We now climb the heaviest grade on the division, for some sixteen miles, being at about sixty feet to the mile, which brings us to the thriving little town of Cheney. Twenty-five miles from here we arrive at Sprague, which is headquarters for the division, and terminal point for all freight trains. The company has erected here a 12-stall round house, with appropriate shops adjoining for the thorough handling of all rolling stock. Repairing and rebuilding of engines and general overhauling is done here for the western divisions, Sprague being the general distributing point for all supplies. Lodge No. 133 B. of L. F. is held here, also Division 147 B. of L. E. Sprague is the county seat of Lincoln county, and boasts of a population of about 1,800. The town is about three years old and has churches of all denominations, two public halls, and a new public school, which has lately been opened, and which is both a credit and an ornament to the town. There is a good farming country on every side, and we expect, at no distant day, with the town and country combined, to build up a comfortable little city, our Master Mechanic, Mr. J. Evans, being Mayor at the present time.

We will again proceed west, and soon arrive at Ribbyville, twenty-five miles from Sprague, which is also making some respectable endeavors to become a town. From here west the country is poor and miserable looking, nothing but sage brush and sand as far as the eye can reach, and when the sun dries it a little, it will blow around like the snow in a Dakota blizzard, making it impossible to see the rear of the train. We pass a few section houses, water tanks and wood sheds, and then arrive at Pasco Junction. This is where the new division across the Cascade Mountains branches off, and is at present in course of construction to Tacoma, on Puget Sound, a distance of 270 miles. When it is finished it will give the Northern Pacific a through line of their own from the great lakes in the East to the tide-water on the Pacific coast. Four miles from here, on the main line, we arrive at Ainsworth, at the junction of the two rivers, the Snake and Columbia. Here we cross the Snake river, over one of the strongest, most substantial and neat-appearing bridges anywhere in Western America. The bridge is one mile long, and is constructed of iron, resting on solid stone abutments, sunk down to bed-rock through a swift-flowing stream; there is also a big draw attached to it, midway of the river, to allow navigation in the upper country, along Snake river. From the bridge we get the first view of the clear waters of the Columbia, the greatest salmon fishing waters in the world, and for twelve miles we follow along its banks to Wallula Junction, the end of the division, making connection with the main line of the O. R. & N. Co.

The climate out here is very fine, never averaging more than four or five weeks of cold weather. We have ten solid months of fine weather, during which you can expect the sun to shine every day. The nights are always cool and pleasant, the air is pure, and the water is the

finest in the land, being derived in many places from mountain streams. There is an impression among many people in the East that we have a steady down-pour of rain, but it is not so. The heaviest rainfall is in Oregon, along Puget Sound, and the western part of Washington, but in eastern Washington we do not have sufficient rain to at all times insure good crops.

In conclusion I will tell you something of the officers who have charge of the division. Mr. W. T. Small is Assistant Superintendent of Machinery, stationed at Portland, Oregon. He has charge of three divisions, Pacific, Idaho and Rocky Mountain, extending from Seattle, on Puget Sound, to Helena, in Montana. He is a thorough, practical, railroad man, of many years experience, and he has the respect and esteem of every man in the machinery department. Mr. J. Evans is Division M. M., and as firemen we have no cause for complaint at the treatment we receive at his hands. Mr. Moir is Foreman of the machine shops and round house, and a better man could not be found anywhere to fill the same position. He has the sincere respect of every man, in whatever capacity, who works for him, or who comes in contact with him, and there are few men who could fill the trying and onerous position he does, and still retain the good will and respect of all who work for him. Mr. Weymouth is Superintendent of the division; a man who has done service at the throttle and also at the brake, and although we have had a long list of superintendents, we have wound up with one of the best railroad men in the list. The division is run as a rule very smoothly, which we must attribute to the good officers who are in charge, as they are men who have risen to their present positions by the merit of their work, through a number of years of practical experience, and this is the class of men that ought to run our railroads; a college education, backed by some strong influence, does not make a man capable of running a railroad. Place every man on an equal footing, and let the one with the most energy, intelligence and true merit take the promotion as it comes along, and the company, as well as the men will feel the benefit of it. Yours fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

CHAMA, NEW MEXICO, April 25, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

On the morning of the 16th the business part of Chama was almost destroyed by fire. Fire was first discovered in an old store room, used for storing hay, which stood second building to our lodge room. By the prompt arrival of the boys all the furniture and fixtures were saved except a portion of the carpet and a few papers of little value. We are now without a place to hold meetings, until our landlords build again, which they propose to do at once. The town is very small and there is not a suitable place in it that we can get.

Bro. Gordon stepped on a piece of glass, while assisting at the fire, and cut his foot very badly.

He has not been able to work since, but we hope he will be able to be on duty soon again. We have about thirty members, all in good standing, which, I think, is quite a membership for a Lodge situated as we are, on the outskirts of civilization. Every fireman on the second division of this road is a Brotherhood man, with the exception of one, and the majority of the engineers are also members of our Order. Business has been, and is yet very dull on the road. Bros. Stewart, Johnson and Booker have been put back to firing, and several firemen were either laid off or put back to wiping. We all anticipate better times next month, and want to see the brothers resume their places on the right hand side, and those that are idle, their respective places as firemen. Bro. Brannon, engineer on the Espanola branch, is the father of a bouncing boy. All concerned are doing well. I would like to see the members take a little more interest in meetings, and not allow a regular meeting to pass without holding a meeting, when there is a quorum in town. There is no excuse for this—we all know where they are. Every member should make it a point to attend regular meetings, when possible to do so. Let nothing keep you away except sickness or a call to duty; try and do your packing and cleaning and other work you may have to do in time to be at meetings at or before the opening hour. We should take interest enough in the good work that we would not have to be asked if we were "going to meeting to-night," but see that we were there on time. How often have I asked a brother the above question and received something like this in answer: "Why, is this regular meeting night," or "I am too sleepy," or "I have some other engagement," or "Oh, there is nothing to do to-night, is there?" The last excuse, I do think, almost unbearable. Why do you not come and see what there is to do? Do not stay away because the Master happens to be away, or because the Financier cannot be there. They cannot always be there and start the ball for you. You will be benefited, even if you do nothing more than to open the Lodge and close again. One more point, and I will close this lengthy letter. I think a great many of us do not read the Magazine as thoroughly as we should; in fact, I have proof that such is the case. I have seen them lay around the engines for weeks at a time, with the wrappers on, and never opened, until carried away and eagerly read by some outsider. I find them highly interesting and instructive, especially so are the editorials and correspondence.

Knowing space in our Magazine is valuable, I will bid you adieu.

PIONEER.

We have received a very encouraging letter from Bro. W. L. Nance, of 155, who informs us that "Texas Belle" is in a most flourishing condition. He says that Bro. J. R. Minter feels very happy over the addition to his family.

NEEDLES, CAL., March 30, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Having gotten tired of looking at nothing but sand plains and bare mountains for the past year, and wishing to take a look at vegetation again, I took a jaunt to Los Angeles for a few days. I was not disappointed. Grass and trees were green, lillies and roses in full bloom. Geraniums and fuschias in the open air, growing six or seven feet high, presented quite a contrast to anything I had ever seen before, especially at this time of the year. I left St. Paul, Minn., March 15th, a year ago, with the ground all covered with snow and passed through cuts where the snow was higher than the coaches, with hardly a vestige of green to be seen, except in a few windows, where the housewives had, with a great deal of time and attention, succeeded in carrying through the winter a few geraniums, fuschias and such like, with the aid of a base-burner and double windows. It is wonderful what a change a few degrees of latitude will make as regards climate. In Los Angeles and the surrounding country oranges ripen in mid-winter. An orange grove presents a beautiful appearance when the trees are laden with golden fruit.

Los Angeles claims a population of from 25,000 to 30,000 and growing fast; everybody seemed to be busy and waiting anxiously for the arrival of Atlantic & Pacific. The California Southern has commenced grading from Waterman, a station on the A. & P., south to San Bernardino, which they expect to have completed by January 1st, next, and that will give the Santa Fe a through route to the Pacific Ocean. It is expected that there will be a branch built from some point between Waterman and San Bernardino to Los Angeles, and the whole operated by the A. & P.

While in Los Angeles I became acquainted with quite a number of B. of L. F. boys, and a finer lot of gentleman it has never been my pleasure to meet. They all seem to be earnest workers in the cause, with their shoulders to the wheel. Although some of the members have quit rail-roading and gone into business in the city, they retain their membership, and are among the most influential members. Bro. Elton, who, by the way, has turned rancher, is one of the most enthusiastic workers in the Brotherhood, having represented Orange Grove Lodge at the last three conventions, to the entire satisfaction of the Lodge. The B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. have a fine hall, which they occupy jointly, and which they have fixed up in style. It would be a pleasure to me could I spend an evening with them occasionally.

I am much pleased to see the Brotherhood developing so rapidly in all parts of the country. Everywhere the brave sons of the throttle and scoop are rallying to our standard, and unless something untoward befalls us, the time is near at hand when our organization will challenge the admiration and respect of all mankind. We should all labor to that end with becoming zeal and fidelity.

JOHN MILLS.

SPRAGUE, W. T., April 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It appears to me after a careful perusal of the Magazine, that there is a bone of contention, which some of our members will not quit picking at, and that is the action of the last Convention of the B. L. E., in debarring our members from representing their Order in Annual Session. Our Lodge has suffered slightly through it but still I have no hard feelings over it, as I know that we shall still live and prosper. Let us look at the matter reasonably and keep our heads, and see if they have done us so much harm as we really imagine. They have not flatly refused us admission to their Order, and as I understand it, a man can still be a member of both Orders, and enjoy the privileges of both, with one slight exception, that of being delegate to their Convention. They do not, I would remind Bro. Cleveland, ask us to throw up our membership in the B. L. F. to join them and give us no equivalent, they come so near giving us the equivalent that the difference is of no amount, and I venture, to assert that the line they have drawn will not affect one in fifty among us, that is, I mean that not more than one in fifty of us would qualify or be competent for delegate.

Bro. Cleveland tells us that our interests are identical, and I say that is the very reason why we cannot afford to quarrel over a small matter like this. If either of us go to getting our "back up" over it, both Orders will certainly feel the consequences. We are told they have not done this in a hurry, but after calm deliberation, they have concluded that it was necessary; and I honestly believe there is at the head of that organization, as bright an intellect as ever stood at the head of any Order. While not wishing to detract in any way from the merits of our own noble Order, let us not be too conceited, but think that there are other men, in other places, who are striving for the great and noble cause of labor as well as ourselves. I would ask any railroad man who peruses this letter to think for himself, who has done the most of any organization in America, for the cause of railroad labor, and I think they will truthfully say, it is the B. of L. E. Many of you must remember the stubborn and gallant fight they made, backed by an intelligent determination, during the labor troubles of '76 and '77 that they be paid living wages. The stand they made at that time has had its effect on railroad wages ever since; I assert that it has even affected the wages of Independent Master Mechanics, Machinists, Conductors and Firemen, and so on to the bottom of the list. If they could have successfully cut wages at that time, it would have kept on its downward course until to-day, we would have been little better paid than section men. Railroad companies, in my opinion, are not flowing over with a spirit of philanthropy; they pay wages that are reasonable, because in many instances they could not help themselves, which I think is amply proved by the strike which lately took place on the Gould system of lines.

If the B. of L. E. has done so much good, let us not judge too harshly of this action to which we take exception, for I venture to assert that they know their business better than we can tell them, and I doubt not, if we knew their reasons, they are ample and sufficient for what they have done. I see very little of the bad feeling out west, here, that seems to be displayed by some of our eastern writers, between engineers and firemen. Let us, I say, be on good terms. As our interests are identical, we certainly cannot afford to have any quarrel, with what we must acknowledge to be one of the first labor organizations in the world. Let us join hands in a good cause, and work unitedly to advance the best interests of labor.

Yours Fraternally

SPRAGUE.

MARQUETTE, MICH., April 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Spring has come at last. Indeed we thought it would never come. This has been an intensely cold winter on Lake Superior, it being from ten to forty degrees below zero for four months steady. To those who have put in the winter firing in the west and northwest, this is an agreeable change. This has been the first winter that we have had tender houses on the M. H. & O., and they came in very handy this winter. In fact I don't see how we got along without them before; besides being a great comfort to engineers and firemen, it saves coal—and profanity. If we could only have the ash pan housed in, we could get along without grumbling. The engineers and firemen have all been taking a week's rest in turn. L. L. Hood, our worthy Master, is this week taking his vacation, he can be seen any day walking up the track, gun in hand in search of the frisky rabbit. Bro. Patnaude has just returned from New Orleans, where he has been spending a month. He says he got "mashed" on a creole, and his girl in Houghton should be informed. Bro. Loftus has worked hard this winter, firing passenger engine for great, big, good-natured "Hank" Jackson. Bro. Herlick has had a snap this winter—a cold snap, firing freight.

He says Sundays always finds him at the wrong end of the road, and that keeps him away from the little woman. Bro. Bystrom has taken to roller skating; we always thought he would come to some bad end. Some time ago one of our members in writing up the party, tendered by the ladies of the B. of L. F., to the boys of the B. of L. F., had occasion to mention the names of one or two members, merely in fun, at which they became highly indignant, so much so that one of them wanted to paralyze the man that wrote it if he could find him; such nonsense. If their names were mentioned in connection with anything disrespectful it would be different. But the very idea! For shame brothers. We number now some forty members, and the attendance at meeting is improving greatly. New applications are being presented at almost every meeting, and we hope soon to become one of the largest and strongest.

MENIBOJAN.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***Lay of the Lost Traveler.**

With saddened face and battered hat,
 And eye that told of blank despair,
 On wooden bench the traveler sat,
 Cursing the fate that brought him there;
 "Nine hours," he cried "we've lingered here
 With thoughts intent on distant homes.
 Waiting for that delusive train
 That always coming, never comes,
 Till weary and worn, cold and forlorn,
 And paralyzed in every function.

I hope in hell
 Their souls may dwell,
 Who first invented Essex Junction.

I've traveled north, I've traveled south
 O'er mountain, forest, prairie, river,
 In ocean's storm, in desert drouth,
 Thro' railroad smash and steamboat shiver—
 While hope and courage faltered not,
 Nor strength gave way, nor faith was shaken
 Until I reached this dismal spot,
 Of man accursed, of God forsaken,
 Where strange, new forms of misery
 Assail men's lives without compunction.
 And I hope in hell
 Their souls may dwell,
 Who first invented Essex Junction.

Here, Boston waits for Ogdensburg,
 And Ogdensburg for Montreal,
 And late New York long tarrieth,
 And Saratoga hindreth all;
 From far Atlantic's wave-swept bays
 To Mississippi's turbid tide,
 All accidents, mistakes, delays,
 Are gathered here and multiplied.
 Oh! fellow man! avoid this place
 As you would plague, or Peter Funk, shun;
 And I hope in hell
 Their souls may dwell
 Who first invented Essex Junction.

And long and late conductors tell
 Of trains remote, shipwrecked and slow,
 Till even the engine's dismal bell
 Takes up the cry: No go! no go!
 Oh! let me from this hole depart
 By any route so 'tis a long one"
 He cried, and with a sudden start,
 He jumped on board a train, (the wrong one)
 And as he vanished in the smoke,
 He shouted with redoubled unction:
 "I hope in hell
 Their souls may dwell,
 Who first invented Essex Junction."

GALVESTON, Texas, April 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Under the above title I wish to say a few words in reply to "Chicago" in the March number of the Magazine. I am a member of the B. of L. E. as well as the B. of L. F., and I fail to see, as he does, how it would embarrass you to uphold your membership in both Orders. I wish to show how inconsistent "Chicago" is in defending what he is pleased to call the negative side of the question. The editorial he assumes to condemn has my candid endorsement, and Messrs. Editors I condemn with you the resolution that has caused you to so ably defend your cause, it is like a father condemning his son for assuming to elevate himself to his father's standard, or if the firemen had passed a similar law, it would be as the son condemning his father for being his superior in years, but not in intellect. When a fireman gets promoted and runs an engine a certain length of time and becomes a member of the B. of L. E., "Chicago" thinks he ought to

withdraw from the Firemen. I say, emphatically, No! That is when he should stick by them, show them that he is not high-toned or stuck up by his promotion, but by his encouragement and counsel keep them alive to the fact that they are ever side by side, that their interests are identical, that what is good for the one, the other gains thereby. Why does not "Chicago" read in full the passage in the Scriptures he refers to, viz.: "Thou cannot serve two masters, God and mammon." Does he mean to draw a comparison? If so, it is both blasphemous and odious, and too absurd for comment. But returning to the disputed resolution, he says: "The reason I do not wish to publicly assert, for while I fancy it would not injure us a particle, it would certainly do the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen no good, and as you assert it is your belief that the Engineers, as a body, are your friends, it is certainly foreign to my wish to say or do anything that would cause a change in your sentiment." What conclusion must firemen draw from such language? Does "Chicago" mean that he could say something that would show the firemen that the engineers were not their friends? As an engineer I protest against this, and think such writers start afresh the wounds they seek to heal.

Fraternally, MAC.

FT. SCOTT, KAN., April 27, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It is with pleasure I inform you that H. C. Lord, Lodge No. 153 is still at the front, and we rise to remark that she is more prosperous than at any time since she was organized. There are now fifty-five names on her rolls of membership, all in good standing, and a couple hundred "cases" in the treasury. With G. K. Bates as Master and Herbert Wright as Financier we are bound to prosper. Since we were last heard from through the columns of the Magazine several of our brothers have crossed the deck and are holding down the right hand side. Their names are as follows: Brother Stephens, (the infant), Bro. Richardson, alias "Windy Sol." and Bro. Williver, who is better known as "Blue Skin." Clay (or "Dad") Jones, who fires the "six-spot," opens his cab window and yells, "it's a boy." Bro. S. W. Bowman was married to Miss Ada Johnson a short time ago, and all the boys wish them abundant joy.

Business has been good here all winter, and the boys have had no time for idleness or mischief. CHEROKEE.

THE Western Railroader of Rock Island, Ill., is making rapid strides in the field of railroad literature. Its columns are filled with choice matter that cannot fail to be of interest to all classes of railway employees. The Railroader is also the official organ of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen and as such it ought to have the support of every brakeman who believes in the advancement of his chosen calling. We congratulate Messrs. Bledsoe upon the success with which they are meeting.

For Firemen's Magazine.

Only a Fireman.

He is nothing but a fireman,
With a black and hardened hand,
Why some would seem to shun him
I can not understand.
What if he is black and weary,
He is a mother's pride and joy,
And her prayers go up unceasing
For the safety of her boy.

For the finest clothes may cover
A heart that is black with sin,
I will choose the dingy fireman
And find a soul within.
They are ever kind and cheerful
Yet through dangers duty lies,
And we have very many heroes
In that home beyond the skies.

This world is growing better,
Lord speed the work, we pray,
And our dark and grimy firemen
Will be better off some day.
I don't mean when promoted
To the ranks of Engineer
But with honor, love and duty
I would have their names appear.

When this run of life is over
And we lay them down to rest
They will enter into Heaven,
No matter how they're dressed.
And should death overtake them
When speeding o'er the track,
There will never be a question asked
If they are white or black.

—G. M. S.

CENTRAL PARK, ILL., April 7, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As a member of our beloved Order I feel very proud of the progressive spirit everywhere made manifest by the almost magical increase in membership, and the constantly increasing number of lodges.

Central Park Lodge was organized by twenty-three members who withdrew from that grand old fruit tree, Chicago Lodge No. 95. September, 1884, our esteemed Brother, S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor, suddenly appeared in our midst and proceeded to organize us under the title of Central Park Lodge No. 237, then the highest number on the roll, but soon that proud distinction vanished as one after another yielded the title to its successor until the grand total of 264 is reached. God bless this good work and increase our Brotherhood both in membership and usefulness.

Under the judicious management of our worthy Master Otto B. Frogner, who has been a wheel-horse of the organization from its earliest infancy to the present day, we started with twenty-three charter members, and when this month shall have gone thirty-seven more will be added, making sixty in all, with a good treasury, a fine hall, well furnished, and a united lodge. The following named brothers have been promoted to the right side, and all are doing good work: James Martin, Charles Sherman, L. D. Kinne, William Tullock, William Ashley and Frank Larabee. Bro. Larabee has been suffering for the past six weeks from inflammatory rheumatism, but I am glad to say is improving. Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your valuable space, I am, fraternally yours,

CLINKER BAR.

PORT EDWARDS, ONT., April 13, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have often read with great interest the accounts of our different Lodges and how our brothers in different places are getting along. I have looked and looked to see something about Huron Lodge No. 221, but I have failed to see anything except in one case. Our boys are all kept very busy running "round the horn," as we call it, and sometimes we are quite a while away from home, but we all try and make it a point to go to Lodge and to do what we can, in our humble way, to make our Brotherhood a success. Our worthy Past Master, Bro. Cain, has laid by the scoop and now sits on the right side, which, by the way, is the right place for him. He is away from here and is running on the C. & G. T. for a few months. Bros. Carruthers and Pethick are also firing over there for a while because they are short of engines, but we hope soon to have him back. We have another brother, although he is not working over there, spends the greater part of his leisure time there, and we expect soon to see that brother taking to himself a wife and then probably he will be able to content himself with Canada. We have also one or two Roller Rink dudes, one of whom got hurt a short while ago, but he is better now, and the young ladies here are awful glad, because they say Patsy is such a dear little fellow. Bro. Watman now puts in his spare time singing "Hush a Bye, Baby," and there are two or three other brothers who look on him with envy, and when we see them in the same fix we shall be thinking about starting a ladies' society like they have in Stratford. But take us all together, I believe each one is striving to live so as to be a credit to the B. of L. F., and working hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, to help along our noble Order, and when we are called away from this busy world we hope so to have lived that when our Great Master shall have called us to that fair terminal station, he will say to us "well done."

Yours in B. S. I.,

JAMES.

SCRANTON, PA., May 6th, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Acme Lodge No. 228, of this city, has a word of good cheer and friendly greeting this month to all worthy brothers. We have been organized about eight months, have a membership of forty-three, and six applications for action at our next meeting.

Bros. Weiler and Tresize, of No. 11, visited us in March and gave us many valuable instructions and much good advice. Call again, brethren.

Sam Sloan Division, B. of L. E., was organized Sunday, April 5th, in this city. Bro. C. A. Wilson and party, of No. 13, took advantage of the opportunity and honored us with a visit. Bro. Wilson is a good talker and a fine parliamentarian, and with the help of his comrades, gave us much valuable assistance.

John H. Walters was once one of our members, but alas! He has gone from us forever, amen!

We have expelled him and published him in the Magazine, but we are not through paying for his rascality, yet. He traveled from Canada to Texas and borrowed money wherever he could get it. In addition to twenty dollars already in, we received lately a notice from Lodge No. 148, of Tyler, Texas, that Walters had been there, accompanied with a demand for four dollars. Our dear ex-brother had left his mark. We sent the money. We would like to have all the returns in as soon as possible, brethren, so we can determine how soon we shall make an assignment. Meantime, brethren, keep a sharp lookout for J. H. Walters, for he is the prince of scalawags. The action of such rats has a tendency to prejudice us against traveling members, however worthy they may be.

In order to prevent the impending war between England and Russia, we announce that Bro. Jerry B. McPeck and wife have lately added a fine boy to the population of the United States.

Acme wishes all her sister Lodges the largest measure of happiness and prosperity.

ACME.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., May 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know that No. 39 is still on earth. Last Monday evening we held a sociable in Knights of Labor hall, which was attended by about ninety or one hundred persons and, so far as I have heard, proved a very enjoyable affair.

Bro. Jas. L. Boyle has succeeded in inducing one of Tiskilwa's fair ladies to join hands and hearts with him for life. Success and prosperity attend them.

We have a library of about fifty volumes which are being well read. Mr. Milfield, our Foreman, has kindly given permission to keep our book case in the round house, which makes it convenient, as the hall is located about a mile and a quarter down town. We are also taking two weekly papers and Mr. Milfield has donated to us a copy of the American Machinist.

We are thankful that so far death has spared our members, and there has been no serious illness amongst us. We also manage to pick up a new member occasionally.

Bro. W. H. Gray is now traveling for a soap manufactory of this city, and Bro. C. R. Wheelan has abandoned the scoop for the grocery business.

We have a couple of *amateur* hunters among us. One of them went out last fall, and it being somewhat chilly he concluded to start a fire. Being of a very sympathetic nature, he became worried lest the fire should become lonesome, and accordingly lay so close to it that he thought it quite proper to carry the game he succeeded in bagging, suspended from the muzzle of his gun, (which was across his shoulder), and hanging low enough to take the place of a desirable portion of his nether garments, from which fortunately, he had been thoughtful enough to remove the cartridges.

Being of a persevering disposition he succeeded in obtaining reinforcements this spring, said assistance, by the way, being the Do(h)l of the Lodge, and forth they sailed to conquer—or to swim, as it proved to be, for their boat caught in a snag, and the current being very swift, it upset and they were thankful to reach shore, minus guns, boots and hats, all for six miserable ducks, which they brought back, and which I would not be willing to take oath they did not buy. Our Do(h)l, who is young yet, is not so easily discouraged, but the other party, who is a Church member, and should not swear a great deal, declares by all that is good and bad that he is through hunting.

But to return from such sad scenes to real life. Bro. F. Prior, who has been placed in charge of a C., M. & St. P. locomotive, at Clinton, Iowa, has concluded it is not good for man to be alone, and has taken unto himself a wife. Bro. Prior is one of those who, although located away from Lodge, is still with us in spirit and pocket book. He and his new wife have the best wishes of all.

G. J. M. C.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 28, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In the March number of the Magazine "Chicago" has a long article in defense of the B. of L. E. debarring members of that organization (who are also members of the B. of L. F.) from representing their Divisions in the Conventions, and in it he makes some assertions which are, to say the least, very contradictory and also very unjust.

He says he would "blush with shame were he to try to stigmatize members of this Order with disloyalty to the obligations binding them," etc., and then he does virtually accuse these members of that, or kindred offenses, when he asserts that the B. of L. E. were justified in this action by their desire to preserve the *dignity* of their Order.

In the name of common justice why are these gentlemen thus held up to the gaze of the Magazine's readers as persons whom the B. of L. E. does not trust implicitly, and who, in fact, now have only a *limited* interest in that Order? Is their personal character such as to detract from the dignity of the Order, or lower its moral and social status? Are they mentally incapable of performing the duties of a delegate with credit to themselves and their Divisions? Or are they simply guilty of the heinous offense of being so sensible as to study their own interests (regardless of what others think) and retain their membership in this, "one of the best and strongest labor organizations in the Union?"

Comparing these members to a man who serves two masters is not a good comparison, or a case in point, at all, as every one knows who belongs to more than one organization. Numerous cases can be cited where parties occupied prominent places in lodges of both Orders to the satisfaction of all concerned.

After recting what the fireman owes to his en-

gineer for advice, information, etc., in regard to his duties (an indebtedness which all firemen acknowledge and a kindness which they all appreciate) "Chicago" asks with all the coolness of a Texas "Norther:" "Now, ought he not resign his relationship with the firemen?" and insinuates that he should do so in view of the fact that to their (the engineers') efforts in his behalf was he indebted, in a measure, for his promotion, and they are therefore entitled to that much consideration at his hands.

Such selfish sentiments as these will not be endorsed by the engineers to any great extent. Indeed, judging from my personal acquaintance with some of them, I would fain call it a slander.

The B. of L. E. may have had good and sufficient reasons for passing that resolution, but would the exposition of that reason "certainly do the B. of L. F. no good?" It is pardonable for me, as member of this Order, to doubt it.

E. P. B., Jr.

ELMIRA, N. Y., March 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It has been my intention for some time to send you a few lines from Wheaton Lodge No. 242. Although still in our infancy, we are doing finely considering our location; the hard winter and dull times we have passed through since we became organized. I wish to state to Grand Organizer S. M. Stevens, that our Lodge was presented with a large and handsome reference bible, by C. S. Wheaton, Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Conductors, in whose honor he (Bro. Stevens) requested us to name our Lodge. I do not think he could have selected a more fitting or appropriate name, and we are under many obligations to him. I hope he will make it a point to visit us if ever called our way. Our Past Master T. W. Outt, or "shorty" as we call him, (being only six feet four inches in shortness) rejoices as the happy possessor of a little nine pounds and a half girl. Those cigars were first class, shorty, and we extend to you our hearty congratulations. Hope your next may be a little engineer.

Enclosed are two more names for your subscription list. Wishing a long and prosperous life for the Magazine, I am fraternally yours,

J. H. B.

CLEVELAND, O., March 12, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

We are very much interested here in the communications in the last few issues of our Magazine, I must say for one, that although the pleasure of meeting the lady, who has taken charge of the Woman's Department, has yet been denied us, a friend who had the good fortune to meet her at Chantaqua, has spoken her praises so highly that her portion of our little book has new charms for me, at which I hope the ladies will not take offense, but rather with a feeling "akin to pity" for one of that much abused class—an old bachelor.

Mrs. Jones, do, please be less hard on the rinks, as we, (that is some of us) have the craze.

X. L. C. R., do you not really think that your plan has a greater number of drawbacks than the one now in use, and as T. P. O'Rourke facetiously says, if adopted, the future members would be in Wall street instead of on the foot-board?

Bro. O'Rourke, our ideas differ in regard to delegates; your criticism on sending men as favors, or because they are good fellows shows it is impossible to get the best laws while it is done, but on the other hand, they are sent to represent their Lodge, and I hold that on questions which have been discussed in the Lodge room for months, they should be instructed as they then carry, not merely their opinion, but that of the majority of the men they represent and if new light be thrown upon them at the convention, (if as you say "they have brains") will they not vote properly?

Bro. Tonsley was reported sick by one of the brothers, but a few days later, when passing around the cigars, he took it all back and wished Jim and his bride a clear rail through life as do all the boys. We would like to see more of No. 96's boys in our room on meeting day, as they ought to feel that we are not separate Lodges, but merely one of the parts which make a Brotherhood, and the Erie winds have not chilled our hearts so that they would not receive a warm welcome.

Messrs. Editors, I hope this attempt of mine will be the cause of some of the able members of No. 10 writing occasionally, and much better than

Yours Fraternally,
CUYAHOGA.

For Firemen's Magazine:

The Mother's Prayer.

The sable wings of darkness night
O'er the city great has spread,
A mother in a cottage bright
Kneels beside her bed,
Praying for her boy, his safe return,
Who on the iron steed is borne.

The light of Heaven is in her eyes
Murmuring the pleading prayer;
And angels from the azure skies
Hover, listening there;
And Christ smilingly looks down
Adding a gem to her future crown.

The mother's heart is a copious well
Nourished by parental streams
O'erflowing with affection's swell
And even in her dreams
Behold the boy, blessed from above,
Can you fathom the depth of a mother's love?

And glorious hope, the brightest star
In the firmament of life,
Sheds effulgent rays afar
Cheering worldly strife,
For the fireman's toil by the fire-box door
Is cheered with the hope of home once more.

Oh! brothers of the hazardous track!
Who swiftly over it roam,
Oft let the mem'ry wander back
Fondly to your home;
And this thought thrill ye through
That a mother is praying for you.

—John Tierney, Jr.

PERSONAL.

An exemplary Master is Bro. Hamilton of Eureka Lodge No. 14.

We lately had a pleasant call from Bro. Tibbetts, of Fellowship Lodge.

J. F. KELLEHER is one of the live members of Morning Star Lodge.

Geo. SUTHERLAND's face is all smiles. It's a girl. We congratulate you, George.

P. H. SULLIVAN, Esq., "the gentleman from Cork," still holds the fort at North Platte.

TOM CARROLL is one of the substantial members of No. 210. He can always be relied on.

As a thinking Brotherhood man F. B. Alley, of No. 14 is abreast of the most advanced.

We have not heard from Joe Wheeler for some time. Why this protracted silence, Joe?

ALEX. SUTTON still holds forth at Decatur. His staying qualities are of the highest order.

In the death of their son, Bro. T. Connolly, of No. 217, and wife, have the sincere sympathy of all.

THE members of Kennesaw Lodge No. 247 are live and energetic and will render the Brotherhood efficient service.

JACK TWEEDIE still preserves the huge razor with which the boys scared him so badly at the Denver Convention.

ONE of the smartest stokers on the New York Central is Bro. Gill, of 230. He is said to be as keen as he is good looking.

H. O. SMITH, and Joe Cash are among the tried and true of No. 231. They fill the bill in every particular.

WILL KERLIN is one of the most prominent engineers on the E. & T. H. line. He wears the badges of both brotherhoods.

JOHN O'MALLEY is one of the hardest workers we have in the Southwest. The members of No. 83 fully appreciate his services.

ELSEWHERE appears a special notice inquiring into the whereabouts of Martin Williams, formerly a fireman on the C. & A. R. R.

THE banner of our Brotherhood now floats in the breeze of Louisiana. Endeavor Lodge No. 267 has been added to the list.

J. F. PORTER, of Waycross, Ga., is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and a man after our own heart.

A NEW boy has been added to the family of Bro. John Warner, of 18-K. Lodge, and John is correspondingly happy.

THE members of No. 24 regret to lose their former efficient Secretary, Bro. John Emery. He was a faithful officer and his presence will be missed.

BROS. PRESCOTT and Burnett, of No. 107, have been promoted to the right hand side. They have the best wishes of the members of No. 107.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to know whether Crossman, of Buffalo, will have a "corner" on the young ladies at the Philadelphia Convention.

TWO of No. 191's members, Bro. E. Cameron and E. Anderson, have left the boys and "settled down." They enjoy the best wishes of all their comrades.

THE arrival of a ten pound boy at the home of Bro. Thomas Eagan, of No. 212 is hailed with joy.

AL. BUGH, one of No. 16's members, is now running a passenger engine on the Vandalia line.

WE are pleased to learn that Bro. W. T. Field, of No. 191 has fully recovered from the effects of his recent injury by which his arm was broken.

THE home of Bro. and Mrs. Wallace Duryea, of No. 149 has been gladdened by the arrival of a rosy checked boy who has come to stay.

THE members of No. 69 sympathize deeply with Bro. Barnhart in the loss of his bright little boy who died lately at five years of age.

THANKS are extended by the members of No. 69 for a beautiful motto presented them by Miss Flannigan, the accomplished sister of Bro. W. Flannigan.

CHAS. BENNETT, the light-weight Financier of No. 16, is always at the post of duty. The boys instinctively reach for their pocket books when they see him coming.

THE members who make up our Southern Lodges are taking right hold of the work. We look to them for substantial returns in the near future.

THE members of No. 187, of Mattoon, Ill., return thanks to Mr. Caleb R. Torrence for a beautiful photograph of the late Bro. J. C. Torrence of their Lodge.

R. S. McALPINE, of Lodge No. 59, was lately married to Miss Katie McGurn. Both reside in Pueblo and have the hearty congratulations of many friends.

FRANK CROOKSHANK, of No. 16, has been promoted and is running on the Logansport Division of the Vandalia line. Frank will make his mark as an engineer.

IT is said that Jim Smith, of No. 16, better known as "Granny" has bought a stock farm in Southern Illinois and contemplates raising frogs for the market.

THE "Orator of the Valley of the Platte" has been remarkably quiet lately. Is the distinguished disturber still rocking that new arrival to sleep?

C. A. WILSON is truly one of the pillars of the Brotherhood. He is the embodiment of every principle of manhood, and Jersey City ought to feel proud of him.

WE are pleased to learn of the marriage of Bro. M. Lillis to Miss Lillie Tousey, of Pueblo. Mike and his bride have the very best wishes of all No. 59's members and a host of others.

ON May 4th, the marriage of James L. Smith and Miss Maggie Oliver was solemnized. Both parties are from Denver. The members of No. 77 wish them a prosperous journey through life.

ROBERT EBBAGE, one of No. 16's old time members who is widely known throughout the Brotherhood, has retired from the road and gone to farming in Morgan County, Ind. We hope that Bob may be as successful a farmer as he has been a Brotherhood man.

B. A. CLARK, of Eureka Lodge No. 14 has been elected a member of the City Council of Brightwood, Ind. Bro. Clark has the highest esteem of the people of Brightwood, and as "city father" he will serve them faithfully and well. His brethren in No. 14, predict a bright future for him.

GEO. F. COOK, was lately married to Miss Annie Kehrer, and Hugh O'Connor to Miss Anna McMahan. These gentlemen are prominent members of No. 103 and congratulations are extended all around the board.

THE first marriage in Wheaton Lodge occurred April 22d. Bro. W. E. Stapleton was married to Miss Kate Dempsey. Bro. Stapleton is very popular among the members of No. 242, and they wish him all the good things of life.

M. Dean, of No. 107, has joined the immortal band of benedicts. On April 28th he led to the altar, Miss Mary Carter, of LaRue, O. Miss Nelly Flaherty acted as bridesmaid, and Bro. J. H. Cronin rendered gallant service as "best man." Many elegant presents from admiring friends graced the occasion.

THE thirtieth birthday of Bro. A. H. Tucker, of No. 29 and promotion to the position of road engineer came to him about the same time. We cordially congratulate Bro. Tucker upon both events and hope that each succeeding anniversary of his natal day may find him nearer the summit of his ambition.

Miss Josie Legnard, sister of our worthy brother George Legnard of 18-K Lodge No. 210, died April 11th, after a lingering sickness. The deceased was a most estimable young lady, loved by all her acquaintances and associates. Heartfelt sympathy goes forth to the bereaved family.

LEON MIESSE is not only a worthy member of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, but has an M. D. attached to his name, being a prominent member of the medical profession. He has been chosen Medical Examiner of his Lodge, probably the only case of the kind we can boast of. Bro. Miesse is one of the men who believe in social and intellectual development.

Our old friend John J. Hannahan, of No. 50, has retired from the railroad service and accepted a position in Englewood, Ills., which pays him a handsome salary. He has not retired from the Brotherhood, however, nor has he lost any of his old time interest in its welfare. John is one of the kind that stays "until the cows come home."

A VERY interesting communication from "Banjo Jim," of Decatur, Ills., in which he speaks loudly in praise of the members of No. 49, has been crowded out for want of space. Evidently "Banjo Jim" is a staunch Brotherhood man, for he is well posted in Lodge matters and takes a deep interest in the meetings of his Lodge.

GRAND MASTER ARNOLD recently met Mr. Welsh, a veteran engineer who has been enlisted in the cause of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers more than fourteen years. He is now a member of the Utica Division and is rendering faithful service on the footboard. Bro. Jack Sullivan, of No. 230 has the honor to handle the scoop for him.

W. C. TROUP, who has been so sick of typhoid fever, is now convalescing, and the doctor expects to have him out in a short time. Bro. Troup is one of No. 214's most earnest members, nothing, however laborious being too much trouble, when done for the Lodge; we hope to see him soon at work and that he may have a long lease of health in the future.

A CORRESPONDENT from Toyah, Texas, has written us an interesting letter in which he urges the necessity of promoting harmony and good will between the Brotherhood of Engineers and Brotherhood of Firemen. We cordially endorse the sentiment, as nothing is more conducive to the welfare of both organizations than sympathetic co-operation. Let the hand of good fellowship be extended all along the line.

DURING his leisure hours, Bro. Fred Winwood, of Chicago, complacently rocks the cradle. The smile that adorns Fred's serene countenance on such occasions is indeed captivating.

THE venerable father of Bro. Jno. J. Hannahan, of Garden City Lodge No. 50, recently died at Madison, Ind., after a short illness. Mr. Hannahan was one of the frontier citizens of Indiana, and was widely and favorably known throughout the county in which he resided. At his death, thousands of citizens of all classes paid their last sad respects to his remains. They knew him to be an upright citizen, a kind husband and father and an honest man. Bro. Hannahan has the heartfelt sympathy of all his many friends in his sad bereavement.

UNION MEETINGS.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

The most successful union meeting ever held in the interest of our Order was held Sunday, May 17th, at Chicago, under the auspices of our Chicago Lodges. More than 400 members were present. At 1:30 o'clock they formed in line at Bro. A. E. Winwood's restaurant, 1323 State street, and from there they proceeded, in a body, to the Masonic Temple, on LaSalle street, between Madison and Washington. The hall is one of the most beautiful we have ever visited and gave to the assemblage a dignity that is not often witnessed. Shortly after two o'clock the meeting was called to order by John J. Hannahan, Esq., Master of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, who had been selected chairman of the joint committee and presided over the meeting.

The first speech of the occasion was made by Grand Master Arnold, who entered upon a discussion of the aims and purposes of the Order, its progress and development and other matters pertaining to its welfare. Grand Master Arnold especially discussed the insurance question, with reference to the increased assessments, maintaining that if proper care was taken in admitting members the rate could be kept comparatively low and no trouble would be experienced in paying claims as they became due. The Grand Master also urged the necessity of reducing the representation at our annual conventions, arguing that a limited number of delegates representing properly apportioned districts, would transact the business of our conventions with greater facility and economy than is possible under the present system of representation. His address was well received and listened to with marked attention throughout.

Past Vice Grand Master, W. E. Burns, was next called on, and delivered a short address, which met with merited approval.

Bro. Wm. Hugo, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, then took the floor and addressed the meeting on "the duties of membership." His subject was well chosen and handled in a very creditable manner.

Bro. M. W. Jamison, of Good Will Lodge, No. 52, was the next speaker and his remarks, though brief, were to the point and won for him the hearty applause of the audience.

Bro. W. Cavanaugh then made a short, earnest and effective speech, which was followed by a brief address by the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Organizer and Instructor, Bro. S. M. Stevens, then took the floor and exemplified the secret work of the Order. Bro. Stevens interspersed his instruction with valuable information, which was received with profit by all in attendance.

At the close of Bro. Stevens' instructions several questions of constitutional and ritualistic law were discussed, after which the meeting adjourned for supper. At 8 o'clock P. M. the meeting was again called to order by Bro. J. J. Hannahan, and the entire evening was devoted to the exemplification of the secret work. The

chart illustrations were made particularly impressive by Bro. Stevens with the use of a scioptic.

The meetings were a source of profit to all who were present, and the desire to hold them oftener was expressed upon every hand. Bro. Hannahan presided with dignity and ability, and the meetings were conducted most creditably throughout. Many of our most prominent members were in attendance, and we regret that space will not admit of the publication of their names. Fully sixty lodges were represented, and several of them, notably Nos. 14 and 32, had large delegations in attendance.

Bro. Winwood took first-class care of the "inner man," having his tables laden with all the good things of the season. We cherish many happy recollections of the Chicago meeting.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

On Monday evening, May 18th, a union meeting was held at St. Louis, under the auspices of Peace Lodge No. 109. Grand Master Arnold presided and also addressed the meeting. Grand Organizer S. M. Stevens exemplified the work of the Order in a very impressive manner and also delivered an address. The Secretary of the Grand Lodge also spoke briefly upon topics of interest to the Order.

The agreement recently made between certain firemen of the Mo. Pacific system with Mr. A. M. Hager, Superintendent, and L. Bartlett, Master Mechanic, was discussed at quite a length. The first article of the agreement, viz.: "That hereafter whenever it may be necessary to employ additional engineers, a preference will be given to firemen, and a selection made according to capacity and length of service in the company's employ as firemen, of which the Master Mechanic or Assistant Master Mechanic shall be the sole judge," was found particularly obnoxious, and its immediate repudiation was advocated. The Grand Officers pointed out the injury that would thus be inflicted upon engineers who were members of our Order, and the conflicts of interests that would ensue between the two Brotherhoods.

The agreement was repudiated by the union meeting without a dissenting voice, and the Secretary directed to notify all interested to that effect. The agreement was held up as being unauthorized and in no sense a Brotherhood measure.

The meeting was well attended by members of Nos. 21, 44, and other surrounding Lodges. We saw many familiar faces among the number and were glad to greet them upon such an auspicious occasion. The members of our St. Louis Lodges are live and progressive and are a credit to our cause. The meeting was enjoyed by all and we have no doubt will have good results.

OPEN MEETING.

A very interesting union meeting was held at Indianapolis, Ind., on Sunday May 10th by the members of Division No. 11 B. of L. E. and Lodge No. 14 B. of L. F. The meeting was held in the Engineer's Hall and was presided over by Chief Engineer, W. W. Revel. Addresses were made by Messrs. Revel, Seaton, Moran, Thomas, Kline and Tyre, on behalf of the Brotherhood of Engineers. Messrs. Hugo, Tweedie, Hamilton, Screes and others spoke in behalf of the B. of L. F. The engineers expressed the highest regard for the firemen's brotherhood and gave assurance that they desired to see it prosper. The warmest feeling prevailed, and we are satisfied that much good was accomplished. These meetings should be held more generally throughout the country, for they are conducive of mutual benefit to the respective organizations. We commend the example of our Indianapolis brethren as worthy of the widest emulation.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

We are pleased to notice by a report in the Chicago Times, that the Eighth Annual Ball of Chicago Lodge No. 95, proved a thorough success. It could not well have been otherwise, for the boys put forth their best efforts, and this always means success.

The members of No. 95 proved themselves to be princely entertainers on the occasion, as all will testify who had the good fortune to be present. The following notice of the ball is taken from the Times:

The Chicago Lodge, No. 95, B. of L. F., gave their Eighth Annual Ball at Martine's hall, Wednesday evening. The hall was tastefully decorated with lanterns and evergreen, and the motto of the Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," occupied a conspicuous position. Nearly all the members, with their ladies were present, and the event proved a success in every particular.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburgh Times.

The reception given by the Three Brothers Lodge, B. of L. F., at Patterson's Hall, Butler street, last evening, was a very fine affair, and the managers, Messrs. R. H. Scott, H. N. Hawe, B. F. Martz, J. R. Brett, Will Rankin, Harry Rambo, A. C. Weidman, J. B. Barney, J. E. Briney, A. E. Baer and S. A. Genis, have good cause to congratulate themselves on the outcome of the first effort.

The hall presented a very pretty appearance. Streamers of laurel hung from the ceiling. At one end of the hall a large letter "B" formed of lilies and roses was fastened against the wall, while at the other end, where the Royal Oak orchestra was stationed, flags and flowers covered the windows. At different parts of the room decorated shovels and railroad lamps were placed, emblems of the railroad work.

At 8:30 the dancing began, and 100 couples made things "hum" until 10:30, when supper was announced. The numerous good things proved a greater attraction than the dance, and by 12 o'clock things were pretty well cleared up.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen organized December 1, 1873. They number 288 lodges and have a membership of 15,000. This represents about half the firemen employed.

PHILLIPSBUG, N. J.

Excelsior Lodge No. 11, gave their Fourth Annual Ball at Easton Pa., on April 30th.

About one hundred couples were in attendance, and each and all enjoyed themselves immensely. Bro. Geo. Dye acted as floor manager, and was ably assisted by Bros. W. H. Fertig, D. Gorgas, Wm. Spencer, Elvin Teel and James Hoagland.

There were members in attendance from Lodges 13, 149, 211 and 251. Bro. E. Hills took it upon himself to furnish all the dancers with a neat and elegant programme. Bro. J. S. B. was present, but did not step out on the floor to let the boys see him "swing around the circle."

Bros. C. W. V. and W. J. M. had a glorious time. Bro. J. W. S. was kept busy at the door, and did not have much time to mingle with the fair sex. We have not seen Bro. Joseph since the ball, but hope he is in good spirits and ready to give us another waltz in the boxes.

The hall was elegantly decorated, and reflected great credit upon the management. Altogether it was an affair long to be remembered.

A WITNESS.

FT. SCOTT, KAN.

The Ft. Scott Tribune has the following to say in regard to the late ball of H. C. Lord Lodge, No. 153:

The second annual ball of this organization took place last night in the Opera house, and in every respect was a complete and grand success. The Opera house was beautifully decorated. The

stage was set with a forest scene, through the centre of which projected the headlight and pilot of a locomotive. Above this was a banner bearing the motto of "Welcome." Beneath the headlight were the sentiments: "Capital and Labor. United we stand, Divided we fall!" From the centre of the room hung the tri-colored signal lights of green, white and red, flanked on every side by streamers which stretched from the ceiling to the gallery. Prof. Prothero's orchestra furnished the music, and Prof. John Stump called the figures. An elegant supper was served up at Julius Cohn's from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Charles H. Saulsbury, of Atchison, Kas., member of the R. R. C. Lodge, No. 31, Locomotive Firemen, is now in the city. He is drilling parties for the bouquet quadrille in order to give an exhibition at one of our skating rinks in a short time. He was one of the leading spirits of the firemen's ball last night.

Henry Berger, master mechanic of the Wichita, and H. K. Bates, master mechanic of the Gulf, have the thanks of all the boys for the loan of lanterns and other favors with which to decorate the hall.

J. W. Page, C. H. Saulsbury, Bob Eggleston and A. Barr were the committee that decorated the Opera house. The beautiful manner in which it was done up speaks well for their artistic taste.

All the boys speak well of the supper which Julius Cohn served up. Julius knows how to do things up brown.

The boys return their thanks to the citizens of the city for their liberal patronage.

They also thank Messrs. Stephenson, Westervelt and Liepman for the use of bunting and the decorations for the hall.

Twenty couples from Kansas City attended the ball. They had free transportation from the management of the Gulf road.

Several parties were here from Parshns, Cherokee and Arcadia.

All parties in attendance united in giving Professor Stump the credit of being the prince of prompters.

Prothero's orchestra comes in for its share of praise in furnishing delightful music.

RESOLUTIONS.

OMAHA, NEB.

At a meeting of Overland Lodge No. 123, B. of L. F., held March 25, there was presented to the Lodge by Mrs. James B. Fair, wife of Bro. J. B. Fair, a beautiful Banner, appropriately inscribed and hand-painted, bearing the inscription "Overland Lodge No. 123, B. of L. F." It was therefore

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the members be tendered Mrs. Fair for her kindness and generosity and for the high regard she has shown for the Lodge.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the gift of Mrs. Fair and that we shall prize it as the tribute of a highly esteemed friend.

T. F. BARRY,
M. C. PARR,
H. P. CALLAHAN. } *Committee.*

MT. VERNON, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of Evening Star Lodge, No. 112, held Sunday, April 11, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The wives, sisters and sweethearts of our members have contributed to and presented our Lodge with a handsomely bound copy of the Holy Writ for our altar, therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard it as a token of esteem, and it is our earnest wish that these ladies may live long to cherish these feelings of love and respect for our Order.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and a copy sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

J. C. BRANHAM, Sec'y.

LOGANSPORT, IND.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge, No. 52, held April 19th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The officers and members of Richmond Division, No. 20, B. of L. E., have extended a cordial invitation to the members of No. 52, B. of L. F., to attend their third annual ball, to be given on the evening of April 23, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender Division No. 20, B. of L. E., our hearty and most sincere thanks, and shall always remember this as a most generous expression and proof of their interest in us as a Lodge and Order.

E. H. LAING,
CHAS. COOK,
HARRY DUFLORE, } *Committee.*

BUTTE CITY, MONT.

At a regular meeting of J. K. Gilbraith Lodge No. 264, B. of L. F., held May 5, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful cover for our Master's stand, presented by Mrs. J. Daley, wife of our worthy and efficient engine house foreman, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender a sincere vote of thanks to Mrs. Daley for her kindness and generosity in our behalf, assuring her it will always be our aim to conduct ourselves so as to merit her approval and confidence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed Mrs. Daley, and published in our Magazine.

GEO. MCGARROHAN, }
J. S. SWEENEY, } *Committee.*
E. M. JACOBS. }

LAS VEGAS, N. M.

At a regular meeting of Montezuma Lodge, No. 204, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to call home our beloved and highly esteemed Brother, Ira Knox, who was killed in an accident near Cerrillos, New Mexico, April 21th, 1885, and

WHEREAS, From personal acquaintance we mourn the loss of our Brother as an earnest supporter of the principles of our Order, and one whose life was in accord with our motto: therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to his grief-stricken family, and that we remember him as an upright, manly and respected man; and be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem for our deceased Brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. W. SCHUSTER, }
A. J. ARMAGOST, } *Committee.*
W. H. BARBER, }

SUSQUEHANA, PA.

At a regular meeting of Keystone Lodge No. 208, B. of L. F., held Tuesday evening, May 12, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-wise Ruler of the Universe in his most infinite wisdom to call from our midst, our esteemed Bro. Lewis Newberry, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death the Brotherhood has lost a warm advocate of its principles, his acquaintances one whom for his many virtues they all admired, and his family a loving and dutiful son and brother, be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing and afflicted relatives our most heartfelt sympathy in their deep bereavement.

Resolved, That as a further token of our respect, the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, a copy of

these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, also placed on the minutes of the Lodge and sent to the Magazine for publication.

J. J. LANNON, }
C. ANDERSON, } Committee,
W. B. SMITH. }

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, B. of L. F., held April 5th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the officers and members of Rose City Lodge return their sincere thanks to Mrs. A. C. Knight, wife of Bro. Sam Knight, for the presentation of a beautiful motto for our Lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

H. H. BERTS, }
GEO. GABLE, } Committee,
F. M. McREYNOLDS. }

MACON, GA.

At a regular meeting of Macon Lodge No. 246, held February 23d, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this Lodge be tendered to Simpson Division No. 210, B. of L. F., for the kindness in loaning the use of room, furniture, &c., &c., and our especial thanks to Messrs. B. T. Cole and J. W. Smith for their endeavors in our behalf.

T. A. HOGAN, }
H. B. CAMPBELL, } Committee,
N. S. CUTLER. }

BLOOMINGTON, ILLS.

At a regular meeting, held at their hall, April 14th, 1885, the officers and members of Blooming Lodge, No. 40, B. of L. F., adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It having pleased our Heavenly Father, in His most infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our highly esteemed Brother, Chas. Monahan, April 7th, 1885.

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Monahan Blooming Lodge No. 40 has lost one of its best members, and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy Brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we do hereby extend the sincere sympathy of this Lodge to his sorrowing relatives, left to mourn the loss of a loving and affectionate brother.

Resolved, That this Lodge extend a vote of thanks to the officials of the C. A. & St. L. R. R. for furnishing transportation for members and friends to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That, as a token of our respect, the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing relatives, and a copy be sent to the Bloomington and Alton daily papers and the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

WM. CAVANAUGH, }
ROBERT WOODWARD, } Committee,
JAMES CONDON. }

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

At a regular meeting of Superior Lodge No. 225, held April 6th, the Lodge was agreeably surprised on being presented with a beautiful banner inscribed with the motto of our Order: "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." In the centre are two scoops and a coal pick crossed, with the letters "B. of L. F." thereon. The banner is of white satin, trimmed on the edges with gilt fringe, the whole hung on a brass rod to which is attached a gilt chain for suspension.

It was presented to the Lodge by Miss Reid, of Hamilton, Ontario, through Bro. G. Sutherland.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the above named lady for the pains she has taken in making us such an elegant and valuable gift which is duly appreciated by the members of No. 225.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Reid and also sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

CHAS. UNIM, }
DAVID MORTON, } Committee,
G. F. SUTHERLAND. }

LETTERS OF THANKS:

ALTOONA, WIS., March 31, 1885.

To the officers and members of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68:

DEAR SIRS:—Will you allow me, through the Magazine, to return my sincere thanks to the officers and members of Lodge No. 68, B. of L. F., for the beautiful Perfume Casket with which they presented me. I value the gift very much and shall never forget their kindness. May the Lodge and its members ever prosper, is the wish of their friend.

MRS. C. T. BEWMAN.

MATTOON, ILL., May 1, 1885.

To the officers and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of the draft for one thousand dollars from R. Dopel, Financier of Beacon Lodge, No. 111, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my brother, C. Boyle. Allow me to return my sincere thanks for the payment of the above amount.

Yours truly,

JACOB BOYLE.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 23, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS:—We desire to return our sincere thanks to Mr. E. J. McQuirk of Lodge No. 47, and to the Brotherhood at large for the prompt payment of the insurance upon the death of our brother, Charles Rogerson, and we hope your order may continue in the noble work in which you are engaged. We also are very thankful to the Brotherhood for the sympathy they showed us on the death of our brother.

Yours truly

LIZZIE ROGERSON,
JOSEPH ROGERSON,
MRS. JOSEPH ROGERSON.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Just in Time Lodge No. 149, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN:—Permit me, on behalf of my mother, sister, brothers and self, to extend our heartfelt thanks to you for your kindness and attention during the late illness and obsequies of my dear brother.

We would express our gratitude especially to those who, by their welcome presence, often helped to brighten and cheer the long, weary hours of lingering but patient suffering, and who so thoughtfully manifested their sympathy by accompanying the family to the grave. We also desire to evince our appreciation of the beautiful and appropriate floral tribute—greatly enhanced by its fraternal source.

For the many sympathetic acts and words emanating from his Lodge, both before and during our bereavement, we are indeed truly indebted, and shall deem it a privilege to hold the B. of L. F. in grateful and lasting remembrance.

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH CALL.

BLACK LIST.

J. B. HAMILTON.

J. B. Hamilton, late Financier of Banner Lodge, No. 56, has been expelled for embezzling the funds of his Lodge. He has a traveling card in his possession which is hereby ordered taken up by his Lodge.

REUBEN WRAY.

Reuben Wray has been expelled from Truckee Lodge, No. 19, for defrauding members and other conduct unbecoming a member, and we are authorized to publish him as a man without principle and unworthy of recognition.

ROBERT BUCHER.

We are authorized by Albany City Lodge, No. 230, to publish Robert Bucher as having been expelled from said Lodge on general principles. He is devoid of principle or manhood, and all Brotherhood men should shun him.

C. L. KEPLER.

By authority of Good Will Lodge, No. 52, we publish the following statement in regard to C. L. Kepler, an expelled member of said Lodge: "He was furnished a traveling card by this Lodge, and went west in search of employment. While in Missouri, Kansas and Iowa, he neglected to pay his board bills, borrowed money from different brothers and failed to pay it back. His last move was to come on the main line of the Wabash, and represent himself as C. L. Kehler; he obtained work and commenced his beating, but was detected, and dismissed from the service of the company. He has been expelled from this Lodge, and we ask all Brotherhood men to shun him, as he is a man devoid of principle and honor."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ED. PARKINSON.

Ed. Parkinson, of Lodge No. 146, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

T. J. GRADY.

T. J. Grady, of No. 77, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

W. H. BOND.

W. H. Bond, of No. 174, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

NAT. GORMAN.

Nat. Gorman, of Morning Star Lodge, No. 88, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOHN BONNER.

John Bonner, of Red River Lodge, No. 8, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

FRANK WILLIAMS.

Frank Williams, of Lodge No. 151, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge, at once.

MEMBERS OF NO. 127.

James Connacher and Thomas Taylor, of Lodge No. 127, are requested to correspond with their Financier, at once.

MEMBERS OF NO. 24.

H. J. Isbell, of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, will learn something to his interest by corresponding with the Financier of his Lodge.

MARTIN WILLIAMS.

We desire to learn the whereabouts of Martin Williams, who fired a switch engine in the Chicago and Alton yards at Chicago, during December, 1882. Any information in regard to his whereabouts will please be addressed to E. V. Debs, Terre Haute Ind.

MEMBERS OF NO. 77.

G. W. Andrews, Harry Adams, Wm. Brennan, J. W. Brainerd, A. H. Chapman, Chas. Hall, C. G. Hall, Henry Hyatt, T. E. Kelley, J. F. Kerrin, W. W. McClelland, J. A. McConnell, Jno. McDougall, Frank Morgan, W. H. Tillery and Jno. L. Young, of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of April:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
3	Thomas Quiun.*	101	J. K. Little.*
4	J. Flaherty.*	101	Jesse Mann.*
8	C. W. McLain.*	107	J. O'Hara.*
10	E. E. Warner.*	107	J. P. Thoman.
12	E. E. Chapin.*	108	K. B. Rheim.*
14	Wm. Dodd.*	111	M. Miller.*
14	John A. Rhoades.*	111	D. Shine.*
25	J. Elson.*	112	J. Mossman.*
29	C. H. McClung.*	112	T. F. Thickston.*
29	C. A. Marks.*	113	B. F. Fitzpatrick.*
29	Wm. Mixer.*	113	Andrew King.*
33	A. VanCleve.*	114	George Herman.*
36	J. L. Beardsley.*	115	G. K. Lowell.*
36	Wm. B. Guntun.*	115	J. O. Jones.*
36	Wm. L. Long.*	119	Wm. Mitchell.*
37	R. R. Stewart.*	121	I. D. Wolcott.*
52	Charles Kepler.†	122	Charles W. Sibert.*
52	Tim Shannahan.*	128	Jas. Ferguson.*
56	E. G. Stewart.†	134	G. L. Cummings.*
56	A. E. Blanchard.*	142	L. A. Clough.*
56	E. A. Coulter.*	143	George Snook.*
56	H. France.*	145	A. E. Cooley.*
56	P. Mullaney.*	145	Fred Kelly.*
56	Wm. Browning.*	145	E. T. Rosett.*
56	J. R. Hamilton.†	149	Alex. Hign.
57	W. E. McCullough.*	150	Henry Satterfield.*
60	F. Briggs.*	159	J. A. Koehler.*
60	Andrew Miller.*	159	J. W. Rowe.*
61	Ira Haines.*	159	Lee McClain.
61	F. Righter.*	163	Wm. Kimm.*
61	Wm. Tracy.*	163	H. Williams.*
63	J. C. Goodrich.*	163	W. H. DeFrance.*
63	Pat Gorman.*	163	David Rogers.*
63	Charles Helmer.*	164	James Crider.*
63	F. Butler.*	164	C. H. Lukens.*
64	W. H. Roberts.*	164	A. H. Wideman.*
65	William Orelene.*	167	Wm. VanHess.*
68	A. Gorman.*	167	L. C. Mathews.*
68	J. R. Richardson.*	173	Lee Shallenberger.*
74	Thos. Gillam.*	173	Paul Behrens.*
74	J. F. Peck.*	175	L. Shepherd.*
77	John Yost.*	183	C. C. Butt.*
77	Charles Martin.*	183	D. C. Morrison.*
77	Wm. Dale.*	184	J. H. Gibbins.*
77	M. F. Adair.*	185	A. P. Chapman.*
77	Thos. Haley.*	198	George Wooster.*
77	J. F. Pennock.	201	Eugene Simms.*
79	S. E. Brown.*	201	John Campbell.*
81	L. H. Smith.*	204	Harry Haues.*
81	Wm. Givens.*	209	Z. A. Deane.*
83	H. Halligan.*	212	John Davis.*
83	J. H. Smith.*	217	S. Heideck.*
87	George Thompson.*	217	Mat Byron.*
87	S. Haughton.*	217	John Porter.*
89	J. W. Griffin.*	230	Thomas G. Badgley.*
92	Frank Harris.*	246	W. C. Jackson.*
92	J. Bradley.*		

* Non-payment.

† Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Contempt.

§ Defrauding brothers.

† Defrauding.

*† Deadbeat & thief.

*† Dead Beat.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of April:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
31	Ed Strahen.	78	Harry Page.
34	D. Mansfield.	83	J. T. Cox.
36	R. Brennan.	101	J. Little.
46	Ambrose Hunt.	121	Z. B. Warner.
49	O. D. Smith.	125	F. A. Tripp.
78	J. E. Sheable.	150	Charles Monroe.
78	R. Marshal.	156	J. H. Rhody.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending April 30, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't.	Assessm't.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't.	Assessm't.	Total.
1		\$41			\$41 00	66		\$64			\$64 00
2	\$18	14			32 00	67	\$14	53			67 00
3	30	135			165 00	68	12	68			80 00
4	5	60			65 00	69	1	40			41 00
5	1	27			28 00	70	11	34			45 00
6	3	29			30 00	71	20	51			71 00
7	3	61			63 00	72	13	35			68 00
8	37	48			85 00	73	23	58			81 00
9	1	62			63 00	74	72	138			210 00
10	9	119			128 00	75	6	90			96 00
11	18	209			227 00	76	2	91			93 00
12	94	94			188 00	77	2	43			43 00
13	5	154			159 00	78	2	71			73 00
14	5	58			63 00	79	2	70			72 00
15	22	144			166 00	80	6	75			81 00
16	25	34			59 00	81	8	63			71 00
17	6	39			45 00	82	2	33			35 00
18	11	34			45 00	83	8	60			68 00
19	4	32			36 00	84	2	52			54 00
20	15	23			38 00	85	1	18			19 00
21	3	33			36 00	86	14	20			34 00
22	15	33			48 00	87	3	65			68 00
23	1	41			42 00	88	3	63			66 00
24	18	65			81 00	89	1	95			96 00
25	27	74			99 00	90	3	34			37 00
26	4	57			61 00	91	1	56			57 00
27	5	51			56 00	92	1	19			20 00
28	3	33			36 00	93	29	49			78 00
29	16	20			36 00	94	42	42			84 00
30	52	59			111 00	95	37	99			136 00
31	2	53			55 00	96	23	80			103 00
32	1	22			23 00	97	14	25			39 00
33	19	60			79 00	98	4	75			79 00
34	5	56			61 00	99	10	12			22 00
35	1	79			80 00	100	31	37			68 00
36	8	14			22 00	101	33	6			39 00
37	32	32			64 00	102	18	10			28 00
38	3	108			111 00	103	10	20			30 00
39	39	79			118 00	104	33	48			81 00
40	41	46			87 00	105	7	31			38 00
41	138	138			276 00	106	4	26			30 00
42	74	74			148 00	107	38	15			53 00
43	42	41			83 00	108	8	11			19 00
44	2	121			123 00	109	6	31			37 00
45	5	57			62 00	110	10	21			31 00
46	7	93			100 00	111	4	24			28 00
47	10	43			53 00	112	25	25			50 00
48	12	73			85 00	113	1	71			72 00
49	15	38			53 00	114	1	25			26 00
50	14	12			26 00	115	1	43			44 00
51	13	195			208 00	116	13	43			56 00
52	8	20			28 00	117	12	43			55 00
53	11	111			122 00	118	4	42			46 00
54	2	80			82 00	119	22	41			63 00
55	45	78			123 00	120	11	105			116 00
56	71	35			106 00	121	7	26			26 00
57	10	57			67 00	122	49	56			105 00
						123	53	78			131 00

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't.	Assessm't.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't.	Assessm't.	Total.
131	\$14	\$13			\$27 00	196		\$27			\$27 00
132	10	24			34 00	197					21 00
133	1	27			28 00	198	4	13			17 00
134	5	79			84 00	199		25			25 00
135	13	33			46 00	200	11	11			22 00
136	36	33			69 00	201		20			20 00
137	38	33			71 00	202		40			40 00
138	1	38			39 00	203		33			33 00
139	74	74			148 00	204	2	25			27 00
140	34	34			68 00	205					
141	32	32			64 00	206					
142	4	4			8 00	207					
143	29	29			58 00	208	2	37			39 00
144	8	21			29 00	209	9	23			32 00
145	16	16			32 00	210		30			30 00
146	15	15			30 00	211					
147	33	33			66 00	212	1	26			27 00
148	18	18			36 00	213	3	11			14 00
149	130	130			260 00	214	12	23			35 00
150	54	54			108 00	215		35			35 00
151	19	19			38 00	216	3	39			42 00
152	13	47			60 00	217	10	11			21 00
153	25	25			50 00	218	8	21			29 00
154	4	20			24 00	219					
155	34	34			68 00	220	2	22			24 00
156	11	34			45 00	221		33			33 00
157	20	20			40 00	222	17	26			43 00
158	24	24			48 00	223	4	14			18 00
159	20	20			40 00	224	3	19			22 00
160	53	53			106 00	225	5	24			29 00
161	14	42			56 00	226		23			23 00
162	3	14			17 00	227					
163	21	19			40 00	228		40			40 00
164	35	35			70 00	229		30			30 00
165	5	35			40 00	230		40			40 00
166	4	29			33 00	231					
167	5	38			43 00	232	14	11			25 00
168	9	18			27 00	233	2	7			9 00
169	12	64			76 00	234	1	9			10 00
170	34	34			68 00	235	8	25			33 00
171	19	9			28 00	236	12	12			24 00
172	48	48			96 00	237	8	43			51 00
173	11	18			29 00	238					
174	10	44			54 00	239		22			22 00
175	3	18			21 00	240		17			17 00
176	8	16			24 00	241		13			13 00
177	26	26			52 00	242		13			13 00
178	10	54			64 00	243		18			18 00
179	6	59			65 00	244	4	36			40 00
180	21	21			42 00	245		19			19 00
181	35	35			70 00	246		16			16 00
182	2	35			37 00	247		10			10 00
183	33	33			66 00	248	3	13			16 00
184	6	19			25 00	249		7			7 00
185	12	10			22 00	250					
186	10	30			40 00	251					
187	20	20			40 00	252					
188	48	48			96 00	253					
189	7	31			38 00	254					
190	4	26			30 00	255		6			6 00
191	38	38			76 00	256		8			8 00
192	8	15			23 00	257					
193	11	22			33 00	258		8			8 00
194	6	31			37 00	259					
195	10	21			31 00	260		7			7 00

Balance on hand April 1 \$1,387 50
Received during month 12,780 00Total \$14,167 50
By claims Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 12,000 00

Balance on hand May 1 \$2,167 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

CORRECTION.

By mistake J. B. Harris, of Bayou City Lodge No. 146, was published as expelled in the May issue of the Magazine. This is an error as he should have been noted as withdrawing to join another Lodge.

UNION MEETING.

A union meeting of the Brotherhood will be held at Philadelphia, Pa., Sunday, June 14th, under the auspices of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75. A general invitation to participate in the meeting is extended to all Lodges.

JUNE ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 4—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

25. E. Hoppinge, of Lodge 49, was killed by falling from his engine, February 23.

26. M. Shannon, of Lodge 59, died of cancer of liver, February 26.

27. W. F. Biggs, of Lodge 139, died of pneumonia, March 4.

28. Mogul Call, of Lodge 149, died of consumption, March 4.

29. J. G. Hamilton, of Lodge 49, died of consumption, March 6.

30. W. J. Gibson, of Lodge 80, was declared totally disabled with partial paralysis, March 7.

31. Walter Duffey, of Lodge 77, died of a rupture, March 8.

32. John Hogan, of Lodge 127, died from the effects of a railroad accident, March 10.

33. J. W. Galvan, of Lodge 161, was declared totally disabled with a tumor, March 16.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership March 15, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before July 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before July 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearages, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours

EUGENE V. DEBS,

G. S. and T.

GRAND LODGE.**OFFICERS.**

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier

2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday and 4th Wednesday.
W. R. Wilcox, 5 Calais St. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. R. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Financier

3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
G. Auchter, 167 Fourth St. Secretary
H. Springstead, 110 Storm Ave Financier

4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier

5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier

6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Francy Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier

7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier

8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. E. Johnson, Box 517 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier

9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C., St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops Financier

10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier

11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St.,
Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier

12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier

13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 246½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave Financier

14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 197 S. Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier

15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier

16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier

17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier

- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave Master
M. J. Barrett, 1908 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
C. T. Peffer Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Seiling Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDermott Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McConigal Master
C. W. Chesebman, 313 2d Ave Secretary
W. R. Graves, 389 2d St., West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
P. A. Loveland Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
W. Jacobia, 1511 Utah Ave Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. W. Hardesty Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
Frank A. Kinch Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AYON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Washington St. Master
J. Angersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. OSWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor Master
H. K. Stratton Secretary
J. Taylor Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 234 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross Sts. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorcey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E. Washington St. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier

- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5028 State St, Chicago
Illinois Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Bos-
ton, Mass Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 278 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St Master
F. Moher, 568 Canada St Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milline, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Knowles, 337 Brunswick Ave.,
Trenton, N. J. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley, 1390 Womung St Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St Master
S. Drinkhouse, 2414 Ellsworth St Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, Barnesville, Minn Master
J. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. J. Miller, Barnesville, Minn Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d
Mondays.
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier

- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
Charles Delamater, 810 Sixteenth Ave So Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator". Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
D. Reid, Box 170 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Owego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardon, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 332 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Gracie House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1993 Magazine St Master
R. C. Stader, 720 York St Secretary
T. McGuire, 835 Dumesnell St Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St Master
C. Ball, 458 High St Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St Secretary
J. L. Pate, 3121 Caroline St Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier

111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 D. C. Mac Master
 W. Merkle Secretary
 R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier

112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 S. R. Wild Master
 R. W. Lindley Secretary
 J. C. Branham Financier

113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 O. R. Goodale Master
 John Gorman Secretary
 G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier

114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
 J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
 A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
 R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier

115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
 H. L. Briggs Master
 J. Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
 J. Clark, Corner 36th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts Financier

116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 G. H. Dawson Master
 M. J. Gleeson Secretary
 O. Blodgett Financier

117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.

Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
 T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St Secretary
 R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St Financier

118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.

Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
 J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
 G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
 J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier

119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.

Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
 F. Gosselin, Hadow Cove, S. Quebec Master
 J. T. Dewar, Chaudiere Curve Secretary
 W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier

120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St Master
 W. H. Jacobson, 180 Seymour St Secretary
 A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St Financier

121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
 W. M. Brewer Master
 F. E. Hammer Secretary
 G. R. Quick, Box 232 Financier

122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.

Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. T. Blodgett Master
 W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
 D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Financier

123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.

Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and 3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
 J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
 L. A. Sunderland, 935 Division St Secretary
 James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St Financier

124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 H. Draper Master
 W. B. Howe Secretary
 G. Gregg Financier

125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
 A. J. McClain, Box 238 Secretary
 M. Kelleher Financier

126. COMET; Austin, Minn.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 P. M. Chambers Master
 E. Sterling Secretary
 E. Sterling Financier

127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
 H. Curran, 195 Ross St Master
 J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St Secretary
 J. G. Jonah, 117 Alexander St Financier

128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
 T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
 J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier

129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
 R. Letcher Secretary
 G. Siminon, Box 426 Financier

130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
 J. Buckley, 189 Huron St Master
 J. Dugan, 53 5th St Secretary
 C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee Financier

131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
 T. McPhail Master
 G. L. Wakefield Secretary
 F. Cosgrove Financier

132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 C. Houkall Master
 G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
 J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier

133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.

Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
 G. R. Blackwell Master
 J. Bruce Secretary
 C. H. Morgan Financier

134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.

Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
 J. F. Simmons Master
 E. W. Gibson Secretary
 J. F. Simmons Financier

135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
 C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
 W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier

136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.

Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
 J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
 T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier

137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
 L. C. Allen Master
 C. E. Dibble Secretary
 W. T. Brown Financier

138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.

Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
 W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
 H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier

139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
 E. F. Wright Master
 F. A. McBride Secretary
 W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier

140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.

Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
 E. O. Cole, L. Box 589 Secretary
 J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier

141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.

Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St Master
 A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St Secretary
 W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St Financier

142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St Master
 J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
 G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier

- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
J. J. Saugster Master
T. Bettis Secretary
D. A. Middleton Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St Master
E. Chambers, 1045 Sixth Ave Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftis Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St Financier
- 152. BUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
A. L. Sperling, Box 54 Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
A. Edmiston, 83 Russell St Secretary
W. Hamlin, 454 Fort St east Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave Secretary
Wm. Riggs, 25 John St Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C., B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 203 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
M. R. Carson Secretary
J. I. Smith, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis, Box 306 Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
W. Ogg Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
J. Sullivan, Box 455, Portage, Wis. Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa, Ont Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St Financier

- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
R. A. Bell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, 163 S. 3d St., W. Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d W. St. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
A. Tankersley Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleve-
land, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3139 Hanover St. Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Tuesday
at 7:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland, Oregon
H. W. Ingalls Master
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Craunton, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
J. H. Woffington Secretary
H. McGowan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, L. Box N Master
W. S. Griffiths, L. Box N Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
cine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayley, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayley, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinzelman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
A. Tulley, Box 223 Secretary
E. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
George Moore Master
W. H. Barber Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45 Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier

- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
J. McKee Secretary
G. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffee St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meddow St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffee St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1286 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DEBRICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 137 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 296 Locust St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 296 Locust St. Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 175 Secretary
C. Unwin, Neerbring P. O., Thunder Bay, Ontario Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St. Financier
- 229. BICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Blecker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St. Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 84 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 400½ Poplar St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St. Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. H. Scott, McCullough St., near 46th. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilksburg, Pa. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
F. D. Teter Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier

- 228. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 230. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl, Box 534 Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. McCall Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Mallin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'ROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, W. Taylor St. Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
W. M. Walker, 272 1th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
W. G. Angier Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court. Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. Master
S. A. Campbell Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike Master
C. W. Downs Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 296 Secretary
W. M. Shirley, Box 101 Financier
- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter Master
M. E. Sullivan Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 154 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Witherell Master
H. E. Witherell Secretary
H. D. Avery Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. McNulty, Box 25 Master
I. Blizard, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 Master
M. Norton, Box 264 Secretary
H. C. Forrester, Box 417 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
F. Bradbury Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. A. Baker, Room 8, Masonic Temple, Master
G. E. Hanford, 1730 O st Secretary
A. Henderson, 1517 N st Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
J. F. Hennessy Master
J. H. Applegate Secretary
E. C. Constock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
Z. B. Mansfield, Box 52 Master
J. P. Greene Secretary
M. B. Moynahan Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH; Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malee, Box 832 Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
M. W. Fitzgerald, Box 832 Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River Ave. Master
D. Heath, 538 S. Jones St. Secretary
F. Bixby, 28 Adam St. Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. T. Wells Master
J. E. Moquin Secretary
P. Ryan Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. Dodge, Gretna, La. Master
George H. Evans, Gretna, La. Secretary
W. J. Boylan, 22 Valette St. Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St. Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. Secretary
T. O'Leary, Cor. McCreary and Hines Sts. Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington, Kentucky Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 27 Neve St., Covington, Kentucky Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1885.

No. 7.

THE PURSER'S STORY.

Detroit Free Press.

I don't know that I should tell this story.

When the purser told it to me I know it was his intention to write it out for a magazine. In fact he *had* written it, and I understand that a noted American magazine had offered to publish it, but I have watched that magazine for over three years and have not yet seen the purser's story in it. I am sorry that I did not write the story at the time, then, perhaps, I should have caught the exquisite peculiarities of the purser's way of telling it. I find myself gradually forgetting the story, and I write it now for fear I *shall* forget it, and then be harassed all through after life by the remembrance of the forgetting.

There is no position more painful and tormenting than the consciousness of having had something worth the telling, which, in spite of all mental effort, just eludes the memory. It hovers nebulously beyond the outstretched finger ends of recollection, and, like the fish that gets off the hook, becomes more and more important as one keeps on remembering that he has forgotten it.

Perhaps after you read this story you will say there is nothing in it after all. Well, that will be my fault, then, and I can only regret that I did not write down the story when it was told to me, for as I sat in the purser's room that day it seemed to me that I had never heard anything more graphic.

The purser's room was well for-

ward on the Atlantic steamship. From one of the little red-curtained windows you could look down to where the steerage passengers were gathered on the deck. When the bow of the great vessel dove down into the big Atlantic waves, the smother of foam that shot upwards would be borne along with the wind and spatter like rain against the purser's window. Something about this intermittent patter on the pane reminded the purser of the story and so he told it to me:

There were a great many steerage passengers getting on at Queens-town, he said, and as you saw when we were there, it is quite a hurry getting them aboard. Two officers stand at each side of the gangway and take up the tickets as the people crowd forward. They generally have their tickets in their hands and there is no trouble. I stood there and watched them coming on. Suddenly there was a fuss and a jam.

"What is it?" I asked the officer.

"Two girls, sir, say they have lost their tickets."

I took the girls aside and the stream of humanity poured in. One was about fourteen and the other, perhaps, eight years old. The little one had a firm grasp of the elder's hand and she was crying. The larger girl looked me straight in the eye as I questioned her.

"Where's your tickets?"

"We lost thim, sur."

"Where?"

"I dunno, sur."

"Do you think you have them about you or in your luggage?"

"We've no luggage, sur."

"Is this your sister?"

"She is sur."

"Are your parents aboard?"

"They are not, sur."

"Are you all alone?"

"We are, sur."

"You can't go without your tickets."

The younger one began to cry the more and the elder answered:

"Mabbe we can foind thim, sur."

They were bright-looking, intelligent children, and the larger girl gave me such quick, straightforward answers, and it seemed so impossible that children so young should attempt to cross the ocean without tickets that I concluded to let them come, and resolved to get at the truth on the way over.

Next day I told the deck steward to bring the children to my room.

They came just as I saw them the day before, the elder with a slight grip on the hand of the younger, whose eyes I never caught sight of. She kept them resolutely on the floor while the other looked straight at me with her big, blue eyes.

"Well; have you found your tickets?"

"No, sur."

"What is your name?"

"Bridget, sur."

"Bridget what?"

"Bridget Mulligan, sur."

"Where did you live?"

"In Kildormey, sur."

"Where did you get your tickets?"

"From Mr. O'Grady, sur."

Now I knew Kildormey as well as I know this ship, and I knew O'Grady was our agent there. I would have given a good deal at that moment for a few words with him. But I knew of no Mulligans there, although, of course, there might be. I was born myself only a few miles from Kildormey. Now, thinks I to myself, if these two children can baffle a purser that's been twenty years on the Atlantic when they say they came from his

own town, almost, by the powers they deserve their passage over the ocean. I had often seen grown people try to cheat their way across, and I may say none of them succeeded on *my* ships.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Both dead, sur."

"Who was your father?"

"He was a pinshoner, sur."

"Where did he draw his pension?"

"I donno, sur."

"Where did you get the money to buy your tickets?"

"The neighbors, sur, and Mr. O'Grady helped, sur."

"What neighbors? Name them?"

She unhesitatingly named a number, many of whom I knew, and as that had frequently been done before I saw no reason to doubt the girl's word.

"Now," I said, "I want to speak with your sister. You may go."

The little one held on to her sister's hand and cried bitterly.

When the other was gone, I drew the child towards me and questioned her but could not get a word in reply.

For the next day or two I was bothered somewhat by a big Irishman named O'Donnell, who was a fire brand among the steerage passengers. He *would* harangue them at all hours on the wrongs of Ireland and the desirability of blowing England out of the water, and as we had many English and German passengers, as well as many peaceable Irishmen, who complained of the constant ructions O'Donnell was kicking up, I was forced to ask him to keep quiet. He became very abusive one day and tried to strike me. I had him locked up until he came to his senses.

While I was in my room, after this little excitement, Mrs. O'Donnell came to me and pleaded for her rascally husband. I had noticed her before. She was a poor, weak, broken-hearted woman whom her husband made a slave of and I

have no doubt beat her when he had a chance. She was evidently mortally afraid of him, and a look from him seemed enough to take the life out of her. He was a worse tyrant, in his own small way, than England had ever been.

"Well, Mrs. O'Donnell," I said, "I'll let your husband go, but he will have to keep a civil tongue in his head and keep his hands off people. I've seen men for less put in irons during a voyage and handed over to the authorities when they landed. And now I want you to do me a favor. There are two children on board without tickets. I don't believe they ever had tickets and I want to find out. You're a kind-hearted woman, Mrs. O'Donnell, and perhaps the children will answer you."

I had the two called in and they came hand in hand as usual. The elder looked at me as if she couldn't take her eyes off my face.

"Look at this woman," I said to her; "she wants to speak to you. Ask her some questions about herself," I whispered to Mrs. O'Donnell.

"Acushla," said Mrs. O'Donnell, with infinite tenderness, taking the disengaged hand of the elder girl. "Tell me, darlint, where yees are from."

I suppose I had spoken rather harshly to them before, although I had not intended to do so, but however that may be, at the first words of kindness from the lips of their countrywoman, both girls broke down and cried as if their hearts would break. The poor woman drew them towards her, and stroking the fair hair of the elder girl, tried to comfort her, while the tears streamed down her own cheeks. "Hush, acushla, hush, darlints, shure the gintlemin's not going to be hard wid two poor childer going to a strange country."

Of course it would never do to admit that the company could carry emigrants free, through any matter of sympathy, and I must have ap-

peared rather hard-hearted when I told Mrs. O'Donnell that I would have to take them back with me to Cork. I sent the children away, and then arranged with Mrs. O'Donnell to see after them during the voyage, to which she agreed if her husband would let her.

I could get nothing from the girl except that she had lost her ticket, and when we sighted New York I took them to the steerage and asked the passengers if any one would assume charge of the children and pay their passage. No one would do so.

"Then," I said, "these children will go back with me to Cork, and if I find they never bought tickets they will have to go to jail."

There were groans and hisses at that, and I gave the children in charge of the cabin stewardess with orders to see that they did not leave the ship. I was at last convinced that they had no friends among the steerage passengers. I intended to take them ashore myself before we sailed, and I knew of good hands in New York who would see to the little waifs, although I did not propose that any of the emigrants should know that an old bachelor purser was fool enough to pay for the passage of a couple of unknown Irish children.

We landed our cabin passengers and the tender came alongside to take the steerage passengers to Castle Garden. I got the stewardess to bring out the children, and the two stood and watched everyone get aboard the tender.

Just as the tender moved away there was a wild shriek among the crowded passengers, and Mrs. O'Donnell flung her arms above her head and cried in the most heart-rending tone I ever heard:

"Oh, my babies, my babies."

"Kape quiet, ye divil," hissed O'Donnell, grasping her by the arm. The terrible ten days' strain had given way at last and the poor woman sank in a heap at his feet.

"Bring back that boat," I shouted and the tender came back.

"Come aboard here, O'Donnell."

"I'll not!" he yelled, shaking his fist at me.

"Bring that man aboard."

They soon brought him back and I gave his wife over to the care of the stewardess. She speedily rallied, and hugged and kissed her children as if she would never part with them.

"So, O'Donnell, these are your children?"

"Yis they are; an' I'd have ye know I'm in a frae country, bedad, and I dare ye to lay a finger on me."

"Don't dare too much," I said "or I'll show you what can be done in a free country. Now if I let the children go will you send their passage money to the company when you get it?"

"I will," he answered, although I knew he lied.

"Well," I said "for Mrs. O'Donnell's sake I'll let them go, and I must congratulate any free country that gets a citizen like you."

Of course I never heard from O'Donnell since.

THE COST OF STOPPING A TRAIN.

Philadelphia Press.

Every stop of a train costs money to a railway company. Recent statistics kept on a certain trunk line showed that during a given year the 350 daily trains made 7,000 extra stops every twenty-four hours, the traffic being largely suburban. Experiments showed also that each stop cost 42 cents, reckoned largely in extra time to employes who, for that number of stops put in the aggregate of 350 extra hours per day, making a total loss to the company of nearly \$50,000 a year.

SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.

Some Hints for Some of our Readers.

Philadelphia Post.

"I always speak my mind," observed Mrs. Jones to a neighbor, in making a call, "and then I'm no

longer responsible for what happens." Poor woman.

Now, this speaking one's mind is the cause of more mischief in life, and more unhappiness in many homes than bad breeding, bad manners, smoky chimneys, and disordered nerves. Half of it is nothing but temper. The occasion does not call for what is said, and it is uttered in such a key as to make it scolding under false pretenses.

The household in which the mistress speaks her mind once or twice a week, year in and year out, is by no means a model establishment. Every thing goes by fits and starts. To-day, all is storm and bustle; to-morrow, all is sulkiness and exhaustion. The bits of mind given in this way would be much better reserved. Advice, counsel, and reproof need not be presented in so objectionable a form.

Given calmly and sweetly, and at the right moment, in a few words, real bits of mind, are always effective. But scolding, as such, simply aggravates, and does no good.

"You can lead me mum, but you cannot drive me," says Mary Ann, with more true wisdom than we generally find in such a common saying.

To be always speaking one's mind, is to run the risk of endless contradictions, because, as we have said, there is so much temper in this particular form of utterance. As a rule, there is nothing more unnecessary. It ought not to be required as between intimate associates, and it is chiefly with them that it takes place.

Mrs. Jones' maid ought to know her mistress' mind without so many deliverances, or it is but a poor sort of mind after all.

Mr. Brown cannot have lived half a century with the partner of his home and board without knowing every nook and cranny of her understanding, her tastes, her antipathies, her set forms of expression.

The occasion when one can do

good by speaking one's mind are rare, and if due advantage be taken of them they will be rarer still. "A word in season" is worth a hundred at the wrong moment.

"I shall never forget the few words he said to me," remarks the boy of his father's tender and timely advice. "I would rather he had thrashed me at the time." But the thrashing would not have been half so effective.

The hurry to speak one's mind, regardless of consequences, is a sign of an unbalanced temperament.

"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." The bits of mind we scatter about us are often as sharp and as dangerous as bits of broken glass.

A SPEECH PRESERVER.

Some Valuable Hints to Orators, Young and Old.

Exchange.

All the books on oratory that have ever been written omit the only important rule for an orator to observe. This rule is of service to all speakers, good bad and indifferent, and practically is worth more than all the rules of Quaintilian, Whately, Quackenboss and their kin. It aids the best speaker and prevents the worst from making a fool of himself.

This is the rule: Begin to study, think over or commit your speech to memory at its end, not at its beginning.

The prosperity of a speech depends upon its peroration, not its exordium. Indeed, to begin stumbling and to end flying is itself a clever trick of rhetoric, and makes an agreeable climax. A speaker oftener begins flying and ends in a slough.

The reason is obvious: he has thought out the first part of his speech clearly, but he trusts to the syren inspiration for the rest.

A striking instance: During the oil excitement years ago, I passed a few weeks at the city of Pithole, Venango county. An election was

held while I was there, and two or three thousand men gathered before the main hotel, the only spot where you could stand an hour without sinking over head and ears in mud. Here thick planks had been laid in the street, on which the sidewalk looked down from a height of five feet.

The street for a hundred yards was crowded thicker than a sardine box with an oily mass of good natured rapsallionadoes, while millionaires, swindlers and men of genius thronged the sidewalk.

In a nascent society most men who can write their names are eager to make their mark. The occasion seemed inviting to so generous an ambition. Look! there is Plum McCalmott; he is thinking busily how he can stamp the general mind with his own seal. A moment later he advanced to the edge of the sidewalk, and in answer to calls of "Speech!" "Speech!" stretches forth an arm whose grace would make a pump handle envious.

During half a dozen sentences he holds his audience spellbound; but, alas! he does not know my rule. He has begun at the wrong end. Like the carnal philosopher, he is trying to reason from the known to the unknown. Look! he has got to the end of his memory; he falters, he stumbles, he catches at a sentence, at a word, at a breath. A derisive laugh greets the nascent statesman. Some one pushes him from behind; he totters a moment on the edge of the sidewalk, over he goes, and disappears like a brick in an oil tank.

Five more statesmen after McCalmott, all of them heavy purses and big brains, rose and fell like rockets, each in as many minutes. What would they not have given for my rule?

Suddenly Todd, Barnes, Gregory and other mischevous spirits called out my name, and before I could refuse I found myself pushed to the sidewalk's perilous edge. Fortun-

ately my instinct had forewarned me of danger, and I had thought over a dozen sentences with which to end a speech.

Like Plato, and all great reasoners, I began with the unknown. I floundered about a few minutes in the infinite, and was about to be pushed headlong into the human flood, when I let fly a sentence I had committed to memory. Then after dallying a while with danger, I began the closing part of my speech, and ended like the blinding lightning.

The audience were delighted, and had I wished to grow up or rather grow down with the country—for of the five thousand then inhabitants there remain but a baker's dozen—I might have become a justice of the peace and of the quorum.

BRAVERY OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Philadelphia Record.

Cassius M. Clay's family were superior socially to that of Henry Clay, so the Kentuckians say. Cassius had a distinguished ancestry. Henry had not. Cassius was born to wealth as well as to fame—to a 2,000 or 3,000 acre farm and hundreds of slaves, with all the influence that they gave. Purely as a matter of principle, with nothing to gain by it and everything to lose, he fought slavery from the time he came to manhood. First he freed his own slaves, and then set out to free all the slaves in America. He was a brave, chivalrous man, of noble spirit, handsome, eloquent, attractive. He devoted himself, his talents and attainments and his wealth to the cause of emancipation. He took the stump in every campaign, and fought as sturdily as though he were fighting to victory instead of defeat. He fought with his life in his hand, as he very well knew. There were many true souls like himself in Kentucky then, but they were, of course, in a hopeless minority. The hostility of the majority was bitter beyond conception.

It was a difficult, often dangerous, thing to be an abolitionist in the East. But it was ten times more difficult and dangerous in Kentucky. When Clay appeared on a platform in Louisville before 1,000 heated opponents he laid two loaded revolvers on the desk before him as he began to speak. "We want no disorder here, gentlemen," he said quietly, and there was none. He was frequently obliged to fight for his life in out-of-the-way places. He always carried a keen-edged bowie-knife on his left thigh. With this he saved his life twice in most desperate encounters. At length he made himself feared and respected from one end of the state to the other, and toward the close of the ante-bellum period he was seldom molested. Now he is quietly cultivating the 400 or 500 acres he has kept for himself, with his children all around him on the rest of the farm, and patiently awaiting his end.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

A Sensible View of a Matter that Concerns Every Young man.

Atlanta Constitution.

Various correspondents are taking one of our Nashville exchanges to task for questioning the statement that the great bulk of the crime committed in this country may be traced to alcohol. But our Nashville contemporary has prison statistics on its side, as the Constitution took occasion to show some time ago. It is true that there is nothing more debasing, and nothing more generally hurtful to the best interests of society than alcohol, but it is not true that it is the cause of most of the crimes that are committed.

The greatest cause of crime is neither alcohol nor ignorance that implies a lack of the knowledge of reading and writing. It is the enforced idleness that is the result of a false system of education, and the false system of education is the result of false notions in regard to the propriety of teaching boys and girls

how to use their hands as well as their brains. A young man with nothing but a common school education, or even with a college education, is ill fitted to grapple with the problems of life.

The lack of practical knowledge is a serious lack; it is a fatal lack, indeed, in those who are compelled to depend on their own resources. The great majority of the young men of this country cannot afford to go into the crowded professions. Their education renders them sensitive, and there is no greater moral wreck than that of a sensitive man out of whom circumstances have ground all self-respect. Every boy should be taught to use his hands, and to employ those faculties that will be called out in the practical affairs of life.

DYNAMITE PROJECTILES IN WAR.

**Experiments with 'Nitro-Glycerine Shells—
Marked and Suggestive Progress.**

New York Sun.

The experiments just made at Washington in firing shells charged with high explosives are of much interest and importance. The peculiarity of these trials is that the projectiles containing the nitro-gelatin have been thrown from service cannon with ordinary gunpowder.

The substitution of high explosives for gunpowder in shells has been attempted in Russia and some other countries for several years; but the disastrous accidents attending even experiments made with great care have hitherto seemed to preclude the possibility of employing such explosives in the stress of actual battle, where deliberation and extra caution cannot be expected. In this country similar experiments have generally pointed to the same conclusions. Dynamite projectiles have been successfully used in ordnance of small bore, with light propelling charges of perhaps a pound or two of gunpowder; but attempts to increase the powder charge, in order to secure a range suitable for

actual combat, have sometimes been disastrous. In one such experiment a howitzer which had been enlarged to a six-inch calibre was used, and a dynamite shell fired successfully; but the second shell exploded in the gun and blew it to pieces.

These results have turned attention to the practicability of employing some less suddenly expanding agent than gunpowder for propelling dynamite shells. Such an agent has been found in compressed air, and the protracted experiments with the pneumatic gun at Fort Hamilton have conclusively shown that it can project with entire safety shells charged with any of the high explosives. Yet its range is necessarily very limited, while the extreme length of the gun or tube required to get the full effect of the compressed air, together with the apparatus needed for compressing, must restrict its field of usefulness in military operations.

Efforts, accordingly, have been renewed of late to use gunpowder for dynamite shell firing, and ingenious devices have been employed to lessen the shock of firing by interposing rubber or wooden cushions between the powder charge and the dynamite projectile. In last autumn's experiments by the navy ordnance bureau twelve rounds of shells loaded with gun cotton were successfully fired from the twelve-pounder howitzer, and thirteen from the eighty pound breech-loading gun, all with service gunpowder charges. In the current series of trials, six-inch shells, charged each with eleven pounds of nitro-gelatin, have been propelled a distance of 1,200 yards across the Potomac, and then exploded with great violence against the ledge of rocks used as a target. The next trials will be made with eight-inch shells, containing thirty-five pounds of explosive gelatin.

It should be pointed out, however, that the amount of the explosive in the shell is probably of less im-

portance just now than the amount of powder in the propelling charge.

The pneumatic gun can doubtless throw 100 pounds of dynamite as safely as ten, and Ericsson proposes to use 300 pounds of gun cotton in the projectile of his submarine gun, which is practically a torpedo. But the Destroyer's weapon is to be employed at extremely short range, and the range of the pneumatic gun is thus far too limited. With ordinary powder guns the practicability of safely using dynamite shells under the conditions of actual combat cannot yet be said to have been demonstrated. Nevertheless, the gain achieved in less than a year has been marked and suggestive. From the first timid experiments with a few ounces of dynamite propelled by a few ounces of powder an advance has already been made to eleven pounds of the shattering explosive, projected by the regular service charges of guns of ordinary calibers. The dynamite, also, at first employed was of a low grade; but now the shells are filled with nitro-gelatine, the most powerful of all explosives. At such a rate of progress is highly probable that not many years hence dynamite shells will be habitually used in war, and perhaps especially in siege operations.

A YARN OF THE WEST.

A Clever Piece of Luck on the Jim River in Dakota.

Chicago Times.

A red-faced, raw-looking youth, whose ready-made clothing did not fit him well, and whose flaring red necktie would have driven a bull into a delirium, sat in a hotel in this place the other day nervously tossing what appeared to be a very broad and well-worn silver coin from hand to hand. With a touch of numismatic curiosity your correspondent asked to see it, and found himself unable to make out what device it had originally borne beyond a faintly outlined hand apparently grasping a pair of balances.

The youth who owned the coin was as curious as any one to find out what manner of money it was, and on being questioned as to where he got it said he "found the money with a heap more out in the Jim River out in Dakota."

"You see," he continued, "our folks moved out into the country three years ago next spring, intending to make it our home. One day I went to the river, five miles from home, to fish. I didn't catch anything but what I thought was a snag, and giving my line a right smart yank to get it loose, I fetched up a little strip of something that wouldn't let go of the hook very easy. I loosened it with my fingers, and was going to throw the piece away when I noticed it was a strip of copper with something like rotten leather or cloth hangin' to it. Then I thought maybe I had better look into the thing a little. I got down the bank and where it had caved lately I could see about four feet above the water, a print the shape of a herring-box, showing that something about that size had been buried there, and had been tumbled into the water when the cave happened. It only took a minute or two of kicking around in the sand to find what I was looking for, Whether it was an old gripsack, a leather trunk, or an animals skin folded up, I couldn't make out. It was too rotten. But it had been chuck full of valuables—that was plain enough. Half a dozen comical looking old watches, lots of rings and bracelets were lying around. Besides there was about a peck of money—gold and silver. I loaded all my pockets, hid the balance of the stuff and went all the way home on a dead run, yelling like an Indian as soon as I got in sight of the hole in the ground we lived in—sod-house, you know. Dad and I hitched up the team as soon as I could get breath to tell him what had happened, and we drove down and got all the stuff we could find."

"How much did it all amount to?"

"Blamed if I can tell ye, stranger. Dad never would tell me; said it might make me too proud and rich. He said it would buy a good improved farm back in God's country Missouri—and he intended to get back there as soon as he sold his claim."

"Where is your father now?"

"In Missouri with the rest of the folks. I came here because my gal's folks—they had a claim next to ours—came here to visit relatives till the spring. I want her to marry me right off and go down where my folks live and I reckon she will."

The youth would not submit to further questioning evidently suspecting the guileless scribe of a scheme to erect a claim to his treasure-trove.

SPONGES.

Christian at Work.

It seems a very funny mistake for anybody to make to call a live animal a plant, or to think a vegetable is alive. But some plants are so much like animals that even such great scientists as Tyndall and Huxley have had disputes over them as to whether they belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom.

Sponges are very near the dividing line between animal and vegetable life. Years since they were thought to be sea plants, but now they are considered to be animals devoid of locomotion and having, of course, a very low grade of life, and less intelligence, even, than an oyster.

When first pulled from the rock where it grows, the sponge looks like a wrinkled mass of putty. It is drab color, exceedingly heavy, has a sickening odor, and is filled with a stringy mucus which drops from it in long, sticky lines. The external pores are partly closed by a sort of sea-bug which must be an annoying interloper to the sponge-builder; while often a red sea-worm an inch

or two in length is found far within the fibres. What is the exact office of the mucous fluid does not appear to be clearly settled. But is certain that when taken from the sponge and placed on still bottoms, new sponges are produced from it; and if two pieces of the same living sponge, or of two different sponges of the same species are laid side by side on the sea bottom, they grow together.

Sponges are found in warm waters in various parts of the world, the best coming from the Mediterranean sea, where divers bring them up, and some of the finest grades have sold as high as \$50 or \$100 a pound for surgical and other purposes.

Off the Bahama Islands there is also a productive sponge bottom. The sponge bottoms most sought are in the coral beds, fifty miles east of Nassau. Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the fisher, with his water-glass—a pane of glass set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. When he discovers a sponge he sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted to the end with a double hook. The hook is inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached to be brought up on deck. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the valuable sponges from those that are worthless. The strain on the eye and body is most intense; the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet make almost every sponge-fisher a victim of acute rheumatism, yet he rarely earns more than \$15 per month. To prepare the sponges for export they are placed on deck under the tropical sun, or hung in larfie festoons from the little vessel's mast, so that the heat may kill all the living organisms within the fiber. Then the sponges are dumped into a sort of cage made by driving a circle of small piles a few inches apart from each other in the sand. Through

these piles the tide plays violently, washing away from the sponge the sand, the dead animaculæ, and other impurities with which the mass is clogged.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Texas Siftings.

Nobody can have any idea how lawyers, particularly young lawyers, overwork their brains, unless he goes to the courts, and is an eye-witness to the cross examination of a witness by a rising member of the bar. It is worth paying admission to see. The witness has given in his testimony, and is turned over like a lamb to the slaughter, or a rabbit to the tender mercies of an anaconda. There is a hushed stillness, so to speak, as the anaconda prepares to throw its voluminous folds around the trembling victim, crush its bones, and then swallow the shapeless mass. It is perfectly awful. The brow becomes corrugated with deep thought; the glittering eye is bent on the guilty wretch of a witness, who seems conscious of his approaching doom. Slowly and solemnly like the supreme head of the church promulgating, officially, some entirely new dogma, the words reverberating like minute guns at sea, the coming Blackstone says:

"Did — you — not — swear — on — your — direct — examination — that — your — name — was Peter Snooks?"

The witness said he did. Then the lawyer buries his massive brow in his hands and thinks, and thinks. Suddenly running his fingers through his hair, he fixes his glittering orbs as if they could see the buckle on the back of the witness's vest, and asks:

"Now, sir, I will ask you on your oath to tell this court and jury, without any hemming or hawing, giving a categorical answer to a categorical question—I ask you now whether your name is not Peter Snooks, instead of Pete Snooks, as you swore it was a moment ago?"

Witness: "My name——"

"Halt! May it please your Honor, the witness is trifling with this court and jury. He is evidently trying to lug in hearsay evidence. According to second Greenleaf, page 286——"

"The witness will proceed," said the court, yawning.

"Your Honor, during the whole course of my long and extensive practice——"

"The witness will proceed."

"Your Honor will please note my exception. I intend that the Supreme Court shall pass on this case."

Witness: "Yes."

"Are you a resident of this city?"

Witness: "Yes."

"The city of Austin?"

Witness: "Yes."

Then Blackstone, Jr., walks backward and forward, his brow as hunky with thought as an old washboard. The anaconda is about to spring.

"County of Travis?"

"Yes."

"State of Texas?"

"Yes."

"We rest the case, may it please your Honor." And the planets keep right on around the sun as if nothing had happened.

THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

Scientific American.

Julius D. Petsch, the oldest locomotive engineer in the country, died last month in Charleston, S. C., the city of his birth. He ran the first locomotive ever built in this country and the second ever in use on an American railway. This locomotive was built at the West Point Foundry Works in New York in 1830, and was called "The Best Friend of Charleston," having been built for use on the South Carolina Railway, then in process of construction. It arrived in Charleston October 23, 1830, and was placed on the road on November 2, 1830. The second engine constructed in this country was built by the West Point Works for the same road,

which was begun in 1830, and was opened for traffic in 1833, for its whole length, 135 miles. At that time it was the longest continuous line of railway in the world.

Mr. Petsch, as already stated, was the engineer of "The Best Friend of Charleston." He succeeded in inventing a number of improvements to it, which, had they been patented, would have probably yielded him a handsome fortune. The most important of these improvements was the skinking of wrought iron tires on wheels and the placing of what are known as "the outside connections" on a locomotive. After serving as engineer for some time, he was promoted to the office of superintendent of the South Carolina Railway during the presidency of Mr. H. W. Connor.

During the Seminole war Mr. Petsch was employed as an engineer in Florida. As a master machinist, Mr. Petsch was known all over the State. He superintended the building of the "New Bridge" over the Ashley River, the placing of the machinery in the Confederate gunboat *Chicora* during the late war, and the erection of the machinery in the cotton mill at Graniteville, S. C. He was in his seventy-eighth year at the time of his death.

GEN. GRANT'S REPLY.

Chicago Times.

I remember hearing a conversation between Gen. Grant and a Kentucky girl at the St. Louis merchant's exchange in 1875, when Gen. (then president) Grant was visiting the St. Louis fair. A number of ladies were introduced to the president, whereupon he spoke in very high terms of St. Louis, the fair etc. "You are mistaken, Mr. President; we are not from St. Louis," laughingly said one of the girls; "we are from Kentucky, a very fine state, you know, which possesses three things all men of taste must appreciate."

Smilingly, the president asked

her what they were. She answered, "We have the fastest horses, the prettiest women, and the finest whisky in the world." The president replied, "Your horses are certainly justly renowned, I have some on my farm near here; yourself and party prove the correctness of your second observation, but whisky is one of the things that requires age and your men consume it so fast that it rarely has a fair chance to become good." The girls thought that if Gen. Grant could not make a long speech, he was apt at repartee.

THE POPULAR MAN.

The Hour.

The man who succeeds is the popular man—the man who has hosts of acquaintances, and who does not hesitate to ask a favor, any more than he does to do one. He cultivates his acquaintances and blossoms out before each one. He is always glad to see them, and always has a smile and pleasant word. Beyond a certain point he is intimate with none, knowing that a man with strong friendships is sure to have some decided enemies, and an enmity is often most inconvenient.

The popular man knows all the the prominent men of the club; but he never neglects those who fill the ranks of mediocrity. He is especially thoughtful of his elders. Everything that comes to his mill is grist.

There is nothing hypocritical in all this. The popular man is what he seems to be. He wishes well to everyone, himself included, and he would do no one an ill turn. He wishes no one to do him harm. His desire is to make things pleasant to others that others may make things pleasant unto him. He does not neglect the harder work of life.

If he is in a profession, he studies diligently for some hours each day, when there is no opportunity to cultivate the social part of his nature, or to render his relations with others more friendly. If he is in trade

he does not neglect to learn his business thoroughly from the bottom up. What he does he does well, no matter how small it is.

Such a man is sure to command success. He is thorough and can be depended upon in purely business relations, and in his social life he charms and attracts his acquaintances, so that every one wants to help him. If he is a young lawyer, the elderly men, to whom he is always deferential in manner, think of him first when a little legal business comes in their way that will pay him well but is too small for them. He gets the job.

If he is a young broker, speculators remember that he is honest and capable, give him their commission, even in preference, perhaps, to a more repellant acquaintance who is more conveniently at hand. If a social gathering is lacking in one member, he is always thought of as the one to fill the vacant place. Women smile on him and his chances of marrying well are ten-fold better, even if he is poor, than a more sedate and quiet man of possibly much greater force of character.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

How we Strive for it and What it Costs.

Chicago Advance.

We are so far creatures of habit that we drive on along certain lines unless something pushes us off them. We once had the habit of saving; we have been driven off that line by several conspiring forces. One of them is the abundance of natural bounties given to this people. Along with this goes the effect of numerous suddenly gotten fortunes, and the large gains that have come from trade, invention and the rise of real estate. A multitude of people becoming rich in a few years have set an example of free spending, which has been contagious. Our Democratic society has done the rest. We must all ride in parlor cars, sleep in first-class hotels, wear good new clothes, have Queen Anne houses

and furniture, because each of us is as good as another, and there must not be any external evidence of our being poorer than our neighbors. So it has come about that many of us reverse Wesley's rule and read it, "Spend all you can;" for it is only by the largest possible spending that we can "keep up appearances."

The growth of vast fortunes might have been expected to break up the race for equality, for surely the millionaires must easily keep ahead of the rest of us; but a close observer sees that we resent this distinction, and that a protest against great wealth, with its special privileges, is at the heart of the anti-monopoly feeling. We got fixed in our heads that we must be socially equal and we tried to vindicate our principle; and we are deeply aggrieved because a few hundred or thousands of families have gotten beyond the reach of our purposes. So it has come about that our notions of what we need to spend are socially regulated. It is not our idea of comfort conceived by ourselves, but the social standard of comfort that rules in our feelings. We are unhappy if we cannot keep up with others; if we must not have what they have; if we must openly show that we are getting shabby and out at the elbows. Most of the fathers would have laughed at such griefs as these from which their children suffer, not because they were coarse creatures, but because they had not the habit of measuring happiness in social measures. We have that habit, and it has supplanted the habit of thrift which our fathers had.

BILL NYE AND THE BUMPOLOGIST.

Much harm has been done by a long haired phrenologist in the West, who has, during his life, felt over 100,000 heads. A comparison of a large number of the charts given in these cases shows that, so far, no head examined would indicate anything less than a member

of the Lower House of Congress. Artists, orators, prima donas, and statesmen are plenty, but there are no charts showing the natural-born farmer, carpenter, shoemaker or chambermaid.

That is the reason butter is so high west of the Missouri river today, while genius actually runs riot.

What this day and age of the world needs is a phrenologist who will paw around among the intellectual domes of free-born American citizens and search out a few men who can milk a cow in a cool and unimpassioned tone of voice.

Let me say a word to the bright-eyed youth of America. Let me murmur in your ear this never dying truth: When a long-haired crank asks you one dollar to tell you that you are a young Demosthenes, stand up and look yourself over at a distance before you swallow it all.

There is no use talking, we have got to procure provisions in some manner, and in order to do so the natural born bone and sinew of the country must go at it and promote the growth of such things, or else we artists, poets and statesmen will have to take off our standing collars and do it ourselves.

Phrenology is a good thing, no doubt, if we can purify it. So long as it does not become the slave of capital there is nothing about phrenology that is going to do harm, but when it becomes the creature of the trade dollar it looks as though the country would be filled up with wild-eyed genius that hasn't had a square meal for two weeks. The time will surely come when America will demand less statesmanship and more flour; when less statistics and a purer, nobler and more progressive style of beefsteak will demand our attention.

I had hoped that phrenology would step in and start this reform, but so far it has not, within the range of my observation. It may be, however, that the mental giant

bump-translator with whom I came in contact was not a fair business representative. Still he has been in the business for over thirty years, and some of our most polished criminals have passed under his hands.

THE BRIDE HAD WEALTH.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Uncle Mose approached the county clerk the other day to obtain a marriage license. The clerk, in order to poke fun at the old man, said seriously:

"I hope the bride has got 75 cents in cash, for the legislature has passed a law forbidding us to issue a license unless the bride had that amount."

"Jess go ahead with the papers, boss," said uncle Mose, approaching the clerk, and then he leaned over and whispered in his ear, "dar's reliable rumors about a dollar and a quarter."

BLUFFING A WAITER.

M. Quad.

As we got into South Carolina we were joined by a Judge from Pittsburg. I forgot just what court he was judge of, but he had been traveling South for his health, and had just figured up that he had paid out \$25 in fees to waiters, and was mad all the way through. He vowed by his baldness that he wouldn't pay out another red cent, and we encouraged him as hard as we could.

When we went up to the hotel, the landlord gave us a big room with three beds in it. A big negro brought the trunks up, and when he was ready to go the judge called to him and began:

"Colored person, stand up! Now I want to say to you that I shall expect prompt service without fees. You have brought up my trunk; that's all right—it was your business to. I shall want water; and I may want a fire, and I shall probably ask you to go errands; but if you even look fees at me I'll throw you out of the window!"

We were there two days, and the waiter was vigilant, humble and willing; but as we made ready to depart the morning of the third, in comes a constable to arrest the Judge for threats of personal violence. It had been sworn out before a justice ten miles away, and the complainant was the negro waiter.

It took the two of us to hold the Judge down on his back during his first paroxysm, and when he had cooled off a little the negro slipped into the room and said:

"White man, stand up! Now I want to say to you dat a five dollar bill will settle dis yer case jist as I feel now; but if you goes to callin' names or pullin' hair or kickin' I'll stick for \$25. Dat Justice am my brudder, an' he's jist achin' to send some white man to jail fur six months!"

We sat on the Judge again for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time he handed over the amount and was pronounced sane.

AN HONEST CUSTOMER.

Alta California.

There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearney street whose confidence in mankind has received a severe set-back. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store, and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for eight dollars yesterday?"

"Never dakes back anythings ven vonce solt, my friendt," said the hand-me-downowner.

"Oh, that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found this \$500 bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of gorse he vil—he has call alreaty, my tear friendt," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You ish von honish man. Here, I gif you feefty tollar ash a reward. Dot vill be all right." When the honest customer got around the corner he murmured softly, "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up

to Portland before that fellow tumbles to counterfeit. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' around these parts, and that's a fact."

EDWIN FORREST'S PECULIARITIES.

Ben: Perley Poor.

Edwin Forrest played an engagement at Washington in January, 1871, and large audiences went to see him, partly out of curiosity and partly to compare him with younger tragedians. Although well advanced in the autumn of life, he appeared somewhat as he had a quarter of a century before. He was a heavy, imposing man, of large stature, a good head, deeply engraved features, a carriage of dignity, and that great voice, like the musical roll of a bass drum, which in its softer tones was exquisite, and in its highest compass was like a lion's roar. He was older, and he showed it in his legs, with their lumpy and set muscles, destitute of the roundness of youth, in the heavy eyes, the smile which he appeared to lift to his face with as much labor as the drawing of cold water from a deep well, the easy adaptability with which he assumed aged parts and his utter failure to simulate youth.

The defects of Mr. Forrest were those incurable traits and mannerisms, partly inseparable from his o'er ample physique, and partly acquired in those years of his fame when the pit occupied the place of the present orchestra floor. Some of these were the working of his jaw to express rage; the particular malignity of his smile when there was no special occasion for anything lurid; the quaint sotto voce way he had on the eve of action, of muttering his sentences at running speed, and the long, yelling interjective: "Ha-aw-a-a-aw-a," with which, after copious rhetoric, he flung himself toward the flies, to express sorrow. He was truly sweet, and also very grand in the quieter places, where his huge voice, strength and countenance were let down to our more average

humanity, and his roar became a grateful rumble, as if we had been all at once released from a tunnel and were riding along in the open air.

SHE WAS CONVINCED.

Merchant Traveler.

"Oh, I can't sing," pleaded a young man, who femininely wanted to be coaxed before gratifying his auditors.

"Yes, you can. I've heard two or three of your friends say so," persisted a pretty girl to whom he had been talking.

"No, I can't," he repeated, getting up to go to the piano.

"Yes, you can. Go on now and sing, please," she urged.

He said he couldn't two or three times more, but he went ahead, and for half an hour his voice was the most prominent thing in the room. Then he came back smiling to the young lady.

"Ah," she said wearily, "thanks. You were quite right about the singing."

His face clouded, and he never spoke again to the girl who agreed with him.

A MATTER OF POLICY.

New York Telegram.

A beautiful and bashful young woman of nineteen summers called recently at the office of a life insurance agent, and asked him timidly if he could tell her how long people of a certain age would live.

"Madam," replied the agent, coughing respectfully behind a prospectus, and drawing his chair near to her, "here are our tables of expectation and average mortality, which contain all the information upon the subject that you can desire."

"Well," said she, "how long will a man of 67, and that eats peas with a knife live?"

"According to our table, madam," replied the agent, "he should on the average, survive eleven years, three months and sixteen days."

"That," said the visitor, "would be till the 21st of April, 1896?"

"Precisely, madam, on the average expectation of mortality, for we must all die, and it is therefore well to insure against loss to the loved ones in a company whose character——"

"And how much could I insure his life for?"

"Oh, for any amount—say for \$10,000!" he answered, taking up a blank form of application. "Let me recommend the unexpected advantages offered by our non-forfeitable endowment policy."

"Well," said the lady, "I think, then, I'll marry him."

"Insure him, you mean?" corrected the agent.

"No, marry him; you insure him. You see," she added with a burst of confidence, "I love Herbert, and Mr. Dawkins is old enough to be my grandfather. But Herbert is poor, and I just worship the cornor lots Mr. Dawkins builds on. And Herbert is very patient, and says that if I will only fix a day, no matter how long he may have to wait, he will be happy. Now you say Mr. Dawkins will die by the 21st of April, 1896; and as it wouldn't be decent to marry again till I've been a year in mourning, I'll arrange to marry Herbert on the 22d of April, 1897, and if Mr. Dawkins doesn't die by then you'll give me \$10,000. O, thank you!" and with a deep bow she swept out of the office.

FORREST'S STAGE MANAGER.

He Contrasts the Present with the Past in Stage Decoration.

Boston Globe.

"The stage costuming of to-day is nothing as it was a few years ago," said one of Boston's best known costumers, once a favorite actor. He stood, busily engaged in transforming three bright-eyed, beardless boys into red-coated soldiers of the queen, in one of those peculiar rooms, ancient, mediæval, and modern in decoration, that are so often fascinating to the visitor's eye.

"If you look at the earlier pictures of Garrick or Siddons in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*, you will find that in every character they are dressed in the costumes of Washington's time—the continental costumes, as they are called. They never made any attempt to follow the costumes of the period."

"Who started the reform in this matter?"

"It was first introduced in England by Maccready and Charles Kean. Formerly the actors wore either just what they happened to have or just what the wardrobe women gave them, and it often made the most motley combination you ever saw. I remember once I was playing with Forrest, and was stage manager also. Now Forrest was one who was very particular about his costumes. He would go on to play his part, and I could see him casting his eyes all over the stage to see how his people looked, but he never would say anything. Well, one night we opened somewhere with *King Lear*, and when I went to get the costumes from the wardrobe woman I said:

"What are you going to dress the doctor in?"

"A domino, of course. We always play him domino."

"Why, how is that?" I said. "The doctor is a gentleman, and should play in a gentleman's costume."

"Well, he always has played in a domino, and he can either use that or go without." I went home and "faked" up some kind of a costume of the gentleman of the period, and we played him in it that night.

"During the play Forrest came round to me and said:

"Where did you get the idea of playing the doctor in that costume?"

"The idea is partly historical and partly my own," I told him.

"It's a good idea—a mighty good idea," he said, with a few of those ornamental words he often used; 'let him keep it on.'"

"That is one instance of how these

little changes for the better creep in."

"Where do you obtain all your ideas for costuming a historical play?"

"Chiefly from reading and experience. I have a library of works on the subject, and general literature, I wouldn't take \$2,000 for. Yes, plates help us a great deal in getting the color. We can't gain much information from the ordinary novelist. He isn't definite enough. Now there is one thing I don't think everyone has noticed about Henry Irving's costumes and those of his company. He owns and designs them all, as you know, but there is hardly one of them that has any gold or silver ornamentation, except a little on the cloaks. He has the very richest stuffs, and the actor has no choice but to take what Irving gives him. I consider Irving one of the very best stage managers we have had."

"Do the actors as a rule look after the costumes of their company?"

"No, the costumer and stage manager attend to that. Lawrence Barrett, I believe, designs many costumes, and is, perhaps, more particular than most of them. The lady stars have all they can do to look after their own wardrobes. Sarah Bernhardt, though, is simply a marvel of a stage manager. She will dodge behind the scene and set six different persons going in different directions all at once, step into her dressingroom and change her magnificent costumes so quickly you can hardly believe she has done it and reappear on the stage smiling. Janauschek, too, when she brought out Brunhilde here for the first time, procured a lot of copies of the German stage setting—she was the original Brunhilde in Germany—and the scene painter made up all his scenes from them and they were of course, accurate. Take it in Hanlon's 'Fantasma,' for instance. The artist sent us word that in one scene we must use only silver and white

to match his scene, and then we knew just how to go to work."

"Yes, the Germans have the finest stage settings in the world, simply because they have schools where the business is taught. But look at us! We have nothing of the sort. We have a great deal to learn yet."

ENTERPRISING LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

American Machinist.

The Lodge of Locomotive Firemen located at Pueblo, Col., appears to be doing very important educational service to its members. The time of their meetings is devoted to discussing matters connected with their work, and in helping each other to information connected with difficult locomotive questions. They have recently received a present from the Westinghouse Brake Company of 25 instruction books; also a triple valve and an engineer's valve to aid them in their discussions on continuous brakes. They are now figuring on the model of a valve motion, and, from what we know of the energy and perseverance of leading members, we feel certain that the model will soon be secured, and that it will be used to good purpose.

WOULDN'T FORGET HIM.

Arkansas Traveler.

A benevolent gentleman, while waiting for a street car, was approached by a negro who asked him for a nickel. The gentleman only had a nickel, but there was something so appealing about the negro, that he gave him the nickel and decided to walk home.

"Thankee, sah! Thankee. De Lawd ain't gwinter furgit yer fur dis."

"That's all right."

"Yas, sah, yas."

"Just then the car came along and the negro hopped on, with agility.

"Here," exclaimed the gentleman. "You are an old scoundrel."

"Yas, sah, yas, but de Lawd ain't gwine ter furgit yer."

LITTLE TIN PAILS.

Terre Haute Mail.

The phenomenal popularity of the late Dr. J. G. Holland with all classes of readers, and his great moral strength, as well, were largely due to the simple fact of the purity of his own life, his fondness and genuine affection for his home, and the eagerness with which he gave to the world of his own soul experiences, such charming pictures from the bright side of home life. In none of the many beautiful sketches of this nature, which his pen was so happy in portraying, is there anything more tender and touching than the following description of the laborer's home. This little domestic story, though old in years, is new to the world of to-day, and is as pertinent and forcible as if written but yesterday. From one who knew the writer personally and of the honesty and sincerity of his writings, comes a request that his story of "The Little Tin Pails" be reproduced in these columns:

At about six o'clock in the afternoon, a passenger cannot walk through the quietest street in the city without meeting men each with a little tin pail in his hand. As the bearer swings it at his side, and raps it against his large buttons, one can readily know that it is empty. Where has he been? What has he been doing? What is the pail for? One may not be able to see anything in the pail, but, after all, it has a pleasant story in it. Early in the morning that pail is filled. Before the breakfast things are washed and put away, it is placed upon the table by a good, industrious woman, who rose before the sun to prepare the morning meal and bathe and dress the children. Her fingers and feet have been busy all the morning, and now she stops all other work to see the laboring husband off to his work, and prepare his noon meal for him. The bread and meat, the large piece of pie, the gingerbread, the pickles, and, perhaps, some dainty bit which

she had saved for the man she loves, and placed in the little tin pail, one after another, until it is full, and the lid placed snugly on. He, the laborer stands by and looks on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to the youngest, says a pleasant good morning to his wife, takes his pail in his hand, and away he goes.

From that time he disappears for the day. No one asks where he goes, and few know. He swings the hammer or pushes the plane, or practices some other handicraft, in-doors or out. He toils all day for bread and clothing, for himself and family. His arms are strong, and his heart is courageous, and his mind content. The rich roll by in their carriages, but he cares not. Lazy idlers attract his eye for a moment, but he despises them. When noontime comes, and the long whistle sounds at the shops, he drops his work, and opens his little tin pail. Down goes the meat with the true zest, and the bread tastes as sweetly as manna, for he has health which labor brings. At last he reaches the bottom, and his eyes moisten as he sees there a piece of fruit or some little delicacy, which the kind wife has smuggled in unknown to him—something which has cost her self-denial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With his appetite, and with the sweet associations which embalm it, it is a feast for the gods.

The whistle sounds again, and again the strong hands and courageous heart are at work. The day is now upon the wane, but he grows very little weary, for there is a warm place in his heart that feeds the fire on which willing labor depends. His eyes are lifted to the clock, hour after hour, during pauses in his labor, and down falls the tardy index, until, at last, the stroke of six rings out, and the whistle of release for the day gives a welcome blast. Before him are twelve or fourteen blessed hours of rest! The rough hands are washed, and the shirt sleeves are rolled down and buttoned, the coat

put on, and the little tin pail taken from its hiding place, and he is in the street again. Now we meet him. Now the streets are full of little tin pails. They are carried by men who have self-respect, who live manly lives, who earn their bread, and "owe not any man." The little tin pails swing carelessly at their sides the celebration of a day's labor achieved—of hard money hardly won. A thousand children run to meet the little tin pails, and beg the privilege of carrying them into the houses and tenements scattered all over the city. In five hundred of these the table is already set out, and at the fire sits the neatly dressed wife and the hissing tea-pot, awaiting the husband's return. Behold the family group gathered around the evening board! Before those healthy appetites how quickly the viands disappear! And then the good wife washes the tea-things where they stood, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped out and polished off for the next day's service. Thus, and thus again, the days go round, with long, sweet sleep between.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

God bless the laborer! God bless his companion, his little tin pail! May it evermore be full of love and all love's sweet associations as it is filled each morning with food, and may the food never fail! Few understand how truly the little tin pail is the index of the prosperity of a community. The more thickly we meet them in the streets, the more prosperous do we know that we are growing. Oh, let us feel kindly towards the little tin pails, and deal kindly toward those who bear them. For labor is the truly honorable thing among men. There is not a neatly graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well trained tree, that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, and creates navies, and bridges

rivers, and lays the railroad track, and infuses every part of the flying locomotive, Wherever the steamer plough the waves, or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth; wherever wheat fields wave and the mill wheels turn, there labor is the conquerer and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears with it the impress of toiling hands. Should not the laborer be well fed? Should he not have the best wife, and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat, and drink, and wear, be honored? To us, there is more true poetry about the laborer's life and lot than any other man's under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils—if he toil manfully, honestly, efficiently and contentedly. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the "good time coming, boys," it will be.

A DIAMOND AS BIG AS A WALNUT.

Philadelphia Times.

"The President" is the name of a yellowish piece of quartz-like stone in possession of H. Muhr's sons, the diamond merchants on Chestnut street, below Seventh. "This is the largest rough diamond that has ever been imported into the United States," said Simon Muhr yesterday. "In its present condition it weighs 128 carats. It was brought to New York by express last Tuesday. It was found in the DeBeer mine at Kimberly, South Africa, where several other large stones have been discovered. The stone is a perfect octahedron, without a flaw, and although it is yellowish now it will be nearly white when cut. It will then be what is known as the 'bi-water' or 'second white' stone. Its shape being so good it will weigh, when finished, about seventy carats. If the diamond had been pure white, its value would have been about \$250,000, but as it is I expect we shall get from \$25,000 to \$30,000 for

it. The next largest diamond to this one in the United States was seventy-five carats in weight when imported in the rough, and now weighs forty-two carats. It is said to have been purchased by Minnie Palmer for \$40,000. It is pure white and called the Cleveland."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FINANCES.

Boston Budget.

On one occasion Webster had invited some friends to dinner. As he left home in the morning he requested his wife to send John down to the office about 10 o'clock to go to market with him. John came down accordingly. Mr. Webster was busy writing. He asked John if he had any money. John replied in the negative. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "go down to Mr. Burritt and ask him to lend me \$5." (Burritt was a stationer in the lower story.) John came back and stated that Mr. Burritt had not \$5, but sent him \$10, which Webster took and put in his waistcoat pocket. Pretty soon a poor woman came in on an alm-asking errand. Said Webster, still writing, "I know all about it; you've lost your husband and have five small children and nothing to eat. Take this!" and he gave her the ten-dollar note which John had borrowed from Mr. Burritt. By and by he finished his work and remarked to his servant: "Now, John, we'll go to market." Down they went through Court and Washington streets and Dock Square to the Quincy market, below Faneuil Hall. Mr. Webster bought of the butchers at the south end of the market what suited him, but made no payments, as he had accounts with them. At last they reached the vegetable dealer, of whom Webster also made a purchase and was about to pass on as before when the faithful John arrested him with the remark: "Mr. Webster, this man is a stranger to us; we never had dealings with him." "True" said the great lawyer, "very true;" and put his hand

his pocket for the money to pay the amount. Finding none, he said to his servant: "John, I thought you gave me some money just now?" "So I did, sir, but you gave it to that poor woman who came into the office." "Ah, so I did, but I had forgotten all about it. Well, John, you must borrow some more money and come down and pay these people; and now we will go home."

WILLING TO PAY EXTRA.

A western bridegroom at an uptown hotel summoned a bell-boy by bawling down six flights of stairs.

"W—what's the matter?" panted the boy, as he responded to the unique summons.

"It's that air light," said the bridegroom, indicating the gas, "I've been tryin' to blow the durned thing out for fifteen minutes. If it costs anything extry to sleep in the dark, jess say so, an' I'll pay the bill. Mariar, you get behind the trunk a minit,"

CURIOSITY.

Philadelphia Call.

Little Dick—"Is you going to be my new brother?"

Mr. DeRich (accepted suitor)—"Yes, my little fellow."

"You is goin' to get hitched to my sister, ain't you?"

"Your lovely sister and I are ere long to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"I'd like to see 'em."

"See what?"

"The bonds. Sister has been blowin' about how many you have to everybody what comes."

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Texas Sifting.

Not long since an Austin lawyer was appointed by the District Judge to examine a candidate for admission to the bar. The young man was rather deficient in Blackstone and Greenleaf. It looked very much as though he lacked the requisite preparation.

"Do you know what fraud is in

the judicial sense of the word?" inquired the examining attorney.

"I don't—I hardly think I do," was the stammering reply.

"Well, fraud exists when a man takes advantage of his superior knowledge to injure an ignorant person."

"So that's it, is it? Then if you take advantage of your superior knowledge of law to ask me questions I can't answer, owing to my ignorance, and, in consequence thereby, I am refused a license, I will be injured, and you will be guilty of fraud. Won't you, Judge?"

The lawyer was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then added, reflectively:

"My young friend, I perceive you have great natural qualifications for the bar, and I shall recommend that a large handsomely engrossed and richly engraved license be granted you in spite of your ignorance."

BYRON AND CAROLINE LAMB.

The Story of their Friendship as Told by the Newly Published Byron Letters. Fortnightly Review.

Lady Caroline Lamb, who loved Byron so madly, and on whom he had expended one of his fierce episodes of passion, was in her ardent nature and erratic genius much better suited to his tastes, and yet it had not taken him long to tire of her, beautiful as she had been. And were ever such bitter and cruel words addressed to a wronged woman, even though she had herself been fearfully to blame in the matter, as those sent by Byron to this poor creature, who had sent him a last touching appeal to remember her? He wrote:

"Remember you! remember you! Until the waters of Lethe have flowed over the burning torrent of your existence, shame and remorse will cry in your ears and pursue you with the delirium of fever. Remember you! Do you doubt it: I will remember. And your husband will also remember you. Neither of us

can ever forget you. To him you have been an unfaithful wife, and to me—a devil!”

Terrible words, which apparently changed her love to hate, for she was his relentless enemy for many years. But one day the great poet died in Greece, the death of a hero. His body was taken back to England for burial, and Caroline Lamb stood at her window and saw the procession go by. The coffin was followed by a dog howling piteously. Caroline uttered a heartrending cry and sunk to the floor insensible. They raised her and placed her on her bed, from which she never arose. She was borne from it to her grave. Such was the devotion which his fatal beauty and fascination won from women, many women, in his brief life.

It has been thought by some that had Byron had the good fortune to meet his latest love, the Countess Guiccioli, in his youth, all his stormy life might have been changed and redeemed. However this may be, she seems, as far as we can judge of her, to have been more likely to be a poet's one great love than any of the others who for a time held his wandering fancy. Beautiful as a poet's wild dream, young, ardent, gifted and passionately devoted to him, what more could even his exacting nature demand? “Educated in the gloom of a convent, the notes of the organ, the clouds of incense, the waxen tapers burning at the feet of the Virgin, the litanies of the nuns—all this had filled her mind with the poetry of the cloister, and with the mystic and undefinable love which at the first contact with the world was ready to change into a violent passion when it should meet with an object upon which to fix itself.” Married as soon as she left the convent to a man selected by her parents, whom she had barely seen, and who was old enough to be her father, she was at the time Byron first saw her a melancholy and unhappy woman, much given

to the reading of poetry and of the immoral novels of that time and place.

That she should love Byron at first sight was inevitable, and the tragedy that followed was almost as inevitable. She, herself, thus describes her first acquaintance with him. “His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and superior a being to any by whom I was surrounded or had hitherto seen that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice we met every day.” Almost the only glimpse of quiet happiness which Byron ever enjoyed came from this irregular connection.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Boston Herald.

The population of London is sheltered by 550,000 dwelling houses, and the area of streets and squares embraces 122 square miles. Every day sees an average of 10,000 strangers enter the city, and 123 persons added to the population; while each year 28 miles of new streets are laid out, and 9,000 new houses erected. There are 129,000 paupers, upon whom 10,700 police keep a close eye. The population includes 120,000 foreigners, more Roman Catholics than there are in Rome, and more Jews than there are in Palestine. Two thousand clergymen preside over 620 churches and 423 chapels, of which latter buildings the Independents have 121, the Baptists 100, the Wesleyans 77, the Catholics 90, the Calvinists 10, the Presbyterians 10, the Quakers 71 and the Jews 10. The number of cats kept by the people is so large (700,000) that “cat's meat” is daily delivered at the majority of houses. The 3,000 horses which die each week are utilized to meet this demand:

GEN. SCOTT IN HIS OLD AGE.**His Irascibility, Vanity and Other Characteristics.**

Philadelphia Press.

In his latter years Gen. Scott was very irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was still at the head of the army, with his office on Seventh street, just opposite the War Department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, cane in hand. A volunteer Orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau, which he had been directed to deliver to Gen. Scott at once. The Orderly reckoning nothing of Adjutant Generals or Chiefs of Staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh, General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—" For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled Orderly sprang to one side, and the General got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. Gen. Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending Orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached Gen. Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the General, "report to your Colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to Gen. Scott as an officer, and that Gen. Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. Gen. Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

In 1861 a lady passing the season here was very anxious to get Gen. Scott's autograph. He was very busy, and she found her task very difficult. One day a happy thought struck her that her pretty little ten-

year-old daughter might be able in this case to do what she herself could not. So she sent the charming little girl to the General's office with the autograph album. The Orderly told her that she could not see the busy General. She would wait, she said. As the end of half an hour the Orderly took her request to the Adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her she could not possibly see the General. She said she must. At last the Adjutant showed her the door leading to General Scott's office, and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word, she marched right in. This is her description of the call at the time. "I was afraid at first when he looked up; but as soon as he saw it was only me he said right pleasantly: 'Well, little girl, whom do you want?'" and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book, and he looked sharp at me and then smiled a little bit, and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him my pa was in the army, and my ma was all alone with me and then he kissed my cheek and wrote in ma's book and said good morning to me, and I came out and nobody didn't hurt me at all." This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime.—Winfield Scott."

One Saturday afternoon in the summer, just before Scott left the army forever, President Lincoln, with some friends, sat on a balcony at the rear of the White House, listening to the music of the marine band, when General Scott was announced. The President immediately advanced to meet him, and returned with the Lieutenant-General, in full uniform, on his arm. The crowd on the lawn saw the President and the white-haired veteran, stopped talking, looked at the pair for a moment, and then broke forth into applause. The General at once stepped to the front and raised his hat in acknowledgement. The band very appropriately played

"Hail to the chief," while the crowd continued the clapping of hands. "You've got a good many young generals, Mr. President," said the old hero, turning to Lincoln; "but they don't forget the old General yet, do they?" "We could spare a hundred of them," said the President, helping the General to a seat, "better than he." "I thank you, Mr. President, I thank you," said the General, with tears in his eyes.

THE ROUND TRIP.

Detroit Free Press.

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said, as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance, and whispered:

"His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow.

"Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again, babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he exclaimed in a strong voice, "I'm ready."

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off, and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. She never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house, yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice, the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler, faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured, faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm—on—my—way—home—it's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I'm going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas.

He was smoking a fine full-flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired politely. "Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?" "Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This cost me twenty cents and that five." The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck*.

GEN. SCOTT IN HIS OLD AGE.**His Irascibility, Vanity and Other Characteristics.**

Philadelphia Press.

In his latter years Gen. Scott was very irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was still at the head of the army, with his office on Seventh street, just opposite the War Department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, cane in hand. A volunteer Orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau, which he had been directed to deliver to Gen. Scott at once. The Orderly reckoning nothing of Adjutant Generals or Chiefs of Staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh, General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—" For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled Orderly sprang to one side, and the General got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. Gen. Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending Orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached Gen. Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the General, "report to your Colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to Gen. Scott as an officer, and that Gen. Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. Gen. Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

In 1861 a lady passing the season here was very anxious to get Gen. Scott's autograph. He was very busy, and she found her task very difficult. One day a happy thought struck her that her pretty little ten-

year-old daughter might be able in this case to do what she herself could not. So she sent the charming little girl to the General's office with the autograph album. The Orderly told her that she could not see the busy General. She would wait, she said. As the end of half an hour the Orderly took her request to the Adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her she could not possibly see the General. She said she must. At last the Adjutant showed her the door leading to General Scott's office, and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word, she marched right in. This is her description of the call at the time. "I was afraid at first when he looked up; but as soon as he saw it was only me he said right pleasantly: 'Well, little girl, whom do you want?' and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book, and he looked sharp at me and then smiled a little bit, and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him my pa was in the army, and my ma was all alone with me and then he kissed my cheek and wrote in ma's book and said good morning to me, and I came out and nobody didn't hurt me at all." This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime.—Winfield Scott."

One Saturday afternoon in the summer, just before Scott left the army forever, President Lincoln, with some friends, sat on a balcony at the rear of the White House, listening to the music of the marine band, when General Scott was announced. The President immediately advanced to meet him, and returned with the Lieutenant-General, in full uniform, on his arm. The crowd on the lawn saw the President and the white-haired veteran, stopped talking, looked at the pair for a moment, and then broke forth into applause. The General at once stepped to the front and raised his hat in acknowledgement. The band very appropriately played

"Hail to the chief," while the crowd continued the clapping of hands. "You've got a good many young generals, Mr. President," said the old hero, turning to Lincoln; "but they don't forget the old General yet, do they?" "We could spare a hundred of them," said the President, helping the General to a seat, "better than he." "I thank you, Mr. President, I thank you," said the General, with tears in his eyes.

THE ROUND TRIP.

Detroit Free Press.

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said, as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance, and whispered:

"His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow.

"Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again, babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he exclaimed in a strong voice, "I'm ready."

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off, and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. She never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house, yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice, the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler, faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured, faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm—on—my—way—home—it's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I'm going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas.

He was smoking a fine full-flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired politely. "Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?" "Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This cost me twenty cents and that five." The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck*.

MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS.

Texas Sitings.

Wilson Candles, one of the most poverty-stricken young men of Galveston, appealed to Colonel Richley for the hand of his daughter.

"In the first place I've sent in my application to President Cleveland for a position in one of the departments."

"Have you any other resources?" asked the prospective father-in-law.

"You bet I have. I'm seriously thinking about giving up smoking."

"Pa," exclaimed the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, ain't it."

A LUCKY HEIR.

Chicago News.

Lawyer—"So your father is dead?"

"Yes."

"You seem to take it rather cheerily."

"Yes; he left considerable property."

"And do you think on that account he should not be mourned?"

"Oh, yes, he should be mourned, but I am not the one to do it."

"Then who on earth is? You are his only child."

"Oh, you lawyers will have to do the mourning this time. You see he didn't leave a will."

MY MUSICAL SWEETHEART.

In a villa by the ocean, far from Gotham's wild commotion
First was centered my devotion in the fair Clarinda Jones,
Wrapped was I in admiration of her ringing cackination,
And the perfect modulation of her sweet soprano tones.

She was positively pretty—like most maids from Gotham city,
Solo, aria or ditty she could sing to music's rule,
For she was a gushing maiden with a taste for Bach and Haydn.
And I—I was a poet of the sentimental school.

Endowed with all that nature could bestow on every feature,
She really was a creature born for mankind to adore.
And in many a poem ringing, I extolled her perfect singing.
That allured me as the siren did the mariner of yore.

Well; she favored my advances with her truly melting glances,
Lonely walks and mazy dances always found me by her side.
And memory doth linger when upon her taper finger,
I placed the gold engagement seal one blissful eventide.

August passed (so did September), ah, how clearly I remember
Every thing; e'en in November there was summer in my heart,
For I revelled in the kisses and the thousand other blisses
That unto an ardent lover such entrancing joys impart.

But we parted, sadly parted, like all lovers tender-hearted,
She to study art in Europe—I to languish here behind—
We exchanged a lasting token, and our words at parting spoken
Were that love's links should unbroken stay around our hearts entwined.

She came back—my gushing maiden—with imported music laden,
And an air aristocratic that for me was quite too high,
So my old inamorata energetically sought a
Nother trustful heart to cherish and to love her—so did I.

Thoughts of me did not distress her, for a musical professor
As her husband now doth bless her and her sweet soprano tones,
And a daughter of the Muses, as my loving wife, peruses
All my early foolish sonnets to the fair Clarinda Jones.

—Eugene Geary.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS *Editor.*
 WM. F. HYNES *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00
 SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,
 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

JULY, 1885.

WHEN A HUNDRED YEARS
GONE.

When a hundred years from the date of this number of the Magazine have joined the innumerable host of centuries gone, and 1985 makes its debut, what will be the condition of affairs in this great American Republic? Such an inquiry may not be usual, and yet, we opine, there are readers of the Magazine who do often, in moments of reverie, interrogate themselves upon the subject.

The estimate is that there are now in the United States 55,000,000 of souls. When a hundred years are gone an infirm and tottering remnant of the vast multitude, possibly a score, will remain, to recite to reporters their feeble recollections of events; the great majority, the millions, will have moved on and taken their places in the "silent halls," where death is master of ceremonies.

There may be those, who, in contemplation of this grim phase of the subject, will feel disposed to indulge themselves in the luxury of sentimental reflections, in which the

lachrymal machinery will bear tearful testimony to the intensity of feeling aroused by freaks of the imagination.

In fancy they will behold on the streets and highways of the country 55,000,000 funeral processions, the plumed hearse, the casket, the veiled mourners—possibly the brass band—all, even the horses, keeping step to the doleful dirge of death. Manifestly, death, instead of being a curse, is a great blessing. It makes room for the new comers, and sentimentalists can afford to take a thought of the births while deploring the ravages of death. When a hundred years are gone, the Republic will have, in spite of all that death can do, at least 275,000,000 inhabitants. Marriage bells will make merry music while funeral knells are telling what death has done—and as there will be more births than deaths, there will be more rejoicing than mourning in the land, while the next hundred years go marching on.

This reference to population suggests the topic of food. We are now producing, say 500,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, of which we have a surplus, after supplying the home demand, of about 225,000,000 bushels, estimating the consumption for bread and seed at five bushels per capita. If, therefore, in 1985 we maintain the average of five bushels per capita, 1,275,000,000 bushels of wheat will be required as the annual crop. Such figures may be startling, but they are not necessarily depressing. When a hundred years are gone it is safe to assume that the arable, the food-producing, land of the

world will be occupied, and made to contribute by scientific cultivation, abundant harvests for the sustenance of man; at any rate the present generation can do little for posterity, except to set an example of pluck and industry.

Speaking of population, suggests the area of the field when the multiplied millions are to operate, and the inquiry leads directly to consideration of race peculiarities. With 55,000,000 people it is found difficult to restrain aggressiveness. The Anglo-Saxon element predominating, the acquisition of territory will distinguish the future as it has the past, and when a hundred years are gone, it is prudent to assume that the Republic will embrace the North American continent. The pressure westward being arrested by the Pacific ocean, it must be northward and southward. Already thousands, citizens of the Dominion of Canada, discuss with steadily increasing favor the annexation of that country to the United States, and those who are capable of understanding the logic of events, of self-interest, of population and wealth, do not hesitate to predict the absorption of Mexico and the Central American States by the United States before a hundred years are gone.

There may be those who will say that such intimations of progress are huge hallucinations, the vaguest of vagaries, the result of mental infirmity. They will be forced to admit, however, that we have outlined possibilities. Probabilities admit of wider discussion. It might be well to state the proposition as follows:

If 3,000,000 of people, in a hundred years, from 1783 to 1884, gained 52,000,000, and acquired territory embracing an area of 2,765,640 square miles, what may be expected of 55,000,000 of people during the next hundred years in the way of acquiring territory, provided the land is in sight and approachable? We submit that the probabilities are abreast of the possibilities, and that we do not overestimate the greed and aggressiveness of the American people—indeed, we doubt if these characteristics admit of overestimates.

But in the further prognostication of the situation, when a hundred years are gone, the possible acquisition of territory need not be regarded as the most cheering branch of the subject. In the year 1985 we shall be the richest nation on the globe. In this connection it may be said, that the accumulation of wealth in the United States means more, when development and wealth are considered, than in any other country.

When a hundred years are gone, who, of all the seers of the present, can estimate the magnitude of the industrial enterprises which will then command the attention of statisticians?

When a hundred years are gone, it may be profitable to inquire if New England or the South will be the center of the cotton manufacturing industry of the Republic? Indeed, we might extend the inquiry and ask if the probabilities give assurance of England's control of the manufacturing industries of the world, when a hundred years are gone? Manifestly, New England will yield her supremacy to the

South, and England, no longer the money center of the world, will be required to succumb to the inevitable. Cheaper food and cheaper materials and greater wealth will rule in the realm of industries, and when a hundred years are gone the United States will control the markets of the world.

Those who take pleasure in contemplating the possibilities of progress would find little difficulty in giving their fancies the coloring of fact were they to read the history of events during the past hundred years. Who, of all sages and soothsayers living a hundred years ago, so much as dreamed that a day was coming, near or remote, when steam, on the sea and on the land, would stand crowned by the genius of man, a moving power, compared with which science can find no equal—a power which defies winds and waves, which has revolutionized commerce, peopled waste places and made deserts fruitful as Edens. Harnessed to the locomotive continents are traversed in a few hours, while millions of men and women, in palace cars, are transported as if the solid earth had been transformed into dreamland.

Who, of all the poets and prophets since the days when Joseph interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh, intimated that a time would come when man, by the fiat of his inscrutable genius, should command the lightnings to do his bidding, that time and distance should be annihilated, and the remotest places on the face of the earth should be brought into instantaneous communication? In the presence of the

telephone and the telegraph who, of all the doubters and croakers, has a right to intimate that still more and far more astounding revelations are not to bless the world, when a hundred years are gone.

To-day, those who predict that the time will come when men will fly—cleave the air with artificial wings, are regarded as vagarists, fanciful cranks, whose whims serve only to amuse philosophers, and who play the role of "court fool" to embellish the leisure of thinkers, when relaxation takes the place of work. But it may be said in reply that those who now predict astounding achievements of mind, who map out new highways for thought and invention, who believe, with all the accumulation of knowledge which the past has conferred upon the present, the foremost of discoverers have but entered the vestibule of the unknown, but not the unknowable, are not treated with greater rudeness than others in the far away days, who, like Galileo, was persecuted for asserting that the earth moves.

It would be interesting, in view of the gigantic strides man has made during the last century, in exploring the mysteries of nature, to outline still further the victories that will challenge the admiration of the world, when a hundred years are gone, but space forbids, and yet our readers have a right to anticipate the inquiry, what of the railroad system when a hundred years are gone? Such an inquiry suggests another, which comes still nearer to the great body of the patrons of the Magazine. It is, what of the Broth-

erhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America, when a hundred years are gone? We confess that the possibilities of the Brotherhood warrant estimates which task the imagination to the utmost limits of rational conjecture. We know that the railroad interests of America are in their infancy, and that our beloved Order is still more juvenile. The growth of the former means the expansion of the latter. An increase of the mileage of railroads means an increase in the grand army of Locomotive Firemen—more Lodges and more benevolence. It is a sublime idea. We are building Lodges, not only for the present, but for the future, not only for ourselves, but for posterity. We are laying the foundations deep and strong. Our theory is in consonance with the principles of truth, justice and benevolence, fraternity and the dignity of labor. We are builders, and our work is to go on forever. Our order is to renew its youth as the years speed on. Broad-based as the continent, and as enduring as the everlasting hills, it is designed to resist antagonistic influences from without, and can be overthrown only on the treason of its professed friends. But we indulge no misgivings, preferring to predict for the Brotherhood imperial sway and world-wide renown, when a hundred years are gone.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE SEEKING.

Summer is here, and the thoughts of thousands of the denizens of over crowded cities are away to the highlands, to the green woods, to the cool, breezy retreats, by the lake and

by the sea. Everywhere the song is heard—

"They come! The merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers;
 They come! The gladsome months that bring thick leafness to bowers.
 Up, up! my heart! and walk abroad; fling care and care aside;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility."

There is everywhere a restless, ceaseless, yearning to be where the rivulets dance and laugh and sing, where the cataract thunders, where billows roar, where zephyrs woo, where the wild flowers bloom, where the winds touch leaves and spray, and sing in harmony with bird and bee. In ten thousand home circles the exciting query is, "where shall we go?" The supreme demands are health and pleasure. Where are the skies brightest with azure and gold? Where are the forests deepest and greenest? Where are the landscapes the most enchanting? Where are the fountains whose waters can give vigor to body and mind, brightness to the eye, and restore the rose tints to the pallid cheek? But these are not the only questions brought up for discussion and decision.

Fashion, omnipotent, arrogant Fashion, in numerous instances demands audience, and, scepter in hand, commands obedience. Nor, as a general proposition, are Fashion's edicts unwelcome to her votaries. True, the fickle goddess is not an admirer of nature. She cares little for the enchantment of woods, nymphs and sylvan fountains, for dale and dell and grotto, for singing birds and sighing winds, for mountain and glen, for daisy, butter cup

and lily. Fashion is the patron of art, of æsthetic festivities—the ball room—and the giddy throng who worship at her shrine, seek the fashionable resorts—the Saratogas and Newport, where Fashion and Mammon and Bacchus join sovereignty and rule with imperial sway. But it were folly to complain. We have said health and pleasure prompt the exodus from the crowded, heated, dusty cities, to retreats far or near. They pay their money and take their choice. Nor, indeed, is the search for health and pleasure the only motives which impel persons to leave home for summer sojourn amidst fairy or fairer scenes. It is a wife and husband hunting season, when Alonzos and Melissas, Romeos and Juliets, dukes and dudes watch for Maudes and their millionaire mamas and papas. It is the season for mercenary matrimony, when Cupid and cupidity pool their issues, and sing in chorus—

“Over the mountains
And under the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under the floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find a way.”

And thus it happens that husbands are bought and brides are sold in all the marts of fashion. But such reflections, *en passant*, have little to do with our subject. They are facts rather than fancies, picturesque or grotesque, as the reader may decide. But the great multitude who go forth during the “heated term,” in search of health, relaxation, enjoyment, are eminently philosophical. Mind and body weary, overtaken, require rest. The eye longs for pictures of natural beauty, the ear for the har-

monies of nature's voice. The merchant folds his ledger, the lawyer his books. The physician dismisses his patients, the divine his flock. The student turns away from his library and the educator from his academy. The statesman and the politician renounce, for the time, party and policy for rest and reflection, and all go forth in search of the elixir of life. These pleasure tourists are a vast multitude—estimated at five millions in the United States. They are on all the highways of travel, going north, east and west. They are found sailing and bathing in every land-locked bay and inlet along the coast, from Nova Scotia to the mouth of the Chesapeake. They are scattered along the margins of all the northern lakes, their tents are pitched on all the mountain elevations of the far West, and the Alleghenies, the Catskill and the White Mountains of the East. Their lights blaze upon the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, and flash upon the quiet waters of the mountain lakes of California. They are at all the medicinal springs in the land, from Saratoga to Colorado, New Mexico and Arkansas. They are yachting on the ocean, hunting in the forests and angling in the streams. There can be nothing more rational than to seek health and strength amidst such glorious scenes as nature has provided in this favored land. It counts for nothing that in the great multitude of tourists who go forth in the summer time to find fresh air and a change of scene that they may return to their tasks invigorated, there are found many whose souls are as

dead to the majesty and beauty of nature's works, as the dull clods upon which they tread. But they are the few, the many look upon the varied and the sublime manifestations of creative power, and renew their youth, they are made better and wiser. They behold wisdom enshrined in beauty, and they "read rhapsodies and odes, and proud harangues and flowing histories" in all things around, beneath and above. Such days of relaxation to those ~~whose minds take~~ color from nature's works, the cloud, the storm, clear skies, cliffs and vale, bird and bee and flower, billowy ocean and mighty river, will gather strength to take their toilsome way and work out for themselves and their posterity a brighter destiny.

Of the five millions of Americans who will seek pleasure during the summer months away from home, the great majority will entrust their lives to the safe keeping of those who have charge of the iron steeds upon the iron tracks of the continent. These tourists will travel by day and by night, they will speed along at the rate of thirty miles an hour through cuts and tunnels, around curves, over bridges and chasms—and on every mile danger in some form lingers ready for the work of disaster. Their safety demands ceaseless and unwearying vigilance, sobriety, and a courage, than which, none is entitled to loftier eulogy. The fact should be known to all the pleasure-seekers of the land that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has had in view from the beginning the supreme purpose of offering to railroad

managers a class of men specially equipped to insure safety to travelers—the watchwords being "Sobriety" and "Skill." And it is by no means a far-fetched or an overstained conclusion that the day is not distant, when those roads which employ *only* Brotherhood Firemen, will transport the people who may be in position to choose the safest routes. It is not, cannot, and should not, be a matter of statutes. There is a "~~higher law~~" than statutes, the decrees of public opinion, based upon acknowledged facts. Brotherhood Firemen must be *sobber* and *skillful*. Others *may* be, Brotherhood firemen *must* be. None other wear the honored badge of the Order, and when tourists, whether on business or pleasure, begin to inquire, not, who is President or Vice President of the road, who is general manager or conductor, but rather, who has charge of the locomotive? then men of sobriety, skill and character will be in universal demand.

We congratulate "the boys" that they are to have charge of so many precious lives during the summer months, because we know with what unflinching fidelity they will prove true to their trusts; and we congratulate those pleasure seekers, who, while on board of the trains, shall have the good fortune to be in the custody of Brotherhood enginemen.

ELECTION OF DELEGATES.

There are now fully equipped and in working order, two hundred and sixty-nine Lodges of the BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN OF NORTH AMERICA. The map recently published and distributed shows the locality of each Lodge. They form

a continuous line across the continent. The Lodge-fires blaze from New Brunswick to Winnepeg, from Maine to California, from Washington Territory to Georgia, from New York to Texas, from center to circumference of the continent, and these Lodges have on their rolls nearly fifteen thousand members. Such is a bird's-eye view of the Brotherhood.

On Monday, the 21st of September next, the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood meets in the city of Philadelphia. It will be composed of delegates, elected by the various Lodges. According to the constitution these delegates are to be elected by the various Lodges at their last meeting in the month of July. The election is, therefore, close at hand, and a few words upon the subject, in the present number of the Magazine, will, we hope, be regarded as opportune.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the approaching convention will be, in some regards, the most important in the history of the Brotherhood. It will be numerically, the largest. More delegates will set around the council boards of the Order than at any previous Annual Convocation. It is not required that we should suggest any subject that may be brought forward for deliberation. Experience teaches that they will be sufficiently numerous to occupy the time allotted for the setting of the Convention. They will be of a character that will touch the Brotherhood at many vital points. Prudence and wisdom will be in demand and at a premium. Clear conceptions of what is required

for the welfare of the Brotherhood will be an indispensable requirement—not the needs of the present only, but a prescient knowledge of the demands of the future. It requires wisdom to lay foundations and build substantially and symmetrically. It is comparatively easy to tear down or obstruct. It is an achievement worthy of the highest commendation to harmonize, but any man, however moderate his experience or attainments, may be the author of discord. To find the right, to know the right, to advocate it, to champion it, is always and everywhere an exhibition of wisdom, while to factionize, to organize cliques, to be intolerant, is always and everywhere, in all deliberative bodies, fraught with danger, and no where more than in Brotherhood organizations. These remarks are made for the purpose of emphasizing the declaration that the supreme requirement is that the various Lodges send to Philadelphia their *best* men; *best*, because the wisest; *best*, because their intellectual qualifications, their experience, their habits of thought and their fidelity to the welfare of the Brotherhood, designates them as safe legislators. It is not always the case that such men are the most *popular* in the common acceptance of that term, but they are known to the membership of every Lodge. They are known as *safe* counselors, not always the best public speakers, where ornate rhetoric is regarded as a *sine qua non*. In an oratorical tournament they would not be likely to bear off the prizes, but when a proposition is to be

analyzed, its defects expunged and its merits set forth in common sense phrase, as is required in committee rooms, they become invaluable. Their movements will be marked by caution, prudence and firmness, and fatal mistakes will not be made. We know whereof we speak, and animated by a profound desire to promote the interests of our great and growing Brotherhood, we urge upon our Lodges everywhere, to select for delegates their *best* men. Our Brotherhood has had unprecedented growth. It has developed colossal proportions. It has incalculable power for usefulness. It requires an effort of the mind to grasp the fact, that in the brief period of twelve years, so much has been accomplished. It is esteemed a fortunate circumstance, in training children if an equipose of mind and muscle development can be maintained, and we assume, without hesitancy, if our highly favored Brotherhood, in its next annual Convention, demonstrates by the harmony of its councils and the wisdom of its conclusions, that its mind forces are equal to the solution of any problem consequent upon its phenomenal growth, it will take its place in the estimation of all thoughtful men in the front rank of the most useful and benevolent organizations of the day. But to accomplish this eminence the *best* men of the Order must represent the various Lodges in the approaching annual Convention. A failure in this regard will be fraught with difficulties and dangers, but if the delegates are broad-minded men, if they discard faction and labor for union, then success is assured and the future of the Brotherhood will be crowned with triumphs which will gladden like sunshine and refresh like showers.

HUGO.

The lion of the flock is gone, and France is left to weep;
 The peerless son of all her years has found eternal sleep;
 The creatures of the "Coup d'Etat" again shrink from his shade;
 His genius canonized the pen, and sheathed the tyrant's blade.

The tears of France now fall like rain upon his coffin plate;
 The cry goes up: "Here lies the man that laughed at kingly state;"
 Let lilies bloom above his grave, the emblems of his purity;
 Nor time, nor change, shall ever dim his song of man's futurity.

—James C. Roach.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

Ladies are beginning to practice co-operation in a small way, and they find it pays. We have heard of a party of three or four, who wear the same size of gloves, that buy a dozen pairs at a time and divide them around. They also buy stockings, handkerchiefs, towels, sheeting, muslin, underwear, and other things, wholesale, and in this way they save the retailer's profit. This is hard on the middlemen, but in these days of reductions and shrinkages of salaries and incomes it would seem to be a measure of legitimate economy. We hear talk among them, also, of the Utopian felicity of living so near together that they can further economize in the way of help by hiring one first-class cook to do the cooking for the four families. In this way they could secure better living than now, when each family, whether of two or ten, has each a middling cook of no ability beyond the common. This strikes us as an admirable idea. It is just as easy to cook for six as two, or for a dozen as six. If things were so arranged—and they certainly could be—as to co-operate in cooking, laundry work, and other matters, housekeeping might become so simplified as to become a business combining comfort and pleasure instead of a toil and task beyond the mental and physical ability of most women to conduct in the best manner. The burden of housekeeping, combined with the care of children, their clothing, and all the thousand and one other things together, are the cause of the breaking down of most women. Modern ideas and demands are so far in advance of those of our grandmothers, that the brain of a Minerva, combined with the strength of a Hercules, could hardly be equal to the task, much less the average woman.—[*Pittsburg Dispatch*.]

When the idea of co-operative housekeeping is first suggested to the thoughtful housekeeper, she declares at once that it is utterly impracticable, and the plan can never be successfully adopted. She admits that she would hail with delight any device that would relieve her of a few, at least, of the thousand and one details of housework that absorb all her time and strength and ability, but she does not think it possible that any such millenium will ever come to pass.

Let us consider for a moment whether we are not already practicing co-operative housekeeping. Less than a century ago, indeed, within the recollection of many yet living, the housekeeper did her own spinning and weaving. All the garments of the family, the blankets, the coverlets, the carpets, everything in the the house, of this character, was manufactured by the women of the household. But now all this work is taken out of the hands of the housewife by various wonderful inventions of machinery, which do the work infinitely quicker and better than could be done even by the most nimble and skillful of fingers. The most ardent advocate of the "good old times" would be ashamed to wear the homespun garments of his grandparents. The old fashioned "coverlets" are enough to give

one the nightmare, and the day of patchwork "quilts" is over. Any woman may go up street and purchase for a dollar a pretty and durable white or colored bed "spread," and she can buy rag carpet for almost what it would cost her to make it. Every quality of cloth may be had preferable in every respect to that manufactured by our grandmothers, and hosiery of all kinds is so nice and so cheap that there is no reason why we should attempt to make it for ourselves. So much for co-operation in this line.

Co-operation in the way of light has resulted in gas and the electric light, where we all draw from one common reservoir and obtain a light far superior to that which each consumer could furnish for himself. It is only a question of time until we shall obtain heat in the same manner. It is an utter absurdity for each family to have the labor and annoyance of half a dozen stoves and grates.

Another example of co-operation is the dairy. Formerly every family was obliged to keep its own cow to furnish milk, butter and cheese. Now all these are supplied to us at about the same cost and much less trouble. Next in order comes the baker. What would our grandmothers have said if each morning a wagon could have driven up to the door with nice fresh bread, rolls, rusks, pies and cakes? Wouldn't it have saved them hours of toil and worry and disappointment? For, notwithstanding all traditions to the contrary, it is nevertheless a fact that our female ancestors were no better cooks, on an average, than their daughters of the present day.

Then, here is the butcher. Not many years ago every family killed its own meat, and the "women folks" "rendered" lard and made sausage and cured ham and bacon and cleaned pigs' feet and made slaves of themselves, generally. Now they drop in at the butcher's, order what they want and have it sent home. Part of woman's varied duties in days gone by was to make garden, and every moment that could be spared from the housework was employed with spade and hoe. To-day she goes to market, selects the finest fruit and vegetables, better than she could raise herself, and has not even the trouble of carrying them home.

Numerous other instances may be given of the great saving in time and labor through co-operation in household affairs. These changes have come about so gradually that we do not realize them unless we begin to compare the present with the past and then we are amazed at the progress that has been made. By what logic are we to assume that this co-

operative housekeeping will end here? Co-operation is the tendency of the present age. With the past for an example we cannot doubt but that in the future there will be family laundries at moderate prices, and establishments where we may take our plain sewing. Why may not our soups and meats be brought to our door as well as our bread and pastry? Why may there not be a common kitchen where we may order our meals prepared and sent to us? Or why might not six families employ one first-class cook instead of having half a dozen families suffer from as many worthless cooks? It is true, these plans do not seem exactly feasible but they offer no more striking changes than have already taken place in the housekeeping of the last fifty years. But, some one may argue, if you thus reduce the cares of housekeeping you will leave women without anything to do. The facts are against this argument, for, notwithstanding all that has been done in this direction in the past, there never was a time when women were so thoroughly occupied or so useful to the world. It is no reason women will be idle, because they are not compelled to spend all of their time in the kitchen. When you simplify housekeeping and relieve woman of a few household duties you do not consign her to a life of idleness but only allow her leisure for other kinds of work quite as congenial and fully as necessary to the welfare of mankind.

For Woman's Department:

KATHLEEN'S REPLY TO T. P.

Come back, Mavourneen,
You left us mourning;

Our hearts were broken when you went below;
Since then in sadness,
Unused to gladness,

We vainly watch where the west winds blow.

Come back, Mavourneen,
Come in the morning,

Come when the shamrock is bright with bloom.
When the dew is glistening,
All nature listening,

And the little birds sing their sweetest tune.

Come back, Mavourneen,
Nor leave us mourning;

Fond hearts will greet you at the open door,
Fond lips will bless you,
Fond arms caress you,
Come back, Mavourneen, and roam no more.

In weary sorrow

We wait the morrow,

Drain in reflection the bitter cup.

Come back, Mavourneen,

Come in the morning,
The boys await you to set 'em up.

—Kathleen O'hoolaham McCafferty.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

SENATOR HOAR—I believe that every step in human civilization has been marked by the near approach of woman to her just and equal place in the state.

DR. LUCY M. HALL, formerly Superintendent of the Woman's Prison at Sherborn, says that of 204 inebriate women, 128 began on beer, and "several hopeless drunkards, far gone toward insanity, had never drunk any other in toxicant."

MRS. FLORA GRACE, of Warrensburg, Mo., has invented a thermometer to mark the temperature of the oven during baking. It has been on exhibition in the Woman's Department at the New Orleans Exposition.

MRS. GUNN, of Sullivan, Ind., recently superintended the transportation of three car-loads of cattle to Antelope Valley, Kan. Her trip amounted to 1,000 miles in a freight caboose, and involved the usual responsibility and business incident to the shipping of stock. She is a refined, intelligent, thrifty woman, and adopted this mode of travel to save trouble and delay.

MRS. MARY SAFFORD, of Detroit, Mich., gains a comfortable income by making and selling mince-pies and English plum-pudding, the real old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers made. The pudding is put up in three and six-pound packages, and is sold at fifty cents a pound, and will keep a year unspoiled. Mrs. Safford also supplies fine cakes; the best families in the city are her patrons, and she has customers in Boston and many other places in New England, and easily disposes of all she can prepare.

MRS. McNAMARA—Yes, Mrs. Cummiskey, I've been married now goin' on twenty three year, and Mac and I have niver had a serious quarrel. Mrs. C.—Well thin, it's a happy woman you ought to be, for many's the row Peter and I have had, God be good to us all. Mrs. McN.—Oh, for that matter, we've had hard words time and again, and maybe now and thin a blow, but what I mean is I niver had to call in the police. —*New York Sun.*

GIRLS in the far west have wonderful energy and good hard sense. Out in Nebraska and Dakota they take up homesteads and timber claims from the government lands, and in a few years own a fine farm of 320 acres. If they plant trees upon a 160-acre claim and tend it for a certain length of time it becomes theirs. A homestead claim is also 160 acres. They must build a "shanty" and cultivate the land, and it becomes theirs at the end of five years. Some of the smart Nebraska girls have built their shanties with their own hands. Farmers' daughters out there often begin by teaching for small wages. They save their money very carefully, and thus often pay their own way through college. Then they teach again, and, having a higher education, can get better wages. But they save their money in any case, take up land claims and improve them with their earnings. Thus in a few years they have both a fine education and a farm. They are excellent scholars, excellent teachers and first-class farmers, for they work faithfully and do their best at everything they undertake. That is the way to succeed. There is no success without it. Any girl can take up a homestead and timber claim who is 21 years old. But they become teachers before that time, so as to have some money and be ready. These brave girls are not all teachers, however. Sometimes when they have finished the district schools their fathers let them have a little money, and they buy cows and calves and go to stock-raising. They can begin this when very young—not more than 12 or 14 years old. With ordinary luck, by the

time they are 21, they can really have considerable property of their own.

These are the girls who are worth something. They are not weak and idle drones. One unmarried woman in Nebraska, not yet old, is half owner of a creamery, has her farm of 320 acres, is postmistress and has a small store besides, connected with the office. She wears a gold watch and drives a fine horse and carriage, and is "somebody" in that country. She has earned it all herself, too.

This is what young women in the country have accomplished. Again the moral is: What girls have done, girls can do.

BESSIE RUNS THE ENGINE.

Wichita Eagle.

All the engineers on this end of the Fort Scott road accompanied the remains of McDaniels to Fort Scott last Saturday. On Sunday it was found necessary to send a train out to the Niuneseah bridge with material, and no engineers being on hand, Mr. George N. Bauman put his daughter Bessie, a school girl, in charge of the engine, furnished her with a fireman, and she did her work nobly, handling the throttle and guiding the iron steed as well as the best man on the road. Bessie has frequently run the engine about the yard, but never before made a trip on the road. We don't know of any other road having female engineers.

A HOLIDAY FOR THE WIFE.

By M. A., Johnson City, Mo.

Give your wife a vacation. She needs one. Little cares are harder to be borne than great responsibilities, and she may have more little cares than her husband, sometimes as great responsibilities. The doctors tell us more women break down mentally than men, and they also tell us that this is because they have more cares to carry, and have to carry them continuously. When your work is done you can lock it up in your office and put the key in your pocket. But she never locks her work up till sleep comes and turns the key upon it. A woman's work is never done. And modern life has increased and intensified it. Cares have multiplied faster than conveniences. Life is more complex, its demands are greater and more numerous, society more exacting. Who needs a vacation if she does not? And she cannot get it at home. The more quiet and restful the home is to you the more evidence that it is a care if not a burden to her. A housekeeper can no more take a vacation in her home than a merchant in his counting house. Even though her absence occasion inconvenience give her an occasional vacation.

FAITHFUL MRS. GARRETT.

Letter in Cleveland Leader.

John W. Garrett had an iron will, but his wife ruled him, although she did it in such a way that the old man never knew it. During the forty years of their married life the two never slept a night apart, and I think Mrs. Garrett's death hastened that of her husband. For some years back Mr. Garrett had been in bad health from overwork, and the physicians had prescribed that his meals should be regular, and that business should not be talked at the table. Mrs. Garrett saw that these rules were carried out, and whenever the lunch or dinner time arrived, it made no difference if Mr. Garrett was in the midst of the most important conversation, on business involving millions, with guests whom the president would delight to honor, she would call him to the table, and would admit of no refusal. Mr. Garrett or his friend might ask for just one minute more, but the kind old lady would reply in the gentlest tones: "These are our rules, and Mr. Garrett has promised that they shall be kept." At the table it was the same. If the guest or John W. Garrett would break out in some business exclamation or sug-

gestion Mrs. Garrett would at once object, and the railroad president, at the head of the table, would laughingly call attention to the manner in which he was domineered over and would begin to talk of other subjects. Mrs. Garrett was a plain, motherly little woman, full of quiet charities, and as thoroughly wrapped up in her husband as he was in her. She was posted on much of his work, and during her later years he did the most of his work at home in his library, with several telegraph operators about him. Many of his callers she would receive and dismiss without their ever bothering him. She was very seldom absent from his room, even during the most important conversations, and she wound herself so closely about every fibre of the old man's nature that when she died, about two years ago, his machinery did not work, and he finally succumbed to the loss.

MENDOTA, ILL., May 11, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

The Magazine is a welcome guest in our quiet home and we take pleasure in lending it to our friends.

My husband is a member of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, I regret that he is denied the pleasure of attending Lodge, as he runs on a branch and we reside forty miles from Aurora, the place of meeting.

Mrs. Harper asks for experience in house-cleaning. Well, the first year of my married life was passed in a double house, the other part being occupied by a railroad family. I should like to tell you how that lady cleaned house; it may be a warning to young house keepers as it was to me—not to attempt to do a week's work in one day. She began Monday morning. The contents of the closets, together with the bedding were arrayed on the clothes line, furniture, cook stove excepted, carried into the yard; window sashes removed and stacked up after the manner of cord wood, blinds, ditto; carpets taken up and piled in a heap on the walk. By the time they were ready to clean, the clock indicated dinner time. Children were crying, mother fretting and the girl discouraged. At two o'clock it began to rain, then there was a rush to get the dry goods indoors. Later in the afternoon the husband came home, tired and dirty. Soap and water were plentiful, but he doubtless failed to find a place to set the wash dish, and therefore came to the well-curb to wash, where I happened to meet him, and I will never forget the woeful appearance of that man as he said, "I consider house cleaning an institution of the devil." Twice a year the same programme is observed, and he is obliged to submit.

I like to clean house, and the children delight in the curiosities which emerge from the closets and rag bags. Being blessed with good health, a fireman's salary and a model husband (though he does visit the "skating rink" at the other end of the road), we manage to clean house without hired help, and usually get through with no serious loss of muscle or temper. I take one room at a time, unless changes in furniture or carpets are to be made, the room is finished before commencing another. If the carpet is old

I dust it myself, having found it less trouble than mending the rents which husband makes.

To wash rag carpet, take a width at a time, spread on the kitchen table, scrub each side, rinse through two hot and one cold water, passing it through the wringer each time. If the carpet is much worn, cut each piece through the middle, sew the ends together on the machine matching the stripes, catch the seams down on the wrong side, and the best part of the carpet will be in the centre of the room.

The wife of Barnabas tells of the perfect order which greets her husband's return. I wonder if there be any children in the Barnabas family. My husband *once* found an orderly home. Now he is apt to meet with a blockade as soon as the threshold is crossed. All the chairs in the house being converted into rolling-stock, and if he venture to appropriate one, will be thus informed by his four year old son: "That is my caboose, papa, I am running double header on a stock train now." When I remonstrate, papa will say, "Let the kids enjoy themselves," and what am I to do? Ladies, don't neglect the little ones in your letters. I would ask experience in the management of children. I was a "school marm" once, and found less difficulty in training forty children belonging to other people than I now do in rearing two of my own.

Yours truly,

MONY.

[I think we all know from experience that there never can be such perfect order in the household after the babies begin to arrive. The good wife will do the very best she can under the circumstances and the good husband will make all due allowance for the confusion that is the inevitable result of restless little hands and feet. The suggestion is a good one that we hear something in regard to the management of children. Ladies, give us your theories and your experience and did the latter verify the former? Ed.]

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 13, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Being a very close and attentive reader of our (I can call it ours) Magazine, I have read several articles on the insurance being raised. Now I want to ask "Sprague," in February number, a question. Suppose you were a widow with four little ones depending on you for bread and a home and one of these were a poor cripple, left so from a terrible fever, one other a nursing babe, the eldest being only seven years of age, would you not feel very thankful if some one had provided for you in such a way as to leave you with your little ones around you if the father was taken from them? Now, that is my family, as it is now. If my husband were taken from me I would feel most for my crippled one, as any mother would be likely to. Put yourself in my position and you would hail \$500 more as a God send. As my husband is Master of the Lodge he is in he is where he knows the voice of the Lodge room, and it is here that the men are all, or very

nearly so, married men, who would rather be assessed a little heavier so as to leave their loved ones cared for. The money paid on extra payments would be very likely to be spent in some way not so good. We are very uncertain of life at any time, but men in the calling of a Brotherhood man must be more so. If Sprague were asked to help some Brother's widow I do not doubt for a moment he would be first to put his hand in his pocket and be most liberal in giving. Why not pay a little more the year round and know it was going where it would lighten hearts and homes. The sum extra would help out a couple of years in raising our children. As our homes are the dearest spot on earth we would guard them with a jealous care. We are a class of people depending on one another. We cannot afford to be mercenary. I have written this at the request of several of our members, as they seemed to think my case an argumentative one. Please do not think I am trying to make my case the worst that can be found. There are, I suppose, some a great deal worse, but it is as bad as I want it. What other way has a working man, now-a-days, to leave his family provided for, but the plan this grand Brotherhood is worked upon. God grant they may prosper beyond their conceptions and be a God fearing class, who will never have to ask the question "Art thou a man?" A fireman's wife says nothing is so good it can't be made better. We eastern brethren and sisters think it was a grand advance on all sides of the Order. If the Lodge Sprague is a member of is composed of single men, now, it is not said it will always remain so, not according to the marriages in the Magazine from month to month.

I must stop or this first attempt will find a safe corner in the waste basket. If this is worth publishing, in our worthy editor's eyes, I shall feel complimented. I am yours in this great cause.

A BROTHERHOOD LOVER.

A RECEIPT FOR SLEEP.

Take of poppies a handful,
To brush the lids down soft;
A night-moth dressed in shaded grays,
To hover just aloft;
And a moon to look in at the window,
Not round and staring, oh, no!
But veiled like a fine reserve in mists,
And only a silver bow.

Then mix of dreams a dozen,
Changing, like purple dyes,
Full of purring, dripping water,
And bathe the tired eyes.
Charles Lamb says: "Imagine a high gate
Where sheep follow one by one."
Or a rhyme may be chanted backward;
I've heard that it could be done.

This, with a little Browning,
Or Shakespeare, sprinkled fine,
A thought of Keats—like thistle down—
A scent of Tuscan wine,
Or, if the case should be obstinate,
As a last resort, eschew
All methods, and try to keep awake,
And you'll sleep the whole night through!

—Bertha Scranton Pool, in *Woman's Journal*.

TAYLOR, TEXAS, May 21, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Having read with a great deal of pleasure the many interesting letters from the ladies of the different Lodges, but having seen nothing from Alamo Lodge, No. 203. and not wishing it left out, I concluded to say a few words myself, hoping they will be acceptable and will prove to the boys that I am one among the many who wish them success. Being personally acquainted with a large number of the members and knowing them to be men who do their duty and are true to their motto: Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, I know 203 cannot fail to prosper. As a great many of the Missouri Pacific boys spend the largest portion of their time here I hope that they may find it to their interest to hold their membership at this place, as it would not only be for their convenience but would assist in building up the Lodge. Several of the members are stationed here, among whom I would mention Bro. J. A. Rhodes, who presides right royally over yard engine No. 40.; also our worthy Master, J. B. Mansfield, while our proficient Secretary, J. P. Greene, runs engine No. 711, between Taylor and San Antonio.

Fearing I am occupying too much of your valuable space I will close by wishing the Alamo and the Brotherhood in general every success, I remain,

GERALDINE.

"NANCY," of St. Joseph, Mo., writes a very pleasant letter in praise of No. 43. She believes the Lodges should have every encouragement from the ladies, that each and every one can do something to help them along and should not fail to do it.

*For Woman's Department:***I'LL NE'ER FORGET THEE.**

I am standing by the grave, dear mother,
Where oft I've stood before;
And my heart is filled with sadness
For the loved one "gone before;"
You are now at rest, dear mother,
For they've laid you in the tomb,
But I'll ne'er forget thee, mother—
Never cease for thee to mourn.

Oft when twilight shadows gather
'Round the home we've loved so well,
Then I think of thee, dear mother,
More than words can ever tell—
Think of thee and ofttimes linger
Where the weeping willows wave,
And where flowerets bloom so sweetly
O'er thy lonely, silent grave.

Yes, I miss thee, sadly miss thee
From our broken household band;
But I hope some day to greet thee
In that bright and better land.
Fleeting years may bring their changes—
Years so fraught with care and pain,
But I'll ne'er forget thee, mother,
While I here on earth remain.

—Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

WHAT IS A LETTER?*For Woman's Department:*

[Dedicated to A. E. Marshall.]

A silent language, uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A tie to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling, stretched from heart to heart

Armed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain,
And bear at once, along each precious link,
Affection's life pulse, in a drop of ink.

*For Woman's Department:***LINES ON THE DEATH OF FRANKIE GERMAIN.**

Sadly to the grave they bore him,
On this earth farewells are o'er
Little Frank has gone to slumber,
Where his sufferings are no more.
Too bright a flower on earth to bloom,
God, in His goodness, called him home;
Safely sheltered in the haven
Where the weary sigh no more.
Now the grave will be less dreary
With this bright hope gone out before,
He will welcome you in Heaven
When your sorrows here are o'er.

—Laura Wood.

FT. WAYNE, IND.

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
'Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
I must not say, "The bread is old,"
"The tea is hot," "The coffee's cold;"
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.

HER LAST WORDS.

There was an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired,
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I
am going
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning nor
sewing;
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of
dishes;
And tho' there the authems are constantly ring-
ing,
I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me
ever,
For I do nothing forever and ever."

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 17, 1885.

Messrs. Publishers:

I address this to you because I am, perforce, necessitated in taking you into my confidence. I have deliberately stormed and captured our editor's sanctum during his temporary absence, and am determined, with your connivance, to inform the host of friends of our highly esteemed yet extremely modest editor and brother, Eugene V. Debs, of his recent permanent departure from bachelorhood. Then let us, Messrs. publishers, perform our duties and inform the thousands of readers of this Magazine of the eminently correct manner in which Eugene did his duty, on Tuesday morning, June 9th, and to that end I clip from the Terre Haute Gazette, June 9th, the following:

MARRIED.

DEBS—METZEL.

Bright and early this morning, at 8:45, Mr. Eugene V. Debs and Miss Kate Metzel, stepdaughter of Mr. J. J. Baur, were married at St. Stephen's church, the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield officiating. Even at that early hour the church was more than half filled, the guests being ushered to their seats by Mr. Charley Baur. The bridal party came in from the tower entrance and proceeded to the altar in this order:

The groom, Mr. E. V. Debs, and the bride's mother, Mrs. J. J. Baur; J. J. Baur and his stepdaughter, the bride; Mrs. Mailloux, sister of the groom, and Mr. Theodore Debs, brother of the groom; Mr. James Smith and Mr. Dan Metzels, of St. Louis, the bride's brother.

There were beautiful floral decorations. The attractive bride was dressed in traveling costume and the bridal party left immediately after the ceremony on the 7:15 train for Indianapolis and will proceed thence to New York and Boston, returning here in about three weeks, when they will keep house at Mrs. Koopman's residence, on South Sixth street. It was a very pretty wedding.

If, Messrs. publishers, we succeed in getting this set up, and proof read before Eugene returns we will be in position to be congratulated with the happy couple—they, for their good, happy and bright future—we, for the march we have stolen on our editor. The next (?) time you get married, Eugene, you must remember to lock up the scissors, paste pot and sanctum-sanctorum.

On Wednesday morning a committee from the seven Chicago Lodges, consisting of Bros. T. P. Murphy, W. H. Giff, Lou P. Smith and James Leahy, landed in Terre Haute with a magnificent cherry-mahogany suite of parlor furniture, upholstered in blue, olive and old gold plush, the offering of the members of the Brotherhood in Chicago. It is a very beautiful token of friendship and good will, and could Eugene be here at this moment, to guide my pencil, I know that his thanks would be lavish and profuse.

It is the intention of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, to tender Bro. and Mrs. Eugene V. Debs a reception, in their Lodge room, upon their return.

Col. J. B. Maynard and family, of Indianapolis, gave a dinner to Eugene and his bride, on the day of the wedding.

F. W. A.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Trusting you will find room for a Brotherhood man's journey from New York to Kansas I will try to describe it.

I left Oneonta and good old 71 on March 19, arriving at Binghamton in time to attend Lodge meeting of Magnet No. 227, where I received a very kind and generous welcome and some good advice from the worthy Master, Bro. Wentz and other brothers. I left there next morning on the Erie, stopping at Hornellsville, N. Y. Here I met one of nature's noblemen, Engineer C. Allen, who, though not in the B. of L. F. is still one of their best friends, as I have cause to remember. He pulls the throttle of engine 62 on the Erie. The next stop was at Salamanca, N. Y., where we connected with the N. Y. P. & O. for Meadville, Pa. Leaving Salamanca we passed through the Indian reservation where I think is to be seen the wildest piece of country in the east. They seem to take no care of it at all, cutting and burning all the timber off and leaving stumps all over the ground. Two of the noble red men got on the train at Salamanca, and they were just about as full of firewater as they could be, and both carried axes. We had just started when evidently a recollection of the good old times must have come over one of them, for glaring wildly around at the pale faces in the car he let a yell out that would surprise even a Connemara Italian. Two or three of the bravest of us made for the rear platform but the conductor was evidently used to the business, for catching hold of the brave he gently, but forcibly threw him over the back of a seat, where he rested axe and all, till they got to their destination. We got to Meadville, Pa. about 8 P. M. thus making nearly 300 miles in thirteen hours. Here I made the acquaintance of jovial Sammy Quackenbush, Master of Lodge 207, who insisted on making me his guest for the night. Unfortunately he had to go out early in the morning, so I missed a great treat as Sammy is well posted on Lodge matters and is very interesting company. But Bro. Swartwout kindly showed me around the machine shops, round houses, etc.

and I must say that the N. Y. P. & O. take the cake in everything connected with rolling stock. Their round houses are the cleanest, and engines the finest in appearance and appliances that I have ever seen, and their men are all smart and intelligent. Bro. Terry is head hostler and he has a pile of work to do, but always finds time to have a few words with a visiting brother. The boys had been having a pretty tough time, but trade was just beginning to pick up and they were all light hearted. I left for Kent, Ohio, and now began to perceive the difference between the Eastern and Middle states. Here the country was very level, no hills to be seen as in New York, and went for a great many miles without seeing any substantial dwelling houses. Lots of rough wood, colored shanties, but no style. The next stop was at Galion, Ohio, a city that evidently was laid out when the carpenters and bricklayers were dispersed from the Tower of Babel. I got there about 8 P. M., on a very dark night, and after hunting around some time in the dark I found the depot. I tried to find the town but failed, and decided to follow the track to the round house. After considerable tumbling and slipping I found the round house and Bro. Farnsworth, night engine despatcher on the N. Y. P. & O., cordially welcomed me, and after a short visit kindly sent the caller with me to show me a hotel, giving me a note to give the landlord. To my surprise, when I came to settle my bill the clerk told me I had nothing to pay. "Mr. Farnsworth has made that all right," he said. I could not speak for a minute. Here was a man, an utter stranger to me and I to him, treating me as a real brother. I would just like to have heard anyone running our Order down then. I can assure you there would have been material for a funeral furnished. After supper I thought I would have a look for the city again. I passed several streets but could not see a store of any kind nor any lights except in a few saloons and they were very dim. This is truly a dead town, I don't know where they would be if it were not for the railroads. The Brotherhood boys, however, are all alive and full of fun, especially Bro. Dean and Landon. I left Galion Sunday afternoon, Bro. Dean accompanying me as far as LaRue, about 30 miles. I thought he came just to keep me company, but on nearing LaRue I noticed Bro. Dean began to get uneasy, looking out of the car window, etc., and then I saw what he had come so far for—a lady was in the question. (I have been expecting a piece of cake ever since Lent was over, Mike.) I got to Indianapolis in the night, so can not say much about it. I left at once for St. Louis, passing through Terre Haute in the dark. I wanted very much to see what sort of a place our Grand Lodge was located in but was disappointed. I however got some refreshment there as the train had to stop while a whole baggage car of stationery was unloaded. I got to St. Louis about 9 A. M. I stopped there two days and made the acquaintance of Bro. Reynolds, of Fort Worth, Texas, and Bro. Rucker, of Sedalia, who were

there as a committee to wait upon the President of the Gould system in the interest of Firemen, and they were able representatives of our body.

But I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so will conclude by stating that I arrived in Kansas City on the 28th of March and am doing well, but railroading in the west has seen its best times. There are engineers in this city who would be glad to get a job firing, and there are from three to six extra firemen in every round house here, some of whom do not make half time.

LEN HOGAN.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., April 25, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

T. C. Boorn Lodge, No. 224, was organized last July by Grand Organizer S. M. Stevens. We have now twenty-six members in good standing and they are all straight-forward men and take a deep interest in the work of the Order.

We regret that our worthy Master, Bro. F. Marvin, has been taken down with the rheumatism and we all hope he may soon be among us again. Bro. Boyles is back with us again and we hope he may now remain among the boys. Bro. Thomas is stoking the old 59 with "Old Mike" on the right hand side.

Bro. Farrell still holds down the left side of the 69, with Paddy Ryan at the throttle. Bro. Irvin has returned from the east and is running the 55 again with Bro. Hinds firing for him.

Bro. Vogel is still stoking the 65 with good success.

We are pleased to see the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen organized in St. Cloud and wish them success.

Yours fraternally,

ECHO.

SIBLEY, IOWA, June 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Being a B. L. F. man, and an interested and constant reader of our grand periodical, I have sometimes felt as though I would like to contribute my mite towards making our Magazine interesting.

Allow me, therefore, while the "Tramp," "Tim Fagan" and T. P. O'Rourke are engaged in a wordy combat as to whether dynamiters, nihilists or socialist should rule, or not, to speak a few words on the objects and aims of our beloved Order.

The B. L. F. is a society whose objects are manifold, but they are also grand and christian-like in their character. The strengthening of the weak, the raising of the fallen, nursing of the sick, and the protection of the widow and fatherless, are a few of the grand and noble objects the B. L. F. have in view.

It is a society which from a very small beginning has risen to be one of the grandest societies of its kind in the world.

It is a society that has had to strive against great odds in its struggle for existence, and, while at times the spark of life appeared to be well-nigh crushed out of it by the opposition of

its enemies, still, the indefatigable determination of its early supporters have buoyed it up, until to-day the sickly, puny thing, has become a society whose strength is felt along every line of railway on our grand American continent.

It has been the aim of the B. L. F. to take into its ranks men of unblemished character, sterling worth and integrity. As is the case in every other society, however, there have been unworthy men who have by some means or other instilled themselves into the good graces of the members, but the mask has fallen off these in time, and they have been thrown out until to-day the B. L. F. stands before the world with but few to equal and none to excel, in point of morality, uprightness, honesty, and straightforward manliness.

As every one has been placed in this world by a Supreme Being to accomplish some certain aim, it would not be right to say that one man's work was of more consequence than another's, but I contend that such is a fact, because there is certain work we could get along without, as well as men engaged in certain professions we could dispense with.

The locomotive fireman, however, is not one of these. So long as there are railways to transport the great amount of merchandise, agricultural produce, and in fact the commerce of this, as well as other countries, hither and thither, just so long will the service of the fireman be required.

His work, let me say, is a noble one. Come with me, my friends, for a moment, and watch the fireman at work. Here stands a train at one of our depots, laden with our fellow-beings. The iron horse is fuming and snorting, as it were, eager to be away. The engineer gets a signal to start, and then the fireman's work begins. Mile after mile he stands on the deck, shoveling in fuel, so that he may have the requisite amount of steam to take the human cargo to their destination on schedule time. Perhaps, among that human cargo, there are those who have been away for years, and now want to revisit the scenes of their childhood; those who, it may be are called home to watch the spirit of a loving mother or a kind father wing its way to an unknown world. They are anxious to reach their destination as soon as possible, but if the fireman lags in his duty, is unattentive to his business, they, perhaps, are unable to reach that bedside fraught with so much interest to them.

Not only is his business a noble one, but it is full of danger. The grim monster, Death, looks on, and gloats over him from every side; the broken rail, the misplaced switches, the landslide, and a score of other things tend to place the fireman's life in danger. Perhaps he is not killed, but crippled for life. Then it is that the Brotherhood comes forward with its sympathy and assistance. Then it is, the bond of sympathy cultivated in their Lodge room, is brought into play, and while with kind words and actions they cheer and revive the fainting spirits of the injured one with something of a more substantial nature, they provide for coming emergen-

cies, and give them something to live on in the future. If, as is often the case, death claims its own and the support, it may be of a wife and children, or the prop of a loving mother's declining years is torn ruthlessly away, then the B. of L. F. takes the place of husband and father, or that of the affectionate son and administers as far as it can, its sympathy and support of them in their hour of calamity and sore bereavement.

Another object of the B. of L. F., is that of self protection. As civilization has advanced and as educational systems have improved until it is so that learning is laid down at your very doors, I am sorry to say there is not such a bond of sympathy between employer and employe as there should be. Although the monopolist may not be such a rapacious, money thirsty being as pictured by some—a person whom dynamiters ought to blow to atoms, or nihilists tear asunder; still it is too true that, in a great many instances the love of gain overcomes their more generous natures and they grind down their employes to the last extremity, and desist from going farther only from fear of their employes stopping work. The B. of L. F. does not encourage strikes, but when its members have to work for wages so small that it will not remunerate them for the expense incurred by them in the supporting of themselves and families, then the bond of self-protection comes to the front, and its arms are thrown around those in this predicament.

Another object of the B. of L. F. is that of self elevation. Their Constitution and By-Laws are such as will allow of no gross immorality, and as they are brought together once a week, it tends to elevate their minds inasmuch as they have an opportunity to exchange ideas not only in regard to their own labor, but also on the current topics of the day. Not only do they elevate themselves, but the lessons taught them, and the ideas formed in that Lodge room go out with them into their every day life, and the reflection is cast upon those by whom they are surrounded like sunshine upon the water.

Let me say their object is one of charity, not the giving of alms, but love for, and forbearance with one another. Like all human beings the locomotive firemen have their besetting sins, and while the B. of L. F. frowns with displeasure on the faults and failings of its members, still with true christian charity the offender who shows true penitence is freely forgiven, and assistance rendered him to subdue the enemy that threatens to cause the loss of his character, as well as to break the thralldom in which he is bound.

I am sorry to say, that, notwithstanding the high aims and grand objects of the B. L. F., there are those who stand ready to traduce and slander it, and if it were in their power, would crush it to the earth and banish it from the four quarters of the globe. We however, have the satisfaction of knowing, that as all other societies whose aims have been to elevate and enoble their fellow men, have had to withstand the avalanche of scorn and derision hurled at them by their

enemies, and have still prospered, so will the B. L. F. come out from each onslaught with grander aims and more untarnished name than it ever yet held.

Let me say in conclusion that it is a self-supporting society. A great many benevolent societies have to look to the masses for their financial support, not so with the B. L. F. It is supported out of the pockets of its members, and whilst they may not boast of the wealth of a Vanderbilt or a Gould, still we can gratefully say there is enough for all requisite claims. In my imagination I have followed this, my maiden effort to your sanctum, seen you open it, look over it and consign it to the waste basket. However, I am going to send it, and if, after your critical examination you consider it worthy a place in our Magazine, I will not think I have written in vain.

WILL O'THE WISP.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., March 17, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The matrimonial market has been booming in St. Thomas for the last few weeks, as there have been four very fashionable weddings, Bros. Cluff, Warren, Johnson and Whitman taking a very active part in the proceedings. The bachelors of No. 5 all join in hearty congratulations. I would suggest that we appoint a committee to keep a watchful eye upon our Master, as he is in the habit of frequenting Center street very often and his actions indicate that he is afflicted with a similar ma(la)dy.)

At our late annual ball our Financier showed himself to be a great ladies man. He seemed to be their favorite.

Charity Lodge is progressing nicely. The meetings this winter would have been better attended had it not been for the severe storms that prevailed in this section of the country.

OLD 406.

Editors Magazine:

I may be wrong, but it seems that "Chicago," in his article in the March edition of our Magazine, wants to pat us on the head and tell us we are good boys, we must keep quiet, as "boys should be seen, not heard," and I think he brings in the Golden Rule in rather bad grace, as well as other scriptural allusions that we find in his letter. Give me such a man as Derrick every time, for he has the honest manliness and frankness to step upon and crush an error. We have ever looked upon the B. of L. E. as a bright beacon to glorious things beyond. Our hopes, our aims, our purposes are one; then how can we be "serving two Masters." We are founded upon that great Rock of Truth, which teaches us to be true to our brother and all dependent upon him, and this makes us true men in every place. We feel this thrust, for it surely "smacks of persecution." Our sensibilities are as tender as any and although we do feel it keenly, I but echo the sentiments of every loyal Fireman when I

say, as in the past, we have stood with the B. of L. E. shoulder to shoulder in many a dark and trying hour, so will we continue to do in all the future. I know every one must enjoy the friendly quarrel—if I may be permitted to use such a term—that is now going on through the columns of the Magazine in regard to our system of insurance. Although X. L. C. R. has figures, and these are facts (sometimes,) I am inclined to the views of T. P. O'Rourke—not my good neighbor over the way—but your correspondent. Even the most humble member of our Order might advance an idea which, when thrown into the crucible would at least appear a jewel. So I read with great interest the little letters as well as the big ones. Neither is the ladies' department neglected, for I have a wife and babies that are down in Iowa, and as soon as they get dug out from under the snow, they will come back to the sagebrush and find our book of mutual interests which has not been snowed under, carefully preserved for their perusal.

Trusting our rapid growth may cause us all to use due care and caution that we may finally go on from the good and great things already accomplished to still wiser and better ones, I remain

Yours Fraternally,

SILVER STATE.

HAZLETON, PA., June 6, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Allow me a little space in your Magazine, as I have not, as yet, seen anything about Mountain City Lodge, No. 241. A few words will doubtless encourage the members, who are all worthy men and strive manfully to carry out the principles set forth to them.

On the 23d of August they intend to hold a picnic, which will be their first venture of that kind. I hope they will work hard to make it a success, which they doubtless will.

No. 241 has an excellent corps of officers, who, with the kindly assistance of the members, will do their utmost to keep her to the front. Wishing them every success, I am

Fraternally,

A MEMBER.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 18, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I notice in a late issue of one of the St. Paul daily papers, of a fast run being made on the St. P., M. & M. Ry., from Breckenridge to St. Paul, and the officials thanking the conductor and brakeman for it. Now in justice to the head end of the train, I will say that the thanks were given to the wrong parties. What rate of speed would the conductor and brakeman have made had it not been for the engineer and fireman. Messrs. George Buck and John Cannon were engineer and fireman, respectively. I think the conductor, Mr. Manly, is a good one, but without the assistance of the engineer and fireman he could not have made the run as fast as he did.

ST. P., M. & M.

For Firemen's Magazine:

Musing on a Mountain.

Let those who love the tranquil scene,
The sunny landscape spreading green,
The flowery dell and murmuring brook,
The woodland shade and sheltered nook,
The feathered warblers' chorused notes
Resounding from a thousand throats;
And long to hear the sighing breeze
Come softly stealing through the trees,
Enjoy the calm, and fondly trace
The smile of peace on nature's face.
But I, dame nature's favored child,
Exultant share her aspects wild,
And revel in her stormiest mood,
Distorted, savage, unsubdued.
I love the mountain's rugged steep,
Where silent snows eternal sleep,
And warring winds, discordant, rave
Thro' narrow gorge or rocky cave,
With varying swell and wailing note,
Seems nearer now, and now remote,
As if troubled spirits, in anguish deep,
Among those rough defiles did weep.
Oh! joy, to hear the torrents roar,
As rushing down, its waters pour
O'er jagged rocks in wild career,
Swift, bounding, like a frightened deer,
And now, in clouds of varying shade,
Come leaping o'er the mad cascade.
Then, higher, toiling I ascend
Above the clouds, and downward bend
My gaze upon the vaporous mass,
Which, drifting round the mountains, pass;
And see the sunrays blithely dance
Upon their backs, and slanting, glance
In transient hues of crimson light,
And rainbow tints bespangled bright.
Here standing on the snow-crowned peak,
I hear, below, the thunders speak
With loud, reverberating croak,
And, anon, see the lightning's flash
In lurid streaks, athwart the scene,
Above this din a calm serene,
Inviolable, reign around
A peace, soul-soothing and profound.
Oh! would the heart, steeped in despair,
Could rise above the clouds of care,
Could soar to realms from passions free,
High raised above the storm tossed sea
Of error, ignorance and greed,
Where mammon's slaves, by word and deed,
Make earth a hell of bitter strife,
And make a galling load of life.
Where frantic mortals, base and rude,
Bow to a monster, deep imbued,
With widows' sighs and orphans' tears,
That preys upon the foolish fears,
Of sweating labor, gorging deep
Of all the wealth the toilers reap,
Leaving labor naught but care,
Rage, misery, hunger, cold, despair,
And ignorance, that poisoned draught,
Which poverty has ever quaffed,
The cup of slavery, despots ever,
Dole to minds they'd chain forever.
Oh! man, a wondrous being thou art,
With reasoning mind and feeling heart,
With passions frequent, hope imbued,
And wondrous power of will endued;
Hate, love and friendship, fraud and truth,
Ambition, greed, right, wrong, in sooth
All contradictions find in thee
Their ever-varying votary;
Thou creature of a fleeting day,
Whose sun of life scarce sheds a ray
Before the cloud of death steals o'er
And thou art nothing, as before.
Your pigmy empires reared in blood,
Your puppet monarchs hell-sent brood;
The wealth your all-absorbing greed
Has ravished earth to blindly feed;
The power to rule, the breath of fame
You've strove to grasp, through blood and
shame;
All, all shall vanish, fade and die,
As time rolls to eternity.

How grand, when standing face to face
With nature in this savage place,
To trace, unmarred, the Creator's plan
And learn the littleness of man.

—T. P. O'Rourke.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 25, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It may interest some of the readers of the Magazine to hear from the members of W. H. Thomas Lodge, No. 159.

The Lodge, which has a very efficient corps of officers, is doing very well. The Vice Master, Cummins, met with a very serious accident not very long ago. His engine, the 169, ran off an open switch, turned over, and catching him underneath, bruised him very badly. It was three hours before they got the wreck off him. He is now recovering rapidly.

Sam Manning is unreasonably good natured lately. It's a girl. James Cunningham and Manning are running switch engines in the Edgfield yard, and Clark is hostlering. H. Satterfield and Harvey are happy now, their engine, the 155, is out of the back shop, good as new, as Hill says. Kit Trainum is the "throttle agitator" on the Consul, No. 174, while our Master, Morgan Tindall, is the coal clerk. They do say Morgan carries a stand-up collar and red tie to help out his appearance when he lays over at Earlington—don't know her name. P. J. King is watching the steam gauge on passenger engine, No. 252, while P. Hession performs on the scoop and door chain on passenger engine, No. 93. That Buck has been very sick for the last month and the boys were glad to see him around again. The New Orleans Exposition has made business better than it is usually this time of the year.

E. P. B. J.

♦ Ft. HOWARD, WIS., June 2, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

During the last few months certain developments in the affairs of the Brotherhood have unearthed some startling sights, if we may so term some of the situations into which myself and others have been placed through the misapplication of an article which appeared in the March number, over the *nom de plume* of "The Tramp." But since that mistake on the part of certain men in our Brotherhood, is to be, at the same time, an injury and a benefit to our Grand Officers, I wish, on behalf of the "Tramp," to offer an explanation. Bro. S. M. Stevens is not the author of the letters appearing in Vol. 8 of the Magazine, or those, so far in Vol. 9. As many of our members seem to think he is, and condemn the articles in question in the same breath, I wish to direct their attention to myself, and whatever adverse criticisms they have to make or whatever blame they wish to attach to the author must be applied to me, for I am, or rather have been the author of those articles. So long as they pleased the members, I offered no objection to each man thinking just as he pleased as to authorship, but when they (the articles) are the means of injury to any

Brotherhood man, and especially a grand officer, I must forego my abhorrence of "cheap advertising," as Bro. T. P. O'Rourke calls it, and have any blame or condemnation put just where it belongs. The causes which led to my assuming the "Tramp" for my *nom de plume* have been fully explained to Bro. Stevens, in a personal interview, and as he is the one I have injured the most, I will not further trespass on your space by reciting our conversation.

In conclusion, I wish to say that "The Tramp," in Vols. 8 or 9 has never contributed a line to these columns that spoke ill of any honest laboring man or for the purpose of injuring the feelings of any straightforward Brotherhood man. Neither was it my intention to introduce into these columns any question of national policy. My sole reference in the March and April numbers was to those who won't work if a chance to steal is offered, and who neither benefit this or any other country by their foolhardy performances, and men of this kind are by no means confined to one creed or nationality. Furthermore, there is not an honest laboring man in this free land of America, be his nationality, creed or circumstances what they may, but I would cheerfully champion his cause against oppression, let the form be any one of the numerous methods in use. A laboring man, myself, I am not above my position, but I believe I have generosity enough to consider both sides of a question before I make a decision as to the course to pursue. Now, if certain members wish to continue their course in condemning those articles they can do so with a proper understanding of why they were written and who the author is. I wrote them and to me belongs the blame.

Faternally yours, E. B. MAYO.

TULARE, CAL., May 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

"Tall aches from little toe corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow."

If that rhymster told the truth, although at present No. 139 is a small Lodge, by the perseverance and earnest endeavor of its members, it may grow to be as solid and grand as its namesake, Mt. Whitney, whose lofty snow-capped peak (which is plainly visible from the window of our lodge room) looms above its surrounding brothers, like six-bits over a copper cent.

I have been thinking of sending to our Magazine an epistolary effusion concerning our Lodge for some time, but like the rest of our boys am kept so busy handling the scoop, that what little time we have is devoted to entire rest preparatory to the next trip.

Although our division is not so long nor so hard to get over as some I have read about in the Magazine, it is the Carbon Hill coal that breaks our boy's hearts, especially when we have a big train and have to perform the ash pan act at every water tank.

We have quite a flourishing Lodge here, and are continually growing in numbers. Our boys all take a great interest in the welfare of the

Lodge and seem to have the good of the Order right at heart, and always attend meetings regularly and punctually.

Several of our boys have been promoted within the last two years, and are now handling the throttle quite dextrously. It is probably but a matter of time until the rest of us will be in the same predicament.

The latest novelty in our town is the skating rink. The drug stores reaped quite a harvest, selling sticking plasters, splints and bandages, for the floor would rise up and knock the boys out at first, but they are mastering it so now they can hold it down every pop, some pops.

Well, "this is the end of my tail," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull frog.

CALIFORNIA BOY.

For Firemen's Magazine:

The Discontented Brakeman.

I'd rather be a fireman, with sooty face and clothes,
For 'though his hands are always black, he never gets them froze;
He stands before the furnace, and his teeth they never shake,
While he laughs at us poor fellows who have to ride the brake.

I'd rather be a baggageman, to handle trunks and bags,
To sit back in an arm chair and sort out checks and tags;
Now and then an extra quarter for some little job he takes,
And laughs at us poor fellows who have to ride the brakes.

I'd rather be a section-boss, who sits down on the ground
And sights along the heavy rails, but never lifts a pound.
I'd rather be an agent, to dress up like a sport,
And send my monthly statement in a hundred dollars short.

I'd rather be a wiper, a raking out the coals,
Or a parrot-footed lineman a climbing up the poles;
Or I'd change off in the extra gang and a dime an hour make,
I'm sure it would be easier than riding on the brake.

I'd rather be an engineer, and in the engine ride,
He rings the bell and blows his horn and throws her open wide;
He sits upon the cushion and his solid comfort takes,
But never thinks about the boys who have to ride the brakes.

I'd rather be a conductor, and put on pretty airs,
I'd wink at all the girls I saw, and pocket all the fares;
He don't have very much to do and soon a fortune makes,
O, wouldn't that be better than this riding on the brakes.

I'd rather be the general or division superintendent,
To sign the passes and the checks and talk so independent;
In fact, if I could have the chance, I know the choice I'd make,
I'd rather be the president than ride upon the brake.

—Thos. B. Appleget.

ONEONTA, N. Y., May 16, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I think the members of Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, B. of L. F., are the pure extract of modesty and stillness, inasmuch as we have to look in the list of Subordinate Lodges in order to be sure there is such a Lodge. Now, why is this so? Susquehanna Lodge is composed of men second to none in the Order, in point of intellect, and they are earnest workers for the benefit of the Order, never leaving any thing undone that will tend to elevate their fellow-men. Every one of their meetings are well attended and each of their members, sixty-four in number, feel a deep personal interest in the Order. The boys are always full of business or fun, as the case may require. Not one of them has ever been known to flinch when duty called. Take them altogether, they are fit ornaments for society and they will be right at home on the right hand side of the engine when the time comes. There are many first-class engineers on the A. & S. R. R., who still meet with 71 and are also members of Div. 58 B. of L. E. Among the number are Geo. Smith, Geo. Eisinger, O. Beach, James Gleason, Willard Hand and Chas. Houghton. Little is known of the last named engineer for the past month, because he has gone and taken unto himself a wife. Now do not say anything to the boys about it, for Charles is very bashful and would rather think than hear about it. However, if Charley manages the wife as well as he does the 157 there will be no jar or friction. C. C. Bunker, Master of 71, has been promoted to engine dispatcher at Oneonta and puts chalk upon the black board in grand style. Every one is sure of his turn now and also of a civil answer to all questions. D. V. Rorick, Secretary, and P. Stillwell, Financier, are always at the round house, taking care of engines, and all the boys know their engine is ready to go when the caller comes. Besides, it leaves them at liberty to attend to their duty at every meeting. H. Evelin is doing the stoking for P. Connors upon the local freight, and the old mill always show the white feather on all the grades. It is rumored that A. Crandall, fireman on the 155, bought a farm, the other day, at the double crossing, and spent a couple of hour sowing oats. Keep her hot, Crandall, and let farming go. A. Hatchings is keeping the 170 hot for E. Aberts upon the Binghamton accommodation. Grand Master F. W. Arnold paid a flying visit to Oneonta last week, upon business pertaining to his office. The boys were all highly pleased with the opportunity of seeing and listening to their head officer, many of whom had never had the honor of his acquaintance. He is the right man in the right place and will do all in his power to encourage the boys in their good work.

Eugene V. Debs Lodge, No. 1, B. of R. R. B., is in a flourishing condition, growing stronger every day. The O. R. C., in Oneonta, is also booming. Howard Evans is at present chief conductor, and with his able officers, nothing is left undone. Div. 58, B. of L. E., is presided

over by A. Dimmick, and all members know the sound of the gavel. Conductor H. Humphrey takes care of the Dutch clock and tells the boys (indirectly) when they are entitled to fifteen days upon the hill. This, however, does not happen very often.

THROTTLE PULLER.

TAYLOR, TEXAS, May 21, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Being a subscriber to your your excellent Magazine, and having never seen anything regarding the boys at Taylor, I take the liberty of giving a little information respecting the doings of the aforesaid.

Taylor is a thriving little city, situated at the junction of the Missouri Pacific, and I. & G. N. R. R. and at no distant time we expect to see our little "prairie city" enjoy the reputation of being one of the busiest cities in Texas.

We have lately had a lodge started here (No 263, Alamo,) which, although only of medium size at present, we trust will grow in prosperity as well as size, before long.

Our round house and shops, presided over by our respected and able Master Mechanic, S. Spangler, are an important feature here; indeed, the town is essentially a railroad town, and owes its present and future prosperity to the fact of its being such.

Business has, however, been rather dull on the road lately, but it is now picking up again fast, and the "little 40," under the handling of Jack Rhodes and our Master, Z. B. Mansfield, has just about as much as she can manage in the yard.

The way the little giant picks up a full train without a slip or murmur causes old and experienced railroaders to open their eyes with astonishment.

Joe Green, our able Secretary, still runs "the 11," and I have heard that Joe makes better time going south than coming north. It is whispered that there is a little girl in the case, somewhere around San Antonio. "Shorty" Middleton shovels the coal for Joe, and you bet he keeps her hot. Tom Thrallkill is still jerking "the 49" around, and never doubles the hills—well, hardly ever. Maurice Moynahan, our Financier, supplies the steam for Tom in good shape. Some of the boys will soon be looking forward for promotion, and I do not expect they will be disappointed, for our Master Mechanic, has a good reputation for giving the deserving a good showing. The boys are all doing their best to secure approbation from the proper quarter, but I think Pat Moynahan takes the cake for a good clean engine. When Pat has, "the 24" scoured up right good, which he generally has, it would dazzle your eyes to look at her. "Jumbo" Walker is still in the land of the living, and is as fat as ever. "Cannon Ball Young" is pulling a passenger on the Missouri Pacific, and Al Walker keeps the 25 howling for him all the way. By the way, it is rumored that Al shortly intends going to house-keeping and from appearances it certainly seems that something of the kind is contemplated, and

we are all anxiously awaiting invitations. Our freight house and depot, was blown down in the last storm, which did considerable damage, but the I. & G. N. bridge gang are putting things in good shape again; by the way bridge gangs around here have had to rustle lately on account of washouts, but thanks to their exertions everything is filled in fair condition now. I guess I must bring my communication to an end as I do not wish to monopolize too much of your valuable space, which I am afraid I have done already, so with best wishes for the prosperity and welfare of the B of L. F. I will conclude.

ALPHA.

CLINTON, IOWA, June 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have been an interested reader of the Magazine for a number of years and I cannot help but admire the interest which this book commands, not only by the members of this grand and noble Order but also by a great many outsiders. Men and women of ability are ready to proclaim every where the good qualities of our Magazine and join hands with us at all times in wishing us untold prosperity. What is more beautiful or what is more appropriate than our motto: Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. It is the ground-work of all that is great and good. I feel that we can have no conception of the real merits of those three small but great words, yet I sincerely trust that each and every member of this Order will take them for a guide. Now, I will say for myself that I have been a member of this Order for six years. I am proud to note the success, its rapid growth, its good principles, promptness in duty, etc. Now, as to our home Lodge, I find that No. 34 does not appear in the Magazine very often. Now, we have able men in our fold, who are capable of doing justice to this corresponding work and I don't see but what we ought to let our sister Lodges know that there is such a Lodge as No. 34 in existence. We have very interesting meetings, good attendance and we all join in wishing good luck to every one who numbers among our Lodges. As there are writers who are more capable than I, I will close.

Yours fraternally,

T. A. K.

E. ALBANY, N. Y., June 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

On the 11th of May, 1884, Bro. S. M. Stevens organized a Lodge in this village, with ten charter members, and it was christened East Albany Lodge No. 215. A few of us were doubtful as to the expediency of the step, but we determined to give the matter a fair trial, and I am happy to state that it proved in every way successful, and we are justly proud to belong to such a well-conducted railroad association.

Its teachings elevate its members to a higher standard of morality and enable them to do their work with pleasure and profit to themselves and satisfaction to their employers. I could mention numberless other reasons why we love the

Order, but I started to tell you about East Albany Lodge. Our success during the year has exceeded our greatest expectations, when we take into consideration the difficulties we encountered, and prejudices we had to overcome; but we succeeded, thanks to the noble ten who solemnly pledged themselves to the constitution and by-laws of the Order. I am happy to state that we have a membership of forty-five, all of them good, upright citizens, and a credit to the Order. Our financial condition is also good, we being out of debt, and a bank account away up in the hundreds. We have a good set of officers, who understand their business thoroughly and the way they put a candidate through the solemn rites of initiation is grand and impressive.

First comes our worthy Master Bro. Chas. Cochran, who always has the interest of the Lodge at heart. He has worked hard and faithfully for its success, and fills his position with credit to himself and honor to the Lodge. Second comes our worthy Vice Master, Bro. Chas. Lowell, who is always ready to do anything for the benefit of the Lodge and good of the Order. He presented, some time since, a beautiful ballot box and a set of officers gavel to the Lodge. Then come our Recording Secretary, Bro. N. Burch, and Financier, Bro. F. Brooksie, who fill their respective positions so well it will be a hard matter for them to decline. Next comes our Past Master, Bro. A. L. Babcock, who is an earnest worker and a valuable acquisition to our number. Next in order is our Chaplain, Bro. F. E. Willard, who is tall and dignified and just the man for the position he holds. Our Warden, Bro. Will Tabor, and our Guards, Bros. F. Collins and H. Stevens are all good men and fill their respective positions creditably.

If my letter was not already too long I would like to speak on other subjects, but will desist until some future time.

TYRO.

LIVINGSTON, M. T., May 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Spring is with us once more, and with it has come the merry song of the wild forest birds, and the fragrant odor of the woodland and prairie flowers. So, officers and brothers of this, our noble Brotherhood of Charity and Peace, let us greet each other through the columns of our welcome visitor, the Magazine, with the same joyous feeling.

It is over a year since I saw an article in the Magazine from any brother of the ten Lodges along our line of road, (Northern Pacific), but they are all in our ranks, and doing good work, as a ride over the N. P. from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon, will convince any traveling Brother.

We have all come out of a long, cold winter in good spirits. It was not so cold, but we had enough snow to give our southern sister states a good winter, and have enough left to make it very interesting for our snow-plow boys. We all lived through, and came out of it without a single mishap, except to be occasionally stuck in

the snow thirty or forty hours. Our time keeping the track clear, and open from snow, and the small number of brothers, caused us to have only a few opportunities to have Lodge meetings from the 15th of December to the 25th of March. But we have made up for lost time, and have four accepted applications to work upon since the 25th of March. We had thirty-eight members the 1st of January, but we gave Bro. D. O'Neil to No. 194, and J. Folmer to 243. Twenty more of 191's boys are away from here, leaving sixteen members to do the Lodge work. Bro. H. H. Dupine was called home the first of the month, for the second time this winter, on account of the dangerous illness of his father. Bro. Dupine is our Financier; he is a good man in his position, and all the boys sympathize in his trouble. Bro. Foley, our Secretary, who in January, was dangerously wounded at the skating rink is around and at work, to the joy and satisfaction of his many friends. The many friends of Bro. Foley, from Glendive to Helena, a distance of 465 miles, made him the handsome present of \$160, for which he returns his hearty thanks. He also wishes, and so do the members of No. 191, to thank through the columns of the Magazine, Mrs. McEneaney and daughters, for the kind and motherly care of him in his dangerous sickness.

Bro. J. Flood, our Magazine agent, has done good work in procuring fifty subscribers, considering the population and few railroad men stationed here.

Some of our old friends and staunch brothers, among whom are B. Johnson, R. Reynolds, C. Fitzpatrick, T. Low, W. Ouse and Ed. Anderson, are on the U. & N. Ry., at Eagle Rock and Butte City, M. T. We have Bros. Dempsey, Cameron, Doyle, Dupine and Field, on freight, and Gerlick, O'Neil and Downey on Switch engines. Bros. Healey, D. Downey, Flood, Catron and P. Thompson, are engine dispatchers.

I visited No. 82 at Minneapolis, a short time ago, and was very much pleased to see such a fine B. of L. F. Lodge room, and the good work of 82's officers and members. The members have chosen good men as leaders. Any Lodge with a Master like Bro. Sharrah, and a Financier as prompt as F. H. Holl, can not help but meet with good success. No. 82 is a model for any of us to take pattern after in the good work of B. S. and I.

Yours truly,

W. T. FIELD,

LEXINGTON, KY., June 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As Ashland Lodge has not been represented in the Firemen's Magazine for some time, we take this method to inform the brothers of other Lodges that No. 223 is not extinct, but is still the standard of our noble Brotherhood, with bearing Bros. Geo. F. Little, M. H. Bledsoe and W. J. Mead as chief standard bearers.

By the way, our Financier is to be envied by most persons, as he has been promoted to the right hand side and is now running the yard engine at Mt. Sterling, where he can see his

heart's treasure every day. She has not yet changed her name to Mrs. W. J. Mead, but we think 'tis only a question of time.

F. S. Burns, a member of No. 223, has recently been promoted and seems as much at home on the right hand side as if he was only performing with the shovel.

Bro. Jno. Crofton, of Port Hope Lodge No. 138, who has been firing on Lexington Division of C. & O. Ry., for some time, met with an accident a few days since, which came very near proving fatal. Johnny was off several days; most of the time he spent at Olive Hill. While there he attended Sunday School regularly but it is not positively known whether he acted as teacher or only as a scholar.

Johnny Savage, one of our passenger firemen, received a present of a ten pound baby boy, a few weeks ago, and he says it looks more like its papa every day; He also says it will be able to fire his engine in a short time.

STRAIGHT STACK.

STRATFORD, ONT., May 28, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Thursday evening May 14th, witnessed the first of what we hope will be a series of pleasant social assemblies, conducted by the Ladies Society, B. of L. F., at Stratford.

For some time previous great preparations were going on in making arrangements to insure the complete success of this, the first public effort of the Ladies Society. Many members of Avon Lodge No. 38 went into the ticket selling for the ladies with an amount of zeal truly creditable to them. Bros. J. Johnston and E. Ball, carried off first honors in this respect. The assembly took place at the Reading Room, Grand Trunk Literary Institute, and was in every sense a complete social success, eclipsing all the highest expectations of its promoters. There was to be seen a select and happy company of eighty couples bent upon sipping the cup of pleasure to its full that evening.

Peeping in upon the gay scene one could not help soliloquizing: what a noble display of youth and beauty, strength and weakness, gallantry and coquetry. Truly in these lies the future of our country. These strong young workmen must in the future hold the helm and bring great things to pass. It is in them the true wealth and greatness of a nation lies; and these lovely maidens shall perhaps be privileged to assist and in the future walk hand in hand with some of these same young working men. But to return to my subject—everything went along smoothly and happily until the early morning hours when all dispersed to their various homes, each one declaring the assembly one of the most enjoyable and perfectly managed they had ever had the good fortune to attend, and it is safe to say the Ladies Society of Stratford have established a first-class reputation in this, their first grand public effort, which will insure them an unlimited patronage from all genuine lovers of dancing on any future occasion. All the members of the

Ladies' Society, and also of Avon Lodge No. 38, were very pleased to see Mrs. Alice Brooker among them on that occasion, after her long and serious illness. We were pleased to see several Point Edwards brothers there. Most valuable assistance in preparing the supper was given cheerfully by many ladies who were not members of the society. Their services were fully appreciated by the members of the Ladies' Society. All the members unite in giving testimony that the society has been the means of bringing many into close friendship who would otherwise have remained strangers—to the mutual benefit of all. I must not forget to mention that Bro. Jno. Graham has renounced his intention of remaining a bachelor and was married at Lisle, Ontario, to an estimable young lady of that place on May 6th. Bro. Graham has the best wishes of the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, for a long and happy married life. Among the latest arrivals to swell the great array of juveniles are Bro. Hatton, a son; Bro. J. W. Lamb, a daughter; Bro. Robt. Gelford, a daughter, and the very latest of all is Bro. Geo Yapp, a son. I need scarcely add that all of them are proud and happy in the possession of their little living treasures.

W. E. BROOKER.

EVANSTON, WY., June 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have been a member of Morning Star Lodge No. 88 for nearly three years, and I am sorry to say that I have never seen anything in the Magazine from our Lodge. Fearing that our sister Lodges might think we were not in existence, I thought that a few lines from my pen might relieve their minds of such a false impression. I can safely say that our Lodge is in splendid condition. We have fifty-four members, all in good standing; our worthy Master, Bro. A. Payne, is a hard worker in the cause, and the gentlemanly and efficient manner in which he presides over our meetings, is highly appreciated by all the members. Bro. Bemis, (better known as Yank), our Financier, is one of the hardest workers in the Lodge. It is amusing to watch him hunt the boys on pay day. Bro. Dave Hamilton is running the 994, with Bro. Moyanhan on the left doing the scoop act. Bro. Hamilton makes it interesting for the fast freight, even when he is after them. Bro. Woods is running the helper on "Echo Hill," and when the boys see the 514 coupling in with them, they look pleased, for they know that they will get there, for Bro. Woods is at the helm. Bro. Geo. Thennis has just returned from the east, accompanied by a fair lady who is now called Mrs. Thennis. All the boys wish George and his wife an unlimited amount of happiness.

I will now close, hoping that these few lines will not find their way into the waste basket. They may be the means of starting some more capable member to contribute to the Magazine.

Yours in B. S. and I.,

THE KID.

For Firemen's Magazine.

ACROSS THE WAY.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Elton, as a token of respect to their aged grandfather, Wm. Stevens.

Looking just across the way
At the dusky close of day,
I saw an old man standing by his pretty cottage door;
Vines were hanging from the eaves,
And the verdant glossy leaves,
Formed a back ground for the picture that had charmed me once before.

A tiny sunbeam streaming,
Through the cypress hedge was gleaming,
Then paused, as though caressing the peaceful, patient face;
His locks were silvery white,
Resting like a crown of light.
On the brow, where Time had left but feeble trace.

He has shared of grief and fears,
He has seen some happy years,
Now, he views the blessings, that to him have been revealed;
Standing by the open door,
Memory turned the o'er,
And linked the past and present, with the future that is sealed.

Soon his life work will be o'er
Those hands will toll no more,
He is standing like the flowers that are blooming there to-day;
Buds will blossom but to die,
When the Reaper cometh by,
To place the lovely picture across the other way.

—*Evelyn Ashton Hughes.*

JACKSON, MICH., June 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As the sun is slowly sinking in the west, behind the dark clouds that are obscuring his rays from "terra firma," we can hear the rumbling of distant thunder, and see the flashes of lightning as they dart hither and thither across the heavens; everything seems to give way to the storm's fiery elements, except Gilbert Lodge No. 240, located at Jackson, Mich., under the judicious management of our worthy Master, George Hastings, who is always at his post of duty, and who is supported by an untiring band of members. No matter if storms and tempests do arise, No. 240, with its numbered few, is solid on the rock. We have no drones in our Lodge; every man is bent on doing good work, and I can't see why our Lodge is not in a fair way to become one of the model Lodges. We have good material on the M. C. and L. S. & M. S. railroads to build upon. Our Financier, A. Sunley, is the right man in the right place; delinquent members are not known.

Bro. Tom Wright has been promoted to the right hand side. We only trust he will meet with success. Our worthy Master concluded that man was not born to live alone, so he took unto himself a wife, an estimable young lady of our city. We wish George much joy. Our Secretary, Bro. Sam Verburg, who is a cool-headed, far-seeing young knight of the scoop, has also joined hands in matrimony, and now can put his feet under his own table, and bid good-bye to boarding houses and hash.

May the good work of the Brotherhood ever continue is the watchword of 240. DOKR.

PARSONS, KANSAS, June 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As the time for our convention is approaching and the still nearer election of delegates, it is well for us, as a Brotherhood, to ask and express a few ideas, intending them to be an important factor in the future management of our institution or Order. Constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest of stone, and as true the incessant "pegging away" at any one subject will eventually bring it before brothers, and secure for it the attention it deserves. We continue along in the same channel into which we have drifted in later years, not seeing, as we glide along the outlet where we could have rested awhile, simply because we have been floating alone for so long and relying on our own protection, with no one to offer us a word of warning or advice. But if we remain in the same ocean of idleness, what will become of the craft when the waves begin to roll? I am no agitator, but it does seem to me that we are running too "light;" we need something to hold the old mill down. Our Order is grand, noble and good, but what of that, if we do not have greater protection from trespassers. It is not my desire to decrease from years of hard labor of sister Lodges or any members of the B. of L. F., for they have earnestly worked for the best, but I will ask what protection have we, in fact? We, as brothers, know the penalty of the kind of protection afforded us. We are at peace with all men, but when Erebus makes his appearance, we would rather be in the light. If you try to convince a man that he should not drive or ride on Sunday, he will straightway harden himself against the sensible reasonings to which he would otherwise be susceptible. We, especially in this portion of the footstool, have to reason for ourselves nowadays. Let my good brothers draw the line where it belongs and then their efforts will be attended with success. Sharp business transactions are not all carried on the surface, but require nerve and foresight to work for the future.

Again, in order to secure the lasting benefits which we expect at Philadelphia, it will be of the utmost importance for the delegate to be a person who has the interest of the Order at heart; a man who will not be afraid to make a "few remarks" before a larger number than is seen in our Lodge room at home. He must be heard in all rightful things, and act accordingly. This should not be a question of individual choice, but one in which the Brotherhood generally is interested, and I hope that Lodges will not relax their vigilance, and will see that each delegate is the worker that is needed in our cause at the Convention. It is a question of public and individual comfort, and it remains for us to be a delegation of genuine firemen. We may not have been first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of all countrymen, but the interesting fact remains that we have a right to claim priority in a great many things, including the war against firemen, a new insur-

ance system, etc. Let the delegate not forget "know how to speak, where to speak and when to speak." Care and culture have developed the exquisite house rose from the common day rose, and cannot we, by careful attention to duty and employers, make our high physical manhood and virility the grand object of desire and envy?

RESURGAM.

MITCHELL, DAK., June 21, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

How would a short letter from the *liveliest* and *best town* in Southern Dakota appear in the Magazine? I want, in some way, to let the many readers of the Monthly know where Ferguson Lodge No. 190 is located; also that its members are alive to the best interest of the Brotherhood, that we have thirty members in good standing, and can boast of having among our members the largest as well as the smallest engineers in the employ of the C., M. & St. P. Road. The initials of their names are G. C. Ferguson and Frank Mowder. I hope the boys will not blush at seeing their names thus brought before the public, and will say, by way of excuse, that they are both single and, as the term goes, quite a "catch." Bro. Comfort, the *masher*, would feel slighted if his name was not mentioned, as would the dude, Grundland, but they are both good boys and no one envies them the happy moments they enjoy with the fair ones, even if they do go to picnics instead of Lodge, occasionally. Bro. Wm. Smith has tired of roller skates, and may now be seen exhibiting great skill astride a bicycle. Well, now, to something else. As the time for holding the 12th Annual Convention is fast approaching I would like to call the attention of the several Lodges to the matter of expense incurred by them in sending delegates to these Conventions. Could we not get along with holding a Convention once in two years instead of once a year? It would seem that with our newly-revised Constitution and By-Laws, and our tried and true Grand Lodge officers, we could reduce our expenses one-half in that line, and be just as well provided for, as we are at the present, and I think give better satisfaction than to try to reduce the number of delegates at the several Conventions. Let us hear from some one better posted on the subject, and with best wishes for the B. of L. F. I am, fraternally yours, W. S. C.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The members of Albany City Lodge No. 29 were much pleased last month, having received a visit from Grand Master Arnold. They hope he will call again and stay longer the next time. New members are coming in right along, and at present our roll calls the names of fifty Brotherhood Firemen. I. S.

A MAN who thoroughly understands the duties of Financier is J. W. Sinclair of Excelsior Lodge No. 11.

PERSONAL.

ORVILLE E. FOX is one of the leading spirits of Vigo Lodge No. 16.

A. J. BAIRD is one of the strictest disciplinarians in Eureka Lodge.

ARTHUR BASSETT toils vigorously in the interests of Fargo Lodge No. 85.

F. H. COE presides over Buffalo Lodge No. 12 with ability and dignity.

H. LEVOIE, of No. 66, wasn't exactly pleased when he found it was a girl again.

T. P. MURPHY fills the chair of No. 188 with equal credit to himself and his Lodge.

C. E. BULLARD is the financial manager of No. 73, and well does he perform his duties.

ED HAMMOND and Pat Monahan, of No. 263, are said to be inclined to matrimony.

T. J. HAYES keeps the members of No. 44 square on the books. He is an excellent Financier.

J. H. WARN is a Master of whom any Lodge might feel proud. No. 95 has full confidence in him.

E. H. SMITH, of 107, has taken in a new boarder. It is a boy, and he is said to be a chip off the old block.

A MAN who thoroughly understands the duties of Financier is J. W. Sinclair, of Excelsior Lodge No. 11.

BRO QIMBY, of No. 82, says fifteen days is too much for a little calf, so he will keep that eye open in the future.

J. V. BENNETT, of No. 52, was married recently to Miss W. C. Gauger, of Logansport. May success attend them.

J. M. RODDICK, the energetic Master of No. 202 has been promoted, and is now running on the O. & Q. division of the C. P. R. R.

BRO. JIM. LEAHY has a proposition to travel as advance agent for a novel button and button hole foundry—its a cold day, etc.

OUR new correspondent, "Alpha," has written us a very interesting letter from Taylor, Texas. We hope to hear from him often.

THE members of 168 are glad to see Bro. John Argall around once more after a siege of inflammatory rheumatism of ten months.

As a Financier we know of none who is more faithful in the discharge of his duties than Bro. Ed Upton, of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15.

A. STEETZER, of Standard Lodge, was married May 14th to Miss Pauline Smith, of Grand Rapids, Mich. May joy be with them.

WILL Threlig Rhue be kind enough to awaken his muse from her protracted slumber? We would be glad to see his name in print again.

THE officers of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, are well qualified for their respective positions and discharge their duties without fear or favor.

PINE City Lodge congratulates Bros. J. M. Grimes and E. Schultz, who were recently married. They are among the leading members of No. 81.

THE Financier of No. 5 is elated over the arrival of a new fireman. Turney says he will be able to represent No. 5 at the coming Convention.

HARVEY SPRINGSTEAD performs the duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of his Lodge. The members of No. 3 estimate him at his real value.

BRO. JOE GRAY, of No. 221, was lately married to Miss Beatrice Powell. That they may have a long life of prosperity is the wish of the members.

J. SCOTT, who presides over North Bay Lodge so ably, has his face wreathed in smiles. A healthy young fireman has been added to his family circle.

THE attention of our members is called to the Grand Dues notice on page 440. Payment must be made to your Financier on or before August 1st.

BRO. R. C. BELKNAP, of Baldwin Lodge No. 189, is on crutches with a sprained ankle, the result of an accident that befell him a short time since, while on duty.

THE efficient Master of 231, Bro. H. O. Smith, was lately married to a very estimable young lady of Wilmington, Del. May their pathway be strewn with roses.

W. H. JOHNSON, of Forest City Lodge, is running a switch engine at Taylor, Tex. The boys say he is anxious to get back to San Antonio. What is the attraction, Billy?

THE members of Advance Lodge are congratulating their Master, Bro. H. K. Burket, upon his marriage to Miss Gibson, a popular young lady of Creston society.

GEORGE CLARK, of No. 82, says it breaks him all up, getting up so early in the morning; says he must have fifteen hours out of the twenty-four to sleep, or he will grow poor.

THE members of Old Post Lodge, No. 17, extend their sincere thanks to the Seymour Division, B. of L. E., for courtesies shown to them on their late excursion to Cincinnati.

A interesting letter has been received from "F. A. S." of No. 7. He reports the promotions of Bros. Jos. Minnick, J. C. Graham and P. Riley, and bespeaks a bright future for the Lodge.

No. 66 has been abundantly blessed. Bros. R. Hagan, George Andrews and H. Lavoie are the happy fathers of new girl babies, and Bro. Geo. Taylor feels that he is a little ahead, because his is a boy.

THE boys of No. 127 are looking for the cigars, as Bro. Arthur Johnston, on June 2, was united in matrimony to an estimable young lady of Brandon. The best wishes of all the members are with them.

THE many friends of R. Germain will be pained to learn of the death of his only child, Frankie, an interesting boy of four years. Bro. and Mrs. Germain have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know them.

CARDS are out announcing the marriage of Bro. W. A. Holcomb, Master of Lodge 164, to Miss Kittie Quackenbush, of Butler, Ind. The young couple have many friends who wish them all the pleasant things of life.

BOB EBBAGE, of No. 16, who has lately "swapped" the throttle for the plow-share, occasionally forgets himself, and when he goes out in the morning to milk, exclaims to the innocent, cud-chewing bovine, "slack back a little."

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine, Mrs. Honora Sexton desires to return thanks to the officers and members of Falls City Lodge No. 103, for kind attention shown her son, John Sexton, during his last illness.

It is said of Bro. S. M. Iles, that when coming down from Chicago, the other day, while the train was waiting at a station he espied a section hand standing a short way off, whose beard was of an auburn shade, and smiles called out to him, "Say, Patrick, give me a chew of your whiskers."

MAURICE VETTER, of R. R. Center Lodge No. 31, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Kate Osborne, of Sprague, Washington Ty. The ceremony took place in the Episcopal Church. May your cup of happiness, Bro. Vetter, remain full to the brim is the sentiment of all your friends.

THEY say that Tom Malone—a very near relative of Bro. T. P. Murphy—is one of the most distinguished looking gentlemen in Chicago. Tom failed, however, to make his Seymour connection. Ah, there, stay there, Tom!

WALT. T. SCREES, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, and one of its best members, was appointed Deputy Marshal for the town of Brightwood, Ind., in addition to his duties as fireman on the Bee Line. We congratulate the citizens on their choice, and wish him success in his new department.

A CORRESPONDENT from Taylor, Texas, gives us the following items: "Z. B. Mansfield, our worthy Master, has changed his bed and board, and the boys are anxious to know all about it. Tom Thraikill is our leading ladies' man, while Joe Green is learning to play the piano, and has got 'Down by the Garden Gate' down fine."

BRO. JIM WARN, of No. 95, while attending a performance recently, at the Lyceum theater, yielded to the excitement of the occasion, and, thinking to assist one of the actors in an intensely interesting part, jumped to his feet and exclaimed in a loud tone: "Git thar, Eli." Jim then went out and got a clove.

BILLY GIFF says Theo. Debs makes a mistake if he says it was he who talked to that young lady in Moore & Langen's until her right arm dropped off. Oh, no, it wasn't Billy; it was his brother Lou—Lou Smith, whose fine Italian hand was shown in that deaf and dumb contest. Billy wouldn't do such a thing.

THE committee from the Chicago Lodges, that came to Terre Haute, desire to return thanks for the complimentary manner in which they were treated by Messrs. O. S. Lyford, General Superintendent and P. W. Drew, Master of Transportation, of the C. & E. I. Railroad—two gentlemen that recognize the worth of our valuable Order and the good we are aiming to do.

BRO. SMILES, of No. 95, recently received a postal card upon which was inscribed the following:

"A tom-cat sat on Smiles' back fence,
His feet were full of blisters.
He was picking his teeth with a monkey-wrench
And the wind blew through his whiskers."

[Signed] "RATS."
Jim says that George Whitmore, of No. 47, is responsible for the æsthetic (?) production.

MR. J. V. WILSON, Master Mechanic of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. is constantly winning his way into the hearts of his employees. His latest testimony is a combination box he has made for the members of the Brotherhoods—the Engineers and Firemen—to receive their Magazines. It is quite a novelty. Such large-hearted officials never have indifferent men working under them, and are thereby enabled to increase their worth and value to the higher officers of the company.

THE Yuma Sentinel publishes an account of a joke which was recently perpetrated upon our worthy Vice Grand Master. That Bro. Sargent was handsomely "taken in" will be observed in the following:

"A good joke was perpetrated one day this week on F. F. Sargent, the popular foreman of the round house at this place, by Martin Wetzel, the engineer of train No. 18. Mr. Sargent is very fond of pets, whether they be of the nature of fish, flesh or fowl, and must have them as an

auxiliary to his comforts of life. A few days ago he caused a nice reservoir to be built in the front yard of the "bunk house" and ordered some carp through Mr. Wetzel from Los Angeles, to place in it. Mr. Wetzel has a vein of humor running through his composition and being also an obedient and accommodating young man, hunted the town over for the desired fish. Not finding them, he thought he would substitute frogs in their place and take them to his good-natured friend, and thus have a good joke on him. He procured a water-tight box and in a twinkling had it filled with these amphibious reptiles, which, at this time of the year, are quite numerous at the turning table at Los Angeles, and brought them on to Yuma. Arriving here at midnight Mr. Sargent was called from his slumbers and notified that the carp had arrived and that they were subject to his orders. P. H. Hayes, the fireman, was requested by him to place them in the reservoir with the promise, that, in the morning, he would be the recipient of one of the finest cigars in town for his trouble. Mr. Hayes, instead, hid the box in some brush near by, preferring to see Mr. Sargent place the fish in the pond. Bright and early our victimized friend got up and inquiring for the fish, an explanation was made to him why they had not been put in the water. Everything satisfactory. Mr. Sargent took the box carefully and opening the lid turned all the frogs into the reservoir. Discovering the self he ejaculated something and admitted that he had been gloriously sold. About a dozen of the railroad boys joined in the sport and had a good laugh at his expense. All adjourned to town and the "cigars" were passed around also at the expense of Mr. Sargent, and thus ended the first joke of the season.

A Warning to the Public—Don't say fish to Mr. Sargent unless you have previously provided yourself with four revolvers, two Winchester rifles and an Ames' battery gun."

AMUSEMENTS.

MERIDIAN, MISS.

We are frequently reminded both by precept and example, that it is "never too late to do good." And in support of the truth of the above I most happily improve this, the first opportunity to give you an account of the grand ball at this place May 20th, given under the auspices of the B. of L. F., Great Southern Lodge No. 20. It was an occasion long to be remembered by the "Knights of the Shovel," and by all who were in attendance. The music was furnished by the well-known Meridian string band, and was most happily rendered. Time will not allow us to describe in a fitting manner the gentlemanly bearing that characterized the whole affair. Suffice it, the boys outdone themselves in making it a success both in pleasure and in good order. Too much cannot be said in behalf of the untiring efforts of the gentlemanly floor managers, Messrs. Ed. Lake, S. M. Jackson, Jas. Johnson, H. J. Stanton, M. R. Curry, R. E. Stack, Ed. Maxwell, Red. Hopwood and Harry Sland. The happy effect of the urbanity and gallantry of these gentlemen was spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the ladies of Meridian, and you may be sure their laurels were well earned and very justly bestowed. The gay young people "tripped the light fantastic" until 12:30, when a halt was called for refreshments and all retired to the spacious dining hall where a feast of good things awaited them, prepared by a graduate in the cuisinart. Great taste was displayed in dressing the tables and arranging the rich viands, to which all did ample justice. The corps of waiters did their part with mechanical precision. After supper all indulged in social conversation for a time, but were soon summoned to the hall by the soul stirring notes of the band, when away they flew in the "giddy maze" which lasted until the "wee sma' hours," when all retired to their respective homes to seek repose and prepare them for the multifarious cares that infest the day.

Truly the night of the 20th is an oasis in the great desert of life, to which the boys can look back in after years with pleasure and pride. May the same success and good order ever be the predominating feature in all their future festivities.

Very truly yours,

A GUEST.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44 gave its second annual boat excursion and picnic, on Sunday, June 21, on the magnificent pleasure steamer, *Helena*. About 1,200 persons were in attendance, and all enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Members were in attendance from Lodges 21, 39, 49, 109 and 111.

The success of the affair was largely due to the enterprising committees, as they were untiring in their efforts to further the pleasure of those on board.

Brotherhood men were numerous as were also the wives, sisters and sweethearts of the heroes of the throttle and scoop.

The audience on the upper deck were entertained by the colored jubilee singers, while those below participated in dancing, to the charming music furnished by the East St. Louis band.

Lodge No. 44 always does things on a mammoth plan, and in any undertaking she cannot well be eclipsed. The visiting guests were treated like lords, and all agreed they would attend next year, provided circumstances permitted.

It was a great and grand success, without a doubt.

NOTES.

It was on the *Helena*.

The ladies looked handsome in their new spring attire.

Bro. McGill, the worthy Master of 109, is a true man to the cause.

Ed Lullman and his — were there. When is it coming off, Ed?

The boys of Lodge No. 44 are always up to the times. "It's frigid day when they get left."

We were pleased to meet Mr. Dennis Ryan and wife of Decatur. Dennis is one of 49's staunchest members.

Bro. C. Long sprained his ankle early in the day, which prevented him "doing the elegant" as he had anticipated.

George Hoffman, of No. 49, proved himself to be a splendid talker and a fine dancer. "He took the buttermilk."

CRESTON, IOWA.

Advance Lodge No. 101, B. of L. F., gave their fourth annual ball on Wednesday, May 2, 1885. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and paper of all colors. Three flags and their beautiful banner, also forty cages of singing birds. On the stage was a real engine all equipped for a night's run, with head-light and red lights burning as though she would start at the sound of the bell. Music was furnished by the North Western Orchestra, and was enjoyed by all. One hundred and sixty-five couples took part in the grand march, and every one was sorry when the hour of 3:30 A. M. arrived.

RESOLUTIONS.

STRATFORD, ONT.

At a regular meeting of Good Endeavor Lodge, Ladies Society, B. of L. F., it was unanimously

Resolved, That we return thanks to those ladies who so kindly assisted us in getting up our social assembly on May 14th. Also to those members of Avon Lodge No. 38, who so ably assisted us on the same occasion, which proved a grand success.

A. L. JOHNSON,

Secretary.

DENVER, COLORADO.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, B. of L. F., held February 12, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the great Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst our late Bro. John K. Gilbraith, and

WHEREAS, It is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of the most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. J. K. Gilbraith this Lodge laments the loss of a brother who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed of our beloved Order, a friend and companion, who was dear to us all, a citizen, whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this Lodge be extended to the members of his family in their affliction and that as a mark of respect we drape the charter of our Lodge in mourning for the next thirty days.

Geo. H. McGarahan,
Wm. F. Hynes,
O. W. Richardson, } Committee.

FT. SCOTT, KAN.

John McDaniels, of H. C. Lord Lodge, No. 153, went through the Ninescah bridge with his engine, April 22, resulting in his death. At a meeting of H. C. Lord Lodge, held May 3, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother, John McDaniels; therefore be it

Resolved, That while in the sorrowful event we see the hand of Divine Providence, and while we submit humbly to the will of God, yet we are not unmindful of the gloom it has cast upon the family and relatives of our departed brother.

Resolved, That words cannot express the sympathy we have for the sorrowing wife and fatherless children who are called upon to mourn the loss of one who was truly their protector, and who in every walk of life proved himself to be an honest, upright, manly man.

Resolved, That we commend the stricken family to Him who doeth all things for the best, and who alone can heal the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. McDaniels our Lodge has lost a true and faithful member, and the community in which he lived an honest and upright man.

Resolved, That we extend to the Rev. J. H. Duncan our sincere thanks for his words of consolation; also to Mr. J. W. Miller, general master mechanic of the St. L., Ft. S. & G. R. R., also to Mr. N. S. Woods and Mr. Henry Burger, for assistance rendered which will never be forgotten.

Resolved, That out of respect to the deceased, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

W. A. Thompson,
C. Willauer,
A. Barr, } Committee.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His most infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our worthy Bro. Stephen Gosnell, who died at the residence of his brother, May 4th; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Gosnell the Brotherhood has lost a good member and we, his brothers, miss his face in our Lodge room.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are due and

are hereby tendered the members of the South Tenth street M. E. church, of this city, for their assistance at the funeral services and we shall always remember this as an expression of their interest in us as men, and shall endeavor so to live as to always merit their respect.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

N. CARUTHERS,
W. LOUDER,
L. MOONEY, } *Committee.*

FARGO, DAKOTA.

At a regular meeting of Fargo Lodge No. 85, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God has removed from our midst our esteemed Bro. Morris J. Sullivan, be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Sullivan, our Lodge has lost a true member.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge, be extended to his sister, and relatives, in this their great trial and affliction.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to Bro. Mulvihill, and members of Kansas City Lodge, No. 74, and Brother Blades, and members of Anchor Lodge No. 54 for their kindness.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sister of the deceased, and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

C. H. COLE,
M. ST. PETER,
J. F. WARREN,
T. A. KELLY,
A. H. DIXON. } *Committee.*

BRAINERD, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Pine City Lodge No. 81, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks to the following members of the Arrangement Committee, H. G. Otis, W. T. Ripson, John Cullen, W. F. Lowry and Geo. Royal, for the efficient manner in which our fourth annual ball was conducted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to H. J. Small, assistant superintendent of machinery, and we shall always hold in remembrance the favors he has shown us.

WM. LINCOLN,
H. A. BOEDECKER,
W. J. BAIN. } *Committee.*

LOGANSPOUT, IND.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge, B. of L. F., No. 52, held at their hall Sunday, May 27th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to Superintendent Charles Watts and J. L. Donaldson, road foreman of engineers, for favors shown to us in attending the union meeting of the B. of L. F. held in Chicago, May 17, 1885.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be printed in the Daily Journal and the Firemen's Magazine, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to Superintendent Charles Watts and J. L. Donaldson.

C. F. BEAM,
H. D. DUFLONE,
DANIEL CLOSE. } *Committee.*

WELLSVILLE, O.

At a special meeting of Alexia Lodge No. 96, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from us our worthy Bro. John Barlow, therefore be it

Resolved, That we as a Lodge, tender the grief stricken family our heartfelt sympathy in these

dark hours, and point to Him who alone can heal wounds, and trust that he will watch over and protect them.

Resolved, That while we bow our heads in humble submission to God's will, we hope to so conduct ourselves that when we are called to that home where no sorrow and care will be, we may be prepared to render up our accounts with joy and not with grief, as our worthy brother gave evidence.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Barlow, his associates have lost a dear friend, his wife a fond husband, his family a kind father and the community one of its most upright and honest citizens.

Resolved, That we drape our charter, chart and one chair in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a page in our minute book be suitably inscribed to his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered our Road Foreman of Engineers, Thos. Carlisle, for favors received by our members who attended the funeral.

G. LEIBTAG,
S. J. CLARK,
D. W. DAVIDSON,
J. R. CARNAHAN,
D. R. BROWN,
JAS. A. WORKMAN,
W. O. SOBG. } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 95, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the members of this Lodge be extended to Mr. C. H. Washburn, general foreman of the Chicago Avenue shops of the C. & N. W. R. R., for his kindness in arranging for so many of our members to attend our annual ball, held April 29th; also that we sincerely thank Mr. Otto Miller, Assistant Superintendent of the Galena Division of the C. & N. W. R. R. for his courtesy in placing at our disposal, free of charge, an engine and coach upon said occasion.

R. VANBUSKIRK,
WM. MURRIN,
A. CAMERON. } *Committee.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

At a regular meeting of Grand River Lodge, No. 285, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst our highly esteemed Bro. H. Pitmay, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that the Lodge has lost a true and sincere worker in the cause of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, the wife a kind and loving husband and the child an indulgent father.

Resolved, That we extend to the wife and child our heartfelt sympathy in the time of their affliction.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be handed to the widow of the departed brother, that they be published in the Grand Rapids papers and Firemen's Magazine.

J. KITSelman,
F. H. BLIXBY,
D. GILDERSLEEVE, } *Committee.*

NORWALK, OHIO.

At a special meeting of Maple City Lodge, No. 198, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with profound sorrow we are called upon to announce the death of Bro. Theodore Rush, on the evening of April 19th, after a short illness. This blow, coming as it did, with

such force, causes us to see more clearly how dependent we are for our life, reminding us that in the midst of life we are in death and that our destinies are in the hands of Him who doeth all things well.

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held by our deceased brother with the members of his Lodge render it proper that we place on record our appreciation of his services and merits as a man; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn our brother.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Rush, Lodge No. 198 has lost a member who was always a true and cherished brother, ever ready to succor the needy and distressed of the fraternity, prompt to advance the interests of the Order, an honest and upright man, that the W. & L. E. R. R. has lost a trustworthy and competent engineer and his family a devoted son and brother.

Resolved, That to the family and relatives of our deceased brother we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction, and we would earnestly commend them to Him whose tender care can heal the deepest wound, who suffers not even a sparrow to fall unnoticed to the ground.

Resolved, That as a token of our respect and esteem for our departed brother that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the brother and sister of the deceased, and that they be published in the Magazine and entered upon the minutes of the Lodge.

C. E. BAYLEY,
T. H. SHEPPARD,
S. R. SHERMAN, } *Committee.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

At a regular meeting of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, B. of L. F., in their hall, June 4th, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our esteemed Bro. John Sexton.

WHEREAS, The intimate relations of our deceased brother with the members of this Lodge render it proper that we should place on record the appreciation of his many virtues; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, we do not the less mourn for our beloved brother, who has been called from labor to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. John Sexton the State has lost a worthy citizen, the community in which he lived a true and generous friend, the corporation for which he worked a faithful employe, the Order a brother and a friend, the widowed mother a devoted son, and the brother and sisters a kind and indulgent brother.

Resolved, That, guided by the power of love, we extend to his bereaved mother, brother sisters and relatives our earnest and sincere sympathies in their sad hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That we tender thanks to our worthy Master Mechanic, P. Leeds, and round house Foreman, J. Feather, for their kindness in allowing the men to change on the road, so as to get to Louisville for the funeral; also the members in Bowling Green and Nashville for their kindness in assisting us in this sad event.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days; that a page in our record be dedicated to the memory of our deceased brother; that a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of the deceased be published in the Louisville papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN CLARK,
THOMAS PIGEON,
FRANK SMITH,
JAMES O'NEIL,
JAMES O'MALLEY, } *Committee.*

LETTERS OF THANKS.

JACKSON, TENN., May 23, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Bluff City Lodge No. 55:

I have this day received a draft for \$1,500 from J. Fuchs, Financier of Bluff City Lodge, No. 55, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my husband, W. C. Nance, for which I desire to return my thanks. Respectfully

MRS. W. C. NANCE.

TRENTON, N. J., June 3, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received from F. Dupell, Financier of Lodge No. 75, the sum of \$1,500, due me on the death of my son, Wm. T. Heck. Accept my warmest thanks and permit me to express the hope that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood, and that it may long continue a blessing to its members and their families.

MRS. A. E. HECK.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 20, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN—This is to certify that I have received from F. Dupell, Financier of Lodge No. 75, one thousand and five hundred dollars on policy of my deceased brother, Lorenzo Martin. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same. With best wishes for the future welfare and prosperity of your noble Order, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
MRS. SALLIE ROBINSON.

MILINNIE, ILL., April 22, 1885.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR:—I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the payment of the sum of one thousand dollars due me by the death of my husband, William Kinder, who was killed November 11, 1884, and especially do I thank the Members of John M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, for their many acts of kindness at the time of my sad bereavement. May God bless the noble Brotherhood, is the prayer and wish of

MRS. LAURA KINDER.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., April 23, 1885.

To Magnet Lodge No. 227, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIR:—We desire to express our sincere thanks to you for your kindness to us at the death of our son, Frank English, and for the respect you showed him by burying him under the auspices of your Order. We also acknowledge the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), which we received of James W. Millet, Financier of Magnet No. 227. The prompt payment of this claim is fully appreciated.

Hoping the Brotherhood will always prosper is the sincere wish of your friends.

MR. AND MRS. ELI ENGLISH.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., March 22, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F. of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 23.:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received from J. Hartman, Financier, the sum of one thousand dollars, due me from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on the death of my husband, C. A. Yates; for which accept my sincere thanks. May the Brotherhood ever prosper is my wish; and when you have filled your mission on this earth, may you find a bright home in heaven and peace with God. I would also like to extend warmest thanks to Bros. Sullivan, Chadwick and Hartman for their kind attention in my sad hour of bereavement; may our Heavenly Father bless you wherever you may be, and may the Brotherhood long continue a blessing to the widow and orphan is the heartfelt prayer of

MRS. LYDIA YATES.

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

JULY ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 5—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

34. J. D. Wilson, of Lodge 17, died of Consumption January 10.

35. J. C. Lunan, of Lodge 67, suffered the amputation of a leg, March 17.

36. H. L. Rew, of Lodge 12, was declared totally disabled with partial Paralysis, March 20.

37. James Bennett, of Lodge 16, suffered the amputation of a leg, Marce 21.

38. M. Lauritzer, of Lodge No. 101, was killed in a railroad accident, March 22.

39. James Harwood, of Lodge 43, died of Philis, March 24.

40. James Henry, of Lodge 12, died of Typhoid Fever, March 24.

41. Charles Monahan, of Lodge 40, died of Cerebral Meningitis April 7.

42. Samuel Gaskill, of Lodge 207, was declared totally disabled with partial Paralysis, April 8.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership April 5, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before August 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before August 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SYLVESTER SULLIVAN.

The undersigned desire to know of the whereabouts of Sylvester Sullivan, formerly Locomotive Fireman on the Wabash Railway, who left Decatur, Ill., five years ago. He was last seen in Las Vegas, N. M., some two years ago, when he was firing engine No. 138. Address Mrs. Honora Fitzgerald, 844 Condit street, Decatur, Ill.

GEO. MCNAMARA.

Geo. McNamara, of Lodge No. 92, is requested to correspond with Financier of his Lodge. Any one acquainted with his address will confer a favor by sending same to S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica street, Oswego, N. Y.

C. L. SAWYER.

C. L. Sawyer, of Eclipse Lodge, No. 107, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

LOST.

A traveling card and Brotherhood letter, belonging to Frank Walker, of No. 223, have been lost, and same to be taken up if presented by any one.

WM. H. BUSH.

Wm. H. Bush, of ReEcho Lodge 195, is hereby requested to correspond with Financier of his Lodge at once.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of May:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
12	Wm. H. Leahy.	74	W. H. Layton.
35	W. B. Trull.	77	S. L. Mahard.
47	James O'Connor.	78	Jas. G. Moses.
60	Wm. Stillwell.	91	T. G. Hotchkiss.
70	J. W. Nichols.	121	I. D. Wolcott.
71	Willis Bender.	204	Oscar J. Frost.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of May:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
3	Wm. Amott.*	83	Wm. Wright.*
5	James Barry.†	84	Robert Ugruhart.*
8	Arthur Sinclair.*	85	Edgar Butler.‡
10	C. M. Moore.†	92	Jas. O. Geran.*
11	James McKeever.*	93	Geo. Sick.*
12	Charles Gorman.*	94	Wm. O'Donnell.*
12	R. H. Gregory.*	94	Orville Martin.*
14	Ben Gordon.*	95	J. H. Rogers.*
14	Geo. Differ.*	97	Adam Snyder.*
14	E. C. Elwert.*	97	E. D. Lake.*
14	Jesse Conley.*	103	Jesse Dye.*
14	E. E. Reeder.*	103	Mell Wright.*
14	Charles Gross.*	103	John Welch.*
19	Reuben Ray.†	103	Jas. M. Stevenson.*
23	Charles O'Brien.*	120	Robert McCarty.*
23	G. B. Lotte.*	122	John Lyons.*
22	C. T. Richie.*	123	Joseph Burk.*
24	H. J. Isbell.‡	123	Jos. O'Bryan.*
25	Eugene Cronk.*	125	A. D. Reeves.*
25	A. H. Haddock.*	129	Geo. Beauvais.‡
25	R. Simpson.*	129	Byron Vining.
27	V. A. Barnes.*	146	D. W. Benthal.*
27	D. Gilfeather.*	149	John Lyons.*
32	E. D. Williams.*	150	J. McS. Kimnuig.*†
32	Mike Detrick.*	155	W. H. Townsend.*
33	Oliver Drake.‡	157	James Cosgrove.*
35	L. H. Lyman.*	157	Barney Flaherty.*
35	Thos. F. Hinch.*	158	John Riggs.*
43	James Kennedy.*	161	Jas. Cunningham.*
45	F. H. Blinn.*	161	Fred Brutch.*†
47	Jas. Fitzpatrick.*	161	John Welsh.*
47	H. Goldhammer.*	163	W. E. Pribble.*
47	Jas. Turney.*	169	J. R. McCawley.*
47	W. H. Kenepack.*	169	F. Schoolmaster.*
53	Daniel Smith.*	174	Wm. A. Adams.*
57	Geo. A. Tibbetts.*	185	H. F. Miller.*
59	B. S. Johnson.*	185	E. A. Lyman.*
59	Peter Mayott.*	189	Edwin King.*
59	S. Leggett.*	195	Wm. Cairus.*
59	H. Wickerly.*	214	J. McCubbin.*
59	T. A. Ziegler.*	228	W. H. Casterlin.*
59	M. Lund.*	234	F. Carnish.*
60	A. Collom.*	234	E. J. Jarvis.*
60	Wm. Stillwell.*	234	James Wallace.*
61	Wm. Wilson.*	238	Louis Miller.*
70	J. P. Hanks.*	285	Alex Watson.*
74	Frank Wilbert.*		

* Non-payment. † Defrauding Lodge.
 ‡ Unbecoming conduct. ‡ Deadbeat.
 ‡ Defrauding brothers. ‡ Violating Rules
 ‡ Contempt.

BLACK LIST.

W. T. GREGORY.

The above named has been expelled from Falls City Lodge No. 103, on account of his being a professional dead beat. He considers it legitimate business to borrow money which he never intends to return. He also beats his board bills. Let everybody beware of him.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending May 30, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Total.
1	\$2	\$53	\$55 00	66	\$43	\$43	\$43 00
2	11	6	17 00	67	\$45	71	116 00
3	24	131	155 00	68	12	77	89 00
4	6	63	69 00	69	2	40	42 00
5				70	14	25	39 00
6	13	27	40 00	71	11	51	62 00
7	4	28	32 00	72	21	55	76 00
8	5	58	63 00	73		56	56 00
9	39	57	96 00	74	19	67	86 00
10	2	63	65 00	75	61	147	208 00
11	8	130	138 00	76			
12	17	242	259 00	77	84	97	181 00
13		95	95 00	78	4	90	94 00
14	3	154	157 00	79		43	43 00
15		\$114	114 00	80		\$140	140 00
16	10	140	150 00	81		70	70 00
17	37	47	84 00	82		252	252 00
18	11	45	56 00	83	15	73	88 00
19	3	34	34 00	84		73	73 00
20	5	33	38 00	85			
21	20	13	33 00	86	7	62	69 00
22	11	25	36 00	87		82	82 00
23	25	34	59 00	88		53	53 00
24				89	39	78	117 00
25	10	50	60 00	90		7	7 00
26	7	67	74 00	91	18	26	44 00
27	44	84	128 00	92	4	20	24 00
28	16	62	78 00	93	3	69	72 00
29		50	50 00	94	6	59	65 00
30	8	33	41 00	95		102	102 00
31	40	56	96 00	96	4	33	37 00
32	16	19	35 00	97		55	55 00
33	2	55	57 00	98	43	25	68 00
34	4		94 00	99	24	47	71 00
35	26	25	51 00	100		39	39 00
36	33	58	91 00	101	53	118	171 00
37		55	55 00	102		96	96 00
38	9	72	81 00	103	19	98	117 00
39			108 00	104	18	18	36 00
40	2	83	85 00	105	1	76	77 00
41		17	17 00	106	12	15	27 00
42		32	32 00	107	35	38	73 00
43		65	65 00	108	4	28	32 00
44		69	69 00	109	17	65	82 00
45	38	77	115 00	110	2	25	27 00
46	27	40	67 00	111	25	23	48 00
47	1	141	430 00	112	30	49	79 00
48	1	76	77 00	113	6	39	45 00
49	20	41	61 00	114	23		23 00
50		128	128 00	115		29	29 00
51	6	61	67 00	116			
52	2	89	91 00	117			
53	10	35	45 00	118	3	25	28 00
54	7	72	79 00	119		26	26 00
55	3	35	38 00	120		78	78 00
56	25	13	38 00	121	12	31	43 00
57	38	211	249 00	122	6	43	49 00
58	5	17	22 00	123	27	58	85 00
59		99	99 00	124			
60	8	87	95 00	125	21	45	66 00
61	45	98	138 00	126	2	35	72 00
62	1	53	54 00	127			
63	18	29	47 00	128		26	26 00
64	3	32	107 00	129	21	57	78 00
65	18	64	82 00	130	16	52	68 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm'ts.	Total.
131	\$14	\$16	\$30 00	196		\$27	\$27 00
132	11	22	33 00	197			
133		40	110 00	198	\$4	14	18 00
134		9	9 00	199			
135		78	78 00	200	34	11	45 00
136	20	15	35 00	201	3	23	26 00
137		33	33 00	202		82	82 00
138				203	2	34	36 00
139		35	35 00	204			
140	2	62	64 00	205	7	32	39 00
141		57	152 00	206	2	31	33 00
142	24	57	81 00	207		39	39 00
143		3	10 00	208		39	39 00
144	33	33	66 00	209	2	23	25 00
145				210			
146	10	23	33 00	211			
147	4	13	17 00	212	2	29	31 00
148			11 00	213	7	5	12 00
149	22	138	160 00	214	8	26	34 00
150	6	48	54 00	215		36	36 00
151	2	55	57 00	216	10	41	51 00
152	8	21	29 00	217	2	6	8 00
153	5	48	53 00	218	1	25	26 00
154	6	23	29 00	219		42	42 00
155				220		24	24 00
156	13	39	52 00	221	8		33 00
157	17	26	43 00	222	8	26	34 00
158	7	55	62 00	223	4	8	12 00
159	13	21	34 00	224		16	16 00
160		48	48 00	225	1	18	19 00
161	18	44	62 00	226		26	26 00
162			202 00	227		38	38 00
163	11	14	25 00	228		19	19 00
164	23	35	58 00	229		40	40 00
165	3		38 00	230		50	50 00
166	10	32	42 00	231		8	18 00
167			80 00	232	10	3	12 00
168	6	19	25 00	233	3	9	12 00
169	20	79	99 00	234	1	9	10 00
170	8	29	37 00	235	8	19	27 00
171	14	7	21 00	236		14	14 00
172		51	51 00	237	5	89	44 00
173	25	25	50 00	238	2	9	11 00
174	22	65	87 00	239		23	23 00
175	2	18	20 00	240			
176				241	6	30	36 00
177	13	29	42 00	242		15	15 00
178	5	49	54 00	243		38	38 00
179	2	58	60 00	244	15	80	95 00
180	1	7	8 00	245		19	19 00
181		21	21 00	246		16	16 00
182	2	37	39 00	247		10	10 00
183	1	34	35 00	248	2	13	15 00
184	11	24	35 00	249		14	14 00
185				250			
186	6	27	33 00	251	2	3	5 00
187		19	19 00	252		38	38 00
188		98	98 00	253		40	40 00
189	14	33	123 00	254		12	38 00
190		18	18 00	255	2	6	8 00
191				256	4		13 00
192	2	80	32 00	257			
193		22	22 00	258			
194	1	74	75 00	259		14	42 00
195	9	24	33 00	260	7		7 00

Balance on hand May 1 \$2,167 50
Received during month 14,323 00

Total \$16,490 50
By claims Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15,
and 18 12,000 00

Balance on hand June 1 \$4,490 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND DUES NOTICE.

1885-86. \$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified that the amount of One Dollar for Grand Dues for the year ending July 31, 1886, is due from all members whose names appear on the rolls July 31, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before August 1st, otherwise you will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order, as provided in Section I of Article XI of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

GRAND LODGE.**OFFICERS.**

- F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

- W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 4th Tuesdays.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. R. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
G. Auchter, 167 Fourth St. Secretary
H. Springstead, 110 Storm Ave. Financier
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 428 4½ St., S. W. Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 49 Master
C. E. Johnson, Box 517 Secretary
J. C. Fogg, Box 371 Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C., St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 118 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 918 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 365 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 60 LaFayette St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. Zahm, 195 Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1308 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
C. T. Pepper Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier

- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Selling Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 686 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M. Master
G. McDormit Secretary
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 864 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays Master
M. B. Tarkington Secretary
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
P. A. Loveland Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. E. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
W. Jacobia, 1511 Utah Ave Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. W. Hardesty Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
Frank A. Kinch Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romic St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nurey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 708 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 802 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor Master
H. K. Stratton Secretary
J. Taylor Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So Cross St. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorecy, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 283 Maxwell Ave Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E Washington St. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5928 State St, Chicago
Illinois Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulce Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Loganport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeill, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 85 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier

- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Boston, Mass. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St., Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 278 Glenarm St., Denver, Col. Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 568 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James, Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Millne, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Knowles, 337 Brunswick Ave., Trenton, N. J. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley, 1490 Wvoming St. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
H. Walton, 629 Brooklyn St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, Barnesville, Minn. Master
J. Robinson, Barnesville, Minn. Secretary
G. J. Miller, Barnesville, Minn. Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Boodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
Charles Delamater, 810 Sixteenth Ave So Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. H. Hohl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1064 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
D. Reid, Box 170 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier

- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops Master
E. J. Concaannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 8:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebtag, Box 665 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 665 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 665 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 16th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 80 Cleveland St. Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St. Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 Master
D. Freel, Box 532 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts. Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1969 Magazine St. Master
R. C. Stader, 720 York St. Secretary
T. McGuire, 635 Dumesnell St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
Wm. Boenicke Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. Secretary
John L. Faste, 3123 Caroline St. Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
R. W. Lindley Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
John Gorman Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs Master
J. Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
J. Clark, Corner 36th and M $\frac{1}{2}$ Sts. Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleeson Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. Financier

- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
J. T. Dewar, Chandiere Curve Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. H. Jacobson, 180 Seymour St. Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Hanmer Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 234 Secretary
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and 3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
L. A. Sunderland, 935 Division St. Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
A. W. McClain, Box 238 Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Curran, 195 Ross St Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 226 McWilliams St Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Siminon, Box 428 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St Master
J. Duggan, 53 5th St. Secretary
C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchum, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St. Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
Sta.
J. J. Sangster, Cor. Hardy and Eagle Master
T. Bettis Secretary
D. A. Middleton Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCoal Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier

- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. . . . Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. . . . Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave. . . . Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 . . . Master
J. Loftus . . . Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 . . . Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. . . . Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St. . . . Secretary
J. McColl, 17 Crooks St. . . . Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe . . . Master
R. G. McCoy . . . Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 . . . Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 . . . Master
A. Barr, Box 67 . . . Secretary
H. L. Wright . . . Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt . . . Master
E. Wall . . . Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 . . . Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, Box 118 . . . Master
E. H. Sims . . . Secretary
L. Ryan . . . Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 . . . Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 . . . Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 . . . Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Wair . . . Master
A. L. Sperling, Box 54 . . . Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 . . . Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. . . . Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. . . . Secretary
W. Hamlin, 454 Fort St. east . . . Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. . . . Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. . . . Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. . . . Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. . . . Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. . . . Secretary
Wm. Riggs, 25 John St. . . . Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. . . . Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long . . . Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 . . . Secretary
P. A. Hamilton . . . Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 . . . Master
M. R. Carson . . . Secretary
J. I. Smith, Box 56 . . . Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb . . . Master
E. A. Laughran . . . Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg . . . Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 . . . Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 . . . Secretary
M. E. Davis, Box 306 . . . Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 . . . Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 . . . Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 . . . Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach . . . Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 . . . Secretary
W. Ogr . . . Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 . . . Master
J. Sullivan, Box 455, Portage, Wis. . . . Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 . . . Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly . . . Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 . . . Secretary
A. H. Spencer . . . Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss . . . Master
S. P. Malone . . . Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse . . . Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson . . . Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax . . . Secretary
D. S. Yould . . . Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. . . . Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O. Ottawa, Ont. . . . Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth . . . Master
P. A. Neely . . . Secretary
A. C. Seely . . . Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. . . . Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. . . . Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. . . . Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins . . . Master
H. R. Brown, Box C . . . Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C . . . Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 . . . Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 . . . Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 . . . Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
C. Brownell . . . Master
J. Foster, Box 184 . . . Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 . . . Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 . . . Master
W. J. Horue, 160 S. 3d St., W. . . . Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d W. St. . . . Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. . . . Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. . . . Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. . . . Financier

- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad . . . Master
A. Tankersley . . . Secretary
A. Tankersley, C. V. & C. R. R. . . . Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg . . . Master
D. J. Nicoll . . . Secretary
T. Williams . . . Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. . . . Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. . . . Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. . . . Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleve-
land, Ohio. . . . Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22. . . . Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73. . . . Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358. . . . Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55. . . . Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358. . . . Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Geisen . . . Master
C. S. Rockhill . . . Secretary
J. Kuhn . . . Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. . . . Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3139 Hanover St. . . . Secretary
W. Stack, 2823 Shields Ave. . . . Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan . . . Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402. . . . Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62. . . . Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. . . . Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St. . . . Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. . . . Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks . . . Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan . . . Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. . . Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405. . . . Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. . . Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16. . . . Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16. . . . Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16. . . . Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190. . . . Master
C. W. Tullis . . . Secretary
J. M. Hughes . . . Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Tuesday
at 7:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland,
Oregon. . . . Master
H. W. Ingalls . . . Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon. . . . Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122. . . . Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34. . . . Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34. . . . Financier
- 195. BE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell . . . Master
J. H. Woffington . . . Secretary
H. McGowan . . . Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 339. . . . Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330. . . . Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330. . . . Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, L. Box N. . . . Master
W. S. Griffiths, L. Box N. . . . Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Ra-
cine, Wis. . . . Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124. . . . Master
C. E. Bayley, Jr., Lock Drawer 170. . . Secretary
C. E. Bayley, Jr. . . . Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby . . . Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. . . . Secretary
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. . . Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223. . . . Master
A. Tully, Box 223. . . . Secretary
E. M. Lake . . . Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton . . . Master
D. W. Shea . . . Secretary
J. W. Turney . . . Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231. . . . Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231. . . . Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231. . . . Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322. . . . Master
H. Bradford, Box 116. . . . Secretary
M. Smith . . . Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
George Moore . . . Master
W. H. Barber . . . Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45. . . . Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 7th Hancock St. . . . Master
J. E. Thomas, 179 Jefferson St. . . . Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St. . . . Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown . . . Master
G. M. Jones . . . Secretary
O. E. Work . . . Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019. . . . Master
J. McKee . . . Secretary
G. J. Holman . . . Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot. . . . Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155. . . . Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot. . . Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
H. McGourty . . . Master
J. McCarty . . . Secretary
W. R. Combs . . . Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Box 497. . . . Master
W. Geggins, Box 497. . . . Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497. . . . Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. . . Secretary
C. Long . . . Financier

- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffeen St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meddow St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffeen St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmonnt Ave. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1266 Master
H. C. Cleveland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DFRBRICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 296 Locust St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. W. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 175 Secretary
C. Unwin, Neebring P. O., Thunder Bay, Ontario Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St. Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St. Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St. Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 360 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 360 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. H. Scott, McCullough St., near 46th. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburg, Pa. Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. R. May, Box 165 Secretary
F. D. Teter Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl, Box 534 Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St. Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. McCall Master
A. Krapp Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier

- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Denio, 228 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'ROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, W. Taylor St. Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and
Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and
Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
W. M. Walker, 272 4th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
W. G. Angier Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court. Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. Master
S. A. Campbell Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike Master
C. W. Downs Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 206 Secretary
W. M. Shirley, Box 101 Financier
- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter Master
M. E. Sullivan Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 154 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Witherell Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. McNulty, Box 25 Master
I. Blizard, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. BENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 Master
M. Norton, Box 264 Secretary
H. C. Forrester, Box 417 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
F. Bradbury Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. A. Baker, Room 8, Masonic Temple, Master
G. E. Hanford, 1730 O st Secretary
A. Henderson, 1517 N st Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
J. F. Hennessey Master
J. H. Applegate Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
Z. B. Mansfield, Box 52 Master
J. P. Greene Secretary
M. B. Moynahan Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBERTATH, Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malec, Box 832 Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
M. W. Fitzgerald, Box 832 Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River Ave Master
D. Heath, 538 S. Jones St. Secretary
F. Bixby, 28 Adam St. Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. T. Wells Master
J. E. Moquin Secretary
P. Ryan Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. Dodge, Gretna, La. Master
George H. Evans, Gretna, La. Secretary
W. J. Boylan, 22 Valette St. Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St. Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. Secretary
T. O'Leary, 5 Boyce St. Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington,
Kentucky Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 27 Neve St., Covington,
Kentucky Financier
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1931 Third St. south Master
S. B. Thompson, 2721 Lake St. Secretary
D. Lucas, 344 Fourth St. south Financier
- 271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 A. M.
Wm. Weller, Box 25, Port Morris,
N. J. Master
R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Port Morris,
N. J. Secretary
Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. Financier
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. Kukendall Master
G. B. Weller Secretary
Peter Young Financier
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
F. F. Desmond, 286 Santa Fe St. Master
G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St. Secretary
G. Smith, 240 California St. Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 8

SAVED AS BY FATE.

"What can it be, Louise, that is so charming about Alice?"

"I am sure I cannot say, but fascinating she certainly is. Who would ever have thought when she came here six months ago that she would now be the belle of Lancaster?"

I didn't I'm sure, or I never would have allowed papa to offer her a home with us; just listen to that voice!"

And Jeannette Taylor paused as the sweet tones of her cousin's voice came floating up to them from the music room.

"She is practicing for the concert. I'd give the world to keep her away from there. Claude Moltrop is sure to fall more in love with her than ever, for she does look stunning in her concert dress, in spite of her red hair."

"Do you think that would make any difference, Jeanne? Wouldn't he follow her just the same if she did not attend the concert?"

"Hardly, for you see Claude knows nothing of this sudden summons Alice has received from uncle George and if he should not meet her to-night, I feel sure I could secure him before Alice would ever see him again, for she goes on the early train."

"I rather think so myself," mused Louise Lorton, Jeanne Taylor's married sister. "He seems to be almost as attentive to you as he is to Alice; it may be only her singing which attracts him."

"I wish I dare send her away this minute," replied Jeanne.

"You must do nothing rash, Jeanne; perhaps I may find a way to prevent her attending the concert."

"Oh, Louise, how?"

Mrs. Lorton smiled, and bending over, whispered in her sister's ear a few words.

"Oh, Louise, if you only could," she said.

"I think I can," replied Mrs. Lorton. "And now go down stairs and offer to help Alice with her packing, and then when you are both dressed come to me in the dining room, where I will have a glass of lemonade prepared for you."

Alice Taylor was an orphan. Her parents had left her a small fortune, and when her uncle Harvey had offered her a home with his own daughters she had accepted, not because she could not support herself, but for the companionship she had hoped to find with her cousins, who were about her own age.

After she had been in society a few times people had discovered that plain little Alice Taylor possessed a beautiful voice, and an indescribable charm of manner, and she began to be courted and flattered, until six months after her arrival she was the acknowledged belle of the small town.

Mrs. Moltrop, one of the leaders of society, had decided, just as the story opens, to get up a charity concert for the benefit of the indigent of Lancaster, and Alice Taylor's voice was the particular attraction. Mrs. Moltrop was very popular, and her son Claude was considered the

best "catch" in town, and Jeanne Taylor, before Alice's arrival, had been reasonably sure that the prize was her own. But there was a change. Alice's company was preferred to her own, which made Jeanne very angry. Alice perceived an unpleasant change in her.

About this time Alice received a letter from another uncle of hers, who wished her to fill a daughter's place to him, and she had planned to start for his distant home the morning after the concert.

All this had been kept perfectly quiet by her cousins, for they feared she would receive an offer of marriage from Claude Moltrop before her departure.

"I am sorry you are to leave us Alice," said Jeanne, "although I don't doubt you will like it at Uncle George's."

"I hope so," said Alice brightly; "and I never shall forget your kindness in giving me a home when I had none, Jeanne."

"That was nothing," said Jeanne. "How time does fly; we ought to be dressing now, and Louise has set out a lunch for us before we go."

Dress made a great change in the plain little girl's looks, and it was an airy graceful figure that accompanied Jeanne to the dining-room where Louise, also attired for the concert, was awaiting them.

"I have some splendid lemonade here, as cold as ice can make it. I thought you would like some, it is such a warm evening."

"Thank you," said Alice, "I will take a glass of lemonade."

"I knew your taste, you see, my dear coz," said Louise, lightly.

"How do you like it?" she asked, when Alice had half-emptied her glass.

"It is excellent," was her smiling reply.

"We must get on our wraps," said Jeanne. "It is getting late; drink up your lemonade, Al. I hear the carriage."

Alice drained the last drop of the

delicious draught and followed her cousin into the sitting-room, where her wraps were laying.

"Sit down in this chair, Al, and let me arrange those lilies of the valley in your hair," said Louise. "That could not have been our carriage, Jeanne."

Alice sat down, and that was the last she remembered distinctly, for she fell into a deep doze.

"You are sure it will not hurt her, Louise?" asked Jeanne, a little regretfully.

"Of course not," was the reply. "She will have a dreamless night's sleep—that is all."

"And then?"

"Then she will start for Uncle George's on the morning train, and you, if you play your cards right, will marry Claude Moltrop."

Jeanne threw a shawl over her white-robed cousin, overlooked her toilet, and then followed her sister to the carriage, and was driven to the large hall where the concert was to be given.

The two ladies rustled to their seats, and it was not long before Claude Moltrop joined them.

"Did not Miss Alice come with you?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lorton. "She starts for the east on the early train, and so gave up attending."

"But what will we do without her solos? My sister will be at a complete loss."

"That's just the way with Al," replied Jeanne. "No one can depend upon her in the least if she gets a little miffed at anything."

"Mr. Moltrop made his way back through the hall to the green-room."

"Mary," said he, "Alice Taylor is not going to come. What will you do?"

"Not going to come?" questioned Mrs. Moltrop in excited surprise. "She must come. Is she ill?"

"I believe not. Mrs. Lorton, or rather Jeanne Taylor gave me to understand she was miffed at something."

"Impossible," said Mrs. Moltrop. "Claude, you get the carriage and we will go after her."

They had driven but a block or two when the fire-bell began to ring excitedly.

"That's somewhere near the music hall," said Claude.

"That's true," said Mrs. Moltrop. "What if it should have caught fire?"

"Let's go back," said Claude.

Their forebodings were too true. When they arrived the engines were pouring a steady stream of water upon the roaring flames.

It was not long before the fire was subdued, but the scene was a heart-rending one when the mass of burned and crushed humanity was taken from the burning building.

Claude Moltrop assisted Edgar Lorton, as he brought out his dead wife all crushed and bleeding, and Jeanne Taylor was found with her beautiful face and hands deeply burned by the falling embers.

Poor Jeanne Taylor was scarred deeply for life, and when at last her cousin and Claude Moltrop were engaged, for Jeanne would not let Alice leave, she told them the whole story of the evening of the concert.

Alice freely forgave her, as she looked at her scarred face, and thought that she herself had been saved as by fate.

SAVED.

ED. S. TOY.

It was a cold, stormy night. The rain was falling steadily and rapidly. The winds were keen and fresh, and whirled the large crystal drops in all directions.

In the old depot of the town of R— sat the president of the road, Mr. Ellis, and his daughter, Ida, waiting for the train. He had received a telegram calling a special meeting of the directors, and as there was no special train to be had,

was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the express.

The storm continued with unabated fury. The thunder pealed forth and seemed to shake the little building, and the lightning illuminated the small waiting room with its glaring light, and showed the pale, sad face of Ida Ellis.

"What a dreadful night it is, papa," said Ida.

"Yes, my child. This storm will do much damage, and put the company to great expense."

"My! I wish we were at home. I am a great coward, papa, and these blinding flashes of lightning and peals of thunder make me shudder, for I am so afraid of them," and she covered her face with her hands.

She was not a handsome girl, still there was promise of fine womanhood. This evening, as she sat in the gloomy, dimly lighted room, her face was not as pleasant-looking as usual; her eyes had lost some of their sparkle, and her cheeks had lost their usual crimson color. Her mother had departed this troublesome life only three months before, and Ida was dressed in a costume of black.

Perhaps it was the sombreness of her clothing that gave her the dejected appearance, or it may have been caused by the storm.

"Papa," she said, "must we remain in this dismal place much longer?"

"No," he replied, looking at the clock that was slowly ticking the minutes away, "it is time the train was here. There! I hear the whistle," and he took his small satchel preparatory to leaving the room.

The rain had ceased, and the bright moon, in all its radiance, peeped forth from behind the fleecy clouds and shed its beams on the crystal drops of water, making them sparkle like diamonds.

"Come, Ida," said Mr. Ellis, "let us enter the coach," and he assisted her to the sleeper.

The waiting passengers were soon

aboard the train, and it slowly moved along on its way, with its load of human freight.

Mr. Ellis, being tired and weary, requested the porter to prepare his bed, and after the porter had finished, he retired.

During the night a horrid vision floated before his closed eyes. He saw the rain pouring down in torrents, and heard the loud crashes of thunder. Then it stopped, and the moon rose and lent her beaming face to the weird scene. He dreamed that he was upon a heavily loaded train, and saw in the distance a wide, rushing river. He looked for the bridge; but, where was it? It should be there! The train was rapidly nearing the wide chasm! He heard the angry roar of the rushing water—was the engineer asleep? He looked for the bridge again; still he could not see it, but saw what seemed to be a red light. It could not be a lantern, it was too large; it must be a fire. What could it mean? Would the engineer see the danger? They were rushing into the river. He felt the jar as the train left the track, and it seemed hours before it struck the river bed. He heard the hoarse cries of men and women as they struggled to escape from the cars. He heard the boiler burst, and felt the cold water as it rose higher and higher in the car. He was alone; the others had escaped, and he was left to drown. He heard the whistle for down-brakes, and wondered what it could mean. It awoke and bewildered him. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and looked with dazed eyes at the lighted lamp. He then dressed himself and walked out of the car. The train had come to a stand-still, and the passengers were all crowded around a ragged-looking man. He approached the crowd, and was surprised to see a gentleman passing a hat.

"What has happened?" he asked,

touching a gray haired man on the arm.

"Happened? Why, man, your life has been saved. The bridge has been washed away, and to that poor man standing there you owe your life."

"My man," said Mr. Ellis, approaching the man, "tell me what you have done. I am president of this road, and my name is Ellis," and he extended his hand and grasped the hand of the stranger before him.

"Mr. Ellis," said the man, Willis Norris, "I was awakened, while sleeping in my cabin, by the great cloud burst. I arose from my bed and hurriedly dressed. When I got to the door, I saw the great body of water rushing along in its course, and saw it carry away the bridge. Knowing that this train was due at 12, I gathered all the inflammable material I could find, and built this fire. I first used what wood I could find, and that readily burned. Then came my chairs and table. The train had not reached here yet, and my fuel was exhausted. I thought for a moment, and then brought my rude bed, and finally was compelled to pull my cabin down board by board. But, thank God, I saved the train and the passengers!"

"My man, I thank you," and tears filled the eyes of the great man. A shudder shook his frame as the vision appeared before him. He thought of the grief and sorrow that would have filled many a happy home but for this man's acts, and of the wife that was awaiting her husband, the daughter awaiting a father or mother. He looked around and saw tears flowing faster than they could be wiped away. He saw great, strong men shuddering as they looked into the deep chasm. He heard a gentleman say, as the hat was held before him, "Here, take this," and a check for \$500 was thrown into the well filled hat; "I have a wife and little daughter awaiting me at home, and, oh, how

I love them! I am not a praying man or a Christian, but from this time forth, with God's help, I shall be a better man;" and then, kneeling down there on the wet ground, with the soft moonlight playing on his forehead, he offered up prayer to the Almighty Father above. Every eye was moist.

Mr. Ellis then grasped the hand of our hero.

"Will you kindly tell me your name?"

"Willis Norris."

"Mr. Norris," he said, "I live at R—; will you call there, that I may have a little conversation with you?" and he hastily wrote a pass, which he handed to him.

"Certainly, sir."

When the proceeds of the contribution were handed to Willis, he turned away.

"Gentlemen," he said, "why is this? I have but done my duty."

"You have; and most nobly. Please accept this offering, not as payment for what you have done, but as an acknowledgment of the favor you have done us."

"Gentlemen, I cannot accept it."

"But, my dear fellow, take it; you have lost your home and its contents, and this will replace them."

"No; I cannot."

"You may have a mother who is sick or in need, and this money would make her happy."

Tears filled his eyes as he thought of his poor mother, who he was trying to help.

"Pray don't refuse," added the spokesman.

"For her sake, gentlemen, I will accept. My blessings be with you all."

One pleasant morning Mr. Ellis was sitting in his private room, with his papers before him, when he heard a light rap upon the door.

"Come in," he said pleasantly.

The door opened and Willis Norris entered.

"Mr. Norris," said the president, "I am glad to see you. Be seated."

"Thanks," and he took the proffered chair.

After a moment's silence, Mr. Ellis said:

"Mr. Norris, do you know anything about the railroad business, and have you employment?"

"No, I have nothing to do at present, and know very little about the railroad business."

"Would you accept a position?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Ellis tapped his bell.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "Mr. Norris will hereafter be your assistant. His salary is to be \$100 per month. Please show him what he is to do."

"Pardon me, Mr. Ellis, but I prefer to take a position that I am capable of filling. Let me commence in the yard."

"As you will," and he turned to his mail.

Willis went to work with a will. He rose rapidly, and was loved and honored by his fellow workmen and the officials.

At the end of the year he was then raised to chief clerk in Mr. Ellis' office.

He had saved his money; had brought his mother to the little town, and had purchased a cosy little home. It was a pretty little place, with eaves reaching nearly to the ground. There were little flower beds in the yard, where golden-hearted pansies and daisies with their soft, white fringe were welcomed into life by the morning sunbeams. The little summer house was covered with masses of woodbine, and clinging ivies, now bright with their scarlet berries. It was a beautiful little home, and the joy of his mother's heart.

One evening Mr. Ellis invited Willis to call at his home, and the invitation was accepted.

He had found that Willis was a born gentleman, and had learned his moral worth. He had often en-

gaged him in conversation, and Willis sometimes carried his point by force of sound logic, that showed a mind well balanced and stored with information.

That evening Willis called, and was introduced to the daughter. She had changed greatly since last we saw her. Her eyes had regained their sparkle, and her cheeks were rosy with the bloom of health. A smile crossed her face as she looked at her handsome visitor, and said frankly: "Papa has told me that you saved my life; let me thank you," and she extended her shapely little hand.

He blushed. It was all so strange to him—being addressed by so fair a woman.

"Pray, do not thank me."

When he arose to go, if he had been asked how long he had been there, he would have said "half an hour;" still, the clock marked two hours.

He had been royally entertained, and ever after was a welcome visitor.

A year has passed, and it is the close of day. Willis is making preparations for closing the office. The afternoon sun is peeping through the half open blinds, and lays in little golden bars on the soft, velvet carpet. Mr. Ellis was very sick, and had not been down to the office for several days. As Willis was closing the office, a messenger touched him on the shoulder and handed him a neatly written note.

It was written by Mr. Ellis' daughter, and wished him to call.

He went home and ate a light lunch, told his mother that he might not be home that night, and started to the home of the sick man.

When he arrived at the house, he found it dark; no lights were streaming from the windows, and the usual sounds were hushed.

As he stood viewing the house, with the soft moonlight laying upon it, and the rustle of ivies, it looked like a poem in stone.

He entered the house softly, and

was met at the door by Ida, who showed him to her father's room. He was asleep when Willis entered, so he sat down by the bedside, and waited until Mr. Ellis awoke.

A fire burned in the grate, warming the chilly night air, and the banks of roses filled the room with fragrance.

Mr. Ellis awoke with a start.

"You here, Willis?" and he lifted his trembling hand.

"Yes, sir. How are you feeling to-night?"

"I am not as well as usual, and, Willis, the doctors say that I cannot live to see the 'morrow," he said, falling back exhausted.

"Oh, pshaw! You will surely get over this sickness."

"No, Willis. It has affected me for years. I shall never get well."

"Don't give way. Come, take courage."

"Its no use. Now, Willis, while I can, let me talk to you about my daughter. She will soon be fatherless and without a protector. I have watched you, my boy, and I find nothing wanting. Therefore, I will leave Ida to your care. Will you accept the charge?"

"I will."

"Be kind and generous to her. Be to her as a brother."

"Ida," he said, when she stood before him, "I have sent for you to tell you that after my death Willis will be your protector. Will you please join hands. There, my blessings be with you both."

He fell back on the snowy pillow. A smile crossed his face, and a look of perfect contentment and peace settled upon his pallid features.

Silent and thoughtful Willis watched in the shaded room, till, just as the gray dawn came creeping over the east, he saw that mysterious change pass over the pale face, which none who have witnessed can ever forget.

"Will the night never end?" And, seeing Willis by his side, said:

"Remember your trust," and then turned wearily away; and in the dim light of the early morning his spirit passed away into the silent land beyond. The sun rose in splendor, but he, who had watched for his coming yesterday, would never see it again.

* * * * *

Four years have passed. Willis is seated in his cosy library with Ida, his wife, by his side, and his little daughter, Dora, on his knee.

"Wife," he said, turning to her, "this has been an eventful day to me."

"Why?" she whispered softly.

"Because my highest ambition has been granted. I was made president of the road."

"Oh, I am so glad!" and then a wave of sadness crossed her fair face. "You have papa's place."

"Yes, my love. Come, dry your tears, for if your father was living he would say 'My children, I am happy.'"

YOUNG WIVES.

To the thoughtless young girl who has been in the habit of choosing her associates at her own sweet will, and coming and going unchecked and without question, the restraint placed upon her by a husband is often irksome. She has neglected to learn that a determination to accommodate one's self to one's company, is in no case so indispensable as in wedded life. While single, we may go where we list; if persons annoy us, we may avoid them; if we dislike our locality we remove to another. Not so after we are married; we cannot then change our companions; the choice does not depend on ourselves alone; there is another to be consulted, to whose wishes we must, to a certain extent, sacrifice our own; and when this is known to be the case, how absurd to make matters worse by opposition and resistance! Let those who have entered the matrimonial pale

not be daunted by finding themselves somewhat mistaken in the temper and disposition of each other; in the common course of things it cannot be otherwise. During courtship, both are under a sort of moral delusion, viewing things through a false medium. Marriage speedily rectifies all this, and sometimes in an abrupt and unwelcome manner; but never mind, love or prudence will set all to rights, as every day's experience will teach all who are teachable, that, though the romance of love has passed away, there is enough of reality left, if properly managed, to sweeten life, which is dull, indeed, spent in single blessedness. Therefore, young wives be wise in your day and generation and murmur not; you are favored in having met one to care for you sufficiently to render up his liberty to you, to bind himself to you forever, to work for you, to cherish you, to protect you from the snares and insults of the world; none can harm you while your husband lives; his arm guards you, his countenance upholds you, his love, honors you. You fill an important station in society; a wife and a mother is surrounded by numerous cares and responsibilities, and in proportion as she faithfully meets and discharges them, is she honored and respected. She has the privileges, too, which she ought to value. Therefore, youthful wives and mothers, if all your anticipations be not realized, be not cast down, but make your destiny fortunate by the earnestness with which you fulfil your duties, and the cheerfulness with which you resign your free will, and modify your previously formed tastes and opinions to meet those of your husbands.

To look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it another. If we look back to it, it should be as those who are running a race, only to press forward the faster, and to leave the beaten still farther behind.

SCIENCE.

The now famous fossil footprints found last year at Carson, Nevada, and supposed to have been made by prehistoric human giants, are regarded by Prof. O. C. Marsh as probable tracks of a large sloth. It is stated, however, that Dr. Harkness still insists that the impressions were left by a species of man, and that he finds his theory strengthened by fresh discoveries of tracks.

Late observations made at Lausann, Switzerland, have shown that an intimate connection exists between the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the weather; and it is thought that an intelligent use of registering electrometers may enable meteorologists to forecast the weather several days in advance. The electric tension of the air is strong during fine weather, but its rapid weakening indicates the approach of a storm.

Prof. Edward Hall considers that throughout the early geological epochs known as Archæan, Silurian and Carboniferous, the sea covered North America, the British Isles, and Western Europe, while a large part of the North Atlantic area existed as dry land. He urges that if his conclusions prove to be well grounded, the doctrine of the permanency of oceans and continents, as tested by the case of the North Atlantic, must be discarded.

The great drawback to the general use of electricity resides in the high cost of its production as compared with other sources of light, power, etc. It would appear, however, that in respect to the lighting of railway cars by electricity—which is in every way more desirable for the purpose than any other kind of light—very thorough experiments have been made in England. From the facts gathered in connection with this matter, it appears that the Faure secondary batteries, which were charged from a dynamo

machine, worked well enough, but the weight of the eighty accumulators, aggregating over 3,000 pounds, was a serious drawback. This difficulty is likely to be remedied by a new device, or rather by the improvement of an old device. Letters patent have been obtained in England for a new form of primary batteries, which by the chemical combination of certain substances not hitherto used for the purpose of generating electricity, produce a current of sufficient power to give a steady and powerful light. The invention is not altogether an affair of the laboratory. London newspapers tell us that it has been tried on two important lines of railway with favorable result. The lamp used at these trials was one of Swan's ordinary incandescent lamps, which burned steadily and brightly, the brilliancy of the flame being increased or diminished at will by the mechanism employed. The first cost of this new contrivance is from \$75 to \$90 for each railway car, but the chemicals used are said to be cheap and saleable after their electrical value is exhausted. It is also claimed for the process that the care of the lights may be entrusted to persons who have no scientific training, the details of their arrangement being exceedingly simple. It is thought that this invention, if what is claimed for it proves demonstrable in use, will make the electric light advantageous for domestic and private use, as well as for public use in street cars, omnibusses, and steamboats, and in many places where gas-lights are not available.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Herr Heim, says *Mechanics*, reports to the German Society of Engineers the results of experiments to determine the economy to be derived by the addition of steam-jackets to various forms of steam-engine. He finds that a 6-horse-

power portable engine, unjacketed, demanded an excess of 35 per cent over the theoretical quantity of steam that should have been required to do the work; an 18-inch Wheelock engine required the same excess over the calculated quantity. Both engines were non-condensing. Condensing engines experience a still greater loss due to internal "cylinder condensation." Engines expanding ten times demand 74 per cent excess; when cutting off at one-fifth, 62 per cent; and expanding three times, 55 per cent more than the calculated amount when they are unjacketed. By adding a jacket, he concludes that the loss can be reduced to 64, 54 and 48 per cent. The effect of increase of piston speed is similar to that of adding a jacket. An engine at three feet, and at seven feet piston speed per second, gave a record of loss amounting to 96 and 70 per cent. The addition of the condenser causes increase of this loss. A 20-inch non-condensing engine, working at five atmospheres pressure, was provided with a condenser, and, while the power was increased 140 per cent, the waste was increased from 42 to 62 per cent. A hoisting-engine, working intermittently, exhibited a loss of 142 per cent of the weight of steam utilized.

RELATIONS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Shoe and Leather Reporter.

The relations of capital to labor are continually forcing themselves upon the consideration of thoughtful men. The evils of agrarianism menace the peace of nations. The best way to avert them is to make the people contented by so directing the spirit of enterprise as to equalize the reward of exertion. In a free republic like ours there are practically no restrictions upon the exercise of the faculties of acquisitiveness; there ought not to be any special privileges. The race for gain should be open alike to money

and muscle—to brain and brawn—they are natural allies; neither can thrive without the co-operation of the other, but muscle is a greater power than money, and the world will always be the gainer when it holds the lead. The dollar is mighty; the strong arm of man is mightier still. The one represents labor completed; the other represents labor in progress. Both are of kindred origin and destiny. If each is permitted to perform its legitimate functions, without help or hindrance, the state will flourish. Inventive genius, applied to the industrial arts, has wrought such marvels that our capacities of production appear to have outgrown our requirements of consumption. We are in something like the condition in which the Egyptians were after the seven years of plenty. Our granaries are overflowing; our warehouses are piled full of all sorts of merchandise; there is a greater accumulation of money than ever before, and the farmers, mechanics and bankers, forlorn of aspect and heavy of heart, are bemoaning the hardship of the situation, and inquiring, "When will times be better?" Everybody remembers the veritable story that has been repeated so often about Eben Francis, who was the Cæsar of Boston half a century ago. Called upon for a moderate subscription to a benevolent object, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear! don't ask me to give anything; I've had half a million dollars lying idle in the bank for six weeks; I've lost the interest on it all that time." There are a good many millionaires to-day lamenting losses of a similar kind, but their less affluent fellow beings can hardly be expected to regard them compassionately. There are vast multitudes whose toil is sweetened and whose spirits are lightened by the knowledge that they are dwelling in the midst of an abundance in which they can so far participate as to make themselves and those

dependent upon them comfortable. Fortune is never prodigal in her gifts to them, but they have less cause of complaint about hard times than usual, and that is a blessing that ought to reconcile everybody to the temporary curtailment of the resources of the favored few, who, in their worst estate, have more money than they can find any good use for.

"BLAME IT ALL ON ME!"

A grand crash—a shower of flying splinters—bump! bump! and the coaches settled back on the rails, and the passengers picked themselves up and cried out to each other that there had been a collision.

So there had. Freight No. 17 was pulling it on the side-track, but the day express thundered down on her while the long train was yet a third of its length on the main track.

Some one had blundered. Some one must be held responsible for the accident.

Under the overturned locomotive was the fireman—dead. Near him was the engineer, pinned down to the frozen earth by one of the drivers, and when he had been relieved a doctor, who was among the passengers, knelt beside him and said:

"Arm broken, leg broken, foot crushed to a pulp. He cannot live."

Who had blundered? Who had disobeyed orders? The conductors of the two trains were comparing watches and orders, when the engineer beckoned them.

"I alone am to blame!" he whispered. "I wasn't due here until 10:10 and it was just 10:05 when I struck the freight. I was ahead of time—running on her time."

So it was, so it was, whispered the two conductors.

"This morning when I left home," continued the engineer, the doctor was there. Our little Jennie—our 5-year old—was sick unto death. In her delirium she kept crying out: 'Don't go, papa—don't leave little Jennie to die!' It

was like a knife in my heart to leave her, but go I must. I was leaving the house when the doctor put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Tom, my boy, by 6 o'clock to-morrow morning she'll either be dead or better."

"What a long day this was to me!" he went on after a bit. "When I pulled out of the depot to-night, headed for home and Jennie, I wanted to fly. I kept giving her more steam, and I kept gaining on my time. We arn't due till 7, you know, but I wanted to be in at 6—aye! an hour before that. When the thought came to me that Jennie might be dead when next I entered the door I should have pulled the throttle wide open if the fireman hadn't grabbed my arm."

"Poor man!" they whispered as he shuddered with pain and seemed to be exhausted.

"Yes, blame it all on me!" he whispered. "No. 13 had five minutes more to get in, and she'd have made it all right, but I stole her time. And now—and now——!"

He lay so quiet for a moment that the doctor felt for his heart to see if it still beat.

"And now—that's her—that's Jennie. She's beckoning—she's calling! Right down the track—over the high bridge—through the deep cut—I'm coming—coming!"

And men wiped tears from their eyes and whispered:

"He has found his child in death!"

HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would leave vinegar alone and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, purchase several dozens at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acid of lemon and

ipe fruit are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into tin; strain out the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peel and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough. Then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes; bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water and you will have a cooling healthful drink.

CARRARA MARBLE.

Carrara, Italy, furnishes the statuary and other better qualities of marble for the world. Six thousand men work in the quarries. They are hoisted 700 feet in the air and then moved horizontally to the quarries. Hundreds of fatal accidents occur every year. Children scarcely out of their swaddling clothes work amid the glare and dust and die with sore eyes and stifled lungs. The food is dry bread, a raw onion and dirty water. It is the only place in Italy where wine is not drunk. Fully \$800,000 worth of marble is quarried at Carrara annually. The violet-hued is the most valuable.

THE BELOVED WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply but lovely and beloved. Let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant—in short let her only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfillment of

the marriage vow and she will be to her husband, and her children and society, a well spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of sorrow—and, by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine. The one is life, the other is mechanism.

"DISHONORABLE LABOR."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet, and make mats for lamps to stand in, without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable.

It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep houses, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain. As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable.

That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work, I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an arm-chair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may with delicate brush beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do

nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability.

I scout these fanatical notions. I tell you a woman no more than a man has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it. In the course of a life-time you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live you breathe forty hogsheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this.

EMIGRANT CARS.

Written for Peck's Sun.

During the years of '82-'83, the writer was in the employ of the U. P. R. R., and his run was between Cheyenne and Laramie, in Wyoming Territory. The cars containing the emigrants were sent over the division attached to one of the regular freight trains, and the boys of our crew always felt bad when it was our turn to convey the "pilgrims over our run.

The herculean aroma that emanates from an emigrant car is peculiar to itself, and can be found nowhere else. To say that it is something like a mixture of Limburger cheese, garlic, and a bovine in an advanced state of decomposition, is but a faint comparison, but will give the reader a vague and shadowy idea of what it resembles.

When the wind was favorable we could smell the coming emigrant train while it was yet afar off, and it is a noticeable fact that the vegetation on either side of the track is dead, while cattle, sheep and even scunks, have been discovered defunct near the line of the road with no traces of violence upon their bodies. Their demise can only be attributed to the deadly emigrant-car odor. Even after a car had stood in the yard a week, and received a thorough scrubbing and ventilating, the fragrance was as robust as ever.

The writer remembers seeing a tough looking tramp crawl out of a

box-car, just ahead of the emigrant cars, one cold night in December, when we had to stop to pack a hot box, and after showing strong symptoms of sea-sickness, he inquired how far it was to the nearest station. Being informed that it was only five miles he said: "Well, I'm glad of that, but if it was 500 miles I would rather walk and get fresh air than to ride any further where I was."

Individuals from every nation are to be found traveling "emigrant." Swarthy Spaniards, chattering Chinese, burly Germans, dusky Mexicans, Indians, and in fact, representatives from all parts of the globe. Even the dude can be met with occasionally, and he never fails to ask the train men the cause of "that beastly odah don't ye know." Of course a great many well educated, cleanly and respectable persons travel in this manner, but they are in the minority, and usually arrive at the end of their journey with their nasal appendages elevated about five-degrees above their proper position.

CHAS. MERRITT.

MAFFIT'S ELOQUENCE.

Some years ago the Rev. John Newland Maffit delivered an address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of a Methodist church in New Orleans. A correspondent quotes, as he says, from memory the following passages, which struck him as being surprisingly eloquent:

Such is New Orleans, the city within whose swelling circuit of benevolence I now stand. The din of commerce rolls along these streets by night and by day as the voice of many waters. She sits as the queen upon her alluvial delts, and the proud deep Gulf of Mexico, like a monarch bowl at a feast pours the rushing libations at her feet * * * I strain my aching eyes to catch a vision of the far-off frontiers through which the great Father of Water

lls on his majestic flood in turbid andeur; but it is too far for the sion of man. I exhaust horizon ter horizon, and yet the end is not. see every leaping rill that comes ughing down the mountains inting its way, laden with all griculture can create or commerce n ask for, toward your city. Hills far distant from each other as idnight from sunrise pay their ibute of bright waters to the ean's eldest born, whose last deep nes of inland music roll like the uffled drums of a solemn pageant t the ear of the vast city.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

"The girl of 16," says the Amer-Queen, "who will neither sew or do housework has no business be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and olic, unless her parents are rich, nd in that event she needs the atchful direction of a good mother one the less. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well nosen and timed. No woman or irl who will not work has a right o share the wages of a poor man's oil. If she does work, if she akes the clothes she wears, and ssists in the household duties, the hances are she will have enough elf respect to behave herself when laytime comes, but if she should ill be a little "wild," the honest oil she has done will confer upon er some degree of right to have er own way, ill-judged though it ay be."

THE true and good never die. cience, philosophy, and art have eyr limited epochs, beyond which ey never stray. But whoever saw he grave of a dead truth or the obit-ary notice of a deceased virtue? It s only error that sickens and dies, nd falsity, wrong, and vice which ociety wears out and casts behind it n its progress towards the realiza-ion of its divine ideal.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence.

Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character.

Luck lapses down to indigence. Labor strikes upward to independence.

PAY AS YOU GO.

The best of all rules for successful house keeping and making both ends of the year meet is, "Pay as you go." Beyond all countries in the world, ours is the one in which the credit system is the most used and abused. Pass-books are the bane and pest of domestic economy, a perpetual plague, vexation and swindle. Abused by servants at the store and house, disputed constantly by housekeepers and dealers, they are temptations to both parties to do wrong. "I never had that." "We neglected to enter this." "I forgot to bring the book." "Never mind, we'll make a note of it," and so it goes. But the worst of it is that the house-keepers are tempted to order what they have not the means to pay for, and when the time for settlement comes they are straitened. A family can live very respectably on a very moderate income, if they always take the cash in hand and buy where they can buy to the best advantage. Then they will be careful first to get what is necessary. Extra comforts will be had if they can afford them. But it is bad policy to buy on credit. No wise dealer sells so cheaply on credit as for cash.

The Engineer.

Over the length of the beaten track,
 Into the darkness deep and black,
 Heavy and fast
 As a mountain blast,
 With scream of whistle and clang of gong,
 The great train rattled and thundered along.

Travelers, cushioned and sheltered, sat,
 Passing their time with doze and chat;
 Thinking of naught,
 With danger fraught,
 Whiling the hours with whim and song,
 As the great train rattled and thundered along.

Covered and still the sleepers lay,
 Lost to the dangers of the way;
 Wandering back,
 Adown life's track,
 A thousand dreamy scenes among,
 As the great train rattled and thundered along.

Heavily breathed the man of care;
 Lightly slept the maiden fair;
 And the mother pressed
 Upon her breast,
 Her beautiful babe, with yearning strong,
 As the great train rattled and thundered along.

Down the brakes! rang the driver's shout,
 Down the brakes! rang the whistle out;
 But the speed was high,
 And the danger nigh,
 And death was waiting amid the gloom,
 As the train dashed on to its terrible doom.

Pity for those who, helpless, died,
 Under the river's merciless tide;
 But blessings enfold
 The driver bold,
 Who, with hand on the lever and heart all right,
 Went down with his train that ghastly night.

—Anon.

THE BIGGEST GUN YET.

Preparations are making at Woolwich Arsenal for the proof trials of an enormous gun that is now in process of construction at Elswick, and will be delivered a few months hence. It will weigh 110 tons, being considerably in excess of previous undertakings. The gun will be a breach loader, and have a bore of sixteen inches. Its length will be forty-three feet eight inches; but its extreme diameter at the breech will be only five feet six inches, and it will have a very elongated chase or barrel tapering down to twenty-eight inches, with a slight swelling at the muzzle.

ALL trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.

WHEN A WHALE IS STRUCK.

Immediately upon a whale being harpooned, he sounds, that is, goes under water at lightning speed, as does also the line to which he is attached, making it necessary to throw water upon it to prevent it from taking fire from the friction. It has been claimed that whales can run at a speed of a mile a minute. They cannot remain long below, but must come up to breathe. When a whale is struck, the boat-steerer is relieved by the header, and he mans the steering until the whale turns up: when a whale dies his belly turns uppermost. Then the boats are all fastened together, the sails hoisted and then commences a long tedious pull. You might think they would lay to and let the ship come up as fast as it can, but it has to beat up for whales invariably run to windward and often times a boat is miles away from the ship when a prize is captured. Not unfrequently darkness overtakes them a long way from their births.

Consolation.

Oh! faint heart bowed down by earthly trouble,
 Why thinkest thou the sun will never shine:
 For thee a better day is dawning,
 And thou, great peace shall surely find.

Sometimes our path seems strewn with sunshine,
 And earth's fair visions brighter grow,
 When, lo! the chastening rod is lifted,
 And all that's dear has fallen low.

Sometimes our friends—the ones who love us—
 Cause us pain, and often tears.
 But, my friend, we must not falter,
 Tho' our way be dark and drear.

Each of us have now a duty,
 Let us do it with a will,
 If a brother sometimes stumbles,
 Lift him up life's rugged hill.

You, who's lot is full of danger,
 You, who ride the iron steed,
 Look to God on all your journey,
 He, the sinners' prayer will heed.

Put your trust in God, my brother,
 Keep your heart from worldly sin,
 Do your duty—God will answer,
 Faithful one "come enter in."

Oh! you faithless, trust in Jesus,
 Do not let Satan have his way.
 Oh! you sinner, on the railroad,
 Heed my prayer, this very day.

I will pray that God direct you,
 Keep your heart from sin away,
 Help the widows and the orphans,
 Raise your brethren by the way.

—E. J. N.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The gentleman is distinguished from him who is not a gentleman by moral qualities which have justly won the highest place in the respect and admiration of the world. The gentleman restrains his passions and subdues his selfishness; he considers the comfort of others before his own; he respects the personality of those with whom he is brought in contact. He never takes an unfair advantage; he is scrupulously careful of his own honor; doubly scrupulous if the honor of others, should it be committed to his keeping.

He may lack mental culture, but he is never without moral refinement. He may have an unpolished exterior, but never a base nature.

Courage he has, but shows it less facing danger than in meeting responsibility. If not always sincere he is always reliable, and to him may be safely committed all that others hold most dear; in simple reliance upon his honor he is a man whose manly traits are penetrated and modified by the gentleness of woman's nature, and who still preserves and endeavors to constantly act upon the manliest of instincts.

A PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Rochester Post-Dispatch.

The poor woman had stepped upon an up-turned tack, and her condition grew serious, until a physician was consulted.

He was explaining to her husband, who said:

"And do you think, doctor, that she will have the lockjaw?"

"I'm afraid so, my man."

"Thank you, sir; thank you. Those are the first encouraging words I've had."

THE world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside.

THE FOOL-KILLER.

Bill Nye.

Sometimes I think that if the fool-killer would give a little more attention to his business and would try a little harder to earn his salary there would be less complaint and less dissatisfaction on the part of the intelligent taxpayers.

Now, for instance, suppose that he should, prior to each election, hold a kind of competitive examination of fools, to close with a grand tournament and fool shoot at thirty yards rise; or the fool could be made to pay each year for a license, the revenue to go to the government, partial fools to pay \$50 license, chronic fools \$100 and hopeless fools \$200 per year. I'd like to be instrumental in getting such a law passed, and then get out of the country before it went into effect.

MARRIAGE IN ARIZONA.

Chicago Ledger.

"Do you take this woman whose hand you're a squeezin' to be your lawful wife, in flush times an' skimp?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it, 'Squire."

"Do you take this man you've j'ined fists with to be your pard through thick an' thin?"

"Well, you're about right, for once, old man."

"All right, then. Kiss in court, an' I recon you're married about as tight as the law kin jine you. I guess four bits 'll do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do, it's six bits extra."

A CONNUBIAL RETORT.

New York Graphic.

They were having a heated argument. He said:

"Stop your quarrelling. People will think we are crazy."

"No they won't dear," she replied. "They will think one of us is crazy."

"Ah!" he responded, "there's your egotism again."

PROTECTING HIS CHARACTER.

Entering the shop of his tailor the other day he said:

"Sir, I owe you \$60."

"Yes, sir, you do."

"And I have owed it for a year."

"You have."

"And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding the debt."

"I think it is the fifth."

"Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible; here are twelve two cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards, and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the twenty-four cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.

MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM.

Pretzel's Weekly.

"Vill you dook me for besser und a leedle vorse," exclaimed a German friend of ours to his girl.

"Vat, by chinks you dooks me for a skull numb, aint it?"

"Nein, I dond do it, I lofe you cause I like you."

"Vell, dots not goot. I dond took you once, anyhow."

"Who is der matter by you?"

"Sometings sure."

"Vell, I dond care of I do or not," he said; "dher vos yoost so goot fish in der vasser as dond got pulled out yet."

FRESH YOUNG MAN AND THE OLD SALT.

Merchant Traveler.

"Ah, Captain," said a fresh young man on an ocean steamer, "when you board a vessel, where do you get the timber?"

"Ugh," replied the captain, looking him over critically, "we get it out of the log, of course."

The f. y. m. went below.

ALL SORTS.

Thirteen is an unlucky number for a poor man to have in his family.—*New York Journal*.

A two-cent cigarette never feels so cheap as when it is being sucked by a one-cent dude.—*Chicago Herald*.

A barber must be in very destitute condition if he hasn't a thing to call his hone.—*Texas Siftings*.

Nothing humiliates a poet quicker than printing his words exactly as he writes them.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It would not hurt theatrical managers to attend Prof. Proctor's lectures and find out something about the star system.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In Japanese prisons the convicts edit and print newspapers. So it appears that the freedom of the press is as much of a farce in Japan as it is in Russia.—*Puck*.

About the only reference to base ball in holy writ that we remember is where Rebecca goes to the right field with a pitcher. The right field for water.—*Chicago Ledger*.

"Now, that's what I call a most gratifying sign!" a smirking bill-collector said to the man who dashed his name on a bank cheque for a large amount.—*Whitehall Times*.

PHOENIX is the name of a fabulous bird of antiquity, which is described as being, in outline and bulk, very like an eagle, and as having part of his plumage gold-colored and part crimson. It was said to live five hundred years in the wilderness, and then return to Egypt, where, having built itself a nest, it was consumed by fire, and from the ashes of the old bird sprang its successor. The phoenix has been a fertile subject for the imagination of the poets of all ages; and even by some of the early christian writers this myth was advanced as evidence of the resurrection.

HOW HE DID IT.

Youths' Companion.

It is painful to print such incidents of unnecessary tragedy as the following. We do it because we are anxious to circulate every warning against playing with fire-arms, and in the hope that others may learn in season never to point a gun or pistol in sport, because they think they are not loaded. The residence of John Williams, of Scranton, Pa., was the scene of a pitiful tragedy one day last September, says a correspondent of a New York paper:

Mr. Williams' son, Andrew, a young man twenty-two years of age, was indulging in a frolic with his sister, Maggie, a bright, playful and pretty girl of seventeen. The young man, in order to escape her, darted up stairs and into his bed-room, where she followed him.

Mrs. Williams, a moment later, was startled by the report of a pistol, and ran up stairs to her son's room. As she was entering, she heard her son exclaim,—

"My God! I have shot Maggie!"

He was greatly excited, and holding the unconscious girl in his arms, cried, "O mother, I have killed her. What shall I do?" holding the revolver in his hand. Then, suddenly raising it to his own temple, he said, "I shall take my own life. I cannot live."

At that moment Andrew's father came rushing into the room and caught his arm just in time to prevent a double tragedy. Medical aid was summoned, and it was discovered that the bullet had entered Maggie's right temple.

Andrew was terribly distressed when told that his sister could not live. He surrendered himself into the custody of an officer, and was placed in the county jail. He stated that when Maggie followed him into his bed-room he saw the revolver lying on a table, and taking it up he pointed it at her in play, saying,—

"Look out, I'll shoot."

He says he did not think it was

loaded, and was horrified when he saw that he had shot her. She staggered forward and would have fallen to the floor had he not caught her in his arms.

ADVICE UNHEEDED.

New York Sun.

A thin, uncomfortable-looking man sat bolt upright in an elevated railroad car. He seemed anxious to give vent to his feelings, and when a young man sat down beside him, he began to talk at once.

"Sit up straight as I do," said he. "I don't do it so much because I'm afraid as because I desire that my example should serve as a reproach to the careless man across the aisle."

The young man sat up straight. His companion pointed to a stout man who was reading at ease in a corner, with his hat in his hand, and his bald head leaning comfortably against the wood-work.

"Did you ever see such reckless disregard for all laws of health?" the uncomfortable man went on. "There's a party who would feel offended if asked to use a common hair brush in a hotel, and would refuse to drink out of a tin cup used by the multitude at a public fountain. Yet water purifies, and the things which I have mentioned are of but little importance compared with the crime against self-preservation which that man is now committing. One hundred million passengers ride in these cars every year. Of that number it is safe to say that 1,000,000 are afflicted with some sort or other of contagious skin disease. There is nothing in this world like wood to hold the germs of a disease. About 800,000 of that million of diseased passengers lean their heads back while riding. Therefore, there are the germs of 800,000 skin diseases clinging to the wood in these cars. I should say, to make a rough guess, that about 820 diseases are right over in the corner where that man's head is now."

The stout man jumped up about

this time, rubbed his head and face with his handkerchief as if he had overheard the lecture, and left the train.

The uncomfortable looking man smiled sadly on the young man beside him. Then the young man went over and sat down in the vacant corner, took off his hat, leaned his head against the wood-work, and slept all the way up to 129th street.

A WRETCHED CASE.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Mulvaney (the laundress): "Indade, ma'am, an' its miserable I am. I'm just on me feet wid the pain in me back, an' Jimmy, he's as bad off; he has a cough on um that sounds loike an empty bar'l. Cough for the lady, Jimmy."

ALMOST A BRUTE.

Texas Siftings.

"Are you acquainted with Pete Johnson?"

"Yes, he is a perfect brute."

"I don't think he is a perfect brute. He may be a brute, but not a perfect one, because he lacks instinct. A perfect brute has instinct."

GENIUS NOT MARKETABLE.

New Orleans Picayune.

The truth is that a work of genius is not in any proper sense a marketable commodity. It may be bought and sold, but it cannot be ordered like a pair of boots, or paid for like a barrel of flour. It is of the nature of love and hope—things that may be lost, but which cannot be restored for money.

McSWILLIGEN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Oil City Derrick.

"My dear, what makes a train move?" asks McSwilligen of his spouse.

"The engine, of course," replied Mrs. McS.

"Mistaken," said her husband.

"What is it, then, I'd like to know?"

"The freight, my dear, makes the cargo."

HOW TO MANAGE A MAN.

San Francisco News Letter.

Nine men out of ten are manageable if you go to the right way about it, and one great point is to act after marriage just as you did before. Argument and contradiction are vital enemies to marriage peace. Should you wish for anything particularly, don't insist upon it after refusal. Some women are persistent, and ask: "Why may I not? Why don't you do as I ask you?" and irritate the man. Rather bide your time, and make an extra good dinner of his favorite dishes, put a bow on of the color he likes, make home and yourself sweeter than ever. You'll get it sure, even if you have to wait.

Also, when you wish him to do any particular thing which you know will be for his good, for heaven's sake do not say do it?" Rather drop a hint that you think so and so would be a "good thing to do." Get him interested, and then let the subject drop. I venture to say that in a short time that man will do precisely as you wished; he will never permit you to think that he has traded the least on your common sense.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him. Such a disposition is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains."

THOUGHT HE WAS.

Texas Siftings.

One of the professors at the University of Texas is one of the most absent-minded men in the State. Not long since a gentleman, who was only slightly acquainted with him, asked him:

"Professor, are you married?"

The Professor was absorbed in thought for a few moments and then replied:

"Yes, I think so, if I am not mistaken."

A NEW CUSTOMER.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Who is that new man that opened a wood yard or something on Second street and bought a bill of goods of us last Saturday?" asked Old Hyson; "I've lost his card and forgotten his name."

"I don't know," replied the office boy.

"Well," said the old man, "I hate to ask him. Run down to the corner and see what is on his sign; that'll give it."

Presently the boy came back.

"Lime and coal," he said,

And Old Hyson calmly charged the bill up to Lyman Cole.

THE BOSTON OWL.

Boston Budget.

"Do you know that there is a great difference between the country owl and the Boston owl?"

"No."

"Well, there is; the uncultured bird, you know, says 'Tu whit tu whoo,' but the cultured one says, 'Tu whit tu whom.'"

A NEW VEIN.

Boston Budget.

"Miggles is a funny fellow."

"You are right; but did you know. he had just struck a new vein of humor?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, he has; he's got a carbuncle."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Charles Harris, of Belleville, Tex., has invented a machine for washing dishes.—*Chicago Herald.*

A patent, the invention of a Charlottesville (Va.) man, for indicating stations during the passage of cars, has lately been tried on the Chesapeake & Ohio railway. It works automatically.—*New York Times.*

There is, it seems, says the kleptomaniac of the New York Sun, an umbrella that can not be stolen. A genius has invented a detachable handle, upon withdrawing which the ribs automatically lock. Re-

placing it unlocks them. No two handles fit the same umbrella.

The highest velocity that has been imparted to shot is given as 1,726 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is one thousand miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; and thus, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.—*Chicago Times.*

The value of the willow crop of Wyoming County, N. Y., is estimated at \$120,000. The heaviest crops are found in the towns of Perry, Gainsville and Warsaw, and the willows are shipped to Syracuse, Buffalo and New York to German basket-makers, where they command from four to twenty-four dollars per ton. Before 1879 the willows had to be stripped of their bark where they were raised, which was accomplished by standing the bunches in a stream of water. Since 1879 the buyers take them bark and all and strip the stalk by steam power, which makes it more profitable for the producers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The depth of sleep has been the novel subject of investigation by two German physicians, working upon the principle that the depth of sleep is proportional to the sound required to awaken. Ingenious experiments showed that with a perfectly healthy man, slumber during the first hour is very light, after an hour and a quarter the depth of sleep increases rapidly and reaches its maximum at one and three-quarters hours. The slumber then lightens gradually, but reaction into a deeper sleep occurs after five and a half hours of repose, after which gradual awakening proceeds. Imperfect health or unusual exertion produced marked irregularities.

HAPPY REMINISCENCES.

Now twenty years are past and gone. I don't forget the day
 Since first on board the emigrant ship, I entered New York bay.
 My boyish heart so long oppressed, was filled with joy and glee,
 As I blessed that flag, the stars and stripes, beneath which I was free.

In Castle Garden landed, I mingled with the crowd,
 The favored ones, who met their friends, wept joyously aloud;
 But I, alas, had not a friend to extend a greeting hand,
 Not one to bid me welcome to fair Columbia's land!

I ventured out in Broadway, with all its din and noise,
 I found myself the laugh and jest of bootblacks and small boys!
 There goes Paddy, halloa Mike, was shouted from behind,
 For once I thought America's sons ungrateful and unkind.

I aimlessly crossed the ferry, onto the Jersey side,
 The Erie depot stood in front, capacious, long and wide,
 A train stood at its moorings, the fireman rang the bell,
 To those on board a merry tune, to me a doleful knell.

I saw the bland conductor, and stepped up to his side,
 I said, kind sir, excuse me, could you please give me a ride?
 I have no gifts or money, but a truthful word I'll give
 To pay the debt some future day, if God should let me live.

He turned quickly on his heel and scanned me up and down,
 He viewed my hat, my corduroys and jacket, faded brown;
 He says, I think you are not a tramp, a vagrant or a thief,
 You are an Irish lad just landed, that is my true belief.

Our laws and rules are very strict, and servants must obey,
 But, my young stranger, feel not sad, your fare I myself can pay.
 Your countrymen, though not of mine, in either kith or kin,
 The freedom which our land enjoys, have bled and died to win.

I took a seat on board the train, and soon was rocked to sleep,
 In dream I wandered back again, across the briny deep;
 I stood upon the old hill-side, with pasture rich and green,
 Within the shadows of the cot, where born I had been.

The parting hour I saw again, my eyes bedimmed with tears,
 I felt that mother's fond caress, so bowed with care and years,
 I saw my father in the door, his face was sad and wan,
 I heard his parting words: my son, be honest, be a man.

The brakeman's voice my slumber broke: Elmira, please change cars.
 I thought myself on board that ship with all its gibs and spars.
 A gentle voice broke in my ear, you must now here remain.
 I looked, the friend I longed to thank, no longer run the train.

I studied out in silence, that friend, so kind and good,
 And pledged myself in riper years, that is, if I could,
 To be a man with such a heart, exempt from foul alloy,
 To follow in his footsteps, and be a railroad boy.

I made my application, and met with good success,
 Prosperity crowned my labors, I was lucky I confess.
 I twisted wheels and shoveled coal, on the Lehigh and N. C.
 And the friends I made in those young days, I am ever glad to see.

But he whose heart went out to mine, in my darkest hour of life,
 Alas! alas! for one so good, he perished in the strife.
 I never could repay him here, so generous, kind and brave,
 He met the fate of railroad men: a crash! a wreck! a grave.

The rail I've long deserted, but still my heart will bound
 When I hear the whistle loud and shrill, through hills and dales resound.
 My memory then too well recalls those faces, so long known,
 Not one, I hope, forgets the lad they nicknamed—Garry Owen.

—Conductor's Monthly.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen |
OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS *Editor.*
WM. F. HYNES *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00
SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

AUGUST, 1885.

PERSONALITIES.

We conceive it to have been the wise purpose of the Brotherhood, in establishing the Firemen's Magazine, to afford the membership correct information in regard to the organization of Lodges, its numerical strength, its financial resources, and the condition of its benevolent enterprises. The Magazine, in the best meaning of the term, was intended to be the organ of the Order. How well, or to what extent these requirements have been met and fulfilled, are matters worthy of consideration, since, in no small degree, they bear distinctly upon the welfare of the Brotherhood. In addition, to what we have stated, it has been the purpose of the Brotherhood to make the Magazine the consistent and courageous exponent of its principles and its policy. Manifestly, it was the purpose of the Brotherhood that those in charge of the columns of the Magazine, should intelligently discuss such questions as the growth and expansion of the Order, from time to time, brought to their attention, and to admit to its columns such

communications or papers as would contribute valuable information and promote harmony, fraternal feelings, closer union, and larger prosperity.

We must be pardoned, if, with no small degree of pride, we point to the phenomenal prosperity of the Magazine. The increase of the copies published cannot fail to bring a cause for gratulation throughout the entire membership. The publication has grown from a circulation, in 1880, of twenty-six hundred copies, to twenty-one thousand copies in 1885, and this gratifying appreciation of the merits of the Magazine is showing no symptoms of abatement.

The fact will, therefore, be readily conceded, that the Magazine has become what all well-wishers of the Brotherhood have desired from the first, a power in the Order and a power for good. Just here the question arises, shall it continue a potent force and factor for the well being of the Brotherhood? Shall it exert a still greater power in bringing into harmony, solidity, unification, the membership of our widely separated Lodges? Our fourteen thousand members now wear Brotherhood badges, and have a right to be known as brothers. To hold this vast fraternal family fast in the bonds of peace and good will is not child's play. It is not an ordinary problem to be solved without an effort. If there are those who take such a superficial view of the subject, they will be likely to change their opinion when they have acquired a larger share of experience. Our knowledge of men forces the

conclusion that firemen carry about as much human nature pressure to the square inch as other mortals, and this being true, they will as readily admit as other men, that union, harmony, concert of action, is always the result of compromise, concession, give and take, rather than a stubborn adherence to ultimatum, and an equally stubborn determination not to surrender. In matters of fundamental principles, if one is certain he is standing upon such bed-rock foundations, he is in a position to be unyielding, and cannot recede without disgrace, but questions of that character seldom arise, and when they do, the champions of the wrong are readily dislodged, or their untenable positions so easily exposed, that the right rarely suffers serious discomfiture. Ordinarily, acrimonious debate occurs when the issues are comparatively trivial, or such as prudence would indicate, ought not to be brought forward. But, be that as it may, the columns of the Magazine, we are satisfied, were not intended for the discussion of subjects, which, as a Brotherhood, must inevitably lead to estrangements rather than friendships. It is not difficult to name those subjects, which, from the nature of our Order, ought never to be introduced into the Magazine, such, for instance, as partisan politics and religious creeds, as also the nationality of members. As an organization, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America absolutely ignores politics and religion, except, it may be, in that broad signification of politics which means the science of government,

or religion which cannot be better defined than to do unto others as we desire others to do unto us. But, so far as the nationality of membership is concerned, discussion must of necessity, and in the very nature of things be distasteful, and hurtful. A man is not responsible for his birth place, nor for his parentage. There never was, nor can there be, a lower plane for animadversion, and of all lands beneath the sun, there is not one where such discussions are more out of place than America—and by that term, we mean the continent. But our purpose at this writing is to invite the attention of our readers more particularly to the use of personalities when writing for the Magazine. The result cannot be otherwise than hurtful to the welfare of the Order. We assume that a moment's reflection will satisfy those who are capable of conviction, that a censorship far more rigid than has hitherto been observed in such matters, is imperatively required. We state no novel proposition when we say that those who write for the Magazine should have the welfare of the Order prominently in view, and should be so guarded in their expressions as to relieve the publishers of the unwelcome task of weeding out acrimonious, ill-tempered, ill advised personal allusions from their communications. Such allusions weaken if they do not destroy argument, and since like begets like, the result must be that if A offends by the use of unbrotherly personalities, B will reply in the same line of bitterness, and in this way discussions rapidly descend to a level of bil-

lingsgate and incalculable evil results. We do not regard it important to enlarge upon such self evident propositions. Conviction follows statement and argument, as in all such cases, has a tendency to confuse rather than help to prudent conclusions. It is not our purpose in offering such reflections for the consideration of the Brotherhood to specially voice our determination in regard to the admission or rejection of personalities, and we shall be content if what we have said has clearly defined our views of proprieties, and with the further intimation that as our views are our convictions, we shall experience great satisfaction if correspondents will give the subject their earnest attention, and relieve us of the duty of showing that, *for the good of the Order*, our courage is equal to our convictions.

STANDING ARMIES.

Among the governmental ideas, peculiarly American, there is not one more distinctly defined than the deep seated opposition to large standing armies. It is a fact universally accepted that large standing armies are flagrantly inimical to the liberties of the people, and no more judicious protests were ever made against the encroachments of centralized power in the United States, than those which relate to the maintenance of a large military force. Of thirty-five countries, officially reported, the number of men constituting their standing or regular armies is given at 4,938,080. Of these countries there are thirteen of which have standing armies, numbering 3,810,643 men, out of a

population of 244,460,980, and costing annually \$609,422,316, as follows:

COUNTRIES.	POPULATION.	STANDING ARMY.	ANNUAL COST.
Austro-Hungary	37,759,407	289,100	\$53,386,915
Belgium	5,476,968	46,383	8,776,429
Denmark	1,969,454	35,727	2,359,027
France	36,905,788	502,764	114,279,761
Germany	45,194,172	445,402	98,330,429
Great Britain	35,246,562	131,636	74,901,500
Italy	28,209,620	736,502	42,947,263
Netherland	3,981,887	65,113	8,397,000
Russia	72,520,000	974,771	137,812,202
Spain	16,333,293	90,000	24,862,930
Switzerland	2,831,787	117,500	2,352,100
Turkey	8,866,532	350,000	610,300
United States	50,135,783	25,745	40,466,460
Total	294,460,980	3,810,643	\$609,422,316

It should be understood that the foregoing figures relate to armies on a peace footing. When war is declared, armies are indefinitely increased. So far as our figures relate to European countries, little need be said about the purpose for which standing armies are created and maintained. They are a necessity of despotism, and the figures relating to the armies of France and Switzerland in no wise modify the conclusion, since if they do not sustain home despotisms, they are required to repel invasions in the interest of despots. Remove the standing armies of Europe, and the people would be free in a day. European wars are, as a general proposition, for the wrong—a conflict of evils. Sometimes a great wrong has been overthrown or shorn of some of its power and the right advanced to a stronger position, but the chief business of standing armies in Europe is to support thrones and keep the people in subjection to royalty and aristocracy.

Referring to our figures, it will be observed that twelve European countries keep constantly equipped in time of peace 3,784,893 men, and pay annually for their support

\$568,955,850. This vast number of men earn nothing, they produce nothing, they simply consume. Europe is full of paupers, half fed, half clothed wretches, who enjoy few more rights and privileges than beasts of burden, and to keep them in subjection, to kill them if they demand "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is the chief business of standing armies. A standing army has always been regarded in the United States as a standing danger, to be reduced to the lowest practicable number. The figures relating to the regular or standing army of the United States, from 1789 to 1879, are instructive. They are for officers and men as follows:

YEAR.	STRENGTH OF ARMY.
1789	One regiment infantry, one battery artillery 840
1792	Indian border wars 5,120
1794	Peace establishment 3,629
1801	Peace establishment 5,144
1807	Peace establishment 3,278
1810	Peace establishment 7,154
1812	War with Great Britain 11,331
1815	Peace establishment 9,433
1817-1821	Peace establishment 9,980
1822-1832	Peace establishment 6,184
1833-1837	Peace establishment 7,198
1838-1842	Florida war 12,539
1843-1846	Peace establishment 8,613
1847	Mexican war 17,812
1848	Mexican war 30,890
1849-1855	Peace establishment 10,320
1856-1861	Peace establishment 12,931
1862	Civil war 39,273
1863-1866	Civil war 43,332
1867	Peace establishment 51,641
1868-1869	Peace establishment 52,922
1870	Peace establishment 37,313
1871	Peace establishment 35,353
1872-1874	Peace establishment 32,264
1875-1879	Peace establishment 27,480

A glance at the foregoing figures fully establishes our proposition that a large standing army is anti-American, and in conflict with the genius of our institutions. In this country wars have been for the right, forced by circumstances and inevitables, and on all occasions the people have responded with alacrity to the call, and the right has been vindicated, and when the war was past,

the policy has been to reduce at once the army. It was not wanted and was dangerous. The only requirement for an army is to fight and oversee a few straggling, half starved Indians, who, if they were not shamefully cheated and oppressed, would be quiet and peaceable—such is the testimony of the best informed soldiers of the army.

In view of all the facts, the widespread demand for organizing the militia of the various states, is worthy of profound thought. There is neither war nor a probability of war. No foreign nation is anxious to challenge the United States. Canada is much more inclined to annexation than war, and Mexico makes overtures of lasting peace by proposing a commercial treaty upon the most liberal terms. Such facts are well calculated to arouse interest when a demand is made to equip about 4,000,000 soldiers in the various states. The question is asked with ever increasing interest, why so much military ardor and enthusiasm? It begins to leak out that in certain quarters labor troubles are likely to take place in the near future, and that soldiers will be handy to shoot down strikers, who are usually denounced as communists, socialists and dynamiters.

We have heard much of late, but not too much of the encroachments of monopolists upon the rights of laborers, the wage men and the wealth creators of the land. In various localities the piteous appeals of suffering men and women for work have made the days and the nights hideous. Wages are reduced or entirely suspended. When such

things occur, labor troubles sometimes supervene. At such times, as in the case of the Hocking Valley troubles, soldiers are wanted, that blood may mingle with the tears of the famine afflicted unfortunates. Powder does sometimes produce peace, and bullets, like bread, have a quieting influence. Autocrats, despots, kings and sultans cannot govern at all without such appliances, but prudent and thoughtful Americans cannot be too earnest in their investigation in regard to the purpose of those who are asking for a large military force in all the states of the Union.

It has long been known that the influence of West Point upon society has been vicious in the extreme. As a general proposition, the graduates of that institution are insufferable snobs. They have the idea drilled into them that they constitute a ruling class. They are supported off of the earnings of the people, and acquire a strut and swagger indicative of feelings of superiority, at once disgusting and humiliating, and the knowledge that they are life pensioners upon the government adds indefinitely to their offensive superciliousness. West Point annually inflicts upon the country a horde of these gold-lace parasites, public crib loungers, who toil not, and for whose services there is neither a present or a remote necessity. And now, with this useless burden upon their necks, there is a set of people demanding a military establishment larger than that which obeys the nod of any European despot, and when it is asked what is the necessity for the

existence of such a monstrous military machine in the United States, the answer is, there may be labor troubles in the near future. Laboring men, everywhere throughout the broad land, may well regard the movement with deep concern. It means their ultimate subjugation. It is to bring on a conflict between bread and bullets, pay and powder.

It is shown by official figures that the people are now taxed more than \$40,000,000 a year to support a standing army, and though it numbers less than 28,000 men, thousands of these are mere loungers, who might as well be dead as alive, so far as any benefits arising from their existence is concerned. Why, then, seek to increase the burdens of taxation by the creation of more military establishments?

The time has come for working men to give this military craze serious attention. It means mischief.

SECTIONALISM.

In the United States, as in other lands, geographical lines create sections—divisions, and hence reference is frequently made, to eastern, western, northern and southern sections of the country. Such references are legitimate and entirely proper. We speak of agricultural and of mining sections, and in many ways designate location by the term section. It is not surprising, therefore, that we frequently observe on the part of the people of certain sections, sectional pride and preferences, sectional interests and ambitions and not infrequently sectional arrogance. Sectionalism is defined as "a feeling of peculiar interest in some one section of a country, &c."

A peculiar interest entertained for any section of a country, ought not to appear reprehensible, and such interest, kept within proper limits cannot, we conceive, be harshly criticised with justice. The term *ism* is an English termination, "denoting the theory, doctrine, spirit, or abstract idea of that signified by the word to which it is appended." Lexicographers further say that *ism* refers to "a fanatical tenet, a specious, but wild or visionary theory; a plausible and captivating, but unsound doctrine." Reference is often made to dogmatism—self-importance, dogmatic assertion, a combination, usually, of arrogance and ignorance, self-assurance, superiority of knowledge or virtue, or some other quality. It is not required to extend such reflections in discussing the term sectionalism. Since enough has been said to indicate that in common parlance, it means, not so much special admiration of the natural advantages of a particular section, as compared with other sections, but that the people who inhabit certain sections are inherently better than others, entitled to greater consideration in the distribution of favors, entitled to a larger share of honors or emoluments, etc. Sectionalism therefore degenerates into personalism, and from individuals is made to include communities and states, and unless neutralized by a large infusion of common sense, leads not infrequently to grave if not disastrous complications.

It may be held that in political or governmental affairs, in a widely extended country, sectionalism is an almost inevitable consequence

of conditions which cannot be avoided or overcome—and is therefore, if an evil it is of that class which must be endured with philosophical composure. We are not disposed to debate the proposition, as it is no part of our purpose to discuss political or governmental issues, but we have no hesitancy in saying, that whatever may be true of politics and government, in regard to sectional pride or policy, anything bearing the stamp of sectionalism in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is totally and absolutely foreign to the genius of the order. Its influence is promotive of decay, instead of vitality. Its tendency is to demoralize and disintegrate. We are confident it is only required for the members of the Brotherhood to dispassionately consider the subject, to vote an unqualified rebuke and to demand that sectionalism be banished forever from brotherhood discussions.

It should be understood that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has no geographical boundaries, except that indicated by its name. It is not divided by tangible or by imaginary boundaries, lakes, rivers, or mountains, parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude. It knows no sections. It is a Brotherhood of fraternity. It is oblivious of favoritisms and antagonism within its bright circumference. A Brotherhood fireman in Halifax, Winnipeg, New York, Augusta, El Paso, New Orleans or San Francisco, is bound to the order by the same fraternal ties. Section is nothing; locality nothing; city, town or village nothing—the Brotherhood is

he one thing, the everything. Alliance to the Brotherhood, fealty to obligation, elevation to principle, bring all into unity and harmony. Hence, a Brotherhood fireman in Maine salutes a Brotherhood fireman in Texas as "Brother," and a Brotherhood fireman in California regards with fraternal solicitude a Brotherhood fireman in Ontario or New Brunswick. Integrity, virtue, benevolence, can no more be sectionalized than light, life or death. It matters nothing whether a Brotherhood fireman is firing a machine in the mountain gorges of the far west, or in the extended plains of Nebraska and Kansas, or in the more densely populated districts of the older states. The country where he lives and works neither adds nor detracts from his standing as a locomotive fireman, and any assumed superiority, as a result of location, must of necessity be in flagrant opposition to the grand purposes of the Brotherhood. We could wish for greater ability to glorify fraternity in words worthy of the theme—and to more emphatically express our dislikes of anything which robs it of its beneficent influences and prerogatives. Sectionalism ought not to be tolerated. It will act as an insidious poison. It will stain the escutcheon of the Brotherhood. It will impair unity and disturb harmony. It will create infirmities where there should be strength. It will inaugurate confusion and dethrone order, worse still, sectionalism, by which we mean, such inordinate preference for certain localities or sections, that persons inhabiting other

localities and sections, are subjected to offensive superciliousness, than which fraternities can have no greater enemy. In such cases, sectionalism becomes bigotry, and bigotry has neither brains nor soul. A baseless assumption, "I am better than thou," predicated upon locality, as if a Brotherhood fireman in one locality, who is faithful to obligations, is something less than a Brotherhood fireman, whose lot is cast in some other section. We confess to a lack of composure in discussing such propositions. They are distasteful. We prefer so far as our Brotherhood is concerned, never to see them in print nor to hear them voiced by any fireman who wears the badge of our order. Our Brotherhood must exist by unification. The bonds designed to hold us in harmonious union are weakened by sectionalism. At any rate, the Magazine cannot be the medium for the transmission of the views from Lodge to Lodge until the whole body is inoculated. It is an old aphorism that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We have had multiplied opportunities to know of the vast treasures of common sense possessed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Err they may. Mistakes will occur. But when an error is discovered, when a mistake is clearly pointed out, when the right is vividly defined, Locomotive Firemen are not required to be lectured that changes for the better may be recorded. In this spirit we write. Sectionalism in the Brotherhood is hurtful. Let it be numbered among the errors of the past.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

One is often amused at the learned articles that are written, from time to time, in regard to the management of husbands, and would almost imagine they were some sort of wild animal that had to be tamed or some kind of irresponsible creature that needed to be carefully watched and tended, or some unwilling captive continually waiting an opportunity to break away. The great writer, George Eliot, expresses the utmost contempt for the woman who will condescend to "manage" the man who has promised to love, honor and protect her as long as he lives. But George Eliot was hardly in a position to judge, for she herself was bound neither by the ties of matrimony nor the bonds of children. If her husband (so called) did not behave as she wished she had only to serve upon him notice to quit. She knew nothing of the petty annoying trials of ordinary, every day wives.

Nine times out of ten it will be found that these excellent articles on the management of husbands are written by ladies who never had a husband and whose opinions in regard to married life are all theoretical and therefore of not much weight, for a very small portion of experience is worth more than a very large amount of theory. I remember one article, in particular, which went the rounds of the papers a few months ago and was copied into the Firemen's Magazine. When I commenced reading it I said to myself "That woman never had a husband," and toward the end of the paper she admitted the fact. Such writers should entitle their chapters of advice, "How I would manage a husband, if I had one," and then, when the long-looked for time arrived, they would probably find that their theories were an utter failure when reduced to practice.

The bride, as she leans upon the arm of her new husband, exclaims affectionately, "Of course I always expect dear George to do exactly as I say and I always intend to do just as he says." But this plan generally fails to be a success. Strict obedience becomes very irksome and self-will asserts itself. The wife grows careless and the husband indifferent. There seems to be a lack of something, perhaps it is management. The writer of the article referred to above gives the hackneyed advice, "Always be well-dressed, always have your meals well-cooked, never talk about your household

annoyances," &c., &c. This is all very good but I know households where these rules are rigidly observed and where wives do their duty so conscientiously the most critical could find no fault, and yet the husbands are unappreciative, neglectful and unkind. Some of the most selfish and disagreeable husbands I know have the most economical, industrious and uncomplaining wives; and some of the most immoral men have beautiful, refined and charming wives. I know homes that are exquisitely kept, the meals perfectly cooked, the piano open, books and magazines in profusion, the beds draped in snowy linen, and yet the husbands would rather drop into some saloon to a free lunch than take the trouble to walk home to dinner, they prefer a dirty back room and a game of cards to their own parlor with books and music and good society, and they never seek their daintily furnished bedroom till daylight is looking in at the windows.

On the contrary, I have seen homes utterly without attraction, and yet the husband never spent an evening away. I have seen men perfectly devoted for years to women who were poor housekeepers, miserable mothers and almost devoid of social graces. While out calling not long ago, with a lady friend, we came to the house of a gentleman somewhat distinguished for his devotion to his wife, as well as for his literary ability. It was five o'clock on a beautiful summer afternoon, but we had to wait for the lady to make her toilet. The parlor was dark, upside down, and actually smelled badly for want of soap, water and fresh air, although there were two servants in the house. Through the window we could see the nurse and children, dirty as it is possible for children to be. I glanced at my companion, a beautiful woman, and thought of her history. A bright conversationalist, always carefully dressed, a perfect housekeeper, her child a picture of dainty loveliness, in fact a model wife; and yet that woman's husband had drank, failed to provide, neglected and abused her until she was compelled to obtain a divorce and work for her living. Now, according to the directions for managing men, which of these women should have had the devoted husband?

After years of constant observation I am forced to believe that these things depend not so much upon the way the man is managed as upon the natural disposition of the man. While it is quite true that a man may be greatly influenced, yet, in nine cases out of ten, he will follow his inclinations. If he is naturally domestic, and fond of home life, he will

very apt to spend his leisure time with his family, even if his wife is not ways handsomely dressed, or his meals utterly served. If he has a tendency for a fast life, he will most likely lead that kind of a life, even if he has a wife as Venus and a home like Paradise. If he has a passion for drink, a wife possessed of all the virtues cannot prevent his indulging this taste. If he has a mania for gambling, a well-ordered home can never overcome the temptation of the poker table or faro bank. To a dissipated, immoral man, home and family are insipid and distasteful, and such a man generally respects a woman more who shows a certain degree of independence and declines to devote her whole life to a vain effort for his reformation.

It is, without doubt or question, a woman's first duty to make a happy home. To this work she should bend every energy and exercise all the tact she possesses. But it is by no means certain that when she does all this she will succeed in keeping her husband at home. It depends in a great degree upon what kind of a man he is. No doubt many men are driven away from uncongenial homes, but it is also equally true that many others go astray whose homes are all that a pure heart could desire; and in the name of thousands of conscientious women I do most earnestly protest against holding the wife and the home responsible for the good or bad behavior of the husband.

THE WEDDING.

One of the provoking things in writing for a Magazine is that the work must be prepared so long beforehand. Although the wedding referred to occurred on the 9th of June, there has been no opportunity to describe it until now, although Mr. Arnold managed to slip in a very pretty notice last month. All weddings are interesting, but this one was especially beautiful. It took place in the morning at seven o'clock, the marriage of Eugene V. Debs and Miss Kate Metzel, in the Episcopal church, of which the bride is a devoted member. The sun streamed in through the stained glass windows and fell upon the altar draped in white and fragrant with masses of choice flowers. A handsomer couple is seldom seen, both tall, fair and stately. The groom wore a dark grey morning suit, with gloves to match, and looked exceedingly pale and thoughtful as he walked up the aisle, as if he fully realized the important step. The bride looked lovely in a rich traveling toilet of fawn colored cashmere with brocaded front, of the same shade, and collar and cuffs

of crimson velvet, with hat and gloves to match. After receiving congratulations, they left at once for a tour which included Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington and Louisville. The trousseau, which is quite elegant, was made in Louisville, and comprises dresses and bonnets for every occasion. The presents were exceedingly handsome, and included Brussels carpet, Persian rugs, parlor set, chamber set, French clock, silver, china, glass, a watch and bric-a-brac of every description. (All this I write because I know the ladies will enjoy it.)

At this writing, July 8th, the happy couple are expected home at any moment. Their rooms are beautifully fitted up and they will board for the present. It is a true love match, the engagement is of long standing, and they have every prospect of a happy future. Young, gifted, surrounded by friends, married to the woman he loves, the B. of L. F. may indeed congratulate their friend and leader, who deserves all the good gifts a kind fortune has bestowed upon him.

AGES OF WELL-KNOWN WOMEN.

Pall Mall Gazette.

These figures were obtained from a careful study of the dates contained in a recently published biographical dictionary: Mme. Adam, 49; Mary Anderson, 26; Sara Bernhardt, 41; Mrs. Besant, 38; Rosa Bonheur, 63; Miss Braddon, 48; Miss Gordon Cumming, 48; Lady Eastlake, 60; Empress Eugenie, 50; Emily Faithful, 50; Mrs. Gladstone, 73; Julia Ward Howe, 60; Mme. de Novikoff, 43; Jenny Lind, 64; Pauline Lucca, 45; Helen Modjeska, 41; Florence Nightingale, 65; Christine Nilsson, 42; Mrs. Oliphant, 67; Ouida, 45; Adeline Patti, 42; Christina Rossetti, 55; Ellen Terry, 37; Mrs. Weldon, 48; Mrs. Henry Wood, 65.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not many years ago almost all vocations save dress-making, millinery or domestic housework were closed to women. All this is now changed, and we have female telegraphers, stenographers and very expert ones at that, while hundreds of women in this city make a fair livelihood as type-writers, all of which excellent results are claimed by the women who for so many years labored to secure for women the right to vote, as due indirectly to their efforts. However this may be, there seems scarcely any limit at present to the occupations in which women may engage, with equal profit to themselves and to the community.

At No. 177 Sixth avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, for the past four years, two young women have been quietly and very successfully establishing themselves as manufacturers and repairers of clocks and watches, the nicety and delicacy of touch required in such a business rendering them perhaps more fitted for it than most men.

They learned the trade from their father, who has an establishment down town, and have had in hand some watches which, it had been previously thought by parties owning them, must on account of the intricacy of their construction, be sent to Switzerland for repairs, but in no case have they failed to put the instrument in perfect order.

In their window is an electric clock of their own manufacture, of which they are especially proud, and they modestly assert that, as a time-keeper, it can not be surpassed by anything in this country. Those interested in woman's work can do no better than visit this establishment, which simply bears the name of "C. Schultz, watch-maker," and any one having an erratic time-piece in his pocket may have its vagaries satisfactorily remedied by leaving it for a time with these young ladies.

FEMININE PRIVILEGES IN THE SOUTH

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How rapid a progress the women of the South are making in the matter of education is well shown in the University of Mississippi. It was but a few years ago that this university was thrown open to girls, but in that time they have forced themselves to the front, and this year they won all the prizes. A young lady has won the first honors and will consequently be the valedictorian. The senior class will be represented by a young lady among the speakers, as will also the juniors, while among the competitors for the sophomore prize declamation is still another of the "fair sex." The experiment tried at Oxford for admitting girls to the university with the same privileges as the male students can therefore be pronounced a success.

HONESTY OF WOMEN.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Do women embezzle?"

This question was recently put to one of the heaviest dry goods merchants of Buffalo, who always employs women as cashiers.

"Do women embezzle? No, they don't. I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal a cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men; they detect counterfeit money quicker; they keep their accounts clearer and don't wish to run the whole store as men do. Never have I known of a single case of embezzlement by women; never have I heard of one. I cannot say the same of men. I have employed four young men at different times as cashiers. One left me, one was not quick enough, and the third robbed me."

This is the testimony of but one business man of the many whose evidence could be given, proving the honesty of women when handling the money of other people. The statements of others, who have informed themselves on the subject, is, that women seldom fail to pay their debts, and even when they might avail themselves of the bankrupt act they prefer to hold themselves legally liable for the debt.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

LOAD some women with fine silks, laces and jewels and they will uncomplainingly go without food for a week.

GENERAL EATON estimates that there are now 18,061 young women students in the colleges of the United States.

MRS. R. B. HAYES has bought and fitted up a house in Savannah, Ga., where colored girls can be thoroughly trained in skilled housekeeping.

IN Iowa there are 995 farms owned by women, eighteen managed by women, twenty dairy farms directed by women, 125 women physicians, and five lady attorneys at law.

The inferiority of the feminine intellect is not glaringly conspicuous in the University of Mississippi. The women students have carried off all the prizes this year.

EVERYWHERE in Europe the women do a heavy share of the labor, often the roughest and most burdensome, while the wages are one-third and one-half smaller than for male labor.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, the step-daughter of John Stuart Mill, an efficient member of the London school board, has accepted a nomination to Parliament, and will make a canvass for the seat.

NOT all women are constant; but constancy is the natural inheritance of womankind. When one man is constant and true, a hundred women are—yes, a thousand.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE has gone to Europe. She will return to this country in August, when she expects to begin the publication of a Spanish edition of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper for circulation in Cuba, Mexico and South America.

MISS CLEVELAND spoke freely regarding woman's suffrage to several ladies who visited her at Albany, expressing her belief that the best hope for the future of the country is in the enfranchisement of women.

A number of women journalists in attendance upon the Exposition at New Orleans held a meeting, lately, and resolved upon the organization of a "Woman's National Press Association." Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, of the New Orleans Picayune, was elected President, and Mrs. Marion McBride of the Boston Post, Secretary.

At the recent commencement exercises of the Boston University, from 122 graduates, nine were selected to take parts in the public exercises. Of the two theses which were by common consent the best, one was delivered by a woman, the other by a negro. The fact is worth more than volumes of of argument.—*Lovell Times.*

WASHINGTON, DAVIESS CO., INC.

To Woman's Department:

DEAR MAGAZINE: I believe I ought to commence this letter with a real good scolding to "Irene," "Wife of Barnabas," and Mrs. H. B. Jones. Why, ladies, what on earth ails you? I had made up my mind to enjoy myself the first of this beautiful month by reading your letters, yet how sadly disappointed I was. Sprague can you not help me in giving these ladies a lecture? I feel quite ashamed of them. Well Daisy, you admire my writings, thanks, many times. You wish to know something of my home, I will in my next comply with your wish. I have been visiting some very dear friends at Seymour, Mitchell, Tunnell, Bedford, Vincennes and Edwardsport, and my visit was chiefly to the homes of railroaders; and never in my life did I enjoy myself better, or was I more kindly treated. Mr. Jones and I were the guests of Conductor Farrell, at Seymour for the greatest part, Grandpa and Grandma Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Farrell and their sweet little baby, Mary Alice, did all in their power to make our visit a pleasant one. We had the pleasure of dining at Conductor Jackson's. Mr. Jackson has just moved into his own new residence and may justly feel proud. Mrs. Jackson is as pleasant a lady as we ever met, and they have a very interesting family. We also called at Conductors Geurin, Hamer and Guthridge, at each place being warmly welcomed. We regretted very much having to leave without calling on other kind friends. At Vincennes we visited the homes of Engineers Walls, Wilson, Robinson and Firemen Moses and Deputy. I was greatly amused at Mr. Deputy's by the singing and waltzing of his pretty children aged four and three years.

their performance was simply amazing in children of such tender years. Mr. and Mrs. Deputy are both excellent musicians which accounts in a measure for their children's accomplishment. Grandma Deputy is a dear, pleasant lady, and the family made us feel quite at home. I have no doubt my readers will say I have a penchant for railroaders. I have. They are, as a class, some of the friendliest people to be met, while they have all the politeness needed, yet they are void of all superfluous etiquette, and you can feel perfectly at home within five minutes of your introduction. God bless those sturdy sons of the rail, and their excellent families. At Vincennes I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. John Peyton, whose husband was an old O. & M. engineer, but at present in Missouri. I felt quite delighted at making this lady's acquaintance.

We had a very grand ball here on the 19th, given by the boys of Old Post Lodge No. 17, for the benefit of their sick Bro. Engineer Wall. It was a perfect success and a great many attended, in fact our O. & M. and I. & E. boys never make a failure of any undertaking. Mr. Cripps, of Vincennes, was in his best humor. He is a most graceful dancer and a great favorite with all our boys. Messrs. Charley Ewing, Byron Robinson, John Hack, Joe Nichols, David Moses, Jesse Adkins, Charles Walters, Mack Burch, B. Coe, John Smith, Hugh Hogan, and Young Appar did all in their power to add to the festivities; also among the ladies were Mrs. David Moses, a charming little brunette, Miss Katie Dean, Miss May Sherdon and Mrs. James Roby and the Misses Annie and Mary Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Foster and a great many others too numerous to mention, and no entertainment was ever more thoroughly enjoyed, dancing was kept up till 4 A. M., and two excellent bands furnished the music, but what puzzled me most was that nearly all the boys would take Mr. Jones out between acts, to see a man—who the important person was or where, we never found out. We thought may be we ladies would be taken out to see a woman but we were mistaken. The man must be an exceedingly agreeable person judging by the smiles the boys wore on their return. The boys cleared one hundred dollars besides having a jolly time, which was worth twice one hundred.

As we write we hear that to-day is the wedding day of the Hon. Eugene V. Debs, our most worthy and esteemed friend. May all the joys and none of the sorrows of this world be the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Debs, and I feel sure that the readers of the Magazine, without exception, will echo my wishes. God grant his future life may be as useful as his past, and may he enjoy a long and happy one.

Before we close, we wish to thank a most esteemed friend for the gift of the Magazine, which we highly prize. Friend "Cuyahoga," if the rink had not commenced being hard on us, or under us, rather, we should not have retaliated; but go ahead, nothing like experience,

you may escape getting thumped for a length of time, but persevere my friend; if at first you don't fall down, try try again, the fall is there. only use a little patience. If friend Sprague will mail me his address, I will send him some papers that I think he would like.

Kind wishes to all, especially "Irene," "Wife of Barnabas," "Needles" and "Daisy," never forgetting our lady editor.

MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

[We would like to know something more about "that man" which Mr. Jones and the boys went out to see. Was the "smile" they wore when they came in the same one they went out to get? Are these things permissible to members of the B. of L. F.? The ladies of the Woman's Department wait anxiously to hear from Mr. Jones and the boys. Ed.]

WELLSVILLE, O., June 24, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

If you will allow me a small space in your Magazine I will venture to write a few lines. I am a fireman's wife, and am deeply interested in the Order. The boys of 96 are a body of kind-hearted men, always smiling and ready to grasp the hand whenever they meet. They number forty-two members in good standing and seem to be in a very prosperous condition. It is always with pleasure I take up the Firemen's Magazine, and the first thing I turn to is the Woman's Department, for I believe, in one of its writers, ("Barnabas' Wife"), I recognize a friend I met far away from home. I will close now, as this is my first attempt, and I am very much afraid of the waste basket. With good wishes to all.

Respectfully,

GRACE.

For Woman's Department:

A suggestion was made to me some time ago that house-cleaning was a prolific subject for the Woman's department of a magazine, and although those "nightmare" days are doubtless long since past I will venture to "say my say."

To be frank, I must confess to you that I never did a bit of systematic house-cleaning in any spring of my life, but on the principle that "old maids' children, and old bachelor's wives are always models of perfection," I know all about how it should be done, and how I intend to have my house-cleaning done in that millenium time when I shall have a house to clean.

In the first place for several weeks before the calamitous time, I shall serve with my dinner to husband, children and servants in order to tone up the system, the two entrees which have been recommended for Christmas dinners, "Love garnished with smiles," and "Gentleness with sweet wine-sauce of laughter." These entrees although very rich may be partaken of with perfect safety by dyspeptics and even by overtasked housewives, and are none too costly for everyday dinners in anticipation of and during these dreaded yearly crusades against dirt.

The meats, pastry and cake, if prepared a few days before the real work begins, will not seem

stale if they are thoroughly salted and seasoned with those common herbs which everyone may cultivate in her own "door-yard" or in a window-garden of a town house, such as: "Faith, hope, charity," patience and wise-planning.

Then, let all the brooms, tack-lifters and scrubbing brushes be carefully inspected, and the handles burnished with a powder made of equal proportions of willingness and mirth, applied with the sponge "Puns and Jokes," (this sponge is of so delicate a texture it should never be used save for these extraordinary occasions.)

Tact, discretion and gracious aspect should be generally sprinkled over the carpets as they are being taken up, shaken and put down by the sufficient force of helpers, to prevent the moths whose Latin names are carelessness, untrustworthiness, etc., etc., from creeping in and laying eggs for future discomfort; while bureau drawers, cedar chests, and all furniture must be "rubbed up" with the oil of common sense and interludes of rest.

When at last your work is done and your housewifely conscience satisfied, pray attire yourself in your prettiest home dress, and your tea-table—whether served in daintiest china or heaviest delf—in a lavish garniture of flowers: Sweet anemones of peace, blue violets of joy, imbedded in mosses of quietness and gratitude, and I can almost promise you that your husband, with man-wisdom will say: "You won't need to clean house this year, my dear, will you?" and to your bright reply, "O no, do you think we need it?" he will exclaim emphatically, "No, and I do pity those men whose wives have been house-cleaning this week, they look so blue and starved. I thank my lucky stars that you don't have these useless annual sieges, but"—with a wondering loving look into your eyes—"how do you manage to be always so nice, and yet never clean house?"

Hoping that "Mrs. Jones," "Irene," "Barnabas' Wife," and other good sisters will not deem my recipes wholly impracticable,

I remain sincerely yours,

ROXANA BEAN.

[This is a bright letter, evidently written by a lady whose romance and poetry have not yet been nipped in the bud by the prosaic frosts of matrimony. May she live to realize all her pretty theories. Ed.]

THE USUAL WAY.

"From hand to mouth," he gaily said,
And pressed her dainty finger tips,
Which salutation quickly led
To one upon her perfect lips,
As fair as roses in the South,
"From hand to mouth."

So she was won, and so was he;

'Twas something like a year ago,

And now they both are one, you see,

Although which one I hardly know,
They're living somewhere in the South
From hand to mouth.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK, July 1, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Please allow a small space in your valuable Magazine for a few lines from the wife of one of the brothers of Wheaton Lodge No. 242. The Lodge although young is in a prosperous condition, composed of members of good standing, and is increasing. Its members have already become accustomed to the dangers to which they are exposed. Every day he who leaves his home and little ones does not know but that it is for the last time. God only knows how much care and trouble the true wife of an engineer or fireman has, for fear something will happen to his train.

Never yet has my husband left his home but I have asked God to protect him and bring him back to his happy home. I call it happy for we do all in our power to make it so, and live for one another, and this is the way of every good married couple.

I read with great interest the many letters in the Woman's Department. My husband does not know I am writing this, and as it is my first attempt I will close. With respect,

Mrs. T. W. OATT.

CONGRATULATORY.

TO E. V. DEBS.

Just united, well 'tis done,
Two faithful hearts now beat as one.
"None but the brave deserve the fair"
And blessings on them, this our prayer.
We wish for them a happy life,
With all its pleasures, naught of strife;
The love of friends is a worldly prize,
But the love of a wife is a Paradise.

—G. M. S.

TIRED.

Would I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover cool and soft and scented sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient rush.

And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining wisdom's call, or duty's hush.
Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are
meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating.
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song:
Our souls require at time this free unsheathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.
And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands finds to do—

I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty,
Its looser beads with no straight string run
through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

—Mary Ashley Townsend.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Brief History of Surgery.

Editors Magazine:

The practice of surgery was established among the Egyptians at an early period, but was a privilege of the priests only, the custom of embalming the dead affording them opportunity of becoming acquainted, to some extent, with the internal structure of the human body.

According to Kenrick, in his *Ancient Egyptians* under the Pharaohs, "basso relievos" have been found displaying surgical operations and instruments on the ruins of Thebes very much like some in use at the present time. But although the Egyptians, as well as all other nations of antiquity, had no scientific knowledge of the internal structure of the human body, this being debarred from them by the fact that their religious rites forbade the dissection of bodies, they probably obtained much practical knowledge of anatomy from external observations, becoming at first aware that they possessed limbs, eyes, ears, etc., and by closer examinations they may have made out the position of a few internal organs, but their surgical practice must have been almost wholly experimental.

The Hebrews, during their captivity, obtained some knowledge of surgery from the Egyptians but their knowledge must have been slight, for they depended chiefly upon the priests of Phoenicia, who were surgeons, for the treatment of wounds and fractures.

The Greeks first obtained a knowledge of surgery from the Egyptians and advanced their knowledge of the art by adding many inventions of their own. Esculapius was raised to the dignity of a demigod for the skill he acquired in surgery, and for centuries his descendants monopolized the art and established schools of medicine at Rhodes, Cindus and Cos. Another school of medicine was established at Crotona in the sixth century before the Christian era, by Pythagoras.

The next distinguished surgeon was Hippocrates, who, the dissection of the human body being forbidden, to add to his knowledge of

anatomy dissected the bodies of apes, because of their resemblance to the human form. Dissection of the human body was first introduced in the school of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy Soter, by two surgeons, Herophilus and Erasistratus, in the third century before the Christian era. In ancient Rome the first great surgeon met with was Celsus, who described the process of tying arteries and also made remarks upon fractures, dislocations and amputations of limbs. As Christianity advanced surgery degenerated; the people becoming so prejudiced against dissection that it was found impossible for surgery or any other practical science and Christianity to flourish at the same time. After the advent of Christianity the first distinguished writer upon surgery was Aetius, who lived between 500 and 550. Although his writings afforded much valuable information yet he urged the importance of charms in curing diseases. About the middle of the seventh century Arabian surgeons in Spain began to attract attention and the revival of Grecian surgery began among them; Rhazes, Avicenna, Albucasis and Avenzoar, who flourished between 852 and 1100, being those who acquired the most distinction. In Europe, during this time, the practice of surgery had fallen more into the hands of the priests until in 1168 it was forbidden them, spiritual healing being considered so much more important. The practice of surgery degenerated for the next two centuries, but was revived again and the foundation of modern surgery laid by Andreas Vesalius. Andreas Vesalius was born in Brussels in 1514 and from his early youth directed his attention to the study of anatomy. In the face of all the dangers of the times he revived the practice of dissection, although it is said that he never commenced the dissection of a subject without praying earnestly to be forgiven for such a crime. In 1543, at the age of twenty-eight years, he published his great work entitled, "De Corporis Humani Fabrica," which was the corner stone to the modern era of surgery. This work, which has truthfully been called "the discovery of a new world," and "an immortal work, by which all that has been written before was almost superseded," was beautifully illustrated by copperplate engravings, which have hardly been equalled in modern works.

At about the same time the practice of dissection was further advanced by Fallopius and Eustachius, and the process of tying arteries after amputations revived by Pare, of France; the stopping of blood having previously been produced by cauterization with a hot iron, and sometimes the operation was performed with a red-hot knife, which cauterized the flesh as soon as it was cut.

In the United States surgery stood in about the same light as in Europe, until the Revolutionary war, when it took an independent growth, which has hardly been equalled by any other country in the world.

Between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries conservative surgery, whose inauguration

belongs chiefly to American surgeons, began to replace heroic surgery, and methods were devised to alleviate suffering and relieve pain. Up to this time it would almost seem that the credit due the surgeon was in direct proportion to the amount of suffering he caused the patient to endure.

ELMON J. NOYES.

Reserve Funds.

Editors Magazine:

Having advocated the establishment of a reserve fund for the purpose of furnishing our membership a permanent insurance at *less than cost*, and being urged thereto by private correspondence, and the evident desire to hear further details, and also to give our delegates something to think of and to figure on, I will now briefly outline my reserve fund scheme: Instead of assessments made to meet claims, every member shall pay to his Financier, and through him to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, the sum of \$2.50 per month. The Grand Secretary and Treasurer shall pay death and disability claims that may be presented and duly approved, and at the end of every three months he shall turn over to the Reserve Fund Committee all surplus moneys in his hands.

The Reserve Fund Committee shall be composed of the Grand Trustees and Grand Executive Committee in joint session, and shall hold office for three years each, except those elected at the first election, at which time one trustee and two of the executive committee shall be elected for one year, one trustee and two of the executive committee for two years, and the others for three years, and after that one trustee and two executive committeemen shall be elected each year.

They shall elect one of their number as chairman, one as secretary and one as treasurer, whose duties will be the same as parliamentary usage dictates.

It shall be the duty of this joint Committee on Reserve Fund to take charge of surplus funds in the hands of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer every three months, and invest them for the benefit of the Reserve Fund in such stock or securities as their judgment may dictate. No investment to be made without six votes in its favor.

No moneys shall pass into the hands of the Committee, but the Grand Secretary and Treasurer shall give his check, payable at bank, and upon presentation it shall be placed to the credit of the Reserve Fund, and invested as directed. All checks, papers and transfers shall bear the signature of the treasurer, countersigned by the chairman and secretary of the Reserve Fund.

The evidence of such investments, be it stocks, mortgages, bonds or whatsoever, shall be placed in the custody of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who shall make a record of them, and hold them subject to examination for purposes of auditing, collection of profits, interest or re-investment.

As will be seen by this outline, each member

would pay in \$30 per year. By present indications, it will cost us \$16 or \$17 per member to pay the claims of the current year, so that not half of the \$30 would remain on hand for the Reserve Fund; so that amount is not too much at all, for in about ten or fifteen years it will take all of the \$30 to pay current claims, and leave no surplus. The income from the Reserve Fund could then be used to pay claims, and by thus helping us then, we should escape the necessity of ever increasing assessments at a time in life when it would be a heavy burden.

The scheme uses our Trustees and Executive Committee only in increasing the latter to six members. The duties of these committees have been very light, and the care of the Reserve Fund added gives them something tangible to do. The idea of electing only three each year is based on systems now in use, and prevents too great a change of policy in the management, and by the addition of new ones when needed, serves to prevent the formation of "rings."

As no moneys actually come into the hands of the committee, and as no checks, transfers or papers are to be recognized except when signed by the Treasurer, and countersigned by the chairman and secretary of the Reserve Fund Committee, it gives no chance for speculation, and as all evidences of investment must also be placed in charge of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who is required to keep a record of them, no chance is left open and makes it very improbable that any one could get away with any part of the fund.

Therefore, it was not deemed worth while to make any provisions for hiring lawyers or feeing judges in order to protect our fund or punish transgressors.

Having thus given an outline of the scheme, it is to be hoped that our members in general, and the delegates elected to the coming convention in particular, will ponder over this matter deeply, and see whether or not the facts and figures I have given in these pages in support of my theory are based upon truth, and if they are to devise such means, either according to my plan or some other, to overcome the dangers that beset our future career and prosperity.

One other subject also demands the earnest attention of all who love the Order, and would see it prosper, and that is the growing evil of too large a convention. Years ago, when forty, fifty or even one hundred Lodges were all that were in existence, it would do to give each Lodge a representative in the Grand Lodge, but when the Lodges number (as they now do) nearly three hundred, it is time that some means were devised to cut down this representation, and bring the number of members composing the Grand Body within the compass of reason and management. As I find a number of our members engaged in study on this subject, and in order to give the matter all possible ventilation, I would offer the following scheme of representation:

The Lodges of this Order to be divided into

districts, each of which shall be entitled to one representative to the Grand Lodge. The districts shall be constituted and known as below, subject to such revision as the Grand Executive Committee may deem prudent, and according to the best interests of the Order, and as may be adopted upon their recommendation by the Grand Lodge at its regular meeting.

The Grand Master shall appoint a District Deputy Grand Master for each district, to hold office for one year from his appointment, which officer shall be unsalaried and not entitled to a vote in the Grand Lodge, except he be duly elected as a representative.

The District Deputy Grand Master shall call a meeting of the delegates of the Lodges in his district in July, at some point as easy of access to all as possible, to elect a representative and an alternate, to fix the amount to be paid the representative for his time and expenses as such, and apportion this amount among the Lodges of the district according to their membership, as shown by the monthly statement of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer for May of that year.

The District Deputy Grand Master shall preside at said meeting, causing minutes to be kept of the business done, showing the membership of the district and of each Lodge, with the amount voted for the representative, and the quota assessed to each Lodge. A copy duly signed by the secretary of the meeting and countersigned by the D. D. G. M. shall be sent to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who shall charge the amount assessed to each Lodge and collect the same as Grand Dues. The amount so collected shall be paid to the respective representatives at the session of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Secretary and Treasurer shall also issue suitable credentials to the representatives elect. If the representative should not be able to go he shall transfer his credentials to the alternate.

At the district meeting each Lodge shall be entitled to one delegate, each delegate to have one vote on all questions, except if on questions of finance and election three delegates demand a full vote, then the vote of the delegate shall count one for each member in good standing in his Lodge as per report already referred to.

The above rule will also apply to representatives voting in the Grand Lodge. Any member in good standing in the district shall be eligible to the office of representative.

The D. D. G. M. may also call Union meetings to receive the report of the representatives, and such instructions as he may have to give, or to promote the fraternal feeling in the district.

By going over the list of Lodges and making them into districts according to their location I reduce it to thirty-eight districts. As it would be virtually impossible to so arrange the districts as to have an equal number of Lodges or members in each one, it was deemed best to introduce a clause giving any three delegates or representatives a right to call for a full vote on questions of finance or election. As in a full vote each member counts one, it would seem to be

about as fair a representation as could be devised, for every member would vote on the question through the delegate or representative.

X. L. C. R.

HELENA, MONTANA, June 4, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I read X. L. C. R.'s letter in the May Magazine with varied feelings, in which surprise, disgust and mirth were mingled. I was surprised that a man of his mental calibre could so far forget himself as to descend to the level of a common scold; disgusted that he should seek the companionship of fleas, pigs and puppies, and endeavor to drag me with him merely to illustrate what he is pleased to term my "inconsistency" or "facility for rapid transformation;" finally after having read the whole article, I was moved to mirth at his bitterness; his ungovernable temper; why, my friend, I do not even know who you are, I have only a suspicion, then how could I be personal? The whole trouble lies in the meaning given to this word personal. X. L. C. R. takes one definition, perhaps my mind suggests another, diametrically opposite.

Forming a supposition from the tone of his letters, though I may be mistaken, it appears that he considers any reference made to his theories, as put forward in the Magazine, or any reference to the locality in which he resides as a personal reflection. He binds the author up in his works, and considers them one and inseparable; while I separate them and lose sight of the author in discussing the theories advanced. Why should I seek to belittle you, or expose you to the ridicule of the readers of the Magazine? You certainly never did me an injury; I don't know as I ever met you; I am certain that I never spoke to you; All I know is a fictitious being labeled "X. L. C. R." and I formed his acquaintance through the Magazine. This is all I know of the author personally; his theories and ideas I know more of through the medium of the Magazine, and it is these I have been reviewing, not their author.

I will not follow your example and quote any particular sentence or sentences of yours, to point out where you have assailed me in person, I trust to the intelligence of our readers; besides it would only lengthen the dispute, and the readers of the Magazine cannot possibly be interested in a discussion of this kind; neither is it just to tax the order to pay for its publication, I do not write this for the purpose of continuing the unprofitable quarrel, but for the purpose of explaining a few of the points raised by X. L. C. R.

He construes the reference made to the eastern brothers into a "sneering personality." Unless he considers that all that portion of the order located in the east, is embodied in the author of the X. L. C. R. letters I fail to see the personality, though the allusion did reflect on the east, but X. L. C. R. is not the east. X. L. C. R. in his letter in the Magazine for November, 1884, tells us that he was present at the Toronto convention.

vention, consequently he had an opportunity of hearing some of the arguments advanced by delegates from the east against increasing the amount of our insurance; and as I could see in the scheme he advocated, if it should happen to be adopted, an immediate increase in the amount each would have to pay with the possibility of having to continue to pay the increase in order to maintain the standing surplus, I simply repeated the argument used at Toronto, couched in different terms. The simple statement of fact that I had not been to school since I attained my thirteenth year, he calls a "sly innuendo." This is a sample of the evidence he brings forward to prove the case he endeavors to make out against me. I stated this fact as an apology for not being able to follow him through the intricate mazes of his arithmetical problems, and it was not intended nor could it possibly be construed into a reflection on any one but myself. I inserted the word *college*, because I thought he might claim that I derived some knowledge from the source after I had left school, like the child complaining to the parent because there was no bread in the house, and was told to eat pie.

He says I made a "flat arraignment of his motive" by asserting that "it was the amount of policy and not the system he was dissatisfied with." "In order to refresh his defective memory" I would call his attention to a letter of his published in the Magazine, Nov. '84, reviewing the work done by the Toronto convention, in which he expresses dissatisfaction because the amount was increased. You say, "in several things what may be unwise and even injurious changes have been made. One of these was the abolishment of the district corresponding secretaries. The other matter I allude to is raising the insurance to \$1,500." "We have failed to look before leaping, * * * and it may now be a hard matter to get back where we started from," etc. If this does not express dissatisfaction at amount of policy, I would like to know how dissatisfaction can be expressed. But it has now become apparent that you are dissatisfied with the present system, and you can have all the benefit to be derived from the acknowledgement. I confess the heinous offense of having used ridicule and sarcasm against the insurance scheme he advocates, but those are legitimate factors in debate and have been used from time immemorial. If all debate were to be confined to cold "facts and figures," figures more than facts, what a dry, disinteresting organ we would have. If I understand his new scheme, there is not a fact in connection with it. A fact is generally supposed to be an existing truth; it is a truthful relation of a past occurrence, a thing tested and proven by experience or "sich," but as his new scheme has not been tested, his theories never been practically applied, they cannot be called facts, they are theories still; and since this discussion has been confined to theories why do you want facts? The figures I have already declared my inability to furnish. I have no objection to your "re-

view" of my "review" if you confine yourself to what appears in print, and not go delving into my conscience after motives, if you do not distort the language so as to alter the sense, and extract a meaning foreign to my intentions when writing. As far as manhood is concerned, I don't know, but I have never yet written a line that I was ashamed to sign my name to, or that I am afraid to stand by. Since this discussion began, I have traveled a great deal in search of employment, I have not had the Magazine with me to refer to, keep no memorandum, have not schooled my brain to the standard of an encyclopedia, and may possibly have been guilty of a few slips of memory as he states. But what bearing has that on the main question, does it prove that his new scheme is good and practicable, that it will be less costly than the one we have, that the funds invested will realize the profits he anticipates, that the money can be so invested that it can be withdrawn on short notice to pay claims, or that there will not be a continual cause for paying in a larger sum than we are paying now, to keep up this standing surplus when the deaths begin pouring in thick and fast? I did say, "if we are expected to pay in as much as we draw out what is the use of maintaining and supporting a Brotherhood such as ours, paying large salaries to officials and holding annual conclaves at enormous expense," and you go to take me and you will find me there every time; where you got the other sentence in quotation marks in this paragraph, I know not, the words are not mine. To go into the discussion of this point would lead us into forbidden paths; to make my assertion stick I would want to refer to the Ritual, overhaul the proceedings of conventions, and go over back files of the Magazine for official utterances. This cannot be done through the Magazine, but I am satisfied to let the assertion stand since you make so much of it. This is the reason I complained of your continually harping on this point, because a full free discussion of it cannot be had through the Magazine. There are as you say some good things in the Brotherhood outside of the insurance, but they are to my mind of only secondary importance. They are nothing more than what can be found in any local organization the benefits of which can be had at less cost. The benevolent feature of the order as it is at present constituted is the *main feature* not the *only feature*, and taking the insurance away from the benevolent feature it pales into insignificance. I am willing to be accused of showing a mercenary spirit in making this assertion. Individually I never expect to derive any benefits from the insurance, it is a game in which one must die to win—total disability is worse than death. I prefer death outright. But I have two blue-eyed, golden-haired little cherubs nestling with their fond mother in Denver: for her sake, for their sakes, I show this mercenary spirit; for the sakes of all those dependent ones whose support and protector goes down into the valley of the shadow of death, I show

his mercenary spirit; and if the small sum I pay in monthly as death assessment, will assist in brightening the home, or casting a halo of hope into the heart of some stricken one, I am still willing to continue manifesting this mercenary spirit.

To the story he saw in print—it reads like one of those ancient mediæval yarns related by the minstrel men in minstrel shows—I have nothing to say other than that he might have found a more direct way of getting in the sentence, "he can be pig or pup just as he pleases." Evidently he places no very high estimate on the intelligence of his readers when he imagines they will accept such low vulgarity for wit.

The D. & R. G. employees will no doubt hail with delight the information that they are responsible for having the road in the hands of a receiver, but I had no share in this, as I have been in the service of the U. P. the past three years.

He says that I glory in the idea that we as an order are outside the pale of the law, and further that I attempt to claim exemption as an individual from the law, because I am a member of the order. This is an original piece of information for which I must thank the correspondent.

I do say that if we adopt your scheme it will be necessary to get *incorporated*, but does that go to prove that we have been living in open defiance of the law? If I as an humble citizen earning my daily bread by the sweat of my brow accumulate a little surplus and wish to engage in some business of profit, and get a license to carry on that business, does the fact of my procuring a license go to prove that I have been previously an outlaw. This is the lamest argument he has yet produced. If I with a few of my friends wish to invest what we have accumulated in some paying enterprise and get incorporated for that purpose, does it stand to reason that we have been outlaws up to the time of such incorporation? And I again assert that if we drop our insurance from the standard benevolent feature and go into it as a business concern, that we will have to get incorporated. We have nothing to fear from the law or its officers. And instead of being a terror to good works. "rulers"—this word smacks of despotism but it is his—in some of our western states have made laws to protect and foster the benevolent orders, whereas the laws to regulate stock insurance companies are rather stringent and severe. Let it be remembered that there is a vast difference between a benevolent order, and a business concern organized for purposes of profit.

The sentences in quotation marks toward the close of X. L. C. R.'s letter are taken from a private letter I wrote the "Tramp" in answer to a request that I give him the details of a scheme for condensing representation in conventions, and dividing the Brotherhood into geographical districts. There must be a very close affinity between those two correspondents when the private correspondence of one is open to the other.

Perhaps it was this private letter to the "Tramp" that riled X. L. C. R. and suggested the story of the pig and the puppy.

This letter is not written for the purpose of stirring up further controversy on any of the points stated. I refrain from following up X. L. C. R.'s new insurance project or answering W. E. Brooker, because of a disagreement with the editor I have resolved to withdraw from the correspondence columns of the Magazine. This letter is simply explanatory, not argumentative. It is written for the purpose of explaining my position, and the assertions X. L. C. R. takes exceptions to. As I will under no circumstances be drawn into these columns again, I hope the correspondents will be charitable with my name as it is my only fortune. I have been before the readers of the Magazine the past eight years, and it is with a feeling of regret I now withdraw. Good-by to all.

T. P. O'Rourke.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 13, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As the time is approaching for our Lodges to select representatives to the Twelfth Annual Convention, I consider a few lines in this connection eminently proper.

I will assume that the principal subjects for the consideration of the convention will be as follows: First, Reducing representation in convention; Second, Our insurance system; Third, The abolition of the office of Grand Instructor and Organizer; Fourth, The adoption of a constitution and ritual without containing confessions so conspicuous as they exist at present, and last, but not least, the principle of the Order as regards the labor question.

I have been creditably informed that shortly after the last convention, Bros. W. F. Hynes and T. P. O'Rourke, seeing the necessity of a reduction in the representation and number of conventions, have devised a plan with that object in view for the consideration of the convention, and I trust other able minds may do likewise.

The necessity of such a step must be apparent to all who attended the last convention. I believe the object sought to be attained by such gatherings is to strengthen the foundation of the institution and enact laws that will be its headlight on the road to success. Now the question arises, what has the last, or even the two preceding conventions done in this direction. It is a question, in my mind, whether they have done anything absolutely essential to the advancement of the Order. It is my humble opinion that the fifty-seven delegates in convention at Boston, September, 1881, performed better work than any convention in the history of the Order. They gave us a constitution and ritual, more explicit and containing fewer confessions than our present work, and would doubtless be more acceptable to the Order to-day, so after three years of toil and at an outlay of probably \$70,000.00 we have made little or no progress in legislation.

With a reduced representation (say about 50) the evils of our present system must necessarily disappear. The instructed delegate, the delegate who has been in the Order but a few months and makes one man power possible, personal feeling, in short, all that tends to impede the progress of legislation and economy would vanish and be superceded by cool deliberation, calm discussion, facts and figures. I feel assured that such a delegation would act regardless of friendship, fear or favor, having one grand object in view, the advancement of the entire Order.

Our insurance has been ably discussed by X. L. C. R. and T. P. O'Rourke; while I am not prepared to accept either of their arguments in the whole, I feel I have been enlightened considerably on the theory of insurance. It is not my intention to endeavor to solve this vexed question. I simply desire to call the attention of our members to a few facts in connection with our present system.

The writer strongly advocated the increase of insurance at our last convention. I believe I was wrong, provided our delegates permit themselves to be duped by ill-founded rumors, concocted by individuals, for the purpose of gaining sympathy which they must have in order to advance their personal aspirations. It is safe to predict that unless there is a radical change in the procedure of our conventions the Order must begin to retrograde. The insurance must be reduced or an irreparable injury will be done to at least one third of our members, who receive a low scale of Firemen's wages.

I claim that by such a change, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars can be carried as cheap as one thousand can under the present mode of transacting business. This seems to be a broad assertion, but I will introduce a few figures to bear me out. In order to arrive at this result, it will be necessary to reduce representation in convention, then we can hope to adopt laws that will last at least two years, and thus be enabled to dispense with the annual convention and have one every two years, with a consequent saving of at least \$30,000, which I would estimate the cost of one convention composed of 250 delegates. Again, I estimate the saving on a convention under the proposed new system to be \$10,000, so we find a yearly saving of \$20,000 in this one item alone. By abolishing the office of Instructor and Organizer it is increased to \$22,000. If we apply this sum to death claims, together with what could be economized through other channels without resorting to unwise retrenchment, I am confident there will be no necessity for reducing the insurance.

The office of Grand Instructor and Organizer in my judgment should be abolished. When the Order was in its infancy, it was found expedient to have a Grand Officer to explain the object of the Brotherhood to firemen throughout the country and organize them at that time, and until a few years ago the office was almost invaluable, but its original intention has been

fulfilled, its mission is over. I venture to say that not one Lodge has been organized for the past two years through the influence of the office. I would advocate an instructor but believe the duties should be performed by the Grand Master in addition to his present duties. It seems reasonable to think our subordinate Lodges would have no trouble in organizing new Lodges, provided they were properly instructed, which could be effectively done by the Grand Master by holding grand union meetings.

Trusting you may find space for my letter I remain,

Yours in B., S. and I.,

W. E. BURNS.

MOBERLY, MO., July 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Many months have elapsed since No. 54 has appeared in the columns of the Magazine, so I have ventured to write. It seems as if officers and members were a little bashful in making an attempt, and I, for one of her members, think it is time for No. 54 to awaken and let her sister Lodges know that she still exists.

We have a membership of eighty-four, all in good standing, with exception of two or three, and exceptions to every rule there will be.

As our coming convention is approaching, I would like to say a few words regarding the welfare of our Order.

I have noticed several articles in regard to having the convention meet once in two years, which, I think, would be a beneficial step. It would save each Lodge about \$75.00. I can safely say that not one of them have a surplus fund, which could be utilized for a good purpose. For instance, donate some brother who has had the misfortune to meet with an accident, part of the proceeds that is necessary to defray the expense of a delegate. Would it not prove as beneficial to the Order?

I would like to call your attention to our Constitution and By-Laws; they are nearly as good as we can make them, for there are laws in them which, if enforced, will make genuine Brotherhood men who can command the respect of the community. If we wish our Brotherhood to hold the confidence of the world, which it has, we must take some active steps in our Subordinate Lodges, and get rid of every member who fails to do his duty as a member or proves a drawback in any instance. Now, I ask, can the convention do this by making new laws which Subordinate Lodge officers do not enforce? I would like every brother to give this subject close attention and see if we cannot make our Order better and reduce expenses.

I think a few remarks in regard to members out of employment will not come amiss here. When a man comes to a city where there is a Lodge, and seeks employment, it is best for him to make himself known as a Brotherhood man, and ask assistance of said brothers. If he is successful in obtaining a position, would it not be well for him on meeting day or evening to come to the Lodge room, and prove to the brothers

that he was appreciative of the kindness bestowed on him, and also prove that he is a genuine Brotherhood man.

But too many times, as is the case, after a brother secures employment through the assistance of a sister Lodge, he is never seen after that, unless you meet him by chance on the streets; then his excuse will be, "I am not very well posted, and did not feel like coming." Now I will ask, is he the genuine material? My answer is that it does not speak well for officers and members, and here, I claim, a step should be taken to enforce the Constitution and By-Laws.

If this sketch should reach the press, I hope every member will give it due consideration, and let each and every one work for the interest of our Brotherhood.

G. D.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, July 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

During the time I have been subscribing for your magazine, I have read many valuable articles on important subjects. It is now time to agitate matters concerning conventions. I am very strongly in favor of holding said conventions every two or three years, and instead of representation by lodges, let us have representation by districts. I advocate this from a standpoint of economy, also out of consideration of the saving of trouble. Then again it would reduce the amount of labor in securing transportation if the number of delegates is reduced. I hope that measures will be taken in this direction at the next convention.

I was glad to see in our last Magazine of the meeting held in St. Louis, and of the effort made to stop the contract before it went any farther. Hoping that the above will meet the approval of some of the readers, I am

THE FIREMAN'S FRIEND.

CHICAGO ILL., July 5, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Breaking loose from our daily toil in the busy metropolis of Illinois, we wander northward in search of refreshing air and luxuriant breezes, which can be found among the many beautiful sheets of water that are dotted all over the Badger state. Taking a westward train from Milwaukee on the "Old Reliable" St. Paul road, we travel through that part of the state where many dairy farms are located, and after a short ride perceive that we are in the little City of Oconomowoc. Walking up the shady avenue, lined with pretty villas and elaborate summer residences of prominent personages from all over the land, we decide to make our temporary abode at Draper Hall, the best to be found, and which is a perfect gem in its way.

After dreaming sweet dreams of 40lb pickerel and 20lb bass for the morrow's sport, we awake, finding the Goddess of Day just creeping over the tops of the eastern hills, affording a scene of sublimity upon which to gaze in rapture. Donning our fishing habiliments, we hasten down the hill to the brink of Lake La Belle. Gliding

over the rippling water in a staunch fishing craft, we soon reach our old haunt, where in seasons past we knew to be an excellent place for anchorage.

Unconcerned and as free as the wafting breezes, floating lazily along in our Nancy Lee, gently rocking on the tranquil water, dropping our line here and there with the varying fortune of the favorite sport; with the blue canopy of heaven above, the green verdure of hill-sides on every hand, we could not but appreciate, if only for a moment, the great gifts of our creator: seemingly a perfect paradise, too heavenly for habitation by man.

It was with deep regret that we slowly wended our way across the waves to the hotel. After partaking heartily of an excellent repast set before us, we shouldered our "grip," set our foot-steps toward the unique depot, boarded the train, bid farewell to the favorite summer resort of Chicago's people, and were soon traveling rapidly toward the setting sun, gliding across a rich farming country. In Rock county, noticing a few bonded ware-houses, learned upon inquiring that many flourishing and old established tobacco farms, or plantations were in the vicinity. After a short ride, our journey being completed, we arrive in Wisconsin's capital, Madison, which is said to be the loveliest spot in the "Golden Northwest." Indeed, upon all our travels and observations, upon comparing notes, we think this to be true. Registering at the Park Hotel, directly opposite the Capitol, we proceed after a good night's rest to explore this wonderful town of 15,000 souls. The city proper is situated on an eminence, which is seventy feet above water surface, about one mile wide; a lake being on either side, on the southwest Lake Monona, two miles wide and four long; on the northeast Lake Mendota, four by six miles. On the banks of both lakes, many handsome residences, whose owners are prominent merchants or noted politicians, while some of the best are owned by the railroad "boys," are observed.

The state has recently purchased the old home of the late Ole Bull, the world-renowned violinist, for an Executive Mansion. The State House is a very pretty building, constructed of native sand-stone, found in the western part of the state, and is about 600 feet long, surrounded by a beautiful park, which is the highest ground in Madison. The monotony of this long edifice is set off, or relieved by the monstrous white dome which towers skyward for many feet, from the top of which a sight greets the eye that surpasses everything east of the Rockies; for a radius of twenty-five miles you can view this wonderful locality at your heart's content from your dizzy perch. On the south three lakes are visible, two of which are several miles south of the city, surrounded by hills and vales, which for grandeur can only be found in this state. These lakes with their silvery surface, a white sail dotted here and there, present a vision pleasing to the eye. No language can describe their beauty.

No, not even the learned poet. On the west, in a small valley through which "Old Sol" is making a hasty departure, can be seen Dead Lake, and as the gilded rays cast their shadows over this broad glassy field, the blended colors enrapt the soul. One mile northwest, at the head of a broad avenue, we spy the costly buildings of the State University on a hill top, not far from the banks of Mendota. Across this lake the immense State Insane Asylum buildings are pointed out.

As we admire the pretty avenues, the beautiful homes, the costly business blocks, and all about the smooth expanses of water, the rolling hills and the many large farms, we heartily coincide with the author, who said for rest, quietude and magnitude, it was unequalled.

WILSONIA.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TY., July 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In perusing the July number I find myself being severely taken to task for my opinions on the raising of the insurance, by a lady writer from Philadelphia. I will admit that you have made out a very strong case, but at the same time I think it would prove a very exceptional one; \$1,500.00 will be an especial benefit to a few, but I always supposed that majorities rule, and I feel convinced that the majority do not wish it to be as it is. The division on which I work cannot boast of a married fireman, either Brotherhood or otherwise, (no fault of ours though), although we have married men in the Lodge, and I am still of the opinion that \$1,000 is enough and to spare for a single man, and as we certainly have a majority in that respect, my opinions ought to go for something. Personally I would not oppose it to any extreme, as the difference in the amount subscribed would never hurt any one to pay it, and would probably be the means of assisting many a needful case.

Bro. Resurgam, of Kansas, has a letter in the July issue and I would esteem it a favor if he would again come forward in the Magazine and explain more fully the first paragraph of his letter, and give it us devoid of mystery, and if you find it necessary to "call a spade a spade" why call it one.

There is much being said as usual at this time of the year, about the delegates that are to attend the convention. There is no lodge in the country but what has got all the material necessary for a good delegate, if they will only open their eyes to look for it, and use good judgement in doing it. Let us send men who are interested in the work before them, and not interested in the amount of money they can make out of the business, or the good time to be had; let us have a body of men assembled together who will be a credit to us as American citizens and workmen, men of good habits, and intelligence, men who are posted some little on the current topics of the day, and who pay some little attention to our standing as workmen, and who have some little knowledge of the great

struggles that are taking place in this country for the cause of labor. Let us send men who are not too narrow minded to acknowledge the existence of other societies as well as our own, for if I am anything at a guess, we are going into a city where there are thousands of workmen already holding advanced opinions in regard to the rights of labor. Let each and every lodge represented in Philadelphia strive to send their very best man, who will go there with the serious intention of legislating for the sole interest of the Brotherhood. I believe it is possible for us to send as creditable and intelligent a body of men there as can be gathered together in any profession, and it is strictly our business to do it.

Yours fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

ALLEGHENY, PA., June 25, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

To the Grand and Subordinate Lodges, Smoky City Lodge No. 219 sends brotherly greetings. We have been organized a little over a year, and if there is another lodge that can show as good a report, we would like to hear from them. Last year we rented a hall. This year we lease the large building, corner Pennsylvania avenue and Bidwell street, furnished it at our own expense, Brussels carpet, upholstered furniture for officers, and four dozen large arm chairs for members, walls and ceiling papered, new gas fixtures, spittoons, stands and tables and in the ante-room a marble top wash-stand. Mr. Porter, dry goods merchant, presented us with a French plate looking glass for wash stand, and Mr. McKown, jeweler, made us a present of a fine eight-day clock. After it was furnished we gave a reception to railroad men and their families which was well attended and a success. Bro. Gray has the dwelling connected with the building and looks after the interest of the hall; but too much credit cannot be given to Bros. Beeson, Weaver, Walker and Taggart, for the active part they took in making it a success. Now we will submit it to other lodges. There are now forty-nine names on the register which gives us great encouragement for the future success of 219. Bro. Richard Beeson, as Master, has lost more time and money than any other member to make 219 what she is. He is the next man to step to the right hand side. It would be hard to find a better man than Bro. Triem for financier; he received his certificate to be an engineer a short time ago, but has not run any yet. It is an open secret among the brothers that for some cause he prefers to have his lay over at the west end of Division A. Bro. Schaffer as secretary knows how to handle the quill. Bro. Graebing now pulls the throttle on through freight, but he is happiest when he is eastward bound; perhaps Miss — could explain why. To see Bro. Robert Palmer on the right hand side you would imagine he was an old hand. I frequently see him riding westward on the passenger trains, but some of the brothers tell me he gets off at Emsworth. Bro. Wm Jackson has met with de-

served promotion. Bro. John Hollinger was married last fall to a young lady of Allegheny. Then Bro. Sam Kidd thought it better to have a mate, so he was married in the winter to a Pittsburgh lady; and now Bro. Alex Hollinger has taken unto himself a wife. We all wish you the best of success in life.

Yours truly,
OLD YANK, JR.

BARNESVILLE, MINN., July 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Seventy-six has not been heard from for a considerable length of time. We have not been able to get the boys to meeting owing to our being scattered over a great territory, but what few we have in here are very prompt in attending to their duties. Two of the boys have gone and done it, Peterson and Masters; they have taken the great responsibilities of household cares upon themselves. We moved from Fergus Falls to Barnesville in April, much to the regret of the boys and the sighs of the fair maids of Fergus, at the sight of their warriors bold leaving them to be conquered by the belles of this City of the Prairie. Bros. Burk and Catlin hold down the right side of the pony in the Barnesville yard, with Bros. Awringer and Wyler as left hand bowers. Bros. Burnett and Jones are at the throttle of the transfer engine between St. Vincent and Emerson, and Bro. Dreelan, at Grand Forkes, is on the 89. Bros. Lenahan, Beuprie, Jones, Lovelace, Miller and Anderson are firing passenger out of here. Miller says: "Oh my back!" quite often, but he *gits thar* all the same. Bros. Nicholson, Kellogg, Pannon and Whitbread are firing from Breckenridge to Devil's Lake, so they are not in a position to attend our Lodge meetings. Business is very dull here at present, but there is a prospect of it going to be better this fall.

Fraternally yours,

ASAPHENIS.

WASECA, MINN., May 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

This leaves Fort Ridley Lodge No. 65 in a prosperous condition as usual, and all of the boys well, excepting Brother Downing, who has been unable to work for the past two months. At present we have seventy-eight members, about all of whom are in good standing. We were forced to make an expulsion lately, it being the only one during this term or year.

Several of the boys have been laying off this past month, and taking needed recreation and pleasure trips.

Bro. Ed Gardner, engineer of the 34, has returned from an extended trip to Colorado. Bro. Taylor and Bro. Badger, have also been viewing the western country. The boys report having met Brotherhood men almost everywhere they went.

Our meetings come the first and third Sundays of each month, and are well attended. We have had the chart framed and find it an excellent addition to the Lodge room.

The May assessment notice has an unusually

large number of names thereon, and it is a strong reminder of what we will all have to come to sooner or later; therefore, brothers, for the sake of our dear ones at home, let not your names ever be on the delinquent list. Fraternally,

WASECA.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, July 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

One of the most successful union meetings of the season was held at Columbus, Ohio, June 30, 1885, under the auspices of Franklin Lodge No. 9, its object being the exemplification of the secret work of the Order to the several Lodges of this state, which were well represented. An open session was held at two o'clock P. M., to which all railroad men were invited. The meeting was called to order by Bro. C. C. Coit, who presided. In opening the meeting, he stated that it was called for the mutual interest of the different organizations of railroad men. He was followed by Messrs. Wm. Marsh, Wm. and Chas. Fisher and Fill Chase, members of Little Miami Division No. 34, B. of L. E., who expressed deep sympathy with the B. of L. F., putting forth the close relationship that exists between the organizations, the dependence of one upon the other, for the success and advancement of them both. Bro. F. W. Arnold, Grand Master, then took the floor, and in his very able manner explained the mission of the Brotherhood, with its history from the date of its organization, which was listened to with deep interest, and at the conclusion was heartily applauded. Some of the visiting brothers then spoke on matters of interest to both organizations and the meeting resulted to the mutual satisfaction of all present.

The evening session was called to order by our Worthy Master J. H. Baker. There being two candidates in waiting, they were admitted and initiated in due form. After which upon invitation our Grand Master criticised the workings of the Lodge, pointing out our faults, and suggesting items wherein improvement could be made. In conclusion he exemplified the secret work of our Order. The meetings were a source of profit to all who participated, and we believe will long be remembered with feelings of pleasure to all. On adjournment our Master invited us all to fall in and be escorted to a restaurant where supper was waiting, and to which due justice was done.

We parted with mutual feelings of brotherly love and friendship. Thus terminated one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In reading the Magazine, I notice a wide spread difference of opinion in the writings of the brothers; some arguing on one point, some on another. I suppose all of them are endeavoring to elevate our beloved Order, and to advance its interests and welfare. In reading over the

different views that are placed within the columns, it causes me to express my ideas and opinion in regard to many subjects that will be placed before the coming convention.

One which I notice is in regard to the Constitution and By-Laws. It is all well enough for brothers to say a clause is wrong and must be changed in our coming convention; another clause is right and should remain as it is. Now, brothers, it would be an impossibility to get a Constitution and By-Laws that would suit every member. I would for one, suggest that the present Constitution be retained, with the exception of the clause in regard to payment of \$1,500.00 death and disability claims. In all conventions there is a committee appointed to remodel the Constitution; they will tear it all apart, remodel and rebind it to their liking, and in nine times out of ten the new one is not as good as the old.

In regard to holding the Convention only once in two or three years; and have bills or motions brought before it to be read and then laid over to be submitted to the Subordinate Lodges for passage, I consider that there will always be a dissatisfaction existing between the Grand Body and Subordinate Lodges. The Lodges at the present time elect and send a delegate to the convention every year, and wait patiently for him to return so as to get the new laws. The Grand Body knows what it has to do, and the Subordinate Lodge knows what the law will be. If all Lodges would send the proper brothers to represent them in convention, there would be no room for jobbing or bribing. A true brother would hurl a briber from him as he would a rattlesnake, knowing as we do, that he is very dangerous. In reading over the writings of "T. P. O'Rourke," "X. L. C. R." and many others, I feel that I should express my opinion of their writings. There is a wide difference in their views of death and disability claims. In my opinion the writers signing himself "X. L. C. R." is the nearest to the point. In taking all into consideration you will readily see that it is impossible for us to pay \$1,500.00 by an assessment of one dollar per month; we have a very good example of the actual cost of our present insurance in the month of May.

I consider it much better to return again to the \$1,000.00 system than to tax our members two dollars per month. It may appear very good in some parts of the country, or on your pocket book; but just look into other portions of our great nation and other people's pocket books, and see what two dollars a month for assessments means. It means this, that any brother who cannot pay the assessment will be expelled because he is not as fortunate as others. Now, brothers it appears to me as if such a course is not a just one to our poorly paid members. Our Order is for the Firemen's benefit and it should be governed with that aim. Why should we continue with \$1,500.00 knowing what we will have to contend with in the course of time, when our death rate is sure to be much greater than it is at present.

Return again to \$1,000.00 and make an assessment of one dollar per month; every month there will be a balance left on hand over the endowment claims. Allow this surplus to grow and accumulate, it will assist us in paying our claims in years to come, when our death and disability rate will be much greater than it is at present. I advance my theory, hoping that it may meet your approval, as I am desirous of creating a surplus fund.

NOT TOO LATE.

POINT EDWARD, ONT., June 26, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

At the usual meeting of Huron Lodge No. 221, while the Lodge was in session, a knock was heard, and Bro. Gray on opening the door was surprised to find a large company of ladies there and so reported to Bro. McMillan, our Worthy Master. After closing the business he told Bro. Gray to admit them. When all were inside, Miss A. Muirhead, sister of our popular Magazine Agent, advanced to the front and read an appropriate address and presented to the members a beautiful table with an elaborate cover suitably embroidered with the mottoes of our Order. Bro. McMillan tried to thank them but was utterly unable to cope with his feelings, as it was such a surprise to him. The ladies then invited the brothers assembled to the home of Bro. Watman, where an elegant supper was provided; in fact, some of the boys said they never sat down to such a spread in the whole course of their lives. After supper, dancing was kept up till morning, when every one retired, feeling sure that they had spent an evening which will be a green spot in their memory. Every member of 221 will look upon the presents as a mark of respect and love by which the members of the B. of L. F. are looked upon here, and we can only hope that every member will fully merit all this kindness. The following is a copy of the address:

"We, the undersigned, mothers, wives, sisters and friends, and your hearty well-wishers, beg your acceptance of the accompanying articles for your Lodge room. Bearing in mind the ties of affection, which in domestic life bind you and us individually together, it requires no words of ours to induce you to believe that your welfare is to us a constant source of earnest desire. When it is remembered that the object of your brotherly union in a large measure springs from a loving concern for us, can the motive of our asking your acceptance of these tokens of gratitude, be only less apparent than the disproportion of your tribute to our worth? Following a dangerous calling in providing against the effects of sickness and of every possible accident, either of which would be disastrous to our homes or fatal to our life-long peace of mind, you appear to us to grasp the highest privilege in man's duty to his own. Yours and similar actions demonstrate that the instinct of true chivalry is as little confined to any class, as it ever has been to any age.

"Trusting that your Lodge may prosper, that you may be spared to your own and your own to you, praying that God will watch and protect your going out and coming in, we remain most sincerely, "Friends of No. 221."

JAMES.

TEMPLE, TEXAS, July 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Thinking a few notes from here will be in order, will say that our lodge is doing finely, and increasing at every meeting; all the boys are going to the front as soon as they are capable. Bro. Kelly, our financier, is running the 45 on the middle division. Bro. Sweeny and Muldoon handle the Pony in the yard. Bro. Ricks performs the same at Ft. Worth. Bro. Early is hosting at Dallas. Bro. H. C. Moore has left here and is firing passenger on the Mobile & Ohio out of New Orleans. Bro. Stanton, our worthy master is pulling the Cannon Ball from Cleburne to Dallas, with Bro. Welsh on the left. Bro. Tom Dee (Wabash), of 48, is hosting at Cleburne and running extra on the branch. Mr. H. C. McKelvy, our gentlemanly assistant M. M. has charge of the Motive Department here, and is the right man in the right place, so all the boys say.

EXTENSION.

HOT SPRINGS STATION, June 17, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As we have heard but little of Truckee Lodge, No. 19, allow me to say we are still marching along with a membership of about 40. J. A. Goldie is pilot, Bro. W. J. Patten, secretary, the champion ink-slinger among the B. of L. F. of Nevada, and Bro. H. M. Johnson, financier, one of the most earnest workers in the Brotherhood on the C. P. R. R. He leaves nothing undone. By the way his family will count one more in the census of 1885, as a fine young boy has been added to his household. We wish him a large share of good luck.

D. G.

NYACK, N. Y., May, 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In reply to "Sister of the Order," I wish to state that Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3 is still in existence, and doing the best she can for the cause of the Brotherhood. The members are all endeavoring to increase the membership; we have about 175 members. Our boys are not having much success on promotions, but the time is coming when all will have a chance to use the throttle. I think I will stop now, as there may be a passenger who would like to write this over again. Hoping this will not take up too much room, I remain,

A FIREMAN.

CLINTON, IOWA, July 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Being an interested reader of the Magazine, and feeling that No. 34 ought to be represented allow me the privilege to write in regard to one of the most essential points concerning this vast and wide-spreading organization. We know that the future of our grand and noble Order depends entirely upon the character of the

workers represented within its folds. Character is one of the grandest elements of success, in fact, none is more vital. What a man says or does is often an uncertain test of what he is, it is the way which he says or does it that furnishes the best index of his character. The crown and glory of life is character, it carries with it an influence which always gains the confidence of those with whom we come in contact; it secures all honors without the jealousies of fame, and carries upon its bosom the key to success. Our minds are given us, but our characters we make; our mental powers must be cultivated. The full measures to make a man are no more a character than a handful of seeds is a bed of flowers—plant the seed, tend them well and they will flourish and bloom, cultivate the powers, harmonize them well and they will make a noble character. God gives the mind, man makes the character, the mind is the garden, the character is the fruit. Act not for the little space of time allotted you in this world, but act for eternity. A firm will to resist evil and hold fast to good, is worth a million of those aimless nuisances that live for nothing, who become putrid above the sewers of the world. Character is power, is influence, makes friends, creates funds, supports and opens a sure and easy way to honor, wealth and happiness. It is the great desideratum of human life.

This truth, sublime in its simplicity, is the highest lesson of religion, the first that youth should learn, the last that age should forget. As a man prizes his character so is he,

Fraternally,

F. A. K.

DECATUR, ILL., June 30, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

We would like space in your columns to tell our brothers and sisters, who were detained at home, how we enjoyed the excursion and picnic given by the F. W. Arnold Lodge, on Sunday, June 21st. A goodly number of 49's members, with their wives or sweethearts, (as the case might be), boarded the early morning train, bound for East St. Louis, where we were met and warmly welcomed by various members of No. 44, who escorted us to the Hotel de Richardson, and from thence to the beautiful excursion steamer, Helena, bound for Mount Pleasant Grove, thirty miles down the Mississippi; at which point we arrived in due season, and landed. After an enjoyable lunch and walk through the Grove, we hastened back to the steamer, which in a short time commenced its homeward voyage.

The music was very inspiring, and dancing was begun early in the evening and continued until we arrived at St. Louis. We felt very proud of Bro. Hoffman, who, it must be confessed, is our most graceful dancer.

Leaving St. Louis at 7 o'clock Monday morning, we arrived in Decatur at noon, regretting that a year must necessarily elapse, before we could attend the next annual picnic given by the members of No. 44. Bro. Alex. Sutton's absence was much regretted.

LENOX DARE.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE RACE.

A JERSEY BALLAD.

Being a concise account of how the Hon. Esquire Jonas attained the goal of his earthly ambition.

"Ambition frets me not."—Hood.

Where blooms the classic Jamestown weeds,
Upon the Jersey hills,
A dusty youth at even-tide,
Sat cursing human ills.

A mild-eyed mule, with pensive mien,
Stood close beside the boy,
While tall mosquitoes gouged and bit,
And bored and sang with joy.

An ancient bull-dog sat between
The sand-briars' yellow leaves;
Across the field a gray-haired man
Was pitching harvest sheaves.

All day that youth had plow'd and sweat,
From early dewy morn,
'Till now the evening shades had come,
Likewise the supper horn.

All day, through rows of sickly corn,
Behind that mule mild-eyed,
Plow handles thumped his aching ribs
Until he cursed and cried.

The wretched day had come and gone;
Sweet Night, that gracious boon!
Stole softly o'er the sun-scorched fields,
Kissed by the crescent moon.

And still he sat in silent thought,
And pondered deep and long;
Oblivious of the sand-briar's wound,
Or the fierce mosquito's song.

At last he 'rose and shook himself,
And said with bated breath:—
"I'll try the Law, By Jinks, I will!
I'm tired of this—to death."

So all the winter months he wrought,
And delved, and dug, and "fit,"
Through many a dull and musty tome,
By one Judge Blackstone writ.

He knew that *flotsam* meant to float,
That *jetsam* was like lead;
And *ligum*—well, he did not know
'Bout *ligum*, it was said:

That *Torts* were things that one might do
Unto some other one,
And yet some other one be made
To pay for all the fun.

He read of *Law*, and *Common Law*,
And *Statute Law*, and "sich;"
And said, "By Jinks! with all this mess
A smart one should get rich."

And so he delved with might and main,
Through days of foul and fair;
And many a fierce harangue he made
To candlestick and chair,

'Till gentle spring, with balmy breath,
Sailed up the Jersey shore;
And sent the fish to inland streams,
The ducks to Labrador.

And lean and lank mosquitoes came
From every bog and fen;
And frogs, whose voice was like the roar
Of lions in their den.

And all the days were fragrant with
The scent of pennyroyal,
And sand-briars grew amid the corn,
Wherever there was soil.

And so he sat him down again
To ponder 'neath the stars,
Some soft-eyed cattle blinked and sigh'd
Across the pasture bars.

Ambition's dreams had lured him far,
With visions passing fair;
Fate only saw a stoutish youth,
With very bright red hair.

There was to be a "lection" held
Through all the country side,
And candidates were marshaling
Their friends from far and wide.

So Jonas thought he'd try his hand,
And said to all the boys,
"Ther's 'Jersey Lightning' here on tap,
That source of human joys."

And so the friends that came and went
All slapped him on the back,
And poked his ribs, and winked, and swore
He'd struck the proper track.

And all the boys came from the hills,
With many a lusty cheer,
That "Jersey lightning" would elect,
It now seemed very clear.

But Jonas' Dad said to the boy,
"I would not run this muck,
You'd better stick to mule and plow,
You'll find 'tis better luck."

"They'll tell foul tales about you, lad,
And prove them by and by;
Tales that will make you tear your hair,
And swear, and gouge your eye."

But wild ambition held him fast,
And lured him to its snare,
With dreams of many an honored post,
And maids with sunny hair.

But enemies wheeled all about,
As carrion buzzard sails:
The very air was thick with lies,
And hints, and doubtful tales.

They told how Jonas kiss'd a "Coon,"
Behind the rick of hay;
A tale that many will believe
Until their dying day.

That farmer Scruggs' best calf was dead;
"'Twas poisoned, sure," they cried,
And rubbed their dirty hands with glee,
And sweat, and swore, and lied.

And so the Summer days went by,
While anguish streaked his hair,
And fierce revenge filled all his soul,
Like beast its narrow lair.

He went to see that mild-eyed mule,
And stroked its giant ear;
And said "old boss, it seems to me
I've something like this here."

And so ambition laid him low,
He humbly bowed in pray'r,
And cried "O, Lord! I never more—
I think I've had my share."

But when election time had come,
And all the dreamy haze
Hung like a soft ethereal veil
Across the Autumn days,

And all the boys had drank their drink,
The votes were counted o'er,
And Jonas was elected 'Squire,
Down on the Jersey shore.

L'ENVONI.

Yon field, beyond the river's brink,
That seems so greenly fair,
Is full of brush, and briars, and weeds,
My friends, I have been there!

—Etoile.

LUDLOW, KY., July 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As there has never been any communication from "Old Kentuck" No. 104, I think it about time for something to be said. We are in a flourishing condition, except some three or four members, most of whom we hope to have among us soon. It has been almost impossible for us to get some of them to come up to the lodge, as they are scattered on different divisions. Our worthy financier, Bro. C. Smith, is doing all in his power to make 104 one of the best lodges south of the Ohio river. On June 29th, "Old Kentuck" Lodge gave their second annual picnic, at the Bellevue Pavilion, Cincinnati, O., which was a grand success financially and socially. Bro. F. D. Miller was our chief, and right well did he perform his duty. Bros. McCann and Chissinger acted as assistant chiefs. We could not speak too well in their praise. Bro. C. Schnieder is the man who understands door-keeping. Some of Ludlow's fairest maidens were in attendance, among the most prominent of whom were the Misses Lucy Hawkins, Grace Calvert, Emma Case and Miss Lea. Our worthy Master, Joseph Connelly, was not on hand, as important business kept him away. At 7:30 sharp the band began to play "General Yeoman's Grand March," Bro. O. F. Miller taking the lead, followed by Bros. McCann and Chissenger. About two hundred and fifty couples took part in the grand march, with Bro. B. J. Carrol in the rear, and danced until the "wee sma' hours."

DUDE.

LAREDO, TEX., July 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

A few lines from this point may not come amiss. I occasionally have the pleasure of reading the Firemen's Magazine. I am not a railroad man, but must say I enjoy reading the communications written for the Magazine, more especially those of the Ladies' Department. I am well acquainted with several locomotive firemen and engineers of the Gould system and the Texas-Mexican and Mexican National, better known as the Chily Con Carney road, of which F. W. Baldwin is superintendent, and Senor John Grace is master mechanic. Andy Quinn is night foreman of round house and yard, and as both John and Andy are well known on the Gould system and other roads in Texas, the boys never hesitate in asking them for small favors, which are mostly always granted. The Texas-Mexican and Mexican National Railroad is a narrow gauge line, running direct from Corpus Christie, on the Gulf, to this point, distance 161 miles, and from here to Saltillo, Mexico, via Monterey, distance 340 Mexican kilometers, or 290 American miles. Mr. Charles Arnold, an old time friend of mine, and a member in good standing of the B. of L. F., at San Antonio, is here on a flying visit. Percy Smith still handles the throttle on 726. "Dad" Hays makes regular trips on the 787. Joe Green, with Jim Middleton for fireman, hold down the 711 and make regular trips to this point.

J. H. Morrison, our new yard master, and formerly an old railroad man from Illinois, is quite popular with the boys and always sends them out on time. Mr. Lacy slings the lightning and "O. K's" the orders in grand style. Mr. Seymour, cashier and ticket agent of the Gould system and other lines, is now quite popular as a juror in the District court and has county scrip for sale.

The stock shipping season is now over, and some of the boys regret it very much, as their time-checks in the future will not aggregate in the hundreds. Indian fighting is all the talk at present. F. Company of the Eighth Cavalry, has gone from Fort McIntosh in command of Major Bernard, to fight the Indians. The Major has an excellent company in charge, and as he is well-known as an Indian fighter, we may surely expect the Indians to be subdued before he returns. I will now close, wishing the B. of L. F. and Magazine every success.

RIO GRANDE.

PERSONALS.

E. CLARK, of No. 158, has taken a partner for life.

W. A. EDMISTON, of No. 158, has gone east, and will bring back a wife from Canada.

On June 30th, William Walk, of Lodge No. 59, was married to Miss Miles, of South Pueblo.

BRO. J. SMITH, of No. 158, was married June 25th, to Miss Josie Hill, one of Detroit's fairest daughters.

It is rumored that Bro. Archibald, of No. 204, is about to take a mate. Who is the lucky girl, Byron?

It is not often that one meets a better Brotherhood man than Bro. J. W. McGill, who presides over No. 109.

BRO. G. BENNETT, of No. 158, is looking for a nice cottage, not too far from the shop, you know. He means business this time.

WILL the "Prophet," the "Great Law Register" and the Orator of the Valley of the Platte" correspond with "Latin"?

ELMER QUACKENBUSH, of No. 59, has joined the ranks of fathers. This is the first time, and he is the happiest man in Pueblo.

BROS. ROSS and Calhoun are highly spoken of by the members of Endeavor Lodge for their zeal in behalf of the Order at Algiers.

BAY STATE LODGE, No. 73, desires to return thanks to Boston Lodge, No. 57, for courtesies extended them during the union meeting.

WE would like to inquire if Bro. Morehouse will be in attendance at Philadelphia. If so, will some brother please notify Custom Officer Crossman?

THE report that J. A. Tweedie, of No. 14, has engaged himself to the dime museum at Indianapolis is not true. He is still polishing chins at the old stand.

THE boys would like to know what Bro. Sam Smith feeds that goat on now, as he is not looking as well as usual. Perhaps the goat is too much for Bro. Sam.

J. W. TAFT, of No. 151, was married on the 24th of June, to Miss Lowe, one of Hamilton's fairest girls. The brothers wish him much joy, prosperity and a long life.

THE boys of San Antonio, Tex., want to know if Bro. J. C. Sharp, of Lodge No. 204, still thinks of keeping a section on the A., T. & S. F. road, somewhere in Mexico.

WM. WEILER has been chosen Master of Byram Lodge, No. 271, and with the best of material to follow his leadership, the Brotherhood will be well cared for at Stanhope.

BRO. S. J. CLARK, of No. 96, has taken unto himself a partner for life, Miss Ida Stewart, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The boys of No. 96 join in wishing them a happy journey through life.

AL NORTHAWAY, of No. 14, is sojourning among the hills of West Virginia. He wishes to thank Bro. Wallace, of No. 103, for brotherly kindness shown him during his late sickness.

MRS. A. W. SPURR, Mrs. J. C. Edwards, Miss Musgrave, and other ladies we met at Boston, made our visit one continued ovation. The hospitalities of these ladies can not be excelled.

THE smile that adorns the countenance of Bro. Wm. H. Giff, of No. 47, since the advent of the new arrival at his home, is a sight to behold. Its a girl, and Billy's happiness is complete.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS pays the members of Jackson and Lee Lodges, 274 and 275 a handsome tribute, by saying that they are made up of the very best men he ever put into the ranks of the Order.

ANOTHER of 107's members has skipped off and joined the matrimonial band, taking for his better half one of Shelby's fair daughters. We all wish yourself and bride a happy and prosperous future.

U. S. FISH Commissioner Sargent will have on exhibition at Philadelphia, some of the famous Wetsel carp, imported from Germany. Brothers having private ponds will do well to inspect this wonderful collection.

WILSON Lodge No. 272, at Junction, N. J., is named after Bro. C. A. Wilson, one of our most popular members, at present a member of the Grand Executive Committee and also financier of Washington Lodge No. 13.

THE largest dinner bucket ever seen on the continent of America, is daily toted through the streets of Hinton, W. Va., by a whole-souled member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; it is said to be nearly as large as a frame house.

ON our recent visit to Boston, we had the pleasure to meet Mrs. F. P. Sargent, wife of our esteemed Vice Grand Master. Mrs. Sargent is sojourning among relatives in the east, and will probably remain there for some time. She is one of those pleasant and agreeable ladies one is always glad to meet.

JOE SCOTT, of No. 119, did not think much of the song entitled "It's Nice to be a Father," until the arrival of a new boy. He is busy learning it now. As it is the first addition to his home, Joe thoroughly appreciates the honor of being called "pa."

"GRAFTON" is the name of the new lodge at Grafton W. Va., on the B. & O. R. R. Our Organizer speaks very highly of the members and says that they are thoroughly in earnest and will soon have a large membership, having three divisions to draw from.

A FINE daughter has been added to the family of Bro. Barnes of No. 204. It is said, that Bro. Barnes does not want boys as they are too troublesome.

"OLD VIRGINIA" has taken her place in the line, and the boys at Richmond and Clinton Forge come forward to be counted among the tollers in the good work.

CHAS. GOLLIDAY, of 107, is the father of a bouncing baby girl. Charles feels so hilarious over the arrival of the new boarder, that he is passing the cigars around.

J. A. MILLER, of Sprague Lodge, No. 183, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Jennie Weittenhiller, an estimable young lady of Plattville, Wisconsin, on June 25th. Bro. Miller, we hope your cup of happiness will be full to overflowing.

JOHN MCCOY, one of No. 159's efficient members, had his long and faithful service for the L. & N. R. R. Co. recognized in a substantial manner, by being requested to drop the scoop and step over to the right side. He is running the 136 on the N. & D. division.

L. D. O., of Longview, Texas, in an interesting letter states that No. 70 is doing well. On Thursday, June 25, the above named Lodge gave a festival and ball which was largely attended and a great success. Quite a number of ladies from a distance were in attendance.

THANKS.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 17, 1885.

To my Brotherhood Friends:

In behalf of my wife and self I desire to return sincere thanks for the many favors received at your hands on the occasion of our marriage on the 9th ult. To the members of our Chicago Lodges for a magnificent suit of parlor furniture, to the members of Boston Lodge No. 57 for a beautiful silver pitcher and other courtesies, to Eureka Lodge No. 14 for an elegant silver water service, to Vigo Lodge No. 16 for a set of beautiful furniture and a princely reception, and to Lodges and members of the Order generally for numberless tokens of affectionate esteem.

These generous testimonials, coming as they do, from those I love, are appreciated more than language can express. To each and all of you we return our warmest thanks and the assurance of our profound and life-long gratitude.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

UNION MEETINGS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A union meeting of the Brotherhood was held at Philadelphia Sunday June 14th, under the auspices of Enterprise Lodge No. 75. The members of United Lodge No. 60 attended in a body. Welcome Lodge was well represented, while other Lodges in that vicinity had members in attendance. The hall was well filled when the meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock p. m. Instructor S. M. Stevens was called to the chair and presided over the deliberations. Bro. John Brayerton of No. 72 addressed the meeting at considerable length and was often interrupted with applause.

Bro. Bodey, of No. 60 was the next speaker and proved himself an able exponent of Brotherhood principles. He spoke with marked effect upon the duties of membership, and appealed to all present to become active workers in the noble cause in which we are engaged.

Bro. Harry Walton, of No. 75, began his address by paying a touching tribute to the late Bro. Sam. Drinkhouse, Secretary of No. 75, who lost his life in a wreck on the Schuylkill Valley railroad June 12th.

Bro. Walton reviewed carefully the past work of the Brotherhood, he dwelt at length upon the high and honorable sphere which the Order now occupied, and predicted for it a future rich with success. The address of Bro. Walton was listened to attentively, and the many convincing arguments he advanced in behalf of the Order were fully appreciated by all. The following letter from Vice Grand Master Sargeant was read at the meeting:

YUMA, ARIZONA, June 5 1885.

Grand Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America in Union Meeting Assembled, Philadelphia, Pa.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: I send you greeting, and regret that I am unable to meet with you and feast on the good things said and done at your gathering; yet, while I am thousands of miles away from you, my heart and thoughts are with you, and my only wish is that success may attend you; that this meeting of the Grand Officers and Brothers of our Order may be the means of doing great good, that the words falling from your lips may be as good seeds sown in fertile soil, bringing forth abundant fruit, that in your interchange of ideas you will consider the best interests of all our members, that whatever suggestion you may make regarding this fraternal and benevolent society, will be those most profitable to the Organization, and that you will do much to promote the welfare of the Brotherhood in the eastern section of our country. Your meeting will, no doubt, give you an opportunity of making the aims and objects of the order known to many, as yet unfamiliar with them, and I trust that you will meet with that success you so richly deserve.

When we contemplate the rapid growth of the Order, the noble mission it is performing, the many sad hearts that are being cheered by the angel of our Brotherhood (Benevolence), we should feel thankful that we are permitted to be members of, and to work in such a grand Organization. We should be willing to give our time and talents to promote its welfare and increase its membership. We should study carefully its constitution and by-laws and see that we live up to all their demands, and should we see anything in connection with our laws that tends to work an injury to our Order, endeavor to correct it at the meetings of the Grand Lodge. At these Union meetings, where are gathered some of the most able men of our Order, is the place to consider these matters, as there you can exchange opinions and consider measures that are best suited to our needs; then we go into convention (having prepared for action) to do good work. When we close the annual session of our Grand Lodge in the "City of Brotherly Love," next September, let us do so with our laws as near perfect as it is possible to make them, so that no matter to what proportions our Brotherhood may grow, we will have a constitution that will meet all requirements and be just in all its dealings.

In order to make our Brotherhood what it is intended to be, we as members must do our duty towards each other, remembering the solemn and binding promises made before our God, to walk uprightly and live honorably before all the world. We should let no hypocrisy take root in our hearts but be open and frank in all our transactions, and above all true to each other. Disension must not enter our ranks nor invade our meetings. Let us do only those things that tend to make us better men and better members. Let us show ourselves to be men of high and holy aims, that we have brain as well as muscle, and that we use the talents God has given us to some good purpose, that of doing good to our fellow man. Let our lives be as bright and polished with good deeds as our engines are with the dust of brick, and if we do all this we will have no time for wrangling, but we will find that in the end we have earned for ourselves a rich reward, inasmuch as our Order will be handed down to our posterity a lasting monument to our fidelity and devotion.

Brothers I beseech you to do all in your power to promote the welfare of our Brotherhood; guard with a jealous care all its interests and strive to make it as successful in the coming years as it has been in the past.

Let this be one of the best meetings ever held in the history of our Order. Let its influence be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, and may the Grand Master above let his rich blessings rest upon you all, is the wish of

Your sincere brother,

F. P. SARGENT.

The foregoing communication from the Vice Grand Master was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

The Secretary of the Grand Lodge was called upon and addressed the meeting briefly.

Instructor S. M. Stevens then took the floor and exemplified the secret work of the Order thoroughly.

It was then suggested that a committee be appointed to call on the officials of the Pennsylvania R. R. Companies, with the Grand Officers, to ascertain what arrangements might be made for the transportation of delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, and to discuss other matters of interest to the Brotherhood. Bros. Walton, Murray and Knowles were appointed for the P. R. R., and Bros. Bodey, Shepherd and Fettes for the Reading R. R. The afternoon meeting then adjourned. In the evening Instructor Stevens exemplified the work with the use of a sciopticon, and the entertainment was much appreciated by the many members in attendance.

On the following day, pursuant to the action of the union meeting, the committee called on Mr. Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager of the P. R. R., with whom an exceedingly pleasant interview was had. Mr. Pugh is a genial, whole-souled gentleman without any of the arrogance some times found in railroad officials in high positions. Mr. Pugh expressed himself as being favorably impressed with the Brotherhood and thoroughly in accord with its aims and purposes. Being a self-made man in the best sense of that term, he could not be otherwise than friendly to our Order, and it is safe to say that in all matters pertaining to its welfare, he will be found true to our best interests. The committee next called upon Mr. J. E. Wooten, General Manager of the Philadelphia and Reading system. Mr. Wooten received the committee in a most courteous manner and chatted freely upon Brotherhood matters. He inquired seriously into its aims and purposes, and receiving intelligent and satisfactory information from the committee, he expressed himself as being in full sympathy with the organization. The interview with Mr. Wooten was very satisfactory and we feel quite sure that he will on all occasions do justice to the Brotherhood.

Our meeting at Philadelphia was, we are happy to say, mutually pleasant and profitable. We return thanks to Mr. C. E. Pugh, of the P. R. R., and also to Mr. Wooten, of the P. & R., for courtesies extended to us. We also acknowledge with gratitude the many favors received at the hands of our Philadelphia brethren who made our visit so pleasant and agreeable that we shall want to repeat it at an early day.

The boys are actively engaged in making arrangements for the Twelfth Annual Convention, and if it does not eclipse all previously held, it will not be their fault.

BOSTON, MASS.

One of the most interesting union meetings we have ever attended was held at Boston, Mass., Sunday, June 21st, under the auspices of Boston Lodge No. 57. The meeting was held in New Era hall, which will be remembered by many of our old members who attended our eighth annual convention, and was presided over by Bro. A. W. Spurr, the chairman of the committee on arrangements.

The chairman introduced as the first speaker Grand Master F. W. Arnold. Bro. Arnold pressed himself as being gratified to be

many members who were enlisted in the cause of the Brotherhood. He believed they had come there for a purpose, and that purpose was to learn more thoroughly the great work of the Order, thus not only making them more efficient members, but contributing largely to their self-elevation. "The Brotherhood," said the Grand Master, "is dependent for its character and standing upon the members who compose it, and hence it follows that each member is in a measure responsible for its welfare. This being true, each member should realize the responsibility that his membership in the Brotherhood imposes upon him, and seek, with becoming fidelity and zeal, to advance it to an elevation that will command for it universal respect and esteem."

Grand Master Arnold discussed our insurance system briefly, suggesting such changes as in his judgment would improve its efficiency and make it practicable and acceptable to the entire craft.

The speaker then took up the subject of representation in our annual conventions, and discussed at some length the expediency of reducing the number of delegates by adopting a system of district representation.

The address of the Grand Master was well received, and at the close a brief discussion followed in which questions were asked and answered in reference to district representation as set forth by the Grand Master.

The Secretary of the Grand Lodge followed the Grand Master, and reviewed the work of the Order in a brief address.

Grand Instructor Stevens then took the floor and delivered a stirring address, which was received with marked applause. He then exemplified the secret work of the Order, and imparted other information that was appreciated by the meeting.

At the close of the meeting, the chairman announced that a feast had been prepared at the Quincy Hotel, to which the visitors were cordially invited. A second invitation was not necessary, and only a brief interval elapsed before the brave sons of the throttle and scoop were seated about the banqueting tables, which were heavily laden with all the delicacies of the season. It was here that an episode occurred that was as unexpected as it was pleasant. Bro. A. W. Spurr arose in his place, and in a very neat and appropriate speech presented Bro. E. V. Debs and his bride (who were present) with a magnificent silver pitcher of mammoth size, inscribed "With the Compliments of Boston Lodge No. 57." Bro. Debs returned sincere thanks for the beautiful offering, and assured the members of Boston Lodge that this generous token of their esteem was fully appreciated.

The pitcher is the most beautiful we have ever seen, and the recipients may well feel proud of such a souvenir of their visit to Boston. The guests then formally began the dissection of the rich viands with which the tables were abundantly supplied. Everything that could be desired was found upon the bill of fare, and the guests did ample justice to the occasion. It was universally conceded that the feast was a grand success, and that the members of Boston Lodge had, through their princely hospitalities, crowned themselves with everlasting glory.

In the evening Instructor Stevens gave an entertainment with his sciopicon, displaying a series of very interesting railroad scenes. The hall was comfortably filled, a large number of ladies being present, all of whom expressed themselves as being well pleased with the evening's entertainment. On the following day a trip was arranged to Deer Island, which was enjoyed immensely by all. A visit to Nantasket Beach and a "clam bake" were also among the festivities that made up a part of the programme.

For the numberless courtesies received at the hands of our Boston brethren and their ladies we feel very grateful. They devoted all their time to our pleasure and made our visit to Bos-

ton an event long to be remembered. The following is a brief synopsis of a report of the union meeting, taken from the Boston Globe:

"A union meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was held at New Era Hall yesterday, under the auspices of Boston Lodge No. 57. The meeting was held for the purpose of transacting matters of business relating to the Order, and also to receive the Grand Lodge officers, who arrived in Boston last Saturday. There was a good attendance, including delegates from Worcester, Fitchburg, Providence, Portland and Taunton. The members met at Engineers' Hall on Hanover street early in the morning, and marched in a body to New Era Hall, where the Grand Lodge officers were received and the greater part of the day passed in consideration of Lodge affairs. The headquarters of the Grand Lodge is at Terre Haute, Ind., and it is so seldom that any of the Grand Officers come to Boston that when they do come the members of the local Lodge are bound to entertain them properly. The visiting party consists of Grand Master F. W. Arnold, Grand Organizer S. M. Stevens and Grand Secretary and Treasurer E. V. Debs. The latter is on his bridal tour, and later in the day he and his bride were agreeably surprised by receiving from the Boston Lodge an elegant silver ice service, as a testimonial of the regard they have for him.

A. W. Spurr presided at the meeting, and at the conclusion of the routine business speeches were made by the grand officers and several of the delegates. Among the delegates present were: T. Loynd, F. Mann, A. E. Dennison, W. Aldrich, E. S. Burnham, C. S. Harmon, M. O'Brien and the following from Boston Lodge: William P. Wood, Master; O. A. Whitney, Vice-Master; J. C. Edwards, Financier; J. P. Vasque, L. B. Sweetser, W. Musgrave, C. K. Morrison, A. J. Desoze, L. E. Rice, J. F. McCarty, H. F. Hibbard, A. H. Morrison, B. F. White, H. D. Leonard, G. H. Bragg, C. W. Rice and a large number of others.

At the conclusion of the meeting yesterday afternoon the members dined at the Quincy House, and in the evening an entertainment, consisting of addresses and stereopticon views, was given.

RECEPTION.

Terre Haute Gazette.

The occasion of the happy assemblage at the hall of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, last night, was the reception tendered by the Brotherhood of this city to their Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Eugene V. Debs, and his wife. The hall was beautifully decorated, and comfortably filled with members of the Brotherhood and their friends. Everything was done to make the affair pleasant to those present, and how well they were entertained was shown by the expressions of happiness on the faces of every one. After the exercises, the guests partook of refreshments. At about 9 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Debs arrived, and an hour was spent in social enjoyment, after which time Grand Master Frank Arnold called the assemblage to order, and appointed Mr. John F. O'Reilly to the chair. Mr. O'Reilly thanked Grand Master Arnold and introduced him to the audience, whom he addressed in the following words, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Debs, in behalf of the Chicago Lodges, a beautiful plush parlor set:

BROTHER EUGENE AND MRS. DEBS: A few days more than five weeks ago, you very properly, and yet—so far as the large circle of your friends were concerned—very stealthily took upon yourself the performance of one of the most important, responsible and pleasant duties that is given by God. That you have entered upon this performance, firm in your own convictions, I have no doubt, and it is further evidenced by the unbounded confidence your many friends exhibit and express in their earnest congratulations upon the happy event. Not to the confines of this gathering, to-night, must we rest in describ-

ag the circle of your congratulating friends, ut rather to the confines of the entire Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which extends ver the United States, and into Canada, and to Mexico. It is highly proper that the members of your own subordinate Lodge, over which ou have the honor to preside, should as stealthily combine to tender you and Mrs. Debs a reception in honor of the all important event in both our lives, and it is thus that we are assembled o-night that we may in this informal, yet earnest manner, show how happily we congratulate ou, Eugene, upon the lovable companion you ave chosen to assist you to lighten your burden n your advance through life, and you, Mrs. Debs upon being elected to become the custodian of the health and happiness of one whom more than fifteen thousand members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen love, cherish and esteem. To me falls the pleasant task in behalf of a few of your many friends residing n the city of Chicago of asking you to accept his beautiful suite of parlor furniture, which is ut a slight token of the love and esteem in hich you are held by your friends in Chicago, who are members of the Lodges which compose the Brotherhood there. And in behalf of the members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, I am requested o present to you these pieces of furniture which ou see here, with the hope that, if in your walk rough life they may at any time assist in resting you, then the donors will feel that they have een fully repaid for their efforts to reward you.

Take them, Brother Eugene and Mrs. Debs, and if in the quietude of your home they occasionally serve to remind you of the high esteem n which you are held by your many friends, we hope they will additionally serve, towards making more secure that bond which unites us in friendship.

Mr. Wm. Hugo, of Indianapolis, in behalf of he Eureka Lodge No. 14 of that place, presented Mr. and Mrs. Debs with an elegant silver water service as a token of the esteem and regard in which they are held by the Lodge of Indianapolis. Mr. Debs responded in the following appropriate manner:

MR. DEBS' REPLY.

I have no words with which to express the ullness of my heart. It is gratifying, indeed, to know that my feeble services in behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have met with such generous appreciation at your hands. You will permit me if I dwell briefly upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on this occasion. In the short period of five years it has grown from a handful of men to an organization hat spans the continent, and challenges the admiration of all people wherever the locomotive proclaims the triumphs of civilization. The Brotherhood has proven a husband to the husbandless, and a father to the fatherless. It has blessed the homes of those of its members who ave gone down at the post of duty. Our cherished Brotherhood will live and thrive after we ave passed away, and be a blessing to countless thousands yet unborn. Permit me, Bro. Arnold, n behalf of my wife and self, through you, to eturn sincere thanks to the Chicago members of ur Brotherhood who have honored us with such n elegant and costly gift. Those of us who now our Chicago members, know them to be among the most loyal in our Order—men who re a credit to our calling, and it is especially ratifying to receive such a generous token of their esteem. Brother Hugo, through ou we return our sincere thanks to the members of Eureka Lodge No. 14, for this beautiful present. The members of No. 14 have always been my warm friends, and I appreciate heir friendship more than I am able to express t this time. To the members of No. 16, of this ity, we return our warmest thanks for remembering us so kindly, and for tendering us this magnificent reception. We are more than pleased o see so many of our friends here this evening so many beautiful ladies and such a large

number of the bronzed veterans of the throttle and scoop. We fully appreciate the many kind wishes you have expressed in our behalf and our hearts open to receive your benediction—may the future bring to each and all of you all the good things that the truly good enjoy."

On invitation, Miss Corrine Cruikshank recited "Katie Lee and Willie Gray," which made a favorable impression on the audience, who showed their appreciation by hearty applause. There were guests present from Indianapolis, Logansport, Effingham and other places. The festivities continued until midnight and the evening was delightfully spent.

THE "Railway Employee and Mechanic's Journal" is the title of a new paper published at Louisville, Ky., by S. Wm. Pettibone and Will E. Rapson. It is a very interesting and instructive publication, and we welcome it to our sanctum and to journalistic companionship. Our members will recognize in one of the publishers, S. Wm. Pettibone, an earnest and energetic member of Falls City Lodge No. 103, of our Order and we feel assured that we voice their sentiments when we wish the Railway Employee a long and prosperous career. All railroad men who desire to invest in good literature will do well to send their subscriptions to the Railway Employee and Mechanic's Journal, 1022 Eighth St., Louisville Ky.

The late John Sexton, of Falls City Lodge No. 103, was buried at Louisville, and the Lodge conducted the funeral services in a very creditable manner, as will be seen by the following from the Louisville Post:

"The funeral of the late John Sexton took place from the Dominican church, this morning, at 9:30 o'clock. The Louisville Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, 103, and visiting delegations of the same Order from Bowling Green and Nashville attended the funeral in a body, and at the residence performed their beautiful and impressive funeral ceremonies. The remains were followed to their last resting place by a very large number of friends, the whole forming one of the largest funeral processions that ever took place from the Dominican church.

For Firemen's Magazine:

Entreaty

Come into the garden, my lily,
Little girl, for the night wanes apace,
Where the moonlight shall read the sweet story
So tenderly writ on your face.

Oh! tell me, my darling little girl,
Nor struggle so, love, to be free;
If this heart beating wildly its fetters,
Is beating thus wildly for me.

Then tell me, my darling little girl,
Nor pant with such needless alarm;
Will one moment of blissful devotion
Disturb your heart's holiest calm.

In the hush of the night, Oh! my darling,
Ere the moon o'er the far distant tips
Of the mountain declines, let your answer
Breathe soft from your rose-scented lips.

Ah! here in the silver effulgence,
With the light of your ringleted head,
While the birds in the branches above us,
Their younglings have nestled to bed,

I clasp in my own your soft fingers,
And fold your dear head on my breast.
Ah! sweet, in the light of the moon rays,
Let my love hush your sighings to rest.

—Will.

STRATFORD, ONT.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALBINA, OREGON.

The following account of the ball of J. B. Maynard Lodge No. 193 is taken from the Portland Standard:

"The grand ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which very little has been said, was one of the grandest affairs which has ever occurred in the short history of Albina. On last Friday night J. B. Maynard Lodge No. 193, B. of L. F., gave their first annual ball at Union Hall. A special train was run from L street, East Portland to Albina, for the accommodation of the participants. About eighty couples were present. The large hall was trimmed characteristic of railroad life, having in each corner a large locomotive headlight, on either side of which were placed red and white railroad lanterns; also under the chandeliers. At the head of the hall was the design "B. of L. F. 193," on either side of which hung the chart and charter of the Lodge; also upon the walls were hung many railway views, the decorations being principally evergreens and bunting. Supper was served at the Centennial Hotel. The boys say they had a splendid time, and will do it again next year." In addition to the foregoing the following will be found interesting:

Bro. Barnell and bride stayed over. The music furnished by H. C. Kay's orchestra was excellent. There were brothers present from 133, 167 and 192. Bro. Hays was taken sick and had to retire. Bro. Ed Smith is a good doorkeeper. The boys all wish to return thanks to the following named persons who so kindly assisted in making their ball a success: To Mr. J. Brandt for the use of colored lanterns and flags, to Mr. C. C. Grimes for the use of head-lights, and Mr. C. W. Johnston for the train to run to East Portland; also to the ladies who assisted in decorating the hall.

RESOLUTIONS.

CHILLICOTHE, O.

At a regular meeting of Scioto Lodge, No. 202, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks to the members of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, B. of L. F. for courtesies extended delegates from our Lodge, while attending the state convention at Columbus, O., June 30, 1885.

DANIEL SHEETS,
W. S. TAYLOR,
S. A. BARKER, } Committee,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At a meeting of Rochester Lodge No. 99, B. of L. F. held July 8th, we were presented with a picture of our late Bro. Frank Webster, and also one of the floral decorations from his funeral, when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender a vote of thanks through the Magazine to the mother of our late Bro. Frank Webster for a picture of the deceased and a floral decoration from his funeral.

D. C. FROST,
Secretary.

SALIDA, COL.

At a regular meeting of Mount Ouray Lodge No. 140, B. of L. F., held July 13, the Lodge was agreeably surprised on being presented with a beautiful banner on which was inscribed the motto of our order: "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." On the bottom appear the letters "B. of L. F." and a beautiful wreath of daisies. The banner is of silk, satin and plush, and was presented to the lodge by Miss Montgomery, sister of our Master Bro. Geo. Montgomery, through Bro. Henry Lowrey. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Miss Montgomery for the pains she has taken in making us such an elegant and valuable gift

which is duly appreciated by the members of No. 140.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Montgomery, and also the Firemen's Magazine, and published in the papers of our town.

WM. H. SHAW,
JOHN CAMPBELL, } Committee
J. L. WEST,

PT. EDWARD, ONTARIO.

At a regular meeting of Huron Lodge No. 2 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge were made the recipients of a handsome altar and cloth for the Lodge room, by the wives, mothers, sisters and friends of the members, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to these ladies.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge will ever hold in grateful remembrance the proof of their love and sympathies with the principles of our Order.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the members are hereby tendered to the ladies for their bountiful spread and entertainment given to us on that occasion.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the ladies and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

E. EVERETT,
JNO MOONEY, } Committee
WM. ADAMS,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge, No. 14 B. of L. F., held in their hall, June 9th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, to remove from our midst, by death, our much beloved Bro. James O'Neil, thereby reminding us of the uncertainty of life. Therefore be it

Resolved, In the death of Bro. O'Neil, Eureka Lodge No. 14, and the Brotherhood has lost an ardent supporter of the principles of our Order, a staunch friend and a warm brother whom we all delighted to honor and esteem for his many good traits. Be it

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the brothers and sister of our departed brother in this, their great loss. Also be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter for the space of 60 days and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Lodge, a copy be presented to the family and published in the Magazine.

FRANK B. ALLEY,
JOS. B. ZAHN, } Committee
WM. HUGO,

FT. WORTH, TEX.

At the regular monthly meeting of Trinity Lodge No. 83, May 22d, we heard an unusual rap in our ante room. The door was opened and to our surprise, in came our worthy Financier's wife, Mrs. O'Malley, bearing in her arms a bible which she laid on the altar, and in a few little speech she presented it to Trinity Lodge No. 83. Our worthy Master, N. A. Reynolds arose and addressed her, thanking her in behalf of the members of 83 for such a beautiful present. The meeting was again called to order, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of Trinity Lodge No. 83, fully appreciate this token of Mrs. O'Malley's esteem and kindness.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mrs. O'Malley, and a copy of these resolutions be given to her and a copy spread on the minutes of our Lodge, and also a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

JACK NASH,
THOMAS TURNEY, } Committee
FRANK REYNOLDS,

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

At a meeting of Deer Park Lodge No. 1, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doeth all things well, to take from our midst, by death, our beloved Bro. Amos Lundy, Therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother, to say that we sadly miss him from among our number and truly feel that we have lost one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the relatives and friends of the deceased; especially the desolate widow and aged mother. We mourn with them for their loss, assuring them that he was honored as a man and brother by his fellow firemen.

Resolved, That we extend to Rev. Calvin A. Fare, and to all who in any way assisted in doing honor to the memory of our departed brother, the sincere thanks of Deer Park Lodge No. 1.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge, printed in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved widow.

ED. F. PETERS,
JAMES B. WILSON,
WM. N. LAWRENCE. } Committee.

CORNING, N. Y.

At a meeting of Fellowship Lodge No. 121, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our late Bro. Wm. Burgey; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Burgey, our Order has lost one of its best members, his family a fond and devoted husband and father, and the community an honorable and upright citizen, and although we sincerely deplore his loss, we humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our most heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, assuring them that we share their loss and sorrow.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days as a mark of respect for our late brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother, also that a copy be printed in the village papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. R. QUICK,
JABE B. ORENT, } Committee.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

At a meeting of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, B. of L. F., held at Masonic Hall on the above date, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God who in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our worthy and beloved brother Byron Gillett, who died of consumption, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Gillett, this Lodge loses a valuable member, his sisters a loving brother and his parents an affectionate son.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the sisters and parents of the deceased in their bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our late brother our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and a copy sent to the parents and sisters of the deceased, and that they be published in the North Platte papers, and Firemen's Magazine.

P. H. SULLIVAN,
M. J. CROXIN,
A. STRUTHERS,
C. H. O'BRIEN,
W. K. BOYD, } Committee.

JACKSON, MICH.

At a regular meeting of Gilbert Lodge No. 240, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Gilbert Lodge No. 240, tender a vote of thanks to Mrs. M. L. Gilbert for the beautiful portrait of her late husband M. L. Gilbert, after whom this Lodge was named, and who so nobly lost his life while in the active discharge of his duty as a Passenger Locomotive Engineer of the ill-fated Pacific Express on the M. C. R. R., at Jackson Junction, October 10, 1879. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. M. L. Gilbert, and one to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

S. VERBURG,
J. BENTLEY,
M. WHOLIHAN, } Committee.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

At a regular meeting of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122, held June 30th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The lady friends of our Order held a strawberry and ice cream festival at the opera house on June 4th, and donated the proceeds to the benefit of our Lodge. They were favored with some music by the Beardstown silver cornet band, and Easton White's string band furnished music for those who were inclined to dance, and altogether it was one of the events of the season; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the ladies have our sincere thanks for their kindly assistance, and that these resolutions be spread on our minutes, and a copy sent to the editor of our Magazine for publication.

THOMAS PATTY,
HY W. HENSON,
E. C. MCCLURE, } Committee.

COLUMBIA, PA.

At a regular meeting of Columbia Lodge, No. 252, B. of L. F., held May 10th, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our circle our esteemed Bro. Amos Brown, who was killed by accident on April 29th, 1885; and

WHEREAS, We have lost in Bro. Brown a good and worthy member; the wife and children a kind and affectionate father; therefore be it

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved family and friends our sincere sympathy, and while we cannot assuage their sorrow, we pray that the Ruler of all things may sustain and comfort them in their great affliction.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine and two of our Columbia papers, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the officers of the Pennsylvania railroad for favors and courtesies shown the Brotherhood.

M. M. HINKLE,
C. DOWNS,
S. F. WIKE, } Committee.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

At a regular meeting of Industrial Lodge No. 21, B. of L. F., held on April 28th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Ruler of the Universe to cut down from our midst, and in the prime of life, a most worthy and obedient member of our Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be and is hereby extended to the sorrowing relatives and friends of our deceased Bro. Louis Christ. He had been a member of the Brotherhood but a short time, and as he left that day so full of life, and with such bright prospects for the future, and to be brought home a mangled corpse, was a terrible blow to all.

Resolved, That as a further token of our respect, the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, also placed upon the minutes of the Lodge and sent to the Magazine for publication.

P. GLEN,
LOUIS LADENBERGER, } *Committee.*
PETER QUINN,

BUCYRUS, OHIO.

At regular meeting of Old Guard Lodge No. 110 Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held Sunday, July 12, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, suddenly by accident in the fullness of strength and manly vigor our worthy Bro. Wesley T. Craig, who was killed in an accident on the Toledo & Ohio Central railway on the 7th day of July, 1885, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Craig the Brotherhood has lost a true member, his associates a warm friend, the company a valuable employe, his wife a kind husband and his parents a loving son.

Resolved, That we extend to the widow and family of our departed brother our heart-felt sympathies in their sad bereavement and commend them to Him who alone can heal earth's deepest sorrows.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered our worthy Master Mechanic J. B. Morgan, for his kindness in allowing the men to change on the road so as to get to Bucyrus for the funeral, also to Michael Kraft of Div. No. 25, B. of L. E., for his endeavors in extricating Bro. Craig's remains from the wreck, also to members of Bucyrus Div. No. 124 B. of L. E. for assisting us in preparing for the funeral, also for floral offerings from Conductor Harry Day and crew.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, that a page in our Record be dedicated to the memory of our deceased brother, that a copy of these resolutions be tendered the family of the deceased, and be published in the Bucyrus daily paper and the Firemen's Magazine.

J. R. GORDON,
GEO. G. HORN,
GEO. W. ROBISON, } *Committee.*
ED. STAUFFER,
CHAS. PILLARD,

WINNEPEG, MAN.

At a special meeting of Northern Light Lodge 127, the following resolutions on the death of our late Bro. John Hogan, were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from this world, our worthy Bro. Hogan, who went down in an entangled wreck while at his post of duty,

WHEREAS, In the sad fate of Bro. Hogan, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen loses an earnest and zealous supporter of its principles and a true brother, his mother an affectionate son, and his employers a trustworthy man, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the untimely end of Bro. Hogan, and deplore the sad fate that has deprived us of the companionship of a noble brother.

Resolved, That we tender to the members of his bereaved family, especially his broken-hearted mother, our most sincere and heart-felt sympathy, knowing well how inadequate words are to lessen the desolation of her heart.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased brother, our hall and charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be entered upon our records; That a copy of the same be presented to the members of his bereaved family, and be published in the Firemen's Magazine. Also

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the Relief Committee of Golden Eagle Lodge

No. 78. Also to Bro. Hill, of their Lodge for kindness and attention to Bro. Hogan during his illness.

ALEX. HUNTER,
J. B. MILLIGAN, } *Committee.*
H. THORNTON.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

At a special meeting of Delaware Lodge No. 231, B. of L. E., held at their Hall on Monday June 16th, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the all-wise Ruler of the Universe, through his mysterious wisdom to remove from our midst, so suddenly, our respected friend and brother, Edw. L. Shields therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death, the Brotherhood has lost a warm advocate of its principles; his acquaintances, one whom for his many virtues they all admired, and his parents a loving and dutiful son; be it further

Resolved, That as a further token of respect the Charter of his Lodge be draped in mourning for a space of sixty days.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Denio, road foreman of the M. D. W.; also Mr. Marshal, assistant road foreman of the M. D. W.; also Mr. L. Tuff, road foreman of the M. D. R. for their kindness in allowing the firemen they could spare to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the kindness of No. 60 will never be forgotten by 231, for the loan of their regalia on such short notice and hope to return the favor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, also placed upon the minutes of the Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOS. B. CASH,
WM. S. MCGUIRE, } *Committee.*
JNO. MCGOWAN.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Texas Belle Lodge No. 155, B. of L. E., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to suddenly remove from our midst our late Brother Joseph Haley, who was killed in Sherman Yard while running ahead of some cars to make a switch. His foot caught in a frog, and before he could release himself he was run over and horribly mangled, his body being cut in two. He was the sole support of an aged mother; and

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held between us and our late Brother render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as a Brother, and our high esteem for his merits as a good and faithful son; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do sorrow the loss of our Brother so untimely called from among us.

Resolved, That by the death of Joseph Haley this Lodge loses a friend and a Brother who was always active, zealous in all his efforts for the good and welfare of his Lodge. As a brother fireman he was always ready and willing to help the needy and distressed, prompt to advance the interest of the Order, devoted to its welfare and prosperity, wise in council, fearless in action, honest, upright man, whose many virtues endeared him not only to his brother firemen, but to all who knew him.

Resolved, That this Lodge tender their heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved mother of our deceased Brother in this her hour of affliction, and may the Almighty give her strength to bear her sad affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the mother, and entered upon the minutes of the meeting and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

G. H. WHITNEY,
E. H. SIMS, } *Committee.*
L. RYAN,

FT. SCOTT, KAN.

At a regular meeting of H. C. Lord Lodge, No. 1, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, It having pleased our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed Bro. W. M. Reynolds, who went down with his engine through a trestle, on July 2d, 1885, and was instantly killed. In the path of Bro. Reynolds No. 153 has lost one of its best members and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy Brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the supremacy of and bow submissively to the all-wise providence it is with sincere regrets that we part with our late Brother and mourn with those who mourn; be it further

Resolved, That, guided by the power of love, we extend to his bereaved wife and fatherless children, father, mother, sisters and brothers our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be rendered to all friends who kindly assisted in preparing for the funeral and to the Superintendent of K. C. F. S. & G. R. R. Co. for kindly furnishing transportation from Ft. Scott to Tulsa, for the Brotherhood and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect we drape our charter for the next thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Lodge, a copy presented to his bereaved wife and a copy be sent to Ft. Scott and Union papers, and the same to be published in *ir Magazine*.

W. O'BRIEN, }
L. E. LESTER, } Committee.
C. WILLAUER, }

LETTERS OF THANKS.

TULARE, CAL., June 27, 1885.

To the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen*:

I have this day received from W. M. Cole, financier of Mt. Whitney Lodge, No. 139, a draft for \$1,500.00, due me on the policy held by my undersaid, W. F. Biggs.

Allow me to tender you my most sincere thanks; also to Lodge No. 139 for their many acts of kindness to my husband during his sickness. May the blessings of heaven be showered upon each and every member, is the wish of

MRS. W. F. BIGGS.

DETROIT, MICH., July 9, 1885.

To the *Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen*:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby desire to return my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the officers and members of Standard Lodge, No. 158, for their kindness to me in the past, and also for their kindness in paying me the draft on my policy, which I received in full from our worthy Financier, William Hamlin. Hoping that God will bless all the members and brothers, and that he Lodge will continue to prosper and be successful, I remain your disabled brother,

WM. TURNER.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, May 26, 1885.

To the *Officers and Members of Scioto Lodge No. 202, B. of L. F.*:

GENTLEMEN—We, parents and sister of the late Dennis Conlin, desire to return our thanks to you or the kindness and respect shown to our beloved son and brother by your Lodge.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of \$1,500, given by the Lodge as payment in full for life policy held by our son. Pray accept the gratitude and good wishes for the welfare and prosperity of your Lodge, from those who mourn with you the loss of a member.

Yours respectfully,
PARENTS AND SISTER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 18, 1885.

To the *Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.*:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received from F. Dupell, Financier of Enterprise Lodge, the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars (\$1,500), on policy held by my late husband, J. Webster Davis. With heartfelt thanks and many kind wishes for the success of the Brotherhood I am,

Yours respectfully,
MRS. HANNAH DAVIS.

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 29, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The friends of Mrs. N. E. Fish ask permission through your columns to return their sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Lodge No. 51, for the prompt payment of the sum of \$1,500, for which the life of her son, G. H. Fish, was insured. It was placed in her hands by three members of the Brotherhood, Messrs. Burwell, Murrill and Moore, accompanied by such expressions of kindness and sympathy as will always be remembered with gratitude. Her son was a young man of exemplary character, the "stay and staff" of a widowed mother, held in affectionate respect by all who knew him. She has thus not only been relieved from present embarrassment, but is greatly comforted by the evidences of friendly regard in which her son was held. By insertion of this acknowledgment in your valuable journal, you will much oblige, on behalf of Mrs. Fish, yours truly,

W. G. ELIOT.

QUINCY, ILL., May 21, 1885.

To the *Officers and Members of Progress Lodge No. 105, B. of L. F.*:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to acknowledge the receipt from your Lodge, at the hands of your Financier, Mr. J. L. Weeks, of a draft for the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars (\$1,500), on account of the death of my husband, Jno. T. Quinlivan, for which I am very grateful, also my most heartfelt thanks are due to Mr. Weeks for his kind attentions to me in my hour of trouble. With my best wishes for the good of the Brotherhood in general, I am

Very gratefully yours,
MRS. J. T. QUINLIVAN.

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

TO SECRETARIES.

Blanks for the annual reports of your Lodge, also blank credentials for your delegates, were forwarded to you with General Circular No. 5, July 20th. The Grand Secretary will make arrangements for the transportation of delegates to the convention, provided their names are received by him not later than August 10th.

UNION MEETING.

A Union meeting of the Brotherhood will be held at Sedalia, Mo., Thursday at 7:30 P. M., July 30th. Business of great importance will be transacted, and all members in good standing are invited to attend. The Grand Officers will be present to participate in the meeting.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. and T. G. M.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of June:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
2	J. Rogers.*	99	C. Simpson.*
2	A. A. Brown.*	99	A. Thompson.*
13	John O'Brien.*	99	Mike McCarty.*
15	H. F. Taylor.†	102	J. J. Evans.*
18	H. Feldman.*	103	W. T. Gregory.‡
25	Charles Schram.*	106	Ed Adams.¶
28	S. D. Wadsworth.*	107	A. Anderson.*
28	James Sawyer.*	107	J. Roderick.*
28	Mike McCarty.*	108	J. F. Frazier.*†
29	Geo. Hodam.*	156	Jos. Brintnal.*
30	John Griffin.*	120	L. P. Hughes.*
46	Jos. Girst.*	156	S. M. Brown.*
46	Lawrence Jamison.*	156	T. C. Moore.*
46	John Cunningham.‡	141	A. Rondot.*
46	Wm. Sherry.*	141	John Miller.*
49	C. W. Handy.*	143	Charles Pool.*
49	Ed Darby.*	146	Lewis Goodwin.*
49	Wm. Flurey.*	146	Ed Parkinson.*
49	T. Graham.*	149	P. A. Cunningham.*
50	P. Cunningham.*	154	J. M. Buswell.*
50	G. H. Grower.*	154	W. L. Barnes.*
53	G. Williams.*	154	W. Drum.*
61	A. Larsen.*	158	W. Calder.*
61	L. R. Andrews.*	158	C. Blanning.
61	Wm. Wilson.*	160	A. Russler.*†
71	M. Brazie.*	160	Ed Haddenbrook.*
71	W. H. Scott.*	162	Geo. E. Carpenter.*
72	W. Applegate.*	163	J. B. Deters.*
72	Harry Higgins.*	165	J. A. Voiral.*
72	Wm. Cole.*	165	C. J. McKenzie.*
72	S. H. Campbell.*	173	Alex Lee.*
72	Ed Fennemore.*	177	Wm. Gunn.*‡
72	John D. Smith.*	177	J. T. Watkins.*
75	John P. Massey.‡	182	Lee Milner.*
78	S. Wirt.*	182	Henry C. Friend.*
81	C. Hulburt.*	194	W. S. Underwood.†
98	E. M. Patton.*	200	D. T. Musgrove.*
98	E. B. Mandeville.*	200	J. K. Bronger.*
99	W. P. Couch.*	200	C. A. Canton.*
99	John Capithorn.*	222	C. H. Lacy.*
99	J. H. Erness.*	223	E. T. Robertson.*
99	A. Hildebrand.*	223	M. S. Pennybaker.*
99	W. E. Kent.*	235	R. H. Scott.*
99	Sid Payne.*	235	Wm. Doran.*
99	A. Sharp.*	235	C. M. Scanlon.*

* Non-payment.

† Drunkenness.

‡ Defrauding creditors.

§ Contempt of Lodge.

¶ Dead Beat.

‡ Unbecoming conduct.

*† Fraud and unbecoming conduct.

*† Selling intoxicants.

*† Violating obligation.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of June:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
2	A. H. Aldrich.	97	Jos. Oman.
14	E. E. Reeder.	120	L. P. Hughes.
14	T. W. Bennett.	168	Chas. Ginder.
84	E. G. Williams.	190	Fred. J. Bang.
36	Wm. Horn.	239	Wm. Johnson.
76	Geo. W. Sebastian.		

BLACK LIST.

J. STAMM.

We are directed by Cloud City Lodge No. 196, to publish John Stamm, late Financier, as a defrauder of the first order. He absconded with the Lodge funds and has been expelled in disgrace. All members are cautioned to look out for him.

AUGUST ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Nos. 6 and 7—\$2.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities:

43. Geo. W. Stockwell, of Lodge 111, was declared totally disabled with Softening of the Brain, February 9.

44. G. W. Winegardner, of Lodge 162, was declared totally disabled with Chronic Pneumonia April 6.

45. Theodore Rush, of Lodge 198, died of Quick Consumption, April 19.

46. Thos. McMahan, of Lodge 14, was declared totally disabled with Epilepsy, April 20.

47. John McDaniel, of Lodge 153, was killed in a railroad accident, April 22.

48. Ira Knox, of Lodge 204, was killed in a railroad accident, April 24.

49. Amos Lundy, of Lodge 1, died of Typhoid Fever, April 25.

50. Louis Christ, of Lodge 21, was killed in a railroad accident, April 27.

51. Amos H. Brown, of Lodge 252, was killed in a railroad accident, April 29.

52. Lewis Newberry, of Lodge 208, died of Typhus Gastritis, April 29.

53. John Toal, of Lodge 111, was declared totally disabled, through the amputation of his hands, May 6.

54. Stephen Gosnell, of Lodge 43, died of Heart Disease, May 7.

55. Wm. Burgey, of Lodge 121, died of Spinal Meningitis, May 21.

56. Pat Lacey, of Lodge 31, died of accidental drowning, June 1.

57. John Sexton, of Lodge 103, died of abscess of Liver, June 1.

58. James O'Neil, of Lodge 14, died of Consumption, June 3.

The amount of Two DOLLARS is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership June 1, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before September 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before September 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STEPHEN MONTROSE.

Stephen Montrose, of No. 109, will correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

J. W. JOHNSON.

J. W. Johnson, of J. H. Selby Lodge No. 243, requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 204.

Julius Grether, Edward Curtis and Oscar Frost, of No. 204, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

THOMAS FLYNN.

Thomas Flynn, of New Year Lodge No. 135, hereby requested to present himself before his lodge at his earliest convenience, or correspond at once, as business of importance demands his attention.

J. MANKS.

J. Manks has in his possession a letter of recommendation purporting to be from G. F. Cundiff, late master of Hinton Lodge No. 28. The letter is a forgery and the bearer of it a fraud. The last heard from him he was at Council Bluffs.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1885.

Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending June 30, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 2 and 3.	Assessm't 4.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 2 and 3.	Assessm't 4.	Total.
1		\$110			\$110	66	\$22	\$106			\$128
2	\$21	34			55	67	21	164			185
3	25	256			281	68	13	144			157
4	2	120			122	69	1	78			79
5	1	114		\$59	174	70	13	46			59
6	11	54			65	71	6	106			106
7	4	56			60	72	25	104			129
8	12	90			102	73	112	112			112
9	20	110			130	74	25	140			165
10	1	126			127	75	60	306			366
11	16	268			284	76	67	200			267
12	17	505			522	77	7	186		\$61	193
13		196			196	78	7	88			88
14		304			304	79					71
15				57	57	80	1	141			142
16	11	270			281	81					132
17	17	78			98	82	5	92			97
18	7	68			85	83					144
19		78			68	84	2	92			94
20	5	70			75	85	15	118			133
21	20	30			50	86					64
22	11	42			53	87					98
23	22	84			106	88					14
24		114			114	89					30
25	8	80			88	90					133
26	3	130			133	91	7	38			35
27	8	140			156	92	5	30			172
28	16	134			150	93	2	136			113
29	100				100	94	1	112			204
30	10	66			76	95	6	72			78
31	13	118			131	96	3	108			111
32	15	34			49	97	7	52			59
33	16	108		57	181	98	29	90			119
34	1			45	46	99	2	80			82
35	19	40			59	100	27	190			217
36	18	112			130	101					219
37		110			110	102	31	32			63
38		132			132	103	19	200			146
39				85	85	104	12	30			42
40		142			142	105	18	72			90
41	8	36			39	106	56	56			56
42		64			64	107	1	48			49
43	2	130			132	108	21	52			73
44		140			140	109	10	102			112
45	17	144			161	110	48	48			48
46	18	84			102	111	5	32			37
47					127	112	44	15			15
48	1	126			96	113	36	36			11
49	14	82			246	114	5	32			57
50		246			127	115	94	94			94
51	5	122			194	116	4	50			54
52	10	184			102	117					54
53	16	86			150	118					140
54	6	144			75	119	13	56			69
55	7	68			23	120					85
56	13	10			455	121	12	146			158
57	37	418			43	122	3	38			41
58	3	40			189	123	8	86			94
59	1	188			111	124	2	204			206
60	8	164			82	125					58
61	31	154			111	126	7	118			125
62	7	104			140	127	18	114			132
63	18	64				128					
64						129					
65	10	130				130					

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 2 and 3.	Assessm't 4.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts	Assessm'ts 2 and 3.	Assessm't 4.	Total.
131	\$14	\$30			\$44	198	\$1	\$30			\$31
132	12	40			52	199	50	50			75
133					200	200	18	20			38
134	17	12			29	201		48			48
135	4	168			172	202	4	45			45
136	15	26			41	203	5	54			59
137		64			64	204	3	44			47
138		68			68	205	20	28			108
139		48			48	206	1	62			63
140	1	126			127	207		78			78
141				\$74	74	208		82			82
142	49	120			169	209	2	44			46
143	70	56			126	210		58			58
144		46			46	211		90			90
145						212		58			58
146	18	50			68	213	26	12			38
147	4	12			16	214	3	44			47
148	17	36			53	215		76			76
149	28	264			292	216	19	94			113
150	1	46			47	217	12	12			24
151		112			112	218	9	46			55
152	6	34			40	219		86			86
153	6	86			92	220	1	50			51
154	12	48			60	221		68			68
155	2	36			54	222	10	34			44
156	12	80			92	223	14	32			46
157	9	54			63	224	2	34			36
158	5	82			87	225	4	34			38
159	22	48			70	226		52			52
160	6	78			84	227					
161	18	110			128	228		70			70
162	8				103	229		31			31
163	2	22			24	230		80			80
164	16	48			64	231	4	118			122
165	2	58			60	232					
166	3	66			69	233	2	22			24
167						234	14	18			32
168	12	52			64	235	6	32			38
169		148			148	236		12			12
170	13	66			79	237	7	82			89
171	17	14			31	238	2	24			26
172		102			102	239	3	44			47
173	6	52			58	240	1	36			37
174	10	134			144	241		14			16
175	4	38			42	242		28			28
176		32			32	243	2	24			26
177	14	42			56	244		41			41
178	15	96			111	245		36			36
179	2	122			124	246		28			28
180	4	10			14	247		20			20
181		38			38	248	1	28			29
182	3	64			67	249		7			7
183		66			66	250		54			54
184	5	48			53	251		30			30
185	25				25	252					
186	6	52			58	253		6			6
187		40			40	254		13			13
188					49	255	10	28			38
189		38			38	256	3	30			33
190	10	52			62	257		2			17
191	44				44	258		16			32
192		15			15	259		14			14
193		11			11	260		16			16
194		36			36	261					
195	13	56			69	262		2			2
196						263		10			10
197	44				44						

Balance on hand June 1 \$4,490 50
Received during month 22,628 00

Total \$27,118 50
By claims Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23,
24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33, 25,500 00

Balance on hand July 1 \$1,618 50
Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

- F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

- W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 4th Tuesdays.
C. E. Clark, Woonsocket, R. I. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. R. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
G. Auchter, 167 Fourth St. Secretary
H. Springstead, 110 Storm Ave. Financier
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
T. Franey Master
J. Moore Secretary
G. Barrett Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Black, 397 C St., S. W. Master
J. H. Downs, 481 H St., S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
C. E. Johnson, Box 517 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C. St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 916 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier

13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
P. D. Mead, 60 LaFayette St. Master
R. Mulford, 311 Communipaw Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. Zahm, 195 Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Armstrong, 289 Grand Trunk St. Master
A. McNeill, 108 Centre St. Secretary
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. Robinson Master
C. J. Guth Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
M. J. Barrett, 1308 S. 2d St. Secretary
P. Glynn, 1726 S. 12th St. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 308 Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
C. T. Pepper Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
L. Selling Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 686 Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier

29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
P. A. Loveland Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
31. **R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Mondays.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
W. Jacobia, 1511 Utah Ave. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. W. Hardesty Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 290 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
34. **CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
Frank A. Kinch Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1812 Financier
35. **AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
36. **TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
37. **NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Quirk Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
J. Brunton, Drawer 1 Financier
38. **AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
39. **TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
40. **BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 908 N. Lee St. Financier
41. **ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor, Master
H. K. Stratton, Secretary
J. Taylor, Financier
42. **ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
43. **ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
44. **F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
45. **ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 1117 W. Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So Cross St. Financier
46. **CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorcey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Financier
47. **TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E Washington St. Financier
48. **W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Eaton, 113 Lower Oak St. Master
W. Baugh, 2224 S. Washington St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
49. **J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
50. **GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5628 State St, Chicago, Illinois Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
51. **FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
52. **GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
53. **EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. S. Mears, Box 1242 Master
J. W. Brown, Box 1003 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
54. **ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
W. P. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East Boston, Mass. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St., Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St, Bunker Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 278 Glenarm St., Denver, Col. Financier

- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
H. Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 N. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAWA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 508 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 706 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
C. J. McGee, Box 911 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James, Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
V. B. Took, Box 100, Winona, Minn. Secretary
B. G. Willcox, Box 100 Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milne, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 666 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Knowles, 337 Brunswick Ave., Trenton, N. J. Master
J. L. Gibbs, 24 Hudson St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
H. Walton, 629 Brooklyn St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Myler, Barnesville, Minn. Master
J. Robinson, Barnesville, Minn. Secretary
G. J. Miller, Barnesville, Minn. Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 701 Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
A. I. Green, Box 1028 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
Charles Delamater, 810 Sixteenth Ave So Master
C. D. Stevens, "Central Elevator" Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, Cor. Rusk St. and Dag-gat Ave. Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. H. Dixon, Box 870 Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
D. Reid, Box 170 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. C. Gunning Secretary
T. F. Croake Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier

91. **GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCraigh, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th St. . . Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2351 16th St. . . Financier
92. **FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. . . Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. . . Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. . . Financier
93. **GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops . . . Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. . . Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. . . Financier
94. **CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 . . . Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 . . . Secretary
F. P. Sargent, S. P. R. R., Yuma, Ari. Financier
95. **CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. . . Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. . . Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. . . Financier
96. **ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebtag, Box 695 . . . Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 . . . Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 . . . Financier
97. **ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 16th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 . . . Master
E. E. Ballou, Box 72 . . . Secretary
T. H. Parker, Box 1366 . . . Financier
98. **PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields . . . Master
E. J. Turner . . . Secretary
A. Ludlam . . . Financier
99. **ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. . . Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St. . . Secretary
G. Bowden, 120 Weld St. . . Financier
100. **ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter . . . Master
J. H. Fenwick . . . Secretary
J. H. Fenwick . . . Financier
101. **ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 . . . Master
D. Freel, Box 332 . . . Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 . . . Financier
102. **CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa . . . Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa . . . Secretary
F. S. Payne, Northwest Corner 7th and Scott Sts. . . Financier
103. **FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 1993 Magazine St. . . Master
R. C. Stader, 720 York St. . . Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesneil St. . . Financier
104. **"OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 . . . Master
J. D. Smith . . . Secretary
C. Smith . . . Financier
105. **PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. . . Master
A. J. Sumner . . . Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. . . Financier
106. **KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
G. Welch, 1001 Lake St. . . Master
C. Ball, 458 High St. . . Secretary
J. Richmond, 106 High St. . . Financier
107. **ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness . . . Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 . . . Secretary
C. H. Ness . . . Financier
108. **PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 . . . Master
Wm. Boenicke . . . Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 . . . Financier
109. **PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. . . Master
P. Moulter, 1831 S. 7th St. . . Secretary
John L. Pate, 3123 Caroline St. . . Financier
110. **OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 . . . Master
G. Horn . . . Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 . . . Financier
111. **BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac . . . Master
W. Merkle . . . Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 . . . Financier
112. **EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild . . . Master
R. W. Lindley . . . Secretary
J. C. Branham . . . Financier
113. **CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale . . . Master
John Gorman . . . Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 . . . Financier
114. **MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 . . . Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 . . . Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 . . . Financier
115. **GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs, 36th St. Bet. Broadway and K. Sts. . . Master
J. Killeen, 87th St and H Ave . . . Secretary
J. McDonough, Avenue K, bet. 36th and 37th streets . . . Financier
116. **ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson . . . Master
M. J. Gleeson . . . Secretary
O. Blodgett . . . Financier
117. **BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace . . . Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. . . Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. . . Financier
118. **STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station . . . Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station . . . Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station . . . Financier
119. **COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec . . . Master
J. T. Dewar, Chaudiere Curve . . . Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station . . . Financier
120. **FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. . . Master
W. H. Jacobson, 180 Seymour St. . . Secretary
A. Dailey, 145 Shonnard St. . . Financier
121. **FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer . . . Master
F. E. Hamner . . . Secretary
G. R. Quick, Box 232 . . . Financier

- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and
3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
L. A. Sunderland, 935 Division St Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
A. J. McClain, Box 238 Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Curran, 195 Ross St Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 226 McWilliams St Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 327 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
G. Siminson, Box 426 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St Master
J. Duggan, 53 5th St Secretary
C. S. McAuliffe, West Milwaukee Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Houkall Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
E. F. Simmons Master
J. W. Gibson Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d
Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. B. Morrissey, Box 112 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
W. Cowan, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
E. O. Cole, L. Box 599 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 836 Willow St Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st and last Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
J. J. Sangster, Cor. Hardy and Eagle
Sts Master
D. Bettis Secretary
D. A. Middleton Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
E. Gerard Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCoole Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday
at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave Secretary
W. J. McCall, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St Secretary
J. McCall, 17 Crooks St Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Financier

- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, Box 118 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 12 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Pera, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 3d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. H. Walr Master
A. L. Sperling, Box 54 Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St. Secretary
W. Hamlin, 454 Fort St. east Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. B. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
Wm. Riggs, 25 John St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
M. R. Carson Secretary
J. E. Smith, Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis, Box 306 Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
E. E. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
W. Ogg Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
J. Sullivan, Box 455, Portage, Wis. Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Richmond Road. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochester P. O. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
C. Brownell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sandford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, 16 S. 3d St., W. Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d W. St. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. Robinson, 910 E St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Hewitt, Wabash Railroad Master
A. Tankersley Secretary
A. Tankersley, C. V. & C. R. R. Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio. Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier

- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 8205 Hanover St. Secretary
S. Mitchell, 2011 Wabash ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 85 Artesian Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1009 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
R. C. Belknap, L. B. 607, Green Bay, Wis. Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn, Ia. Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 180 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland, Oregon Master
H. W. Ingalls Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
J. H. Woffington Secretary
H. McGowan Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
E. H. Noble, Box 330 Master
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Secretary
J. Stamm, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel, L. Box N Master
W. S. Griffiths, L. Box N Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Racine, Wis. Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayley, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayley, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Hinselmann, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
W. Fulcher, Box 223 Master
A. Tully, Box 223 Secretary
B. M. Lake Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. S. Cryder, Box 1231 Master
M. H. Purcell, Box 1231 Secretary
G. W. McClure, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
George Moore Master
W. H. Barber Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 179 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
H. F. Brown Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
J. McKee Secretary
G. J. Holman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
A. V. Groot, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffee St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meddow St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffee St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 50 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1266 Master
H. C. Cleland, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier

- 217. DFBICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 126 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 296 Locust St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HUBON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 8 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 175 Secretary
C. Unwin, Neebring P. O., Thunder Bay, Ontario Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St. Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Blecker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St. Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 524 Lombard St. Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
S. G. Read, Box 380 Master
A. E. Briggs, Box 380 Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. H. Scott, McCullough St., near 46th. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. B. Martz, Wilkensburg, Pa. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. Straining, Box 3 Master
F. E. May, Box 165 Secretary
F. D. Teter Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 187 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl, Box 534 Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St. Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. McCall Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Burns, W. Taylor St. Master
C. Naylor, 97 Stewart ave Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
W. M. Walker, 272 4th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier

- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
W. G. Angler Master
J. C. Dobbins, Central, S. C. Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. N. Packard Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, 15 Helfricks Court Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. LaBarre, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. Master
S. A. Campbell Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike Master
C. W. Downs Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 296 Secretary
W. M. Shirley, Box 101 Financier
- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter Master
M. E. Sullivan Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 154 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Witherell Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. McNulty, Box 25 Master
I. Blizzard, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 Master
M. Norton, Box 264 Secretary
H. C. Forrester, Box 417 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
F. Bradbury Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. A. Baker, Room 8, Masonic Temple, Master
G. E. Hanford, 1730 O st Secretary
A. Henderson, 1517 N st Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
J. F. Hennessey Master
J. H. Applegate Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
Z. B. Mansfield, Box 52 Master
J. P. Greene Secretary
M. B. Moynahan Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malee, Box 832 Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
M. W. Fitzgerald, Box 832 Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River Ave. Master
D. Heath, 538 S. Jones St. Secretary
F. Bixby, 28 Adam St. Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. T. Wells Master
J. E. Moquin Secretary
P. Ryan Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. P. Dunn, 107 Pacific Ave. Master
George H. Evans, Gretna, La. Secretary
W. J. Boylan, 22 Valette St. Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St. Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. Secretary
T. O'Leary, 5 Boyce St. Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington, Kentucky Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 27 Neve St., Covington, Kentucky Financier
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 Third St. south Master
S. B. Thompson, 2721 Lake St. Secretary
D. Lucas, 314 Fourth St. south Financier
- 271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 A. M.
Wm. Weller, Box 25, Fort Morris, N. J. Master
R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Fort Morris, N. J. Secretary
Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. Financier
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. Kukendall Master
G. B. Weller Secretary
Peter Young Financier
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
F. F. Desmond, 266 Santa Fe St. Master
G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St. Secretary
G. Smith, 240 California St. Financier
- 274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
J. W. Barrett, Staunton, Va. Master
B. H. Thomas, Clifton Forge, Va. Secretary
E. B. Engart, Clifton Forge, Va. Financier
- 275. LEE; Richmond, Va.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. R. Dean, 2000 Venable St. Master
J. K. Anderson, 1008 Buchanan St. Secretary
C. L. Johnson, 1009 Buchanan St. Financier
- 276. GRAFTON; Grafton, W. Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. Enoch, Parkersburg, W. Va. Master
Geo. W. Williams, Piedmont W. Va. Secretary
J. Dixon, Grafton W. Va. Financier
- 277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
R. L. Jewell, L. & N. shops Master
G. B. Clark, L. & N. shops Secretary
L. S. Smith, L. & N. shops Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 9.

OUTLINE OF GRANT'S CAREER.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. His ancestors were Scotch. In 1823 his parents moved to the village of Georgetown, Ohio, where his boyhood was passed. He entered West Point Military Academy in 1839, appointed by Hon. Thomas L. Hanur, member of Congress. His name originally was Hiram Ulysses, but the appointment was blunderingly made out for Ulysses S., and so it had to remain. The study he showed the most proficiency in during his course at the academy was mathematics. He graduated, ranking twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and was made a brevet second lieutenant of infantry, and attached as a supernumerary lieutenant to the Fourth regiment, which was stationed on the Mississippi frontier. In the summer of 1845 the regiment was ordered to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. On September 30 Grant was commissioned as a full lieutenant. He first saw blood shed at Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, and took part also in the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Monterey and the siege of Vera Cruz. In April, 1847, he was made quartermaster of his regiment, but participated in all active operations, and after the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, he was appointed on the field a first lieutenant for his gallantry. In his report of the battle of Chapultepec (September, 13, 1847) Colonel Garfield, commanding the First Brigade, said: "The rear of the enemy had

made a stand behind a breastwork, from which they were driven by detachments of the Second Artillery, under Captain Brooks, and the Fourth Infantry, under Lieutenant Grant, supported by other regiments of the division, after a short but sharp conflict." "I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, Fourth Infantry, who acquitted himself most nobly, upon several occasions under my own observation." Grant was breveted captain for his conduct at Chapultepec, to date from the battle. After the capture of the City of Mexico he returned with his regiment, and was stationed first at Detroit and then at Sackett's Harbor.

In 1848 he married Miss Julia F. Dent, of St. Louis, sister of one of his classmates. In 1852 he accompanied his regiment to California and Oregon, and while at Fort Vancouver, August 5, 1853, was commissioned full captain. On July 31, 1854, he resigned and removed to St. Louis, cultivating a farm near the city and engaging in business as a real estate agent. In 1859 he was employed by his father in the leather trade at Galena, Ill. When the civil war broke out he was chosen to command a company of volunteers, with which he marched to Springfield. There he was retained as an aid to Governor Yates, and acted as mustering officer of Illinois volunteers until he became colonel of the Twenty-first regiment, his commission dating from June 17, 1861. He joined his regiment at Mattoon, Ill., organized and drilled

it at Caseyville, and then crossed into Missouri, where he formed part of the guard of the Hannibal and Hudson railroad. On July 31 he was placed in command of the troops at Mexico, forming a part of General Pope's force. On August 31 he was promoted brigadier general of volunteers, the commission being dated back to May 17, and assumed command of the troops at Cairo, which were soon increased by the addition of General McClelland's brigade. He seized Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, on September 6, and Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland, on the 25th. In a proclamation to the citizens of Paducah, he said: "I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors." On November 7, with two brigades, Grant fought the battle of Belmont, where he commanded in person, and had a horse shot under him. General Halleck, on assuming command of the Department of Missouri, gave General Grant the command of the District of Cairo, which was so extended as to form one of the largest military divisions in the country. Grant captured Fort Donelson, after a severe battle, on February 15, 1862. In answer to General Buckner's, commander of Fort Donelson, proposal, that commissioners be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation, Grant wrote: "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." The capture of Fort Donelson was the first brilliant and substantial victory that crowned the Federal arms. To the gratification at so great a military success was added a popular admiration of terse and soldierly declaration in which the surrender had been demanded, and the hero of the affair sprang at once into national celebrity. He was immediately commissioned major general of volunteers. At the bat-

tle of Shiloh, Grant was slightly wounded. Halleck was called to Washington on July 11, and Grant became commander of the Department of West Tennessee, with headquarters at Corinth. As General Bragg's force was pushing toward the Ohio River, Grant now moved his headquarters to Jackson, Tenn. General Grant laid siege to Vicksburg on May 18. The city surrendered with about 27,000 prisoners on July 4, 1863. Thereupon Grant was promoted to the rank of Major General of the regular army. In October he was placed in command of the military division of Mississippi, comprising the departments commanded by Thomas, Sherman, Burnside and Hooker. Immediately after the capture of Vicksburg he had sent heavy reinforcements to General Sherman on the Big Black river, who was thereby enabled to drive the Confederate force under Johnson out of Jackson. Grant concentrated his forces for the defense of Chattanooga, which was threatened by Bragg, and the latter's position on the Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain were carried by assault on November 24 and 25. Bragg's forces retreated to Dalton, Ga., being followed as far as Ringgold. The pursuing columns were then sent to the relief of Knoxville, which, held by Burnside, was closely invested by Longstreet. The first measure passed in Congressional session of 1863-4 was a resolution providing that a gold medal be struck for General Grant, and returning thanks to him and his army. He was afterward appointed Lieutenant General by President Lincoln. Grant received his commission March 17, and issued his first general order dated at Nashville, assuming command of the armies of the United States. Grant, with nearly 7,000 men in the field, at once planned two campaigns to be directed simultaneously against two vital points of the Confederacy by the two chief armies under his com-

nand; the one under General Meade to operate against Richmond, the other under General Sherman against Atlanta. General Grant began movements against Richmond on May 3, with the Army of the Potomac, which was joined two days later by the Ninth Corps under Burnside, and with an army of 140,000 men pushed through the wilderness by the right of Lee's position. Lee was apprised of the movement on the morning of the 4th and boldly took the offensive. The result was a bloody battle which failed—Grant's first attempt to interpose his army between Lee's and Richmond. Grant finally crossed the James river. His campaign from the Rapidan to the James (May 3 to June 15) were 14,551 killed, wounded and missing. Lee's losses were about 32,000. Sherman opened his campaign toward Atlanta as soon as Grant telegraphed to him that the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rapidan. At the same time Grant had directed Siegel to advance from Winchester to the Shenandoah toward Staunton, and Crook to advance from Charleston, up the Kanawha, to Lynchburg, but Siegel was defeated at Newmarket by Breckenridge, and Crook, after considerable fighting was compelled to retreat. Meanwhile General Butler with the Army of the James, had been directed to capture and hold Petersburg, and, if possible, to invest Richmond closely from the south side, but totally failed to do so. All these flanking movements being foiled, and Lee being neither defeated in open field nor cut off from Richmond, the great problem of the war instantly narrowed itself down to a siege of Petersburg, which Grant now began. Lee's attempt to create a division by an invasion of Maryland and an attack on Washington failed. Sheridan ultimately driving back the invaders up the Valley of the Shenandoah, while in Georgia Johnson was unable to check the advance of Sherman, and his successor in command, Hood, was forced

to evacuate Atlanta and lost his army before Nashville. The siege of Petersburg ended after the victory at Five Forks, in the beginning of April 1865, when Richmond was evacuated and Lee retreated westward toward Danville closely followed by Grant, who finally forced the surrender of his remaining force, which took place April 9. After the war Grant made his headquarters at Washington. On July 25, 1866, he was commissioned General of the United States Army. On August 12, 1867, Grant was made Secretary of War by President Johnson, and held the position until January 14, 1868, when he gave it up to Mr. Stanton, who had been removed by the President. The President wished Grant to retain the office, but he refused to do so. In 1868, at the Republican Convention held in Chicago, he was unanimously nominated for President on the first ballot, with Schuyler Colfax for Vice President. Their Democratic competitors were Horatio Seymour and Francis P. Blair. Grant was elected President by an overwhelming majority, and inaugurated March 4, 1869. Grant was in political harmony with the majority in Congress, and the reconstruction of the lately rebellious states went on. In 1871 President Grant urged the annexation of Santo Domingo as a Territory of the United States. Early in 1870 a treaty to effect this was confirmed by a popular vote in Santo Domingo, but the Senate failed to approve the same. Under the provisions of an act of Congress of March 3, 1871, President Grant appointed a board of seven commissioners to inquire into the condition of the civil service and devise a plan to make it more efficient. At the National Republican Convention held in Philadelphia, June 5, 1872, President Grant was renominated by acclamation, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, received the nomination for Vice President, while Horace Greely and B. G.

Brown were the candidates of the liberal Republicans and Democrats, Grant and Wilson received 286 votes in the Electoral College against 80 for other candidates. On April 22 President Grant vetoed a bill to increase the currency. He retired from office at the close of his second term, March 4, 1877, and embarked at Philadelphia in May for a trip around the world. They visited all of the great cities in the world. In the Republican National Convention, held at Chicago in June, 1880, General Grant received on the first ballot 304 votes for the Presidential nomination; on the thirty-fourth ballot he received 312 and on the thirty-sixth (when Garfield was nominated) 307. His life in New York since the famous Chicago Convention of 1880 is familiar to all and needs no details at this time. May the warrior sleep well.

CUPID AND CUT RATES.

A New York Scalper's Romantic Love Story.
Detroit Post.

I.

THE SCALPER'S NARRATION.

They say that "all is fair in love and war." The railroad companies have found out that there is a good deal that is not fair in this war of cut rates. You may think this a joke. If you've got any such foolish idea as that into your head, just tackle the first stockholder you meet and see if he don't tell you it's cold, hard truth. This sort of funny business between the trunk lines—you cut my throat and I cut yours, so to speak—has made it lively for us. Too lively, to be honest with you, when we come to figure up the profits. I'd rather see less people here in my Broadway office and more money. Don't you see for yourself that it is less wear and tear on the nerves, not to speak of the furniture, to sell twenty tickets a day at a clean commission of three dollars a ticket, than to sell one hundred on a fifty-cent margin, not to speak of having to turn ourselves

inside out as a universal railway guide and bureau of information for two hundred more people, who finally go to some other fellow's shop to buy their tickets?

The theory of our side of the railroad business and the basis of our success—when we have any—is that half the world wants to get something for nothing, something for less than it is worth, something cheaper than the market price. So you see we don't have any very altitudinous opinion of the class of folks who could just as well afford to pay full rates and never know the difference. Of course, though, a good many poor people come here, and in helping them save a dollar or two dollars, I feel as though we are regular out and out, died-in-the-wool philanthropists.

Funny customers? Do we have any? Do we have anything else? I would like to ask you. Some of them are regular, but mostly transient. I'll tell you about one of my regular customers if you'll keep it to yourself. If it should get out the boys would have the grand laugh on me, from Canal street to the Astor House. It was about six weeks ago—just six weeks ago to-day if you are so particular about dates—that a young woman came in and asked "What does a ticket to Chicago cost?"

"Seventeen dollars," I said.

Without another word she walked out—except, I believe, she did say

"Thank you" in a very low tone.

The next day she came again and asked the same question and got the same answer. The third time she came, which was the day following, I noticed her more closely. She was very plainly dressed, but somehow her dry goods looked better than some that cost a pile of money. She knew how to wear things like a lady. She might have been a saleswoman or a school teacher—anything of that sort that a lady might be who was down in her luck. She looked pale and sad, but there

as something brave in her eyes that made a fellow respect her. At any rate, it made me pull off my hat and lay my cigar down—and there are mighty few folks I ever do either for in business hours.

"What is the price of a Chicago ticket to-day?"

"Sixteen dollars," I said.

There was just a little glad streak came into her tired face at the drop of a dollar that made me wonder how glad she would look if the tumble had been five times as large.

But she only said "Thank you," and walked quietly away as before. I wondered if she would come again, but the next day she was here at about the same time. Prices had stiffened up again, and I felt like a brute when I had to say "Seventeen dollars" instead of "Fifteen," which I would much rather have said, and I believe I should, and pocketed the loss, if so many other people had not crowded around.

She opened her large, blue eyes at me as though she thought I must be mistaken. After she had repeated the question to make sure, and had received the same answer—I hadn't the courage to look her in the face when I said "Seventeen," and so made believe I was terribly busy with some letters—she walked away more slowly than usual.

The next three days running the rates stood still at seventeen dollars, and "My Customer"—I'd got to calling her so in my mind—came and went regularly at the same hour.

Then early the next morning we got news of a big break. Prices were all at sixes and sevens, but we started in at fourteen dollars to Chicago. When She came—I suppose it does not cost any more to put in a capital than a small "s"—I felt a little nervous about telling her. To tell the honest truth, I was afraid she would buy a ticket and that would be the last I would see of her. Then I thought to myself: "It's none of your business, anyhow. What do you care—what right have you to

care?" And I had to answer back: "Not any." And besides, it was evident she was so anxious to go that I would rather she would go if it would make her the least bit happier. It was rather a got-used-to-being-disappointed sort of a tone in which she asked her regular question, but there was plenty of life and snap, and it sounded good to her the way in which she said: "Oh, I thank you!" when I told her "Fourteen," just as though I was responsible for it and made all the rates for the whole country. But she didn't buy any ticket all the same, and it may be foolish for a scalper to say—and a scalper who is not getting left—to own up, fair and square, that I was downright relieved when she did not plank down fourteen dollars on my counter.

It was fourteen dollars the next day, and she asked me if I thought it would go any lower. I told her everything was so mixed up it was impossible to tell, but the chances were that tickets would yet sell for twelve and perhaps less.

"Do you think they will get as low as ten dollars?" she asked.

And then I knew her figure that she was waiting for, and I was glad to size up her pile at last.

"I wouldn't wonder if it got down to ten," I said, "but I don't know how soon it will be, and I hope you are in no hurry about going."

When that fly clerk of mine heard what I had said about hoping she wasn't in a hurry, having seen her coming in or going out every day for two or three weeks, he thought I was trying to be sarcastic, and the continental idiot laughed.

First she looked at him and then at me with those great, blue eyes, and then, without a word, she walked away, and somehow I felt as though I would not see her again. I haven't got the ugliest disposition in the world, but I believe I would really have enjoyed choking that fly clerk until he was half dead. As it was, I told him in cut-rate times

the profits would not allow the luxury of two clerks, and as he was the last to come he should be the first to go, and that he could look for another place at the end of the week. When he turned pale and said he had a sick mother and two little sisters to support on his ten dollars a week, of course I could do nothing but keep him; but I gave him some advice about laughing in the wrong place that he won't forget to his dying day.

She didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I was getting nervous and too cross for any earthly use when, on the fourth day after my fly clerk laughed—I say the fourth day after, because he hadn't laughed since—in she came at the usual hour.

"Tickets are eleven dollars to-day," I said, before she had time to ask her regular question, and I could not help showing that I was glad to see her again, although for the life of me I dared not say so. And then, without giving her time to speak, I rattled on:

"You've had so much bother and trouble waiting, though, that I will make it ten to you if you are in a hurry to go."

I did this to make up for the rudeness of my fly clerk, but it was an effort that took nerve, I tell you, for I was sure this would be the last of her, and that, of all things, was what I didn't want to see.

"I thank you very much," she said, "but I am able to pay the full price when I buy a ticket."

When she was gone I was rather glad to know that her pride had prevented her accepting my offer of a dollar's discount, for it gave me still another chance of seeing her even if ten dollars should be the next day's rate.

It was selfish, I know, and I own up to it, but I felt as near like a fellow who is sentenced to be hanged and then gets a reprieve for twenty-four hours as I hope I ever will feel when I found the next day's rate

was twelve dollars. For two days this was the ruling price, and then the cut rate fell to ten dollars. And now my only thought was:

"Will she come here once more, or will she buy her ticket of some one else?"

She did come.

"I see by this morning's paper that the price of a ticket to Chicago to-day would be ten dollars," she said, very demurely. "Is that correct?"

She handed me ten dollars in silver, mostly dimes, and it took me a long while to count it. I knew I would not see her again, and I was in that state of mind that I wanted to do something which she could not refuse.

"You have made a mistake," I said. She turned pale, and I saw her little hand tightly grasp the edge of the counter as she asked:

"Is there not money enough? Is there not ten dollars?"

"Oh, yes, enough, and more than enough; here are twelve dollars—see?"

Then I counted out before her the ten dollars she had paid me and the two dollars in quarters that I had hastily slipped in with her money, and then handed back to her two dollars. She was about to say something further, but I said:

"Excuse me, but I am too busy to bother about change. What train do you wish your ticket for?"

"Eight o'clock to-night," she said, hesitatingly, still holding the two dollars in her hand.

I made a memorandum of the number of her ticket—3,685—as I stamped it, put it in an envelope and handed it to her.

Still she hesitated and was about to say something more, and again I said:

"Excuse me—your ticket is all right—please don't bother me about that change again, I wish you a very pleasant journey and hope I may have the pleasure of selling you a ticket again some time."

Without waiting to hear a word I rushed out, catching one farewell glimpse as I passed, and dropped in at the rival cut-rate office next door to talk over the situation. But for the life of me, if I were called into court to testify, I couldn't tell one single word that was said. When I went back to my office she was gone, and I didn't care whether Chicago tickets sold for ten dollars or ten cents—or didn't sell at all.

Now I am a business man, a practical man, a cut-rate man, a scalper, but a sudden inspiration dawned on me when I looked at the number of the ticket she had bought. I knew the train on which she was going. I, too, would go to Chicago on the same train and if in any way I could serve her—if I could win her confidence to the extent of being allowed to do something for her there would be the profit of my trip that would be bigger and more comfortable than any profits my books ever showed.

I had to rush around lively in order to get away, for it was the worst possible time for me to leave, and when I got to the station the train was just pulling out and it was a close call that I caught it at all.

II.

THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAPTER.

Queer experience a conductor has? You are just right he does. There are cranks of assorted sizes on every train till it makes me tired, and I ain't one of the tired kind. I've been railroading—train boy, brakeman and conductor—twenty-two years, and I've seen things to make a fellow laugh till he split, and tragedies—real tragedies—to make a white man's heart ache. But sad and glad, first and last and all along between, I have never had anything strike me more in a heap than the other night when I had one of them Broadway cut-throats—I mean cut-rate, scalping fellows—on my train.

He swung on just as I did, as she was pulling out, and went direct to the smoking car and took a seat, although he had a whole section in the Chicago sleeper and is well fixed. Our Pullman conductor put me on him as a scalper or I wouldn't have known who he was from a side of Illinois sole leather. When I came through punching tickets the scalper says to me in an off-hand sort of a way:

"Say, conductor, keep an eye out for ticket No. 3,685, and when you come back let me know where it is located," handing over a first-class cigar as he spoke.

"All right," said I, thinking there's a woman in the case, or else some fellow has put up a job on him about that ticket and he is laying for him.

When I found 3,685 it wasn't any woman or any job—only a poor, hump-backed cripple, fit to make your heart ache to look at. A bright face and all that—too bright for the kind of a body it was hitched to—just the sort of a face to make a fellow want to kick up a row with all creation that such things could be. He wasn't in a sleeper, neither, but in a day car, all wrapped around with shawls and made comfortable-like as though somebody loved him, and had fixed him to go through with as little bother and shaking up as possible. Well, I went back after I'd been through the train, and said to the scalper, who was puffing away nervous like:

"I have found your 3,685."

"She's in the Chicago sleeper, ain't she? She's comfortable, isn't she?"

"Well," I said, "you'd better see for yourself. 'She' is in the fifth seat from the front, on the left-hand side in the next car back."

He threw his cigar away and hurried into that car. A moment later he came back, looking black and ugly.

"What do you mean by monkey-ing with me?" he said. "Where

is the young lady with Chicago ticket No. 3,685?"

"I don't know your racket," said I, "but if you think I'm fooling about it just walk back with me and I'll soon convince you."

He followed, and when we had reached the cripple's seat I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but is your ticket for Chicago."

With that he reached down, and hauling out his pocket-book handed me ticket No. 3,685. The scalper stood close by and I held my lantern up while I looked so that he could see plain at the same time. There was a vacant seat behind the cripple and the scalper, without a word, sat down in it. I went ahead to smoke. When I came through next time the scalper had the cripple in his arms and was carrying him back to his own section in the Chicago sleeper, while the train boy followed with the cripple's things—a shawl, a bag, a pillow for his back and a big envelope box full of lunch. The cripple was put into the scalper's lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper, and that I thought then, and I think now, and I ain't ashamed to say it, that whoever and whatever that cripple was, it was a kind act the way that Broadway scalper treated him.

III.

THE SCALPER RESUMES AND CONCLUDES.

It was a great piece of good luck on my part, as I am sure you will agree, that I found Her brother on the train. He is unfortunate in having a crooked back, but his head is so level and his brain so bright that no one ever thinks he is deformed. At first I was disappointed in not finding Her; but after all it was better in every way that I met Her brother. It was for him she had saved up money that he could go to friends in the west who are able and willing to help him, and not for a trip for herself. He was good enough to

take pity on me, because I was so lonesome, and consent to share my sleeping-car section with me. I never rode with a more agreeable fellow in my life, and we parted great friends when I finally was obliged to leave him in Chicago and come back. He also sent a message to his sister here in New York, which he said I must deliver personally, and as he made such a point of my doing it in person I couldn't refuse.

Now it just occurs to me you have been too inquisitive all along, and I didn't stop to think who I was talking to; and so I will not, under any consideration, tell you who She is or what a grand, brave struggle She has been making for her invalid mother and her unfortunate brother. But having thoughtlessly gone on as far as I have, I don't suppose it can do any real harm to say that, whatever her name may be now, a week from to-day it will be the same as mine, and I'd like to give everybody a free ride to wherever they want to go, or do anything in reason to make everyone as happy as I am now, regardless of the fact that if cut rates save money to some people, they have given me—or will in a few days give me—a mother-in-law and a lame brother-in-law to care for, not to mention a wife too good for the best and squarest scalper who ever drummed up business on Broadway, and so I go in for cut rates to the end of the chapter.

BUST OF GRANT.

The bust made by Karl Gerhardt, Mark Twain's protege, of Gen. Grant is said to be so faithful that it aroused the admiration of the general. The unfinished likeness was so good that in March last, while Grant was ill, a friend took it to the family. The general saw and admired it and invited Gerhardt to visit him and complete the bust by studies from life. Presently Gen. Grant, glancing from the bust to the mirror, said: "Don't touch it again; it seems to me perfect."

A LITTLE SHOP GIRL.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Craxall, "and I mean to help her all I can. I've got a beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs, and on Friday evening I am going there to make up all I can, so that the school children will buy them on Saturday."

"I know how to make cinnamon apple-tarts, too, and lemon-drops, and cocoanut balls."

"Grace, I do believe you've taken leave of your senses," said Medora May. "One would think it was disgrace enough for Aunt Deborah to open a horrid little huckster shop, without our mixing ourselves up in the affair."

"But Aunt Debby must live, you know," said Grace, who was perched kitten fashion on the window sill, feeding the canary with bits of sparkling white sugar. "And Cousin Nixon couldn't keep her any longer. I suppose you wouldn't be willing to have her come and live with you?"

"I!" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I want to proclaim to the whole town that I have such a dilapidated old relation as that?"

"I would take her quick enough," said Grace, "if I didn't board with Mrs. Howitt, and share the little up-stairs back room with the two children. Just wait until I marry some rich man," she added, with a saucy up-lifting of her auburn brows, "and then see if I don't furnish up a stately apartment for Aunt Debby."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora, acidly. "It's very likely, isn't it, that a factory-girl like you is going to marry a rich man?"

Grace Craxall laughed merrily. All through life she and her cousin Medora May, had agreed to differ on most points. Grace, seeing no other career before her, had on the death of her last surviving parent, cheerfully entered a factory, while Medora, taking her station on the platform of false gentility, had done fine sewing and silk embroidery on

the sly to support herself, putting on all the airs of a young lady of fashion the while. And now Aunt Deborah May, to the infinite disgust of her aristocratically inclined niece, had actually opened a little low-windowed shop in a shady street just out of the main thoroughfare.

"But what am I to do?" Aunt Deborah had said.

"What can you do?" asked Grace.

"I don't know. Your uncle always used to say that I was a master hand at making bread."

"Then make it," brightly interrupted Grace.

"Eh?" said Aunt Debby.

"There's a nice little store to let on Bay street," went on Grace, "for ten dollars a month."

"But I haven't got ten dollars a month," she feebly interrupted Aunt Deborah.

"I'll lend it to you," said Grace, "out of the wages I have saved. And there's a pretty bedroom at the back of the shop, and a clean, dry basement under it, where you can bake your bread."

"Do you mean to open a bakery?" said bewildered Aunt Debby.

"Not exactly that," explained Grace. "But if the ladies around here could get real home made bread, such as you make, do you suppose they would put up with the sour stuff they get at the bakers' shops? And you can easily get up a reputation on your raisin cakes and fried crullers, and New England pumpkin pies. Now, couldn't you?"

The old lady brightened up a little.

"I used to be pretty good at cooking," she said. "And if you think I could support myself so——"

"I am sure of it!" cried cheerful Grace. "And I'll go there with you this very day to look at the place, and will engage it for three months on trial. And I can paint you a sign to put up over the door: 'Home-made Bread by Mrs. Deborah May!' And I'll hem your curtains and arrange the shelves in the window."

I almost wish I was going to be your shop-girl," she added, merrily, "But I can help you in the evening, you know."

Grace Craxall's prophesy proved correct. Aunt Debby's delicious home-made bread, whiter than powdered lillies, sweet as ambrosia, soon acquired a reputation, and the lady could scarcely bake it fast enough. People came half a dozen blocks to buy the yellow pumpkin pies and delicious apple tarts; children brought their hoarded pennies to invest in sweetmeats, vanilla caramels, and cream cakes with puffy shells and delicious centers of sweetness. The little money-drawer grew fat with coins, and Aunt Debby's dim eyes grew bright and hopeful again.

And one day Mr. Herbert Valance, walking by with Medora May, stopped and looked in.

"Isn't that your cousin Grace," said he, "behind the counter?"

Medora turned crimson with vexation.

"My cousin Grace," said she. "No, indeed!"

Mr. Valance looked up at the sign over the door.

"The name is May," he remarked indifferently.

"Yes," said Medora, angry at herself for blushing so deeply; "but we are no relation."

Mr. Valance thought over the matter. He had previously met Miss May at a party given by a friend, where pretty Grace Craxall was also present. He had taken rather a fancy to the bright blue eyes and delicate blonde beauty of the former. Valance Hall, on the hill just out of the city, was solitary enough now that his sisters had all married and gone away, and perhaps a man might find a less attractive and graceful wife than Medora May. But he could not be mistaken, he thought, in Grace Craxall's identity.

And so the next evening about the same time he sauntered into the shop.

Grace was behind the counter, taking some newly-baked maple caramels off the pan. She looked up with a smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Valance," said she.

"So," he thought, "I wasn't mistaken after all. And the little blue-eyed seraph is mortal enough to tell a lie in spite of her angelic appearance!"

But he looked serenely at Grace. "I didn't know you were in trade," said he.

"Didn't you? Well," retorted Grace, "I am my Aunt Deborah's shop-girl at present. I always come in here in the evenings to help her, because," she added, with a sweet shade of seriousness coming over her face, "aunt was old and poor, and she didn't quite know how to maintain herself in independence, and unfortunately my wages at the factory are not enough for us both. So I advised her to open this business, and she did, and she is doing well; and she bakes the most delicious bread and pies you ever ate, so," with a saucy twinkle under her eye-lashes, "if you know of any customers, will you please recommend our firm?"

"To be sure I shall," he answered, in the same spirit. "And I am very glad, Miss Craxall, to see that you are not ashamed of being a working girl!"

"Of course I am not," said Grace.

"Why should I be?"

"But your cousin Medora, is."

Grace gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Very likely," said she. "Medora and I differ in many things."

Mr. Valance bought a pound of caramels and went away.

"She is a beauty," he said to himself. "And is a sensible beauty into the bargain."

He must have been very well pleased with his purchase, for he came again the next evening, just in time to walk home with Grace Craxall. And they talked over

Aunt Deborah's affairs, and concluded, as flour was very low just then, it would be a favorable opportunity for the old lady to lay in her winter stock.

Only a few weeks had elapsed when Medora May was electrified to learn that her cousin Grace was engaged.

"To some master baker or journeyman confectioner, I suppose," she said, contemptuously.

"No," said Grace, with her eyes roguishly sparkling, "to Mr. Herbert Valance."

"I—don't believe it," said Medora, growing red, then pale.

"But it's really so," said Grace. "And we are to be married in three months; and Aunt Debby is to come to the hall and live with me, as soon as she can dispose of her business to advantage. And, dear Medora, I hope you will come and visit me there."

HE WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Say, I had the worst case I ever struck coming down last night," said George Ferguson, the popular and well-known Western & Atlantic conductor just before the train pulled out last night.

"What?" asked one of the party to whom he was talking.

"A somnambulist. A sleep walker."

"Oh, that's nothing. I have eaten in my sleep," said one.

"Yes, and I have dreamed in my sleep," said another.

"And I have written poetry in my sleep," said the third.

"And I have been rich in—" started the fourth.

"Yes, but none of you ever struck a man walking in his sleep on a train running fifty miles an hour," said Conductor Ferguson. "Now, let me tell you. We leave Chattanooga at 10:45. Last night I had a big crowd. On the sleeper were a gentleman and three ladies. They were rich. Going from New York

south. Well, I went through the cars. The gentleman gave up the tickets. He was an elderly, fine-looking man, but I soon forgot him. About midnight I was in the smoker, four cars ahead of the sleeper, when the man came up to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said:

"When does the south-bound train leave?"

"Leave where?" I asked.

"Chattanooga for Atlanta."

"Ten forty-five. It has left."

"Left! Why, I wanted to go on that train."

"Well, you are on it."

"No, I wanted to start to Atlanta on that train. What am I to do!"

"You are on it," I answered, beginning to think the man full.

"On it? Well, come with me and let's see."

"We walked back to the sleeper. The ladies had not retired, but were sitting up asleep. The man woke one of them and began to say something. The lady arose excitedly, and grabbing him by the shoulder shook him violently. Presently the man rubbed his eyes and then asked what was wanted. The ladies explained that he was a somnambulist and when he awoke, which he did in a hurry, he apologized."

LINCOLN REMINISCENCES.

Judge Ficklin, of Charleston, Ill., Tells of his Associations with the American Liberator.

Indianapolis Journal.

To Hon. O. B. Ficklin, his associate at the bar and in Congress, I said: "Have your recollections of Lincoln ever been published?"

"No, sir. I first met Abe Lincoln in the legislature. He was a member from Sangamon and I from Wabash. His chief points as a lawyer were strong common sense and knowledge of the people. His remark in the White House shows how he loved to study humanity. 'I like once in awhile to get away from here and go down and bathe in the people.' Like Patrick Henry,

he read men, not books. In 1859 we were engaged in a murder trial in Champaign county. He and Leonard Swett appeared for the defense, and I was assisting Lamon, his biographer, in the prosecution. During a morning walk the question of his being a candidate for vice president came up. He said, 'There is one office I am not fitted for—the office of vice president.' I knew he referred to his lack of grace and elegant manners, so desirable in a presiding officer. He had no thought of being president—the senate was his aim. He contested the state with Douglas for the senate, and this canvass made him president. Douglas defeated him, but Lincoln was brought to the front in the debates as the clear-headed leader of the western opposition to democracy. He missed the senate, but gained a higher position."

"Tell me of his moods and beliefs."

"He was naturally despondent and sad, like many another who made mirth for a merry company. He could tell a neat story and set the group roaring full of fun, but when his face was unlit by pleasure it was dark, gloomy and peculiar. You have read of the actor who consulted a physician in London for something to drive away moodiness. The doctor said: 'Medicine of mine is useless; go and see Mathews, the comedian, and laugh away your sadness.' 'Alas!' said his patient, 'I am Mathews, the comedian.' Such was Lincoln—two distinct persons in one. He was a man of keen insight and absorbing meditation. His swift changes from elate joy to silent brooding over the problems of life were noticeable to all his friends; one moment a very boy, exultant, cheery—the next a care burdened man, deep in thought. The artist who painted his portrait in the White House said: 'It is the saddest face ever put on canvass by human art.' His characteristics were honor, fidelity and transparent

truth. Had Douglas had these qualities in like degree he would have been a greater man than Lincoln. I am a life-long democrat, but I loved Abe Lincoln. He was, as I say, as great a man as Washington, if not greater. He loved music, flowers, birds, Burns' poetry, and could read Campbell's 'Last Man' as no one else could. He studied human nature, not nature."

"Was he an eloquent speaker?"

"He was a strong, sensible speaker, of keen discernment, and was at his best before a jury. He could present his points in stately array. This awkward, high-minded man was loved by the whole bar. He was elected in 1856 to Congress over Peter Cartright, the pioneer preacher. I was elected the same year, but had been there before. This was during the Mexican war. He opposed the war, I indorsed it and advocated it. He denounced Polk unsparingly, and called down upon him the wrath of the democrats in congress. After this he devoted himself to law practice with great ability. The success of the war and the vast territory won by it somewhat overshadowed Lincoln, but while he won no great fame in that congress, he learned while there the lessons that made him one of the immortals."

"Please tell me about it, judge."

"Well, in those days we did not board at hotels while at congress, as they do now; we 'messed' in groups of ten or twelve, each group having its own warm political atmosphere. Up to that time I had not known him to favor abolition. His views were the common nebulous whiggery of his party, but he was thrown into a mess with a set of abolitionists, headed by Joshua R. Giddings. In this company his views crystallized, and when he came out from them he was fixed in his ideas on the emancipation of the slaves. Thus, unconsciously, he was prepared for his part in the bloody drama of the civil war which was to

end with his death, and made ready for his eternal fame as the American liberator."

"During your long association was he always upright and just?"

"Always, and full of affection; not brilliant, but steadfast. Once at Greenup we went together to defend a man. Under our management the case was lost, and when Abe saw the prisoner in chains for the penitentiary he broke down and cried like a child. He was an entire man, and I have seen his rocky-featured face light up like a sea-fronting cliff bathed in dawn, while his dark eyes literally glowed as he asked for justice for his fellow man. I have seen notable men in my day, and hope to see many more before I die, but another like Lincoln I shall not see this side of the judgment."

WHY ILLINOISANS ARE CALLED SUCKERS.

For many years the inhabitants of Illinois have been called "Suckers," and numerous explanations of the origin of the term have been given. The one most commonly quoted is found in Wheeler's "Vocabulary of the Noted Names of Fiction," taken from the Providence Journal, and is as follows:

"The western prairies are in many places full of holes made by the 'crawfish' a (fresh-water shellfish, similar in form to the lobster), which descend to the water beneath. In early times, when travelers wended their way over these immense plains they very prudently provided themselves with a long, hollow tube, and when thirsty, thrust it into these natural artesian, and thus easily supplied their longings. The crawfish well generally contains pure water, and the manner in which the traveler drew forth the refreshing element gave him the name of 'Sucker.'"

This is very plausible, and the "down easterns," no doubt, accept it as an historical fact, but, as the old settlers of Illinois never heard of such a thing until they saw it in

print, the statement is, to say the least, rather doubtful.

Stephen H. Douglas, in a speech made at Petersburg, Va., during the presidential campaign of 1860, offered the following explanation:

"About the year 1778, George Rogers Clark applied to the governor of Virginia, and suggested to him that as peace might at any time be declared between Great Britain and the colonies, it would be well for us to be in possession of the Northwest Territory, so that when the commissioners came to negotiate a treaty we might act on the well-known principle of *uti possidetis*—each party holding all they had in possession. He suggested to the governor to permit him to go out to the northwest, conquer the country and hold it until the treaty of peace, when we would become possessed of it. The governor consented, and sent him across the mountains to Pittsburg. From there he and his companions floated down the Ohio on rafts to the falls, where Louisville now is. After remaining there a short time, they again took to their rafts and floated down to the Salines, just below the present Shawneetown in Illinois. There they took up their march across the country to Kaskaskia, where the French had an old settlement, and by the aid of a guide reached the Oquaw river, and encamped some little distance from the town. The next morning Clark got his little army together and took up his line of march for the French town of Kaskaskia. It was summer, and a very hot day, and as he entered the town he saw the Frenchmen sitting on their little verandas quietly sucking their mint-juleps through straws. He rushed upon them crying, 'Surrender, you suckers, you.' The Frenchmen surrendered, and from that day to this Illinoisans have been known as 'Suckers.'"

Mr. Douglas spoke in a humorous vein and did not expect his listeners to think he was reciting history.

The following account, however, is vouched for by early settlers as being correct:

"For a number of years after the opening of the lead mines at Galena, Ill., the majority of the miners, who lived in the southern part of the state and in the settlements on the Mississippi, were in the habit of going to their homes in the fall and returning to the mines in the spring. One day, in the autumn of 1826, an old Missourian, who was watching a number of Illinois miners go on board a southern bound boat at the Galena wharf, asked them where they were going. 'Why,' said he, 'you put me in mind of the suckers; they come up the river in the spring and in the fall go down again.' He had reference to a fresh-water fish of the carp family, which has the habit mentioned. The nickname of 'sucker' was at once applied to Illinoisans and has stuck to them ever since. In the spring the miners, who had remained at the mines during the winter, would say when the shoals of suckers were seen ascending the river, 'In a few days we will see the real suckers coming up the river.'"

RAILWAY REGULATION.

New York Times.

If conservative railroad men become convinced that regulation of inter-state commerce by national authority is a necessity of their business for the protection of railroad investments as well as the rights of the public, and will co-operate in its establishment on an equitable basis, it ought to be comparatively easy to devise a workable system. There is no question that it could be made a benefit to the railroads as well as the public. It would interfere only with a branch of the business which is an injury to the country, that of speculative building and exploiting. The vast business of transportation is intimately connected with all our industries and trade. It of necessity contrib-

utes to their general prosperity and is inextricably involved with it. Whatever tends to make it stable and secure is of general benefit. The securities which represent capital employed in this business ought to be among the safest of our investments, whereas they are now subject to chances and speculative influences which place them among the most uncertain. But a system of regulation which would serve the highest purpose would absolutely prevent the schemes which have been used for huge speculative profits. It would compel all new projects to rest upon the basis of capital actually expended and fairly and fully represented in the securities put out. So long as unscrupulous stock jobbers are permitted to project railroad lines with no regard to their necessity or the prospect of paying traffic, and for the sole purpose of floating stocks and bonds in whatever volume confiding investors can be induced to take them, the business will be subject to most disastrous chances. Projectors who can make millions by manipulating these so called securities will care little for the permanent value of the property that floats upon them until their diluted volume gives way and involves the property in a wreck out of which these men will proceed to make more profit. Regulation should put an end to this kind of stock jobbing and railroad wrecking.

If a man elects to mount the rounds of the world's ladder, he must have what Charles Lamb denominates as "grit." The man who expects that quality of nature must become a pugilist, knocking the "ifs" out of "ifs." It is the chief element in the body-politic of every successful man. A man low down you can not keep low down if he wants to rise. Men rise from gutters to rule in palaces of kings, and to command the men content to remain in bondage.

MORTALITY AMONG BRAKEMEN.

ailway Register.

It is estimated that of the number of people who meet their deaths from railway accidents, 16 per cent are killed by falling or being thrown from engines or trains in motion. Forty per cent of those injured by railways are hurt in coupling cars and seven per cent of the killed are killed from the same cause. The average life of a freight brakeman is only ten years.

We cannot much wonder at this terrible expense of life and limb when we think of the methods in use in operating freight trains. No automatic coupler has yet been discovered that will do efficient service and so the only precaution that can be taken is for the men to use sticks in coupling. But, if the danger from this cause is lessened or removed, there will still remain the perils incurred in running along on the top of cars in motion, especially in cold weather and in the night. There are also great dangers to passenger trains from the inability of freight trains to make quick stops. We hear not infrequently of loss of life and destruction of property by the crashing of a freight into a passenger train. Nearly one-fourth of train accidents are from rear collisions.

EARLY RAILROADING.

Railway Age.

I will contribute to your collection of railway history some recollections of the old New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad.

Its location was as follows: Extending from Frenchtown, Md., a point on the Elk river, to New Castle, Del., on the Delaware river, the road was sixteen miles long more or less. The track was of flat bar iron laid on wood stringers. It commenced operations in the year 1831 or 1832. The first locomotive, the "John Bull," came from England in pieces. A man came over with it who was six months in getting it together and in getting it into working order. It had only two

driving wheels and had no cab. The engineer, old John Point, drove it standing out in the weather, and he used to be covered with snow and sleet sometimes in the winter.

About 1838 the track was relaid with the U iron rail, fastened with long barbed spikes, about ten inches in length. The cars were on the plan of a stage coach, the passengers sitting face to face, the doors being in the sides. They ran on spoke wheels without any brakes. The cars were hooked or coupled together by links and hooks. The buffers were formed of the side sills extending past the end of the car, the ends being cushioned with hair covered with sole leather. The breaking up of the train when near the station—Frenchtown or New Castle—was done at signal of the engineer by raising his safety-valve. Then the old darky servants (slaves) would rush to the train, seize hold and pull back, while the agent would stick a piece of wood through the wheel spokes.

As to the organization, the list of officers were those of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company. Capt. R. H. Barr was the General Agent at New Castle, and he used to sell the tickets to the passengers, have them seated and collect the tickets just before starting the train. Capt. Barr died at the advanced age of 85 years.

The train had way stops (now way stations) and were about one hour and a half making the run. The connections were with steamboats running between Baltimore and Frenchtown and New Castle and Philadelphia. Those between Baltimore and Frenchtown were to my recollection the George Washington and Martha Washington—pumpkin-bow craft. Those running between New Castle and Philadelphia were, I believe, Bolivar, New Castle, Ohio and Robert Morris. This road was kept up until 1852, when it was abandoned as a through line, and the rails were taken up to within seven miles of New Castle,

these seven miles forming a portion of the present Delaware Railroad, now part of the present Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore.

TRUE COURAGE.

Youth's Companion.

Commodore Garrison was once captain of a steamboat on the Mississippi, and while selling tickets one day he happened to rouse the ire of a passionate old man, who drew his pistol, and presented it at the narrow window, full in the captain's face, fired.

The cap snapped. He tried a third time, and again failed. Garrison's own pistol lay within reach, but, instead of taking it up he quietly opened a drawer, took out a box of percussion caps, and, handing it to his would-be murderer, said:

"Take a new cap; yours don't work well."

The furious man stared at him a moment, then burst into a laugh and held out his hand.

Another kind of courage is exemplified in a story told of a young New York inventor, who, about 20 years ago, spent every dollar he was worth in an experiment which, if successful, would introduce his invention to public notice and insure his fortune and—what he valued more—his usefulness.

It failed. The next morning the daily papers heaped unsparing ridicule on him. Hope for the future seemed vain. He looked around the shabby room, where his wife, a delicate little woman, was preparing breakfast. He was without a penny. He seemed like a fool in his own eyes; all these years of hard work were wasted. If he were out of the way, she could return to her friends. He went into his chamber, sat down and buried his face in his hands, with a desperate resolve to end it all. Then, with a fiery heat flashing through his body, he stood erect.

"I shall succeed," he said, shutting his teeth. His wife was crying over the papers when he went back,

"They are very cruel," she said. "They don't understand. I'll make them understand," he replied cheerfully.

It was a fight for six years," he said afterwards. "Poverty and sickness and contempt followed me. I had nothing left but the dogged determination that it should succeed." It did succeed. The invention was a great and useful one. The inventor is now a prosperous and happy man. "Be sure you're right," he says to younger men. "then never give up."

A VERY SOUND SLEEPER.

A Buffalo Man's Experience with a Crazy Woman in a Sleeping Car.

New York Times.

A young gentleman from Buffalo was relating some sleeping car experience to a select audience before a small table in the Hoffman house last evening. "You will remember," he said, "the sensation that was created a month or so ago by a madman who took possession of a railroad train in Illinois. Well, I had an experience with a crazy woman on a sleeping car that I don't ever care to repeat.

"You see, I had run down to New York for a few days, and, as luck and my friends would have it, I didn't get much more than three or four hours' sleep all the time I was down there, there was so much painting to be done. I determined to make it up by sleeping all the way back home, and I took the evening train for Buffalo on the Central. I was so sleepy when I got down to the depot that I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and I took some ammonia and soda water just before I got on the cars to keep myself awake until the porter could fix up my berth. There were two sleeping-cars on the train, and I had a section in the first one. The train was not billed to start for fifteen minutes after I arrived, and I walked through the cars. I found that I was the only male occupant of the sleeper my berth was in

and, after ordering the porter to make the bed at once, I went into the next car. I found some people there that I knew, and I remained talking with them for half an hour after the train started. Then I started back for my own car, almost dead with sleep and happy at the thought that at last I was going to have a rest.

"When I opened the door of the other sleeper, however, I found all the occupants crowded in the other end of the car—all of them women. They seized me at once.

"Oh," one of them said, 'we're so glad you have come in here. You're the gentleman that has a section in this car, aren't you?'

"I replied that I was.

"Do you know," the woman went on in a tone of the utmost horror, 'there is a crazy woman in the car? She's got the berth at the other end and there's an attendant with her. Every little while she screams and raves, and the attendant has all she can do to keep her quiet. Oh, dear! we are so frightened; we don't know what to do!'

"Why don't you go to bed?' I said.

"Go to bed!' they all shrieked in chorus. 'Go to bed, with that woman raving at the other end of the car?' They all agreed that they wouldn't go to bed for \$100,000 each.

"Well, I'm going to bed, any way,' I said.

"At this they all shrieked again and begged and implored me to sit up with them and protect them. They knew that that fearful woman would certainly get away from the attendant, and they were positive that they would all die of fright if I did not agree to stay awake. I was in a nice predicament, for I was in about that state we read of in which soldiers will go to sleep with a gun pointed at them. Finally I told the ladies that I had a frightful headache, and if they would let me lie down for an hour I would get

up and watch them the rest of the night.

"But how shall we wake you up?' one of the ladies asked.

"Shake me,' I said.

"They were shocked at the idea of reaching behind my curtains, however, and one of them suggested that I tie a string to my wrist, and leave it hanging out of my berth, where they might pull it at the end of an hour. I had to agree to this, and they got the string and tied it to me. I got in behind the curtains, deploring another night of misery, and was seized with an inspiration. I untied the string from my wrist, attached it to the arm of the seat under my mattress, and fell off into a profound slumber that lasted until morning.

"The ladies were still sitting up when I awoke, and the string was broken. They said I was the soundest sleeper they ever heard."

ARRESTING A PRESIDENT.

A Cabinet Which Forgot Its Head When He Fell into Trouble.

Now that the majesty that doth hedge an executive is being dissipated in Mr. Arthur's case by his retirement, says the San Francisco Call, his ex-cabinet is beginning to let out a good many little incidents of the reign of one who will deservedly go down in history under the sobriquet of "The Jolly President." For illustration, one of his constitutional advisers, in a recent letter to an old crony in this city, says.

"Did I ever tell you of the fun we had during the visit of the presidential party to Florida summer before last? You must know that, beside being a confirmed practical joker, Chet is quite an adept at certain sleight-of-hand tricks, a proficiency which he has kept up from boyhood. He flatters himself he can remove a handkerchief or watch from a pocket with as much adroitness as a professional 'nipper.' He has perpetrated many a queer joke

in this way, the exalted position of the perpetrator naturally protecting him from suspicion. While at Jacksonville, the 'white house gang' determined to attend a monster darky camp-meeting about ten miles back in the country, and, to avoid the eternal nuisance, we went incog.

When we left the train, and were awaiting the conveyances at a small tavern, Chet noticed a fat planter dozing in the bar-room and displaying a preposterous bunch of seals on his fob-chain. Arthur watched him close, snaked out the man's watch, and hid it in the saddle-bags of another traveler that was hanging on the wall. Now, Bill Chandler had been waiting for a chance to get back on Arthur for several days, so he in turn collared the planter's property and slipped it into the breast-pocket of Chet's big duster. Then he quietly led each member aside and let them in the conspiracy, to their delight. When the vehicles returned from the camp-ground. Arthur was immediately collared by the planter, who savagely demanded his property.

"What do you mean, fellow?" said the president, trying not to laugh, and winking at his staff—all of which, however, remained suspiciously indifferent.

"Oh, you can't come any funny business with me. One of these gentlemen saw you steal my watch and put it in your pocket. Here, constable, I want this man searched?"

"Very well, then, search me," said our first citizen, almost exploding with laughter.

"I thought so," said the constable and to Chet's petrification he fished out the watch from the first pocket he dived into. 'I'll just slam you in the calaboose, my fine fellow.'

"You will, eh?" said the president, with a chuckle. 'Here, Mr. Frelinghuysen, just tell this man who I am.'

"Did you speak to me my good

man?" said the secretary of state innocently.

"Yes, you hurry up and explain this thing," said Arthur, as the constable began to take out a pair of handcuffs.

"Explain what? I don't know you sir, and the state department walked off.

"Great Scott! stammered Arthur. 'Say—you there—Chandler! What does all this mean? Tell these people who I am—quick.'

"If you are addressing me," said the secretary of the navy, putting on his glasses and taking a benevolent survey of the prisoner. 'my name is not Chandler, and I never saw you before.'

"Great heavens! this is outrageous!" screamed Arthur, fighting desperately with the constable. 'I tell you I am the president.'

"The most impudent rascal I ever saw!" said Folger.

"Hard-looking face, chipped in Bob Lincoln.

"Don't be rough with the old man," said Teller, kindly. 'Perhaps he's a little gone in the——. What are you president of, my good fellow?'

"I'm president of the United States, as you'll pretty soon find out?" gasped the prisoner furiously.

"Tut, tut, tut!" murmured Chandler, pityingly. 'Clean gone—clean gone? Intelligent looking man, too. Escaped from some asylum, likely.'

"And, to his unmistakable horror. Arthur was loaded into a wagon and carted to the county bastille, where he was kept almost an hour, until, in solemn caucus, the cabinet voted for his release. To Chet's credit, however, be it stated, that although he was extradited in a white rage and vowing to smash the entire household slate, he cooled down before we reached Jacksonville, and concluded to 'set 'em up' for the crowd in true white-house style. But the joke business had a rest after that."

THE RICHEST DOLL ON EARTH.

Long Branch Letter.

A little girl now at Long Branch—the child of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Randall, of New York, who, with her parents and little brother, is in a cottage on Bath avenue—glories in the possession of probably the most magnificent doll ever made who, self and tresser were the wonder of all Paris, and took a prize at an Industrial exposition there. The little girl is named Virginia Campbell, for the late Mrs Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, and the eldest son of that lady, knowing the affection both his parents had for the child's father and grandparents, brought her the handsomest present he could find in Europe. The doll is the size of a child three years old. The tresser includes a seal-skin sack lined with quilted satin, large enough for a child three years; point lace fans with pearl sticks; lace covered parasols with pearl and other fine handles; gloves, lace handkerchiefs and other laces, fine silk stockings, lingerie dresses, hats, wraps, satin slippers and every imaginable article a bride could have in her tresser, and all large enough for a child of the age named, and even a wedding dress and fine lace veil. The smaller articles were all in sets, not only one or two of each, but the underwear, handkerchiefs, etc., by dozens. It took a very large Saratoga trunk to hold the doll and the wardrobe.

THE OLDEST ALMANAC.

Scientific Journal.

An almanac 2,000 years old, found in Egypt, is in the British museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian, who had, doubtless regarded it with as much reverence as he did the Egyptian Bible—"The Book of the Dead"—and, indeed, it is strongly religious in character. The days are written in red ink, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian man-

uscripts it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns. It is not in its entirety, but was evidently torn before its owner died. It clearly establishes the date of the reign of Rameses the Great, but contains nothing else of value.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Says an English exchange: The oldest paper in the world, the Pekin Gazette, has lately taken a new lease of life. This venerable journal, alone almost in a changeless land, has changed its form. Established in the year 911 the Pekin Gazette has been published regularly since 1351. Under the new arrangement three editions are published—the first, the King Paou, printed upon yellow paper, constituted the official gazette of the middle kingdom; the second, the Hsing-Paou (commercial journal), also printed upon yellow sheets, contains information interesting in the trading community, while the third, the Titani-Paou (provincial gazette), printed upon red paper, consists of extracts from the other two editions. The total circulation of the three issues is 15,000 copies. The editorship is confined to a committee of six members of the academy of Han Lin.

DRINKING A TEAR.

Arkansas Traveler.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Split, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are the chief of mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your condition."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink, and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. All turned to Spilit, and and looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What? Water!"

"Yes, water, It's a new drink to me, I admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago, as a parcel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whisky along, and had a heap of fun. 'Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky and came back to town. They thought it was a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk, and told it 'round town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report, and told it at home. Well, I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke in the morning, my wife sot right thar side of me. She said nothin' when I woke up, but sorter turned away her head, and I could see she was chokin'."

"'I wish I had suthin' to drink,'" says I. Then she took a cup wot she had fatched with her, and went up to whar a spring cum up, and dipped up a cupful and fatched it to me. Jest as she was handin' it to me, she leant over to hide her eyes; I saw a tear drop inter the water. I tuck the cup and drank, and raisin' my hands, I vowed that I'd never drink my wife's tears again, as I had been doin' for the last twenty years, and that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You was all in the gang.

"Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer—pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

FRED DOUGLASS AT HARPER'S FERRY.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The colored people have captured the Ferry and are in a fair way to hold it. They are the best dressed residents of the scattered town, and live in the best houses. Even the old Harper mansion, the windows of which look up the Shenandoah on the south and up the Potomac on the north, the Camp Hill, with the gap and a stretch of the combined waters for the eastern view, is at present under the control of colored people, who manage it as a summer resort. They have large yards about their houses, full of flowers, and their well-tilled fields stretch away over the hills beyond the Town of Boliver.

The irony of circumstances, or the eternal fitness of things, perhaps, has made this the location of one of the most numerous attended educational institutions for the people Old Osawatomie came here twenty-six years ago to free. There are three great square buildings on the highest point of Camp Hill devoted to learning, and they were none too capacious for those who gathered to witness the closing exercises of this year. The patrons of the seminary came in every variety of vehicle, from the stylish top buggy, drawn by a high-stepping roadster, to the "Ole Virginny" wagon with mule-power and broad-strap harness supplemented with an occasional bit of rope. There were ambulances and excursion vans with four and six horses, and when the wagons were unpacked and the picnic dinner was in full progress the scene was well worth witnessing.

An old field hand, who was here long before John Brown came, looked up from the distribution of corn to his team to answer a question: "What brings all you colored folks here?"

"C'mmencement, sah," he said with a grin that wrinkled his black phiz from ear to ear, and from chin to forehead.

"Commencement? Whatabout?"

"I dunno." And the facial muscles underwent another contortion.

An excursion from Washington unloaded several hundred smartly dressed colored folks from the capital to add eclat to the educational event. Fred Douglass was among them. He walked down the street with his white wife on one arm and his white wife's mother on the other. He stopped in front of the ruins of the arsenal and directed the attention of his companions to the engine-house; still standing and well preserved, with "John Brown's Fort" painted above the windows. Then he turned away with a smile, hailed a hack driven by a white man, got in and was driven to the college on the hill to deliver the address to the score of graduates. Ferry folks stared and wondered at the practical wiping out of the color line, but were for the most part discreetly silent. One old lady, who remembered well the scenes of '56, shook her head as she followed the Douglass family up the long hill with her eyes. "It looks cur'us, don't it," she said. That was about the only emotion the novelty seemingly awakened.

FOUGHT UNDER NAPOLEON.

Remarkable Career of a Centenarian Residing at South Norwalk, Conn.—His Recollections of the Little Corporal.

A centenarian, and a very important one, too, resides in South Norwalk, Conn., and is without question the oldest soldier in the world. Notwithstanding his great age, writes a correspondent to the New York Herald, he is able to narrate his experiences in the army commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte at a period long before most of us were born, and by documents which are of undoubted genuineness can demonstrate his great age and the truth of his statements. He can tell of the battles of Marengo, in Italy, 1799, and of Hohenlinden, in 1800. He had been one year in

the Austrian army when the concordat re-establishing the Catholic worship in France became a law in 1802, and was a member of the French army in 1804, when Napoleon was proclaimed emperor. He was in the battles of Aboukir, Austerlitz, Trafalgar, and Jena; was present at the fall of Dantzic, remembers the Spanish campaign during which Sir John Moore's retreat and unfortunate death took place, the emperor's putting away of Josephine and the marriage with Marie Louise, and his abdication of the throne and farewell to the French troops before embarking for the Island of Elba.

Frederick G. Vollmer was born in the town of Sultz-on-Necker, Wurtemberg, March 15, 1784, and consequently is now in his 102d year. His early years were passed at school, and his education was finished at the noted Sultz academy, where he graduated about the year 1800. He joined the army as a volunteer in 1801, and passed through the years of discipline at that time deemed necessary to produce the perfect soldier. He was in various campaigns and his total period of service was twelve years. At the outset of his soldier life "The Prince Wilhelm Grenadiers" was the name of his regiment, his regimental commander Colonel Von Stumpa, and commander-in-chief the Archduke Charles. In this organization he served four years and was in many regiments. When, about the year 1805, a military alliance was concluded with France he became attached to what was locally known as the Wurtemberg contingent of the French army—no longer a defender of Austria, but a soldier under the Great Napoleon himself. He was in many battles besides those already named during the succeeding four years, but the conflict most vividly impressed on his mind is the siege of Vienna, in the defense of which Charles, with a force of 500,000 men, intrenched himself

near the village of Eckmühl. Napoleon met this magnificent force there, and, with an army many thousands less in numbers, routed the Austrians, who, as they retreated from Ratisbonne, left 20,000 men as prisoners, colors and nearly all their artillery, in the hands of the victorious French. Mr. Vollmer well remembers this circumstance, and recalls the fact, that after articles of capitulation had been signed he marched into and was one of the vast body of men who took possession of Vienna. He saw Napoleon, with his retinue and at the head of a majestic military column, ride toward the imperial palace of Schœnbrunn, there to establish his headquarters.

There was always, Mr. Vollmer says, a desire on the part of the soldiers to see the great chieftain. Vienna was his first opportunity. Shortly after this event the Emperors of France (Napoleon had meantime been crowned) and Russia held an interview at Erfurt, and Mr. Vollmer again saw Napoleon's face. He narrates much of a pleasing nature relative to this incident, describes the appearance of the two men—the czar strong and muscular, Napoleon of a medium height soldierly, and acting the dignified gentleman. Subsequently he saw him a number of times but is unable to recollect the dates and places. He says the presence of the emperor always inspired both awe and confidence. When in 1800, Wurtemberg became a member of the Rhenish confederacy, Ulm and Mergentheim were added to it, and Napoleon demanded that it supply an army of 18,000 men for his proposed Russian campaign. Mr. Vollmer was fortunate enough, according to his view of it, to remain on home ground. In the succeeding four years he had varied experiences in campaign life, making long and tedious marches and taking part in many engagements. Soon after the treaty of Fulda, in 1813, Wurtem-

berg broke its alliance with France, and joined the other German princes against Napoleon. Mr. Vollmer was mustered out of service. This was about eighteen months before the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Vollmer was married in 1814, at the age of thirty years, and at Luetz made a living by farming. Great depression in business of all descriptions followed as the result of the Napoleonic wars, and mere subsistence was about all a man of small capital could acquire. Money accumulation was an impossibility.

In 1831, with a family of three children, he turned his thoughts toward the land of the free, and three years later he took passage in a packet ship, the *Formosa*, from Rotterdam, reaching the United States about the year 1835. The ocean passage occupied about forty-two days, nearly all of which brought storm and tempest. The features of the voyage enabled him to be exact. Reaching New York city—known in his country as New Amsterdam—in the autumn of that year, he met a problem difficult of solution—where to locate. Winter was at hand, and he decided to remain in the city till spring. Early in April, 1836, he crossed the North river into New Jersey, and from thence made his way on foot to Lancaster, Pa. There he turned his attention to medicine, and invented a number of botanical specifics, and built up quite a trade and reputation selling them. From his home across the sea he brought an idea for the utilization of pine splinters and brimstone as matches, and he is said to have been one of the first in this country to bring matches into form and offer them for use. He passed thirty-three years in Lancaster and vicinity with varied successes in the acquirement of fortune. Meantime his wife and several children had died. Those children living, save one, had settled elsewhere. In 1869, almost alone, and aged 85, he came to South Nor-

alk with his eldest son. His circumstances were such as to require daily labor, and applying to the old Well Cigar company he was provided with a way easily to support himself.

During these interviews Mr. Vollmer produced his papers of enlistment to and discharge from the army, and various other documents in German, all of which are genuine, and all corroborating not only his great age, but the events of which he has been a spectator. In 1870 and 1880 the United States census-takers in some unaccountable way overlooked Mr. Vollmer, and his name accordingly does not appear on their schedules, now on file in the office of the county commissioners at Bridgeport. This fact tends partially to explain why notice of this aged man has not sooner been taken. For a few days Mr. Vollmer is visiting a descendant in Newark, N. J., but expects to return and resume his work. He is small of stature, walks nearly erect with the aid of a cane, and is possessed to a remarkable degree of all his faculties. The senses of hearing and sight are such as to enable him to hear all that is said and to read the print of his native language without the use of glasses. He is an admirer of American institutions, and often speaks of the condition of his own people as compared with that of our own. Memory is bright, and he recalls incidents which to those of the present generation occurred, as he expresses it, a great while ago.

ELECTRIC HEADLIGHTS FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

New York Tribune.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad about ten days ago put an electric headlight on to the locomotive Robert Sayre, one of the largest engines running over the New York division. The brilliancy of the light made a sensation along the route, and on the run in the early part of the evening, and even as late as 11 o'clock at night, crowds gathered at

the railway stations to see the new headlight. Its use was temporarily discontinued a day or two ago, owing to a conflict with the Pennsylvania Road. The Lehigh Valley train came into New York over the Pennsylvania tracks. The Pennsylvania people claimed that the light was so intense that the engineers going in the opposite direction on the parallel tracks were blinded by it, and that the express trains had to slow up until they had passed the light. A small dynamo is on the sideboard of the engine close to the cab. It is run by a disc engine, which gives it 650 revolutions a minute, which is double the power needed for the single lamp carried in the headlight. The engine is attached in the manner of an air-brake attachment on the other side of the main boiler. The wires are insulated with rubber. The light itself is 2,000 candle power. Joseph Heck, the engineer on the Robert Sayre, is sorely put out because he can't have the light right along.

GENERAL GRANT.

Indianapolis Journal.

General Grant is dead. The brave, heroic, withal modest, commander is at rest. He who, from Donelson and Vicksburg to Appomattox, amid the perils and storms of battle and the conflict of armies inured to war, demanded and obtained an unconditional surrender from the foes of his country, has quietly, uncomplainingly and with dauntless courage met the last enemy of man, DEATH. In his military career he knew no fear and expressed no doubts, and in the inevitable conflict between mortality and the future he has passed with becoming grace and courage to that eternity of glory and fame that knows no death, and in which he will live in the hearts of his countrymen. A united country, North, South, East and West, mourns at the grave of its grandest, greatest, and yet most merciful soldier.

A LIVELY PACKAGE.

La Crosse Chronicle.

One day last week an express messenger on the Omaha road took a small box on board somewhere up in Chippewa county, consigned to a Pennsylvania town. It was billed as "snakes" and marked the same way, but the messenger did not heed the fact. Along down the road a ways the messenger, happening to look up the aisle between his freight, saw three snakes softly sliding toward him, at intervals spear-

ing the air with their forked tongues. He climbed something and got where he could see the box above mentioned. The cover was loosened, and it just seemed to be the crater of a volcano of crawling things. The messenger pulled his safe out, locked the car, and did not enter it again until the train reached Chicago. There chloroform in large quantities was introduced, and about three dozen spotted adders were gathered among the freight.

GRANT.

What mournful sound rolls o'er our land?
What's filled the Nation now with gloom?
Has pestilence stretched forth her hand
And swept her millions to the tomb?

Oh, no! a mighty chieftain's gone
Down to the cold and silent grave;
He's now at rest—his work is done—
The soldier's friend, an honored brave.

His sore afflictions all are past,
His pain and sorrows now are o'er,
He sleeps his last long quiet sleep,
His voice on earth we'll hear no more.

Alas! he's gone from time away,
He lies beneath the turfy sod;
We hope his soul is now at rest,
Beyond the rolling mystic flood.

What sorrows filled the soldier's heart,
Knowing their great commander's gone;
They heaved a sigh that shakes our land
From the rising to the setting sun.

From North and South the cry comes up,
In praise of him, our country's son.
The greatest chieftain in the world,
Save the immortal Washington.

The wars may rage, and cannon roar,
And shake the earth and sky,
Yet he will sleep; yea, calmly sleep,
Till God's great Judgment Day.

I here must pause and drop a tear
For her, his sympathizing wife,
Who stood so long midst dread and fear
To help to save her husband's life.

The great and small are just alike,
The king of terrors brings them low,
Lets loose the dart and makes the strike,
No cheering words will he bestow.

He's gone, but yet he lives to-day
Beyond old Jordan's angry flood;
He left an evidence behind,
His peace was made through Christ with God.

—J. W. Williamson.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.
 W. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00
 SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

 SEPTEMBER, 1885.

PHILADELPHIA.

History records that William Penn, with a colony of English Quakers, planned and settled Philadelphia in the year 1681, and in 1685 the final ratification of the treaty with the Indians took place, hence 1885 may be properly regarded as the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the city. It is written that Penn gave the name of Philadelphia to the city because it signified *Brotherly Love*, embodying principles which pre-eminently distinguished the sect of which he was an acknowledged leader, and it is further stated that he was influenced in his choice of names by the exceptional fidelity to principles which characterized the church of the ancient city of that name, in Asia Minor, specially referred to by John, the revelator, and it was doubtless the hope of the founder of the new Philadelphia that the church of his choice would become equally illustrious for loyalty and as unwavering to profession as that which prompted the command to John to

write in terms of commendation of the church of the ancient Philadelphia. In that wonderful communication, among other things, occurs the following acknowledgment of fealty to faith and promise of reward:

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth."

It may be said that William Penn began right in founding his city. He did not swindle the Indians. He bought and paid for the land, and hence, whatever else may be said, Philadelphia was founded in honesty, truth and justice. Brotherly love, with William Penn, was something more than sentiment. It extended far beyond the narrow boundaries of sect. It included mankind, and the wild savages of the forests of Pennsylvania were brought within its influence. There is not a city in the world whose foundation history is as conspicuous for all things of good report as that of Philadelphia, the metropolis of Pennsylvania and the second important city on the continent.

It may be a matter of interest to our readers, and especially to Locomotive Firemen, since the twelfth annual convention of the Brotherhood is to be held in the ancient metropolis, to have before them some of the more important historical facts which give pre-eminence to Philadelphia. And just here it may be well to state that in the year 1636, forty-nine years before Penn founded Philadelphia, New York City had 120 houses and a population of 1,000. In the year 1685 Philadelphia had a population of 2,500, and in the year 1777 the pop-

ulation had increased to 21,767. The first census of the United States was taken in the year 1790, and as compared with New York the figures relating to growth in population of the two great cities will prove instructive. They will show how long Philadelphia was in the lead, when preponderance of population was accorded to New York, and the present status of the cities in population. The figures are as follows:

Census for	Population.	Population.
1790 Philadelphia,	42,520,	New York, 33,131
1800 Philadelphia,	70,287,	New York, 60,489
1810 Philadelphia,	96,664,	New York, 96,372
1820 Philadelphia,	108,116,	New York, 123,706
1830 Philadelphia,	167,188,	New York, 203,007
1840 Philadelphia,	258,037,	New York, 312,710
1850 Philadelphia,	340,045,	New York, 515,547
1860 Philadelphia,	562,529,	New York, 805,651
1870 Philadelphia,	674,022,	New York, 942,292
1880 Philadelphia,	847,170,	New York, 1,206,299

It will be observed that up to 1810 Philadelphia had the largest population and that during the next decade New York gained an ascendancy in population of only 15,505. So much for the two great rival cities of the continent. But our purpose at this writing is to refer more particularly to incidents in the history of Philadelphia, which have the power of mighty magnets and draw to her the devotion of patriotic, liberty-loving men throughout the country and the world.

It will be in keeping with our purpose in writing of Philadelphia to show that the city, as well as the great state of Pennsylvania, is largely indebted to the wisdom and virtue of William Penn for their growth and prosperity. Charles II, in granting to Penn a charter for the territory known as Pennsylvania, constituted him and his heirs true and absolute proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania, and the charter conferred upon them the power to

make laws, and to erect courts of justice. In 1682 Penn published his first form of government for Pennsylvania, and declared that "the chief intention of his charter, granted by the King," was

"For the support of power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power. For liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."

With such fundamental principles of justice, it is not surprising that the province of Pennsylvania enjoyed great prosperity, and it is a historical fact that whatever animosity the Indians might conceive against the European neighbors of the province of Pennsylvanians, they never failed to discriminate the followers of Penn as persons whom it was impossible for them to include within the pale of legitimate hostility."

The city of Philadelphia was originally laid out in the form of a parallelogram, with its main streets running east and west, intersected at right angles by streets running north and south. It was the first city on the continent which was regularly planned, and from the start, it has grown in beauty and attractiveness. Its parks and public squares are numerous, well laid out, with handsome fountains, and Fairmount Park, containing 2,744 acres, in point of extent and natural beauty of location, is not excelled by any in the world. Philadelphia has many elegant public buildings and private residences. Philadelphia is pre-eminently a city of homes, and should be known

roughout the world as the Great American Home City.

To enable our readers to form a correct idea of Philadelphia in regard to this distinguishing feature, we introduce statistics showing population, dwellings, and number of persons to each dwelling, in a view of the larger cities of the Republic:

Cities.	Population.	No. of Dwellings	No. to Each Dwelling.
New York	1,206,299	73,684	16.37
Baltimore	332,313	50,833	6.54
Brooklyn	566,063	62,232	9.11
Cincinnati	255,139	28,017	9.11
Chicago	503,185	61,009	8.25
St. Louis	350,518	43,026	8.15
Philadelphia . . .	847,170	146,412	5.79

The foregoing figures tell the story of Philadelphia's grand pre-eminence as a city of homes, of domestic felicities, and of those virtues for which the American home is justly celebrated.

Philadelphia is the largest manufacturing city in the United States, having a capital invested in 1880, in all industries, amounting to \$187,148,857, against \$181,206,356 invested in the City of New York. It is shown that the principal occupations of Philadelphia employed, in 1880, 348,000 persons, and that in its various industries there were employed 185,527 persons. The conclusion is, that in no manufacturing city in the world are laboring people as comfortably housed as in Philadelphia, a fact, big with the most important considerations and a theme suggestive of eulogistic remarks.

On the 21st day of September there will be assembled in Philadelphia nearly three hundred representative locomotive firemen. They will be in no small degree the guests of locomotive firemen, resi-

dents of that city, of whom we know sufficiently, to say, nothing will be left undone which can contribute to the enjoyableness of the occasion. It will be, we conjecture, no small part of the felicities of visitors to view the ancient landmarks of a city, around which cluster so many incidents of historical interest. It was in 1774 that the Continental Congress first assembled in Philadelphia, in what was known as Carpenter's Hall, which we believe is still standing. The purpose of that Congress was not to declare independence, but rather to protest against British aggression, and petition the king for redress. The Continental Congress met again in Philadelphia in 1775, and in July, 1776, adopted the Declaration of Independence. The Continental Congress met again in Philadelphia in 1777, again in 1878. After that year, Congress met at Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York, and continued to meet in the latter city until the adoption of the Constitution, 1789. The convention that framed the existing Constitution also met in Philadelphia, and from 1790 to 1800, Philadelphia was the capital of the republic.

It will be observed that Philadelphia was, in so far as immortal documents could make it, the birth place of the new nation. It was the declaration of independence that severed the connection between Great Britain and her American colonies. The old State House, Independence Hall, the cradle of American liberties, is still standing, just as it stood July 4th, 1776, and

locomotive firemen, were they to search throughout the world, could not find another shrine of liberty as sacred as that of old Independence Hall, in Philadelphia.

The occasion does not warrant even an outline of events which led to the declaration of independence, but it was not the result of passion, a frenzied condition of the popular mind, in which inalienable rights and eternal truths are obscured. It was not a sudden upheaval, as when an earthquake tramps along its subterranean pathways. Causes were remote as well as immediate. Years of endurance had prepared the colonists for action. They had grown strong and defiant under their burdens, and the declaration of independence, when it was made, was the natural product of the united mind of the colonists, and during all the eight years of war for liberty and independence, that declaration pledging the lives, the fortunes and the sacred honor of its signers, and of the great body of the people, was as a pillar of fire by night and by day. In defeat it was the beacon light of hope, in victory it inspired faith in ultimate success.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America, in convention assembled, in Philadelphia, will behold the ancient structure where the immortal document was signed and promulgated. And we indulge no idle fancy when we say that a visit to Independence Hall, that standing where the heroes of the revolution stood in times that tried men's souls, the god-fathers of the new nation, at the cradle where it was rocked, and by the fount

where it was baptized—we say, standing thus in the midst of sacred relics of the most illustrious events connected with human affairs, the representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America cannot resist the inspiring, expanding and elevating influences and memories which forever cluster around the hallowed spot. They will see the old Independence Bell, if they do not hear its ringing tones, as when it pealed forth the announcement that another nation was born. The old bell is silent now. Visitors may view its iron and once tuneful tongue, its eloquent lips and deep-toned throat, and may imagine the whirlwind of joy which seized the populace when it told to listening nations that in the new world a new departure in government had been discovered, and that henceforth the sublime truth was to be recognized "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When that announcement was made, the miserable farce of "divine" right to rule disappeared from the land, and men, rich and poor, the laborer and the millionaire, stood forth erect, wearing the crown of citizenship ablaze with the jewel rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And now, when more than a hundred years are gone, the land of liberty stretches across the continent, and from 3,000,000 of free men, sixty millions rise up to bless the immortal men who dared to echo the sentiments of Patrick

Henry—"Give me liberty, or give me death."

We congratulate the Brotherhood upon its choice of Philadelphia for holding its Twelfth Annual Convention, and bespeak for the deliberations of the delegates harmony and such results as will redound to the well being of the Order.

GREAT MEN.

If we are to credit statements widely circulated in the newspapers of the times, we are forced to the conclusion that the creation of great men is something which the Almighty has left partly to circumstance, but chiefly to a class of individuals, who, with stupendous *sang-froid*, assume the required ability to perform the task, and produce an article which will pass examination, however exalted the standard may be by which to reach a final verdict. As a consequence, great men are multiplying with amazing rapidity. Nations, states, provinces, districts, countries, cities, villages, townships, wards and precincts have their great men (?) manufactured to order, and each equipped according to regulation to serve and save, lead and lecture, in a word, do all things becoming great men. The church, the bar, the school, all have their great men. Science, literature and art are not backward in pushing to the front their great men, and when we consult the records, politics overshadow all in the grand army of great men, supplied to manage affairs and push forward the advancing columns of progress. It may be said in this connection that the supply of great

men is fully equal to the demand, domestic and foreign. Indeed, so great is the stock on hand, and so exhaustless the raw material required for the production of great men that the most ambitious speculator has not dared an attempt to corner the commodity, and as a result prices rule low, without any prospect of an immediate advance. It must be confessed that the subject, "great men," has its funny, farcical, and fantastical aspects, as well as those which open up to the student of character fields for thought which challenge the best energies of the mind, the industry of research, and the acuteness of discrimination, without which the qualities necessary to greatness remain undiscovered, or are known only to the favored few who are so fortunate as to live within the charmed circle of their influence. Those who make great men their study, invariably arrive at Young's conclusion, and repeat

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man."

Not the poor man, the obscure man, the toiler, the tramp, the neglected, the pauper, but those who boast of birth, education, wealth, power and renown, even the man described by Pope—

"A royal robe he wore with grateful pride,
Embroidered sandals, glittering as he trod.
And forth he moved majestic as a god."

And yet, such men, though receiving the applause of the multitude, and rated in the bulletins as great men, are often found deficient in every essential of greatness, or when tried by standards, which, like the eternal hills, are erected to stand immovable amidst warring

elements, their greatness is found to be as a grain of wheat in a ton of chaff.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,
So honor 'peareth in the meanest habit."

If Shakespeare is correct, then it follows that there is no greatness without honor. It becomes the supreme test, and it may be said, without reference to title, station, wealth or other adventitious surroundings, that only honorable men, that is to say, only men whose actions are governed by honor, are great. It has been well said that "an *honest* action can never reflect so much credit on the agent as an *honorable* action; since, in the performance of the one, he may be guided by motives comparatively low, whereas, in the other case, he is actuated solely by a fair regard for the honor or the esteem of others." A man may be honest because the law punishes acts of dishonesty, but to be honorable is an exhibition of devotion to truth, right and virtue, entirely independent of statutes and penalties. Manifestly, society is premature in rendering verdicts when men are candidates for enrollment in the list of great men. Longfellow sang—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

The inference is that only sublime lives constitute great men. Let this be the standard, and the number of great men, in their own estimation, and as rated by others, would be like angels' visits, few and far between; and, to their amazement, men of comparative obscurity would suddenly come to the front, expand to grand proportions to re-

main forever the acknowledged great men of the age. Those who will take the pains to investigate will find that only warriors, statesmen, artists, philosophers, poets, orators, divines and philanthropists have been permitted to have a place in history as great men, and investigation will further reveal the fact that of these only a few, if a sublime life is the test, are entitled to the designation. The world seemingly forgets that if bravely to contend for a good cause is noble; that silently to suffer for it, is heroic; but the opinion can be sustained by the records that those who suffer for a good cause, are seldom decorated with the insignia of greatness, and in nothing is this more conspicuous than in war. The heroic sufferer is lost sight of. The man with the musket, dead on the battle field, is thrown, with his armor on, into a trench, and his name and deeds perish together, while the commander, often securing his prominence by a whim of fortune, if per chance he falls, lives in oratory and song and marble, and by an edict of custom, the offshoot of despotic barbarism is enrolled among the great men of the earth.

But it may be said that in determining the question of greatness the world is growing wiser. Common sense is coming to the rescue with a resistless vigor of attack which promises substantial reforms. In the high noon of the new era other than sanguinary battles will be recorded, and it will be found that the great captains, those worthy of monuments, conquered without offending the nostrils of Jehovah

with the stench of blood and carnage. Orators there will be in the future as in the past, and the multitude will burden the air with applause, but there is to be, as there always has been, an oratory of deeds, which, though voiceless, will be more eloquent than the sounding periods of a Cicero, a Burke or Webster. There will be sublime lives rising in all lands like mountain peaks, from whose cloudless summits a quenchless light shall radiate continents, land marks on the highway to perfection, by which every tempest tossed mariner may steer his bark and find at last the desired haven. There will be philanthropists of sanctimonious mien, always praying on the street corners, to be seen of men, divines, the slaves of dogmas, but under the new regime there will be processes of leveling down as well as leveling up, and the widow's mite, glorified by a heavenly desire to help on the advancing column of humanity, will expand to proportions overshadowing the contributions of the millionaire. Men live in deeds, but under the new dispensation deeds are to be classified. The men who can build bridges, tunnel mountains, cut canals, redeem waste places, make deserts fruitful, are to be numbered among the great men of the future. The edict has gone forth. But it is not only those who establish their claims to greatness by deeds such as we have referred to, but others—from the man who makes a nail to him who builds an engine, from him who constructs a loom to him who builds a sewing machine—in a word, the artisan

multitude whose monuments of skill adorn all the highways of civilization, men whose labors illustrate the progress of society and add to its comforts and luxuries, are in the future to walk, dignified by their deeds, the serene elevations of greatness. It is said that the world finds a benefactor in him who makes two blades of grass grow where previously but one was found. Admitting the correctness of the proposition, we incline to the opinion that a benefactor is to arise—we speak reverently—a new Messiah, who will devise a plan whereby the food products of the world shall be so distributed that where now there is one well fed, the number shall be ten thousand times multiplied, so that foodless, famine cursed people shall be known no more in the earth. To perpetuate the name and deeds of such a GREAT MAN, the toilers of the world would willingly make brick without straw, with which to build a monument mountain broad based as Sinai, so that those who walk its sublime summit, like Moses, may talk with God.

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

"How shall I a habit break?"
 As you did that habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must untwine, ere free we stand.
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil, unhelped, alone,
 Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by;
 Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the center's downward sweep;
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
 Leveling what we raised in haste;
 Doing what must be undone
 Ere content or love be won!
 First across the gulf we cast
 Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last.
 —Wide Awake.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

WOMAN'S WORK.

It is a question which has never been answered, whether a married woman should attempt any kind of employment beyond her household duties? This question was forcibly brought to my attention, a short time ago, while attending a meeting for the purpose of forming a Woman's Press Association. I said to several of the ladies, "Do you like to write?" or "Is it easy for you to write?" and in every instance the answer was, "Oh, I don't know, I write under such disadvantages, I have so much home work to do that my writing always has to be neglected or half done." One lady who assists her husband in editing a paper wrote a letter to the meeting in which she said, "It is pretty hard to wield the pen and the scrubbing brush both at the same time." A lady present remarked that she should "wield the pen and hire the scrubbing done." One of the most prominent writers in the state sent a letter of regret because she was detained at home by two sick grandchildren. Another wrote that she could not leave the sick bed of a mother. "Ah, these are the part of a woman's work that she cannot hire done," exclaimed another lady.

Even if a married woman have unlimited wealth, there are certain duties that cannot be done by another. The entertaining of guests, the supervision of the household, the training of children, the nursing of the sick, these are some of the inevitable cares that no true woman will attempt to evade. If she is endeavoring to lead two lives, one for the world and one for the home, one business and the other domestic, then, indeed, is she deserving of sympathy, for the way will be rough and the burdens very heavy. And yet thousands of women are leading this double life, assuming this double responsibility. There must be a good and sufficient reason for it.

I fully believe that in the great original plan of the universe it was intended that the sphere of the man and the woman should be entirely different. The sacrament of marriage was designed to found a home and a family, to the comfort and maintenance of which each should contribute in his own department of labor. The man's work was to be out in the world, the woman's within the home. It was man's province to earn the money and woman's to advise what should be done with it. It was

man's duty to go away to his business during the day and woman's to set the house in order for his coming home at night. It was the father's obligation to supply the funds for the support of the children, the mother's to furnish the proper care, and the privilege of both to train and educate and offer a good example.

I have not a doubt but that this was the divine intention when humanity was placed upon this beautiful earth. In most of our well-ordered, happy homes, where the husband and wife are congenial and the children are obedient and well-trained, it will be found that this is the plan pursued. But such families are not in the majority. There seems to be a widespread departure from the early arrangement. The spheres seem to be confounded. On every hand we see women drifting into business, becoming dissatisfied with domestic life, craving a position that will bring in money, in short, gradually exchanging the career of a woman for that of a man. Why this change?

It must be admitted that one principal reason is to be found in the failure of men to perform their part of the original contract. The dissatisfaction among women begins away back in early girlhood. The sister remains at home, as befits her sex, and washes dishes and cooks and scrubs and sews; the brother goes into the shop or store and works as many hours as the sister. At the end of the month she has had to ask for every dollar she has received, tell what she wanted it for and perhaps be refused; he has his wages to spend as he pleases and no questions asked. After a while she concludes she will engage in some kind of employment that has a fixed and sure compensation which will belong to herself after she has earned it. So she goes into the factory or store or school-room and enjoys a very acceptable independence—until she is married.

Then she goes back into the department of unpaid labor, but she reasons that she will be contented. Her husband makes good wages or draws a fair salary or has a liberal income. This, of course, he means to share with her, or he never would have had her give up a paying position to employ her time and labor for his benefit. But presently she finds that outside of her board and lodging, she gets only what she asks for and very often not what she actually needs; she never feels at liberty to indulge any little private tastes, she has the continual feeling that her husband holds the purse string and what she receives is a favor that may be withheld whenever he chooses. She

is conscious of an uncomfortable dependence, although she knows that by right she is entitled to an equal share of all the money that comes into the business partnership of husband and wife. Finally, she attempts some employment outside of her home, something that will bring in money, no matter how little, that she may really consider her own. She is so delighted with the result that she is tempted to enlarge her sphere of action, and having again tasted the pleasure of having her own pocket book, she is not apt to drop back into the unprofitable occupation of mere housekeeping. She has still sufficient pride or affection for her home, not entirely to alienate herself from it, but it no longer claims the best part of her life.

Now, I hold that the great majority of women, from washerwomen upwards, who are working hard for the money it will bring, would infinitely prefer to devote themselves to their homes and families if men would treat them generously and honorably in financial matters. If the husband would permit the wife to know exactly the size of his income, advise with her in regard to expenses and allow her as much for her own use as he reserves for his, she would be satisfied and make the best of the situation. But when she is kept in the dark as to the state of the finances, or when she knows that he indulges every taste while she is denied, or when she sees him drinking and gambling and squandering all he makes without providing for the future of his family, then her ambition, her independence, her prudence and her love for her children, all combine to send her out into the world to use as best she can the talents God has given.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

The great banking-house of the Rothschilds at London employ mainly women, claiming that they are more reliable and accurate in their work than men.

Miss Georgina Campbell, of New York, recently completed an exquisite portrait of one of Vanderbilt's children, for which she received \$3,500, and has orders for more work, amounting to \$30,000.

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.—*George Eliot.*

It has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. So absolutely is the power vested in the husband that one man who wished to deed his wife's clothes to her could not legally make the transfer.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, formerly Superintendent of the Woman's Prison at Shelburn, says that of 204 inebriate women, 128 began on beer, and several hopeless drunkards, far gone toward insanity, had never drunk any other intoxicant.

Boys, as a rule, are a nuisance, but there is always something about our own that makes them a little superior to others. They are of a finer quality of material, and the noise that they make is not the harsh and nerve-destroying kind that other boys make.

A woman of seventy-two years of age, living near Snow Spring, Dooly County, Ga., is the best farmer in that neighborhood. She has been a widow for thirty-five years, and has managed her own business successfully, and a few days ago she had more cotton bales around her gin-house than any other farmer in that region.

The annual summer exhibitions of pictures in London, which were opened in May, are still crowded with visitors. It may give you some idea of women's share in the art world when I tell you that at the Royal Academy Exhibition, at Burlington House, there are two hundred and fifteen women exhibitors. Twelve of these are sculptors, out of the total number of twelve hundred and thirty-six who are represented in this exhibition.

WHY WOMEN BREAK DOWN.

Inter Ocean.

There is little doubt that women are breaking down more rapidly than men, because they allow themselves to take less real rest. When a man drops his business he drops it. When a woman lets go of any work she may have in mind she ties it to her apron string, as it were. She has been taught through long ages of training that it is a high crime and a misdemeanor to let anything escape her mind, so she is constantly when she is at rest pinching herself or prodding herself to see if she hasn't forgotten something. In this way she carries the burdens of her work into the resting hours, and sits down among the roses of relaxation with her foot on the treadle of the grindstone of prosy drudgery.

If men kept their noses to the grindstone with womanly persistence they would be nervous and irritable beyond compare. If women would get their own consent to rest they would have better complexions, better stomachs, and a happier life.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

Mrs. James Havens, of Indianapolis, was solicited to write a poetical toast in honor of "Our Guidon," so dear to every military organization, last fall when the Baltimore Light Artillery Association was arranging for their reunion and banquet. Mrs. Havens consented on condition that the toast should be pledged in cold water instead of wine. When the poem was read it was given a most enthusiastic reception, and with cheers and uplifted glasses of sparkling water, the members chivalrously drank in honor of the W. C. T. U. of Indiana. After the banquet a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of appreciation and to present a finely engraved copy of the resolutions and poem to the author, Mrs. Havens. This has been done, and one of the resolutions provides that the reading of the poem in honor of "Our Guidon" shall be a permanent feature of each recurring reunion of the association.

[I met Mrs. Havens a short time ago at a meeting of the Woman's Press Association at Indianapolis. Her home is in Lafayette, Ind. She is a handsome middle-aged woman, very agreeable. She related the above incident to me and said that when they asked her what compensation she wanted for the poem she replied, "Only that you pledge the toast in water instead of wine." It cannot be doubted but that this little incident had a decidedly moral effect.—Ed.]

For Woman's Department :

THE MONOPOLIST'S DREAM.

It was a terrible night, the rain poured down,
All nature seemed wearing an angry frown;
A man on his bed lay fast asleep,
He heard not the thunder, so loud and deep,
What to him did it matter the heat or cold?
His coffers were full of shining gold,
And the most of his life he had pinched the poor
That he to his wealth might add more and more.
And this night he lay himself smilingly down,
Never caring for nature's angry frown,
For he thought no mortal was ever so blest,
As he lay himself down for a peaceful rest.
And as he lay sleeping he dreamed a dream,
He was walking beside a silvery stream,
O'er the face of this he saw golden boats glide,
And a mansion fair on the other side,
And the sleeper wished he could ford the stream
To the beautiful palace he saw in his dream.
But all in vain, the water was deep,
Still his gaze off that mansion he could not keep.
The boats were too far for his arm to reach,
Tho' he went as far as he dared on the beach.
Very soon there came rowing a lovely child,
Whose features to him seemed remarkably mild,
And a moment she paused, from her seat in the
boat,

Then again o'er the stream that child was afloat.
The sleeper shouted, "Oh, child so fair,
Row me across to that mansion there!"
But the answer came back so fearless and bold
What use have you ever made of your gold?
Do you remember one gloomy day,
As my mother upon her death bed lay,
I came and begged that out of your store
You would advance me *one dollar*, nothing more,
And the answer you made I remember yet,
For these bitter words I shall never forget,
"You must wait until that dollar you earn."
So 'tis now my time from you to turn.
And the man saw the child so plain in his dream
Turn with scorn away and glide down the stream.
Soon came there a woman of middle age,
(And by this time the man was quite in a rage.)
"Woman," he said, "will you take me your
way?"

I want to be there by the dawn of day."
But the woman made answer, "'Tis not for you
To ask a favor, for *long, long ago*,
When feeble and trembling I came to your door,
And told you I suffered, and was oh! so poor,
You then only laughed, now I do the same."
With a smile, she floated across the stream,
While the sleeper felt if he dared he would curse,
For it seemed things were getting worse and
worse.

An aged man with locks so white,
But clothed in garments radiantly white,
Was the next one that traveled, singing a song:
As he sped on his way to join that throng,
And the dreamer chuckled, "This old man, I
know,
Will remember naught of the *long, long ago*."
So he spake in tones which were quite severe,
"Hello! Old man, stop, I say; can't you HEAR?

I want you to row me across with you."
"That," said the old man, "I will not do,
For early and late *long ago* did I work
And never a duty did I ever shirk,
But do what I would I was always behind,
And to credit a dollar you were never inclined.
But our Heavenly Father looked on all the while
And all your mean acts He has here on file.
'Tis a terrible record your eyes will behold,
Of what avail now is all your gold?
'Twixt this world and the other there is a strong
line,
You then had *your* day, now I have *mine*."
And the old man leaped right out of the boat,
And clutched the monopolist by the throat:
And the sleeper vainly struggled for breath
As he thought, "Oh, mercy! can this mean
death?"

Almighty Father, hear and forgive,
Let me, I pray Thee, longer live.
Give me, O, merciful Father, one hour,
That I may do something to help Thy poor.
For I fear, for the sake of this hateful gold,
My soul to Satan I surely have sold."
And as he struggled he struck his head,
And with joy he found he was only in bed;
And trembling and shivering in deep despair,
He begged that God would accept his prayer.
For he thought, "I know not how to pray,
But I'll learn, that is certain, this very day.
For if there's a place that is half as fair,
It will not be my fault if I do not get there."
And to his credit the truth I must say,
That man was changed from that very day.
Among the poor he scattered his gold,
And all his good acts can never be told;
But he always adds while he speaks of that
stream,
"Holy Saints! Ain't I lucky, it was only a
dream?"

—Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

WASHINGTON, IND.

For Woman's Department :

OUR LITTLE ROSE.

Our God has sent us a sweet white rose—
A little bud so fair,
To charm our little cottage home
With fragrance fresh and rare.
May He grant us grace and strength to tread
This bud of promise bright,
That her petals never show a stain,
But be always pure and bright.
May this precious bud keep growing on
In purity and grace,
Till she blossoms forth a full blown rose
In dainty maiden grace.
I ask not wealth or beauty rare.
For her, our precious one,
But only that she may shine as those
Who are walking as Christ's own.
May she modest, sweet and gentle be,
Loving and tender, too,
With all a woman's loving heart
And her power to will and do.
And after her life on earth is done,
May our little blossom bloom
In sweeter radiance near the throne,
In her brighter heavenly home.

—Alice Brooks.

STRATFORD, ONT.

TAYLOR, TEXAS, July 7, 1885.

Woman's Department:

The Magazine is at hand again, and as my first noble effort did not meet its fate in the wastebasket I venture to write again. Owing to some error in my first, Alamo Lodge was put down as No. 263 instead of 268.

Well, the glorious Fourth of July has just passed and was duly celebrated here by every one, especially the R. R. boys. The grand picnic and barbecue passed off pleasantly despite the rainy weather and the mud for which Taylor is famous. Perhaps its success is partly due to the committee on amusements, of which our worthy Grand Master Tom Casey was one. I am sure that in the match game of base ball, if I had been left to the ladies, Joe Mansfield could have been awarded the prize as he is a great favorite among them, as is also Jack Rhodes. Jack has been visiting friends and relatives (so they say) in Waco and Lampasas. Some of his friends here suspected there was a young lady in some where, but perhaps they made a mistake. He got back in time to take in the Fourth. He says he is a candidate for matrimony; he also says that he is content to stay in Taylor. To prove it he took charge of the 40 on the sixth, fully convinced that he committed a blunder in seeking pleasure elsewhere than in Taylor, and resolved to do so no more. Albert Walker, one of the jolly Firemen of the Missouri Pacific, died and got married and was rewarded with an elegant serenade on his return. The neighbors say the gallant charge of the "Tin Sn Brigade" was far in advance of Tennyson's charge of the Light Brigade." I expect there will be more cases of this kind to report before long. The freight house and depot which were burned down have been rebuilt; also a new gravel pit has been put on the round house since the old one so kindly removed the old one, so everything is all right for another cyclone. Everything relative to railroad matters is progressing finely under the management of our worthy M. M., S. Angler. The boys are all happy, may they long remain so are the wishes of

GERALDINE.

LINES.

On the marriage of Eugene V. Debs, Esq., editor of the B. of O. F. Magazine, Terre Haute, Ind.]

Ever alert to the laboring man's right,
Bright in all that he e'er tries to do,
And ever keep him by day and by night!
Ever to him may his lady prove true;
Ever may clouds on their horizon rise,
Eternally blest may this worthy pair be
Enduring thus on the holiest of ties,
Repel their loves as the fathomless sea;
Evening and morning through all future years,
In their days fraught with pleasure, dispelled
Be their fears;
Accor them, Father, and keep safe to the end.
The heartfelt wish of their humble friend.

—Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

WASHINGTON, IND.

*For Woman's Department:***THERE IS A GOD.**

The mountains capped with snow,
The valleys fair to see,
Proclaim that God is everywhere—
In everything we see;
The cloudless, sunny day,
The star-gemmed heavens of night,
Are all His handiwork,
And show how great His might.

The rivers and the trees,
The birds, the grass, the flowers,
The very air we breathe—
God gave them to be ours;
To use them at His will,
While life to us is given—
Our hearts with rapture thrill,
When we think of God and heaven.

Then why do skeptics say
There is no God to save
The good, the true, the just
Who hath life's troubles braved!
Ah! those who love Him well,
Will surely feel His power,
If they but place their trust in Him,
In death's dark, closing hour.

—Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

ESTHERVILLE, IOWA, July 12, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Why is it we never hear a word from No. 27? I have looked ever since I've been a reader of the Magazine for something from some of the ladies, knowing so well that there are several so much more competent than myself to write. My husband is a member of No. 27, but as we live so far away, he does not get to attend. We are in hopes of having a Lodge here, and I think we can before long, as this is a division of the B. C. R. & N., therefore quite a number of the boys are here. I do not think it will be out of place here to extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Debs. I am sure there is not one in our Lodge but that would join me in wishing them a long and happy life. Yours truly,

ANNETTA.

DIDN'T KNOW HER INTIMATELY.

Arkansaw Traveller.

"Do you know this woman?" asked a lawyer of a negro who had been summoned to testify before court.

"Yes, sah, I knows her."

"Do you know her very intimately?"

"No, sah, kaint say dat I do."

"How long have you known her?"

"Wall, I got er 'quainted wid her er short time before I married her."

"She's your wife, then? Thought you did not know her intimately?"

"Dat's what I jackerlated."

"I don't understand, then, how she can be your wife."

"Wall, yer see, sah, she 'longs to der church, de singin' society, de Sisters o' de Sacred Broom, de Daughters o' Ham, an' two or three little side shows. Er 'oman whut is kep' so busy, sah," ain't got no time ter fool eroun' home."

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Subjects for Legislation.

Editors Magazine:

The Twelfth Annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the B. of L. F., will soon be in session, and at the risk of being thought a man with only one idea, I wish once more, and for the last time before the session of our Grand body, to say a little on a subject, which, in spite of all assurances that we are doing well as it is, will demand our attention, because of the way it is touching us in what many consider a vulnerable point, namely, the pocket book. It has been charged against me that I am dissatisfied with the amount of our insurance—that is that I am opposed to its increase to \$1,500. I did what I could to defeat the passage of that amendment, not because I was opposed to an increase in insurance to \$1,500, so far as that part goes, but because I believed that the increase rung in the death knell of our insurance scheme just that much earlier in proportion. I would heartily advocate an increase of our insurance to \$3,000, or even \$5,000, if I could by any train of reasoning convince myself that we could pay that amount and survive for even a few years, but the more I study the subject and compare the experience of other societies engaged in similar schemes, the more firm become my convictions that our system is fraught with danger, and will want different legislation to perpetuate it, at even \$1,000, and that the amendment passed at Toronto has shortened the life of our insurance scheme just one-third, unless that action be reconsidered and rescinded. One of the arguments and statements used to carry the amendment was that it cost us \$8.00 in assessments last year to pay \$1,000 claims, hence it would cost us half as much more, or \$12.00 per year, to increase our insurance to \$1,500. How is the assertion borne out by the facts in the case? The first assessment made under the increased insurance was in April, \$1.00. May came with \$2.00, June and July followed with \$1.00 each, (not counting Grand Lodge dues, which should be counted), and the August assessment calls for \$2.00 more, and unless I am greatly mistaken,

\$2.00 more will be needed in September. We have thus just six months of the year gone, and \$9.00 in assessments, which before the end of the year will be made \$17.00 or \$18.00. What is the matter with the arithmetic of the advocates of high insurance when six months experience so flatly contradicts their assertions? The natural increase of liability to death, with increasing years and increasing numbers, was not taken into consideration as it should be, and hence the discrepancy in their calculation.

In the volume of the B. of L. E. Journal for 1890 in the March number, page 122, a correspondent signing himself Geo. H. Van Tassell, Div. 15, wrote on insurance. He stated that in the Engineers insurance it had cost him \$15.00 during the year 1879, on \$1,700 insurance, as they paid a sum in proportion to the membership at that time. He reasoned from this that even if he should live, and pay in for fifty years to come at that rate, his payments would amount to but \$750, and yet he reasoned that he would receive probably \$2,000 for his outlay of \$750.

Another engineer, under the nom de plume "Occasional," wrote in June, 1880, page 257, and estimated the death rate for all time at one year out of 12,000 and thus figured on very low assessments.

On page 456 in the October number of the same volume of the B. L. E. Journal, over the nom de plume "Vulcan," I contravened the ideas of these correspondents and endeavored to show that it would cost them a great deal more than that to carry their insurance. Let us see how the facts of the case bears me out. During the first six months of the year 1880 there were twelve assessments in the Engineer's Brotherhood, or at the rate of twenty-four per year, out of an average membership of 1880 brothers and represented the sum of \$1,880 to the respective claimants. This death rate was at the rate of 1.28 per hundred, and the cost at the rate of \$12.75 on \$1,000.

During the first six months of the present year the deaths were forty in the B. L. E. insurance, the assessments \$31, or at the rate of eighty deaths, and \$62 in assessments per year. The death rate is at the rate of 1.92 per hundred and the cost at the rate of \$20.66 on each \$1,000. See the rapid increase in the death rate which five short years have produced in this association then compare it with the experience of our own Order for the last six months, and if these facts do not show which way we are rapidly drifting, add another \$500 to our insurance at the coming convention, so as to bring conviction more quickly.

While I would much rather agree with every body, and more especially with the fairer sex in general, and our sisters in particular, I must from the statement of the foregoing facts and the inevitable conclusions they force upon me, dissent from our sister "Lover of the Brotherhood" in advocating the wisdom of an increase in the insurance. As I have all along stated, we as members, must pay in every cent that was

members or claimants draw out. Hence, if one member, by an untimely death or accident, leaves \$1,500 before he has paid in \$100 or \$200, the other member will have to pay in his own money and the balance that the other brother, through early calling away left unpaid. So that although it might prove a benefit to our "Lover of the Brotherhood," if her husband was called away soon, to have a high insurance, yet if his wife is spared (as I hope it may be) for a long series of years, so that he may see his family growing up around him it might perhaps require considerable effort to provide for the increasing wants of his family in the way of provisions, clothing, education and shelter, as well as the ever increasing assessments, augmented by the desire for a high insurance, until it will reach such a crisis that the brother must either deprive his family of present comforts—possibly necessities, or allow himself to run out of the money and lose the benefit of all previous payments. Perhaps if our "Lover of the Brotherhood" will consider that it will be far better to insure for \$1,000 and pay in proportion than to provide for \$1,500 and fail, she would find the wisdom of keeping within reasonable bounds. I am sure that with a family of six (including herself and husband) one of them, as well as a cripple, needing extra care and expense, living in or near an eastern city, getting wages usual in a market well supplied with labor, a tax of \$3, \$4, or \$5 per month, such as I am looking up for us in the not distant future, would prove rather a burden, even if it had the advantage of \$1,500 to come at some time attached

to it. While I am glad to have "Sprague" on my side, in favor of leaving our insurance at \$1,000, I would like to have him on a more solid base of reasoning, than that "\$1,000 was enough for a single man." Now I suppose that every member of "Sprague's" Lodge, including "Sprague" himself, is only awaiting the time when the next person of the opposite sex shall appear, to begin their life of "single blessedness," and follow in the footsteps of our G. S. and T., who, many more before him, thought it was "not good for man to live alone," hence he took unto himself a helpmate. If allowed to prophesy, I would say that judging by the records of the last years, in the short space of five years more than all our single men will be fathers of families, with its added joys, cares and responsibilities. Hence I would call on Bro. "Sprague" to lean over on this side and help us.

I am glad to note that so able and candid a brother as W. E. Burns, is ready to admit that he made a mistake in advocating the increase of insurance, and to have him make some suggestions looking to a reduction of expenses in running our machinery, and saving it for the purpose of paying claims. While I readily perceive how \$20,000 or even \$30,000 per year might be saved, yet I would suggest that this would be a flea-bite to the grand total sum, which our rapidly increasing claims would demand, but it

certainly would be good as far as it went. In addition to this we would have to have other help or another system to help us out of the coming dilemma.

I see that our Bro. "Not too Late" also has some words of encouragement to say on this question and thank him for expressing an opinion, which seems to be something a great many of our members fail to do, whether it is because of their modesty or because they have no opinion it is not for us to say. I am afraid, however, that it will not be possible for us to have any surplus from assessments of \$1 per month, even if we return to the old policy of \$1,000, for you see in all probability it will require \$18 to pay the claims of this year at \$1,500, and consequently it will take all of \$12 to pay \$1,000 in years to come. Hence I have fixed on a higher rate, a rate we will reach and pass in a few years unless we take time by the forelock and prepare for coming evils.

Hoping much good may result from the ventilation of the subject in these columns, from the thought which has been bestowed on the matter, and from the deliberations of the coming convention, I am fraternally,

X. L. C. R.

—♦♦♦—
LAS VEGAS, N. MEX., August 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Las Vegas (The Meadows) is situated in a beautiful valley on the A. T. & S. F. R. R., 786 miles from Kansas City, its altitude above the level of the sea being 6,452 feet. It is the county seat of San Miguel county, and one of the most wealthy and important business towns in New Mexico. It has a population of 10,000 and is divided by the Gallinas river, into the old and the new, and connected by street railroad, running from the old, or east side, to the depot on the west side. All of the new, and all of the costly and substantial buildings in the old town have been erected since the arrival of the iron horse. In fact, all modern improvements, of every description, have only come to New Mexico, since the A. T. & S. F. entered its territory. Before its advent, all the casas or houses in the territory were made of adobe or sundried brick. The style of architecture is not very good or imposing, as the casas more resemble an old-fashioned brick kiln than anything else I call to mind. An adobe, or "doby," is made of clay and straw, and is generally twelve inches wide, eighteen inches long and six inches thick. It is dried in the sun, and although not subjected to heat, like our building brick, it becomes hard and durable. Walls made of these brick are now standing, said to be over 300 years old. They never excavate for a foundation but erect the wall on top of the ground. The walls are from eight to twelve feet high and from two to five feet in thickness, and across the top they stretch heavy stringers or logs, which forms the foundation for the roof, which is made by putting on the natural clay or dirt, to the depth of two and three feet. The floors are simply the natural

dirt, which is wet and tamped until it becomes as hard as stone. The windows and doors are of all conceivable sizes and shapes, the rooms in some of the houses being lighted by an 8x10 pane of glass or mica, the latter being found in many places in this territory. The houses are plastered on the outside with mud and straw, and the walls on the inside are whitened with a wash made from gypsum, and yellow clay, put on by the women with a sheepskin, which makes the walls smooth and hard. The wall is then covered with a yellow wash to the height of some three feet from the ground, and over this is blown or sprinkled broken pieces of mica, ranging in size from a pin head to a small size shirt button, giving the room a very oriental appearance. Every original Mexican house has its fire place, and its out door oven, as heating stoves, cook stoves and bedsteads are an article of modern luxury introduced by the coming of the railroad. The fire-place is generally in the corner of the room, and is therefore angular, so that the wood is placed upright instead of horizontal, and I must say that for comfort and convenience, they are very cosy indeed. The bake oven which much resembles an old time bee-hive, and sometimes appears to be as large as the casa itself, is always located near the entrance, no Mexican casa would be complete without this annex. The original Mexican does not take readily to the "Yankee notions," and in many of the houses you find a total absence of stoves, bedsteads, chairs, etc. The houses of the wealthy or well-to-do inhabitants are so constructed as to have a court or placito in the middle or interior, and these are generally filled with shrubbery, trees and flowers, which are very pleasing to the eye, as one traveling over New Mexico seldom encounters shade trees and flower gardens such as one sees in the states. The native timber is pine, cedar and pinon, and these grow altogether on the mountains and foot hills, so that in the valleys and on the mesas one seldom sees a tree, unless it has been planted by the hand of man, and these are few and far between. Las Vegas is over a hundred years old, and yet one could count on his hands and fingers before the introduction of the railroad, and with it the American element, all the shade trees in this valley, which is some ten miles long and four miles wide. The arrival of the railroad wrought a magical change all along the line in this territory, and Las Vegas now contains many beautiful designs of the cultivated and cultured architect, erected by its cattle kings and successful business men. It has street cars, gas works, water works, foundries, two daily and five weekly papers, two national banks, six hotels, three planing mills, two mineral-water works, one brewery, forty saloons, one Catholic college, one seminary, one academy, a number of private and public schools, an opera house, and another large one in process of construction, telephone exchange, churches of every denomination, and many large and substantial business houses, carrying stocks all the way from five thousand to half a million

dollars. The round house, shops, and the preserving works of the A. T. & S. F. R. R., employ some three hundred men, disbursing monthly between the employees alone, from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. The preserving plant has just been completed at an immense cost, and hereafter all timber used on the road will be subjected to a patent preserving process, which is said to make the wood almost indestructible.

Five miles from this city are the famous Las Vegas Hot Springs, owned and controlled by this road. The springs are reached by a branch road, which conveys tourists and visitors back and forth at stated interval during the day. The springs have an altitude of 6,767 feet. There are forty in number, and divided into two classes, one including springs of a temperature from 120 degrees F. to 140 degrees F., the other varying from 75 degrees to 100 degrees F. Many of these springs are not required for the present; bath-house supply, one spring furnishing about 30,000 gallons of water daily, at a temperature of 140 degrees F. The skin, after bathing in these waters, feels soft and velvety. The diseases that are cured and benefitted by these waters and mud baths are acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, blood poison, skin diseases of all classes, glandular and scrofula diseases, general physical debility, mental exhaustion, spinal troubles, nervous affections of all kinds, catarrh, dyspepsia, injuries to joints and bones of long standing, ulcers, female weaknesses, asthma, hay fever, syphilis, &c., &c. The character of the water, as shown by chemical analysis, is equal to that of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. These springs have an advantage over all other health resorts on this continent, owing to the healthy climate and beautiful weather which continue all the year round, and consumptives derive immediate benefit from the dry, stimulating air which is impregnated with ozone and electricity. The springs has two hotels. The new Montezuma, of the Queen Ann style, which has just been completed at a cost of half a million, is one of the finest mountain hotels in the world. It contains over 300 rooms, finished in the most elaborate manner, and furnished with all the elegance and taste that famous caterers could conceive of. Its commanding situation on the mountain gives one a fine view of the surrounding picturesque country, and the cool, crystal waters of the beautiful Gallinas dance and sparkle at its base, and wind their way around the mountains and down into the lovely valley presenting to the eye of the lover of the beautiful a charming and never to be forgotten sight. When the benefits of these famous springs become thoroughly advertised by persons who have had, and may have an opportunity to enjoy their health giving properties and bask in the never ending sunshine of this lovely climate, and the railroad corporation by whom they are owned, make it an object for tourists and invalids to visit this resort, by reducing the fares to a reasonable rate, and the cost of bathing and living at the hotels to such figures that

others besides millionaires can enjoy their benefits, this will be one of the best patronized health resorts in the United States. The ride from Vegas to the Hot Springs is a delightful one, the road running up a charming valley, and on each side in the distance are seen the towering peaks of the Rockies, whose lofty summits seem to pierce the azure vault of heaven. Uncle Abe P. Young, the man who ran the first engine ever run west of the Mississippi river, on the old Missouri Pacific, is married to the Hot Springs run. "Rain or shine, wet or cold," Uncle Abe is always found at his post. The sun, moon and stars may vary, but Uncle Abe never. He's as true as the needle to the pole, and his pleasant face is always at the cab window to welcome the poor invalid and weary traveler to a ride over his branch to the great Sanitarium. The climate of Vegas is all that one could wish, the thermometer seldom reaching zero in winter, and rarely 80 in the shade in the summer. The nights are always cool, and one is compelled to wear woolen underclothing and overclothing during summer and winter. While the people in all other parts of the country have been dying and suffering with the intense heat, we have remained as cool as cucumbers, and slept at night with the doors and windows closed, and under blankets and quilts. Even if it gets uncomfortable in the sun, its always pleasant and cool under shade. Rain falls only during the months of July and August, and then its a common sight to see the rain falling and the sun shining. The crops are raised by irrigation, and its only a question of time, money and intelligence, when the finest wheat, fruits and vegetables raised on this continent, will be produced in the valleys of New Mexico. At present farming is carried on a very ancient and crude plan. In many places the surface of the ground is simply broken or torn up by means of wooden plows, attached to burros (which are diminutive asses, supposed to be lineal descendants of the one our Savior rode into Jerusalem). After the seed is sown, very little labor is bestowed upon it, and still they raise 25 and 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, and vegetables in profusion. Its a common thing to see onions and turnips weighing 6 and 7 lbs., beets 15, 16 and 18 lbs., and cabbage from 10 to 90 lbs. The wheat is cut with a sickle, and thrashed or tramped out by means of sheep, goats, burros, &c. A large ring is made on the ground resembling a circus ring, the ground is then made firm and hard by running the goats, sheep, &c., over it, after which the sheaves of grain are put into the ring and the stock driven over it by men, women and boys, who keep them tramping in the circle until the grain is tramped out; it is then screened, same as you see a mason screen sand. Alfalfa, a species of clover, is well adapted to this climate, an acre of ground producing from 25 to 30 tons. This is a valuable grass, as it will fatten cattle, sheep and hogs equal to corn; it is also a very profitable crop, as it finds ready sale at \$20 per ton. The cattle and sheep interest of San Miguel county

and New Mexico is becoming of vast importance. This territory now furnishes about one-tenth of the wool crop of the United States, and the largest portion of that is shipped from Las Vegas, one store here handling over four million pounds this year.

The cattle are handled mostly by companies managed by foremen. One good foreman and four good cow boys will handle ten thousand head on the range. The Engineers Cattle Co. composed of engineers of the A. T. & S. F., the most of them of this division, have a good range well stocked with some 20,000 head of improved cattle. All expect to be cattle kings in the future, and cease to run engines only in their dreams. The Las Vegas division extends from Raton to Wallace, a distance of 210 miles. Chas. Dyer is superintendent, F. M. Rain, train master, G. S. Perkins, train dispatcher, assisted by Croxon and King, A. P. Getchel, general yard master, and Samuel Roe, resident engineer. All these men are trained and skilled railroad men, and both Dyer and Rain are practical telegraph operators, having ascended the ladder step by step, and gained their promotion by their intrinsic value. F. B. Woodruff, the master mechanic has had some forty years experience, having grown gray in the service, he is a thorough practical man and looks well after the interests of the road. He is ably assisted by Dave A. Deacon as foreman and Geo. U. Biser as superintendent of car repairs. The engineers running on this division from Vegas to Wallace are W. H. Barber, B. Archibald, J. K. Brown, Geo. Armagost, John Butler (familiarily called Dad), W. L. Bordman, S. R. Bordman, J. F. Beckler, J. W. Christal, D. W. Daley, J. F. Holmes, Harry Haynes, Jack Low, Andy Lester, John McColgan, H. J. Murphy, Jas Sturrock, Wm. Schultz, S. A. Smith, L. E. Trainer, and Abe P. Young. The knights of the scoop are, A. J. Armagost, Sid. Bordman, W. H. Barnes, Jack Craighton, Ed. F. Cottman, W. R. Hynes, T. F. Laird, John Lechlitter, Geo. Moore, John McMullen, Wm. Moody, Dan Scully, Chas. Schultz, A. W. Schuster, Jas. Sutfin, Lou Schellenberger, E. H. Schuster and Harry Biser. The engineers average \$4.35 and the firemer \$2.40 per diem. The road is very prompt in paying its employees, the pay car running on schedule time. The cost of living in this territory is from 25 to 50 per cent. more than it is in the states, the most of the supplies being shipped from Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Pueblo and California. Fruits and vegetables are sold by the pound. Coal is \$6 per ton, wood \$5 per cord, flour \$3.50 per hundred, potatoes 3c. per pound, meal 25c. per hundred, beef 12 and 15c. per pound, eggs 25c. per dozen, chickens \$5 and \$6 per dozen, cabbage 5c. per pound; apples, peaches, pears, grapes and melons 10c. per pound. When this country produces its own supplies, which will be in a very few years, the cost of living will be reduced to at least one-half what it is now. Many of the engineers and firemen connected with this road have their own homes, which materially lessen

the expenses of house-keeping. Most all of the benevolent societies are represented in this city by lodges. The K. of P., K. of H., Masons, Odd Fellows, P. S. O. A., K. of L. and the B. L. F.

The Montezuma Lodge No. 204, being in a flourishing condition, with W. H. Barber, Master; W. R. Hines, V. M., A. J. Armagost, Secretary, and A. W. Schuster, Financier. The officers are men of intelligence and thoroughly imbued with the advantages and teachings of their noble order. Its members are all young, active, zealous and take much interest and pride in their beloved Brotherhood. The railroad men of Vegas as a class, are examples of benevolence, sobriety and intelligence. They are proud of the great A. T. & S. F. and the A. T. & S. F. has good cause to be proud of them, while the native inhabitants have every reason to bless the men who planned and constructed this great road through their territory and gave them direct communication with the outside world, thereby opening up a scope of valuable country, which is destined to play an important part in the history of the United States. J. N. D.

SPRAGUE, WASH, TER., July 18, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

There have from time to time, appeared in the columns of the Magazine from some of our able writers, accounts of the struggles that laboring classes have to contend with in European countries as compared with ours.

Looking upon the Magazine as a ground upon which we, as a laboring class can meet and discuss our grievances, and make comparison of our own labor with that of others, I beg leave to draw the attention of my brother firemen to the late strike of the West Side Division Street Car Company in Chicago.

I am informed (on the authority of the Pacific coast papers), that the daily receipts of this prosperous company are \$7,000 a day, and the full total expenses are \$4,700. That includes wages horses, rolling-stock, feed, taxes and repairs; leaving a net profit of \$2,300, making a total profit of \$800,000 per annum. A company making apparently the immense profits that this company make, ought, to say the least, be able to treat its employes in a just manner; but let us look further and see what this magnanimous company does for its workmen. We are told that the strikers went to work at the very remunerative wages of twelve dollars a week, the week to consist of a full seven days work, of seventeen hours per day, twenty minutes being allowed twice each day for meals, and these are the terms that the richest and most profitable car company in the world exacts from its employes. I am beginning to think, that even in this world renowned country of freedom, that labor in such cases, as where it is unable to defend itself, is sunk to as low level as any so called pauper labor of Europe. I often read of "soulless monopolies," and it strikes me there are some, where capitalists who have the cheek to call themselves men, will stand up and bare-facedly ask for the above terms from their workmen in the face of the

immense profits they are making. I fancy to myself some of these capitalists eventually becoming rich, and in the greatness of their hearts they will give sufficient of their ill-gotten wealth to endow a church, or give to some college for the founding of scholarships whose benefit will again return to their own kind, when the press of the country will take it up in a continuous strain, and laud forth in high flowing language, praises of their philanthropy. There are people who will tell me that the law of supply and demand must regulate it, they can get all the men they want at the price. I consider that as no argument in this case, where the company is making such immense profits. Twelve dollars a week is only sufficient for a bare subsistence for any man with a family to support; seventeen hours a day is too much for any man to stand, physically, even if the labor is light. It would interest me to know the difference in the hours worked by man and beast in the company. I believe the comparison would be favorable to the beast. I am told by many that strikes never did any good, and I, myself, am very strongly opposed to them except as a last recourse, but methinks there is no other way in which to deal with such a corporation as this, who will ask such terms from their men; how else will any good be accomplished,—will argument convince such men as these that they are wrong? I say no; a man who cannot see that he is imposing a fearful injustice on an employe, by such terms as the above, is past all reasoning, and there is nothing but brute force will bring him to reason. Let us each, as a strong union, compare ourselves with the car drivers, and we can see at a glance that we, in our position, are far ahead of theirs. I am in favor of unions at all times, and I venture to assert that if the street car drivers of Chicago were united, with intelligent leaders at their head, who would be conservative in their demands and insist on the employes, giving a true loyalty to their duties, they would in a very few years be working less than seventeen hours for a day's work.

If this should meet the eye of any locomotive fireman who is not a Brotherhood man, I ask you to come forward, that is if you are a man, and help build up and protect your labor in an intelligent and conservative manner. We will make a better man of you, we are not agitators, socialists, dynamiters or revolutionists; we are what I consider progressive workmen, bound together to promote our standing as men, to help forward all true and manly principles, to protect the widow and orphan, and to produce for our railroad companies a class of men who will be second to none in the land.

Yours fraternally, SPRAGUE.

J. S. Townsend whose advertisement will be found in this issue is one of the most popular jewelers in the city of Chicago. His place of business is 1554 Wabash avenue, and our boys will do well to give him a call. He makes a specialty of railroad watches and guarantees satisfaction every time.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., August 11, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I notice in the August issue of the Magazine that Bro. W. E. Burns, of Chicago, outlines the programme of proceedings for the next convention. At least he *assumes* to say what subjects the convention will consider, and the order in which they will be considered; and the third number upon his programme is "the abolishment of the office of Grand Organizer and Instructor."

The delegates ought to thank Bro. Burns for the *original* information he gratuitously supplies, as they will know now what they are expected to do and how to go at it. That Bro. Burns considers the subject of the abolishment of the office of Grand Organizer and Instructor third in importance, is certainly a matter of no little interest to us in the line of information. We had thought Bro. Burns was convinced at the last convention that the abolishment of that office was not, never had been, and never would be an issue.

It seems that this subject is the hobby upon which Bro. Burns expects to ride to the happy land. He did his level best to abolish that office at Denver, again at Toronto, and now he will repeat the experiment at Philadelphia, in spite of the fact that he progresses backwards with the scheme, and at about one more convention will be left alone in that position.

The members of our Order know how much that position is worth to the Brotherhood, how much solid work has been done by the man who occupies it, and how much he will continue to do in years to come, long after Bro. Burns has given up the idea of legislating him out of office.

Give yourself no uneasiness, Bro. Burns; we will likely be at Philadelphia to assist you in *carrying out* your programme, as we have done on previous occasions.

It seems to me that we are doing well enough, and that this thing of tinkering with a system under which we have grown to be the grandest organization in America, ought to be sat down upon in a manner to preclude the possibility of its being tried again.

The past five years' growth of our Order are simply marvellous; there is nothing like it on record, and I do not see how it is possible for a single member, however unreasonable, to find fault. It is easy to criticize, easy to find fault and easy enough sometimes to tear down, but in this case it will be demonstrated that the handful of members who want to tear down the office of Grand Organizer and Instructor—one of the columns upon which we rest—will be about as successful as though they tried to extinguish the fires of Sheol with a dew drop.

In his remarkable disquisition on insurance, Bro. Burns says: "The writer strongly advocated the increase of insurance at our last convention. I believe I was wrong, provided our delegates permitted themselves to be duped by ill-founded rumors, concocted by individuals, for the

purpose of gaining sympathy which they must have in order to advance their personal aspirations."

What a remarkable statement for a Past Vice Grand Master to make! By his own words we are informed that he based his official actions as delegate upon ill-founded rumors. Verily, if the Past Vice Grand Master allows himself to be gulled by impostors in a matter so important as our insurance system, what can be expected of us poor subordinates? But this explains why he favors the abolishment of the office of Grand Organizer and Instructor. He is the poor, deluded victim of some shrewd trickster, and before many months he will see the error of his way and tell us, through the columns of the Magazine, that he was misled by an ill-founded rumor.

Standing by the office of Grand Organizer, and the faithful servant who occupies it, I am

Yours fraternally,

FIREMAN.

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO, July 18, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have been a member of Clark-Kimball Lodge No. 113 for nearly three years, and I am sorry to say that I have seen but very little in the Magazine from our Lodge. Fearing that our sister Lodges might think we were not in existence, I thought a few lines from me might relieve their minds of such an impression. I must say our Lodge is in splendid condition, having forty-four members in good standing. Our worthy Master, Bro. O. R. Goodale, is a hard worker in the cause, and the gentlemanly and efficient manner in which he presides over our meetings is highly appreciated by the members.

Bro. G. L. Oram, our Financier, is one of the hardest workers in our Lodge. It is amusing to see him "round up" the boys about the first of the month. George is running the 80; he says it costs \$125.00 to hold a passenger train seven minutes. Bro. P. J. Freeman is running the 18, with Bro. Gorman doing the scoop act. Bros. Russell and Kellum are running helping engines at Camas. Bro. Geo. A. Williams is Engine Dispatcher at Camas. Bro. Bristol is running the 24 with Bro. Fach on the left side; he says she carries the white feather up Beaver Canon, a 135-foot grade. Jack says eccentric straps are a very costly piece of machinery, for one strap cost him five days on the carpet. Bro. Thos. Wharton has been promoted to the right side and is making fly runs with the old 10 in the Eagle Rock yard. Success to the "Kid"—he is worthy of promotion. Bros. O'Mallon, Brown and Lee of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, are running engines here. Bro. Wm. J. Ingling is keeping the 17 hot for Tim Lee. Bro. Dan Rowland is Engine Dispatcher at Eagle Rock. Bro. C. F. Strickland is working in the shops and is extra Dispatcher. Bro. W. W. Chapman is running the 968 on the O. S. L., with Bro. G. H. Matland doing the scoop act. George says the 966 is a great coal eater when she gets on a stock train, making thirty-five miles per hour. Bro. Henry Lopas is night foreman at Shoshone and Bro. Wm. Hull is Division Foreman on the O. S. L., with head,

quarters at Pocatello. I am very sorry to state that Bro. Wm. Hull has been very sick, and was not expected to live, but the latest news was that he was getting along nicely. Bros. Grant, Nye and Dolan are on some road in Kansas. Some ten of our members have withdrawn to join No. 264 at Butte. Success be with them.

We had a grand time here on the 4th of July. A large procession formed at the school house and marched through every street in town. One thing I noticed in the procession was a wagon drawn by six fine horses, with thirty-nine young ladies, dressed in white, with the most popular and nicest looking young lady of our town in the center, crowned the Goddess of Liberty. All the secret orders of our town were marching in the procession. 1st, K. of H.; 2d, A. O. U. W.; 3d, B. of L. E.; 4th, B. of L. F.; 5th, B. of R. B.; 6th, G. A. R. In the evening was a grand ball, given by Joe Hooker Post No. 20, G. A. R. I am pleased to say it was a grand success.

I will now close, hoping these few lines may be the means of starting some more capable member to contribute to the Magazine.

Yours sincerely,

X. Y. Z.

JACKSON, MICH., July 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As every drop of water contributes its share in forming the vast bodies of water that wash the shores of the great continents, so every item, whether of little or great importance, helps to make up the columns of our reading matter, published in the great journals, magazines and other periodicals of our country. The demand for pure literature is constantly increasing among our people, and only such should be allowed to enter into our households. How we, as one common brotherhood, ought to appreciate the official organ of our noble Order! Its pages, from beginning to end, are filled with pure, original matter, while nothing of a contaminating character is allowed in its columns. Such is the Firemen's Magazine, and while weeks, months and years roll by it will always be a welcome member of our household.

I take pleasure in announcing, through the columns of the Magazine, that Gilbert Lodge, No. 240, was the recipient of a beautiful life-size portrait of the late engineer Milton L. Gilbert, who met death in the great railroad disaster the night of October 10th, 1879, at Jackson Junction, Michigan. He was pulling the Pacific Express west that night, when only two miles from home, on his return trip, he came in collision with a switch engine occupying the main track in crossing from one side of the yard to the opposite with a number of freight cars. His train was late and running at a high rate of speed, when on the curve death stared him in the face. The two monsters grappled and with a crash Milton L. Gilbert and his fireman, with fifteen souls, were hurled into eternity with twenty-nine wounded. Such was the fate of our hero. The walls of Gilbert Lodge are now adorned by his portrait, presented to us by his loving wife, who

will always be held in the highest esteem by the members of our Brotherhood.

The night was dark, his train was late, around the curve he came. One glance ahead upon the track, he saw another train; his hand the throttle it did grasp, but only grasped in vain. He had no time for thought or word his loving wife to send. The monsters grappled with a crash, all was at an end.

Our climate, at the present time, is very warm and the members of the B. of L. F. all seem to be in excellent health, not a disabled or sick member reported among us. Bro. Saxou is spending a short vacation in the harvest field, gathering in the golden sheaves. The question now to be solved and going the rounds among the boys is why Bro. Francis is spending so much time at Kalamazoo. Wait and something will soon turn up. Bro. Bently is still firing the fast run as no better man can be found. Summing everything up in a nutshell No. 240 is blessed with true-hearted and honest men.

Trusting you will find us ever advancing. I remain,

Truly Yours,

DOER.

PITTSBURG, PA., July 17, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have not the pleasant duty of speaking of numerous kindly deeds, or of rewarding with words the many past acts of an older Lodge, but the members of Smoky City Lodge No. 219 can look with pride on our one year's record. The "wet blankets" that have fallen upon us have been very few, and by the efficiency of our officers and a few of our working members we have been enabled to furnish our hall very creditably and are in good running order.

Our success as a lodge is largely due to the perseverance of our master and a few others. They may be considered regular "stand-bys;" they have labored on regardless of criticism with the one grand object in view—the good of the Order. It was an easy and pleasant task to organize our Lodge and to conduct it as long as the novelty wore, but it has required a great deal of patient labor to sustain it since and our "stand-bys" are deserving of the highest respect and the sincere thanks of each member.

It is impossible for us to have a full attendance at Lodge meetings and a great deal of the interest must be kept up by social intercourse outside the Lodge room. It is nearing the time for the election of officers, and if we are lucky enough to choose officers for the coming year as efficient as those now retiring we may reasonably expect with a hearty co-operation of the members to stand second to no other lodge in the state.

I would like to say something in regard to subordinate lodge treasuries: There are but few enterprises that fall or retrograde on account of a "fat" treasury, and while I would deprecate the massing of too much money by subordinate lodges, I think it is necessary for members to be liberal in providing and retaining a small surplus for contingencies and if under a wise man-

agement we may accumulate more, we can easily widen the scope of our charities and by so doing strengthen brotherly feeling and increase the respect of those outside our Order. I would object to what seems to be a very popular method of raising money in some Lodges, that of balls, raffles, picnics and "sich;" not that I am incapable of enjoying a ball or party but as a means of raising money it is next door to begging and with the majority of our members a slight curtailing of their unnecessary expenses would enable them to pay in the way of an extra assessment an amount sufficient to let us "out of the woods."

A. STOKER.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, July 22, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

A very enjoyable event took place here on July 9, it being the marriage of Bro. W. A. McDonald, of Lodge No. 52, of Logansport, Ind., to Miss Lizzie Rineheart of this city. Bro. McDonald was a former resident of Columbus and well-known by most of the boys of No. 9. The happy couple were united at St. Mary's Church in the morning and gave a reception at the home of the groom in the evening, to which the members of No. 9 were tendered an invitation.

The reception was a decided success and all enjoyed themselves hugely, except Bro. John Tracy who was attacked with a severe case of cramps, but recovered. Bro. J. D. Coffey was saved a very disagreeable and yet a pleasant task by the brother of the groom coming to his assistance with a horse and buggy. Everything passed off nicely and the happy couple started for their future home on the 14th inst.

Many beautiful and costly presents were received by Bro. and Mrs. McDonald, the list being too extended to publish.

Mr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. Wm. Kealey and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McDonald, desire to return thanks to their many friends for the valuable presents and their pleasing company. The members of Franklin Lodge No. 9 all join in wishing Bro. McDonald a successful matrimonial voyage through life and lots of little "Macks" to smooth their pathway in their declining years.

Yours in B. S. I.

C. C. COIT.

STONY ISLAND, ILL., Aug. 6, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As there has never been any communication from Calumet Lodge No. 249, I think it about time something was said. We are in a flourishing condition, and our worthy Master, S. T. Hooper, is doing everything in his power to make 249 a thriving Lodge. Bro. Merriett, one of 249's best members, a young engineer on the Nickle Plate, slipped off to Cincinnati, and took unto himself a life partner in the person of a charming little lady, by the name of Miss Lena Wieppert, who captured Charlie's heart a number of years ago. We are pleased to see the Order growing so rapidly and hope to see it continue so through coming years.

DANDY.

For Firemen's Magazine.

GENERAL GRANT.

Who lies beneath the neat laid mound?
Ah, General Grant, the hero tried;
Blue violets cluster all around
And aid the sod his form to hide.

Sleep, heroic soldier, sleep,
Beneath the sod of saddened lands;
Around the tomb the roses peep,
Planted there by loving hands.

He loved to sit with prattling babe,
And tell of days ere it was born,
And of the faithful eagle Abe,
Who knew so well the bugle horn.

He never more will mount his steed,
And lead the way of drum and fife,
Nor do another kindly deed,
For death has closed his noble life.

Then, men of Brotherhood, you know
He was cut down by death's grim hand;
The time will come for you to go,
Pray, meet him in a happier land.

—L. T. Knowles.

GARRETT, IND., Aug. 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Although this may never get nearer the columns of the Magazine than the waste basket, we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we tried to let people know (Knights of the scoop especially), that Garfield Lodge No. 203 is still in existence, Piedmont coal notwithstanding. Garfield Lodge enrolls about thirty-nine members, good firemen and good men. Bro. L. Gelhousen, while running the yard engine at Fostoria, captivated the heart of one of Fostoria's fairest daughters and brought her to Garrett as Mrs. Gelhousen. We wish you joy Bro. Gelhousen. Bro. Elston who has been on the sick list for some time past has reported for work. That little trip down to Bairdstown accounts for his renewed health and vigor. When is it coming off Bro. Elston? Bro. T. Mowry's wife is convalescing. The broad smile brightens on Bro. Hamlin's face when coming in the neighborhood of Mr. Lackey's store. Bro. F. Elston has been elected as delegate to the convention at Philadelphia. The boys look sad when they get up on their engines and find the tank filled with Piedmont coal. Bro. Evans says he thought his "time was up" when 647 lost a drive wheel on the Atlantic express. The firemen and engineers, it is rumored, will play a game of base ball. If they play we will give you the details and incidents of the game. The engineers claim they can "do us up" for \$50.00, we think this would be quite an addition to our treasury. As this is our first trial at journalism, we will close, hoping some one more able will relieve us.

Fraternally Yours,

SLIGO.

COMO, COLO., August 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Having looked in vain for something from 256, I feel in duty bound to let the world know that we are still alive and doing well as the most hopeful could expect. Times have been very dull on the "High Line," but are picking up a little, and Bros. Dooner and Leonard have been promoted. Patsy Dougherty, the "Komo Kicker," and W. S. Mathers, are hostling in Como. Both good, steady boys, and of course, members of 256. Billy Kremling has quit the road and gone to ranching. It is amusing to hear him politely request his mules to "Slack back till I couple up." W. S. Weamer is our delegate to the convention and the boys expect to see him return with a life partner on his arm.

The latest to join the grand army of Benedict is Bro. Robt. F. Coots, who was married the 1st inst., to Miss Annie Moynahan, of Como, Colo. Bro. Coots is one of the most popular engineers on the road, and all join in good wishes for his future prosperity and happiness. Among the wedding presents was a congratulatory letter from "the boys," covering two sheets of legal cap and with signatures enough attached to secure a post office under almost any administration.

Fraternally, JIM CROW.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 8, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The members of No. 223 are glad to see the boys of the C. & O. railway join the ranks of our noble Brotherhood. Clifton Forge and Richmond can now boast of having a Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and we wish them success. F. E. Walker has left us and gone where the orange blossoms grow. F. L. Burns is on the sick list, but we hope he will be able to go to work soon. T. D. Price has returned from a two weeks visit at Harrisburg, Pa. M. H. Bledsoe has returned from Virginia where he has been visiting friends and relatives. Bro. Ed. Howard was shaking hands with the boys a few days ago. Ed. and Johnnie Hanna are a whole team. By the way, we understand the ladies of Barboursville do not wave anymore at Bro. O. G. Temple. If Ollie will not explain any one wishing to know the reason can ascertain by asking Mr. Henry Fox the engineer of engine 51. We will not say much about Bro. Mead this time as we were threatened with a beating from his intended for the remarks we made before. We do not understand why we should be threatened with such punishment as it is well known by all that Bro. Mead's single days are numbered, and it is also well known that the number of days are not many.

STRAIGHT STACK.

THE "American Railroad" is the title of a new paper published at Chicago, in the interest of railway employes. It is edited by Messrs. Chilson and Peck, and contains a variety of matter, both interesting and instructive to railroad men. The subscription price is only one dollar per year, exceedingly low for an eight page, semi-monthly publication, such as the American Railroad.

*For Firemen's Magazine.***THE WRECKED ENGINE.**

My pretty Nell, no more, ah, nevermore!
Shall we roam together, hand in hand,
O'er glittering rails of miles in score
To distant cities of our land.

We have faced death and did not cower,
Through many years in lusty prime—
And raced the minutes of the fleeting hour
To be ever in on schedule time.

Thou faithful friend; companion of my toil!
Did ever the gazing through surmise,
The bond of sympathy so true and loyal
That bound us close as kindred ties?

Sad your fate, in dread collision's crash;
Sunset nature in luxurious bloom
No more will greet your graceful dash:
Scrap heap, in wrecking shop your tomb.

Fiercely you grappled with your antagonist
A thundering clash, my eyes grew dim
Midst hissing steam and blinding mist
The whistle shrieked a requiem.

Once fiery thwarted beauty of the rail
Pouting responsive to the throttle's blast,
Shouting defiance to the wintry gale
Or kissed by summer's breeze flying past.

But now you lie all cold and dead
Alas! must we two meet to sever?
Thy mighty power of life has fled
The lurid fire gone out forever.

Farewell forever! but my steps are slow
In parting from thee; stricken Nell,
Oh, is there not a world of woe
In that simple word—farewell!

—John Tierney, Jr.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 31, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

In looking over the back numbers of the Magazine for the past three years I perceive that No. 13 has one of the best, if not the very best, uniform records in regard to beneficiary statements. That her assessments are generally all paid together, that she has comparatively few in the back assessment columns, and it is very seldom that she is credited with an expulsion for non-payment of dues. This gratifying result is almost wholly due to the perseverance, energy and ability of our excellent financier Bro. Wilson. Here, where he is best known, he is best appreciated; all of his spare time is devoted to the interest of the Brotherhood. Not only this Lodge but almost every Lodge in this vicinity has derived some benefit from his active interest in our Order. He has been instrumental in organizing several Lodges in this vicinity; last, but not least, Wilson Lodge No. 272 at Hampton Junction which is named in his honor. Bro. Wilson is a fireman of ten years experience, over five where he is now employed, the Central Division of the P. & R. railroad, and previously five on the Morris & Essex railroad. He is not

an educated man, his education began and ended with the common schools, or rather began there but is not ended yet and will not be while he lives, for he is a man that keeps his eyes open and learns from observation. As a public speaker he possesses no mean ability; although a critic might occasionally find a grammatical error, yet he is a ready and fluent speaker and makes a very strong impression on his hearers that he is speaking the truth and that he believes what he is saying himself. He is a conscientious Christian, not only on Sundays, but every day. I know of no man either in or out of the Brotherhood in whom I place more implicit confidence than Charles A. Wilson. He is thoroughly ingrained upright and stubbornly honest. The combined wealth of the Vanderbilts could not bribe him to do a dishonest act. I write this wholly unknown to him, hoping that you will publish it as a just tribute to a noble man.

Fraternally Yours, E. J. DWYER.

ASHLEY, PA., Aug. 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As a member of Golden Link Lodge, No. 250, I take pleasure in letting our Lodges know that we are still bearing the standard of our Brotherhood, with Bro. Chas. Vanwhy as our chief officer. He is the right man in the right place. Our financier E. W. Cole, who met with an accident in a wreck a short time ago, is again able to perform his duties. The other offices are well supplied. No. 250 is composed of members in good standing and of stability, and is increasing with members who have already become accustomed to the dangers on the rail. We number about 35 members, with several applications to work on. Bro. Geissler has been promoted to the right hand side. Bro. Thomas enjoyed the church picnic at Mountain Park on July 30th. We expect to be well represented at the annual convention which is to be held at Philadelphia. With good wishes for the Brotherhood, I remain

J. C. R.

HAMILTON, ONT., Aug. 11, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Allow me a small space in your valuable paper just to let our sister lodges know that we are still in existence, as none of our boys seem to care to write. We have now over fifty members in good standing, and seem to be in a prosperous condition, with the exception of promotion and it is very slow, but we are still looking ahead for better times.

It is rumored that Bro. Allen is about to get united to one of Pratt & Watkins' dry goods girls and I think we will have to appoint a committee to look after Bro. Barnes. We had our election of officers two weeks ago, and we have got the right men in the right place. Bro. Mc Hattie is Master and Bro. McCall is vice Master. Our late financier is entitled to much credit for the way he filled his position during the past year. Excuse me if I have made any mistakes as it is my first time to write for the Magazine.

A FIREMAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., August 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As a great deal of discussion arises in view of the coming convention, I think it will not be out of place for me in this article to express my opinion regarding the matter of representation at our convention. All seem agreed that our present representation is too large. The manner of reducing that representation in a wise and judicious manner, at the same time giving us a fair constitution and by-laws, and good representation generally, is the all important step to be most considered. My plan, which I think would be fairer to the Order at large, than any proposed, would be to give to each state and territory a district, the district to have no less than five Lodges in it, each Lodge to elect one delegate to the district convention, and each district to elect one representative to the Grand Lodge. The district to elect its own officers, the presiding officer to be called the Deputy Grand Master. His duties would be similar to the duties of the Master of a Subordinate Lodge. He would appoint a district secretary to keep a correct record of all meetings held, and do other duties pertaining to the office. Each Lodge in the district to be assessed its pro rata of the expenses of the district meeting, and any surplus to become the property of the Grand Lodge for its benefit and use. All Lodges in states, or territories not having a sufficient number of Lodges to become a district, to send their delegates to the Grand Lodge convention instead of a district meeting, until such time as the state or territory shall have a requisite number of Lodges to be entitled to a district. This plan is far preferable to that of giving a specified number of Lodges a district, because in that case there would be the danger of some states having larger representation in the Grand Lodge than smaller states, thus causing ill feeling to arise among the brothers in adjoining states. My plan, however, gives all an equal showing, and those Lodges in states not represented by a district, could send their delegates to the Grand Lodge until such time as the state is entitled to a district. Hoping I have made this article plain to your readers, I remain

Yours fraternally,

BONA FIDA.

WE note with pleasure the improved appearance of the Western Railroader, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, published at Rock Island, Ill. The August issue is in pamphlet form, and contains sixty-four pages of carefully selected matter, that will be found interesting and instructive to all railroad men. Messrs. J. P. and M. S. Bledsoe are the editors of this enterprising periodical, and we commend their pluck and energy in pushing it to the front. Our esteemed friend, Ed F. O'Shea, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, has charge of the Brakemen's Department, and keeps it well filled with interesting miscellany. The Western Railroader has our best wishes for its continued prosperity.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

[Written by Geo. A. Bullock, of Oneonta, on the death of Geo. Montague, May, 1, 1885.]

The night was dark and dreary
And the track was wet with rain;
The engine struggled bravely
With the long and heavy train;
Three brakemen were on duty,
With their dang'rous work at hand;
They were helping one another
As only brothers can.

And when the trip was ended—
While putting away the train,
One of the men was injured,
Altho' no one was to blame,
He spoke but once, they told me,
Then his lips were sealed in death.
We'll mourn our departed friend,
But God knows what is best.

We took him to his mother,
Who was mourning her lost boy;
The Comforter was with her,
And proved now her only joy.
The boy, he was a Christian,
And though at a dangerous task,
He showed the kind of training
Of his parents to the last.

He was laid to rest with honors.
By his parents and his friends,
In the little village graveyard:
May he rest in peace, amen.

PARSONS, KAN., Aug. 11, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Why don't we see something in the Firemen's Magazine from Parsons? Surely there is enough good material within the reach of the Brotherhood men who may feel disposed to make themselves heard. It may seem an imposition on my part to intrude this article upon your attention. But if I am not a Brotherhood man, I consider myself a brother to all those who pass the most of their time on the footboard. Although I am not following railroading at present, my sympathies are with the boys. I can say but little intelligently concerning the Lodge here, as I am not a member, but of those who constitute the Lodge here, there is much that can be said in their praise. Almost to a man they are sober, industrious men, good citizens in every thing that the word implies, trying as best they may, to live up to their adopted motto.

Business men should bear one thing in mind, and that is to foster and encourage these Lodges in every way possible, for it is within these Lodges that morality, sobriety, industry and the true principles of right and wrong are taught, and insisted upon as the requisite qualifications for membership. Business men throughout the country will tell you that upon the application of a railroad man for credit, it is well to ascertain if he is a Brotherhood man, and if he answers in the affirmative, it is perfectly safe to trust him, otherwise it is not. Hence we say, do all you can for the Lodge. Its influence for good is evidenced on all sides, and the older the Order grows the more influence for good it will exert upon the morals and habits of the men.

W. B. B.

EVANSTON, WYOMING, July 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

We send you the following for publication:
Died—At Evanston, Wyoming Territory, July 19, Paul E. Bemis, aged ten months and three days. Little Paul is the third son that Bro. L. E. Bemis and wife have lost. Not lost, but gone before. No little one now is left, but in memory the angelic face of Paul comes to sweeten the sadness.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,

Ways that we cannot tell;

He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him he loved so well." M. S.

The following is an extract from the speech delivered by Instructor S. M. Stevens at the Union meeting held at Sedalia, Mo., July 30th. It will be found replete with eloquence and sound logic:

"I come here to-day with feelings of the keenest sense of duty towards my fellow members, and everyone concerned in this controversy. Having been employed for more than six years as a locomotive fireman, and knowing full well the dangers that beset them while in the discharge of their daily duties, I am in a position to give them my heartiest sympathy. But I regret, more than I can express, the necessity of this meeting for the purpose for which it was called. Still, we have a duty to perform, the good name of our Brotherhood is at stake, and we must come to the rescue, cost what it may, for after home and loved ones, it commands our highest and most earnest consideration. The good that it has done in the past and the good that it is destined to do in the future makes it dear to us all, placing it high above the individual Lodge or locality. In this controversy, not only is the Brotherhood involved, but every man engaged in the calling, to whom we owe the important duty of bringing about a fair, honorable and lasting settlement of this difficulty. And from the Isthmus of Panama to Hudson Bay thirty thousand sun-browned heroes are anxiously watching and waiting to see how well we perform our duties.

The relation of the fireman to the engineer, while not as close perhaps as that of son to father, is more like that of the soldier to his comrade in time of war. Each must face to the front and shoulder to shoulder advance into the heat of the conflict in defense of this common cause. There is no middle ground for the firemen to occupy and no time for hesitation. We must bear in mind the fact that the sturdy young man of the scoop to-day, becomes the hero of the throttle to-morrow, and he must, by the very nature of his surroundings, take a manly part in all the struggles for the protection of the position which his trials and dangers are daily fitting him to fill.

Promotion, without the attending compensation for experience and skill required to run and care for a locomotive, is a detriment to the fireman and the engineer alike, and tends to foster and increase one of the greatest evils against which we shall some day be called upon to battle. I refer to the classification of wages of engineers. Therefore, the fireman who is promoted before there is a demand for his services at good pay, takes the place of some better paid man, who is forced to leave home and friends to wander among strangers in search of employment."

AN Indianapolis correspondent of the American Railroader, published at Chicago, generously alludes to the Firemen's Magazine as "the peer of any similar publication in America."

PERSONALS.

THE Brotherhood is still progressing.

J. C. BRANHAM, of Evening Star Lodge, is our kind of a man.

J. G. JONAH has made a very creditable record as financier of Northern Light Lodge.

SAM C. ARNOLD now wields the gavel of his Lodge. No. 145 will find him a true leader.

W. H. McDONNELL, the Secretary of No. 228, is one of the leading spirits of his Lodge.

JOHN TOMAN and **Geo. Barnhardt** of No. 262 now grace the right hand side of their engines.

R. E. SMITH is the happiest man on 142's rolls. A fine young girl has come to gladden his home.

EUREKA Lodge No. 14 loses a faithful member in the death of **Bro. A. J. Baird**. He was true to all his obligations to the Order.

JAMES H. DODSON feels highly elated over the arrival of a young daughter at his home. The members of No. 16 also rejoice in the event.

R. A. BLADES is not only a good financier but he is an active and energetic worker in the cause. No. 54 estimates him at his real value.

W. H. PARKHOUSE is among the leading spirits in the Northwest. The members of No. 170 have in him a faithful and painstaking officer.

J. H. FENWICK is one of the live and energetic members of Adair Lodge No. 100. His record as secretary and financier is without a blemish.

It is **Bro. Lanahan's** turn to rejoice. He has been blessed with a young daughter, and the members of 103 are looking for him to say something.

HARRY KELER is now manipulating the throttle on the Richmond & Danville road. He has lost none of his old-time interest in the Brotherhood.

ALTHOUGH a new member, **Chas. Mancourt**, of No. 16, is proficient in the duties of membership and takes an active part in the affairs of his Lodge.

THE interests of our Order are carefully guarded by the members of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59. They are made up of metal that has the true ring to it.

JOE SOUTH, of No. 9, was married, July 18th, to Miss Annie Schively, a very estimable young lady of Bradford, Ohio. Joe has the good wishes of all who know him.

THE members of No. 144 are being rapidly promoted. During the past few months not less than eight of them have taken their places on the right hand side.

DAME rumor has it that **Bro. C. H. Straight**, of No. 22, has gone to the country to play the "Drum." **Bro. C. H.** is spending a great deal of time in that way, of late.

C. A. CRIPPS, one of our Grand Trustees and financier of Old Post Lodge No. 17, wears a magnificent gold watch chain and charm appropriately inscribed, the gift of the members of his Lodge. The boys at Vincennes appreciate the faithful services of their financier.

FRANK BAIRSKEY of Salt Lake Lodge was married to Miss Mary E. Phillips of Williamsport, Pa., on July 16. **Bro. T. J. Buckley** and wife served as the "best couple." The members of No. 178 wish **Bro. and Mrs. Bairskey** much joy.

JOHN B. MILLER still holds forth at Slater, Mo., and his interest in the Brotherhood remains unabated. John has a record in our cause that he may feel proud of.

IN selecting **A. W. Spurr** for their master, the members of No. 57 gave evidence of their usual good judgment. **Bro. Spurr** will make them a capital presiding officer.

HARRY WALTON is looking for the "Lunch Fiend of the Delaware," with fire in his eyes. Is it envy that stirs the wrath of the sturdy statesman of Enterprise Lodge?

E. K. PARK, **M. R. Carson**, **J. F. Smith**, **J. R. Woodworth** and **S. W. Kenward** are the leaders of Etna Lodge, No. 163. They are sterling Brotherhood men in every respect.

G. C. PETTINGER has resigned his position as engineer and is now engaged in wheeling infant perambulators. The brothers of No. 22 cease to wonder at **Bro. G. C.'s** bald head.

THE crowning event of the season, for No. 22, was the happy marriage of **Bro. Wm. O'Neal** to Miss **Laura Reed**. **Bro. Williams** now meets the boys with a pleasant smile. Cake and cards omitted.

THE members of Kennesaw Lodge No. 247 were agreeably surprised to learn of the marriage of **Bro. T. O'Neal** to Miss **Elmira Jones**. **Bro. and Mrs. O'Neal** have the best wishes of all their many friends.

J. J. LECAIN is still an active member of Morning Star Lodge, No. 88, although he has been elevated to the position of Sheriff of Uinta county, Wyoming. **Bro. LeCain** is a credit to his Lodge and the Order.

B. VANHOESEN and wife return their heartfelt thanks to Trinity Lodge, No. 83, particularly **Bros. O'Malley** and **Reynolds**, for their sympathy and services on the occasion of the death of their little girl.

FOR elegant cakes for weddings and other occasions we refer our members to **Bro. Fisher** of 281, New Albany, Ind., who boasts with considerable pride of his sweetheart's efficiency in that line.

A VOTE of thanks has been tendered by Sugar Loaf Lodge, No. 144, to **Bro. Sinclair**, for a handsome and costly frame for their chart. **Bro. Sinclair** is a staunch Brotherhood man and has the highest respect of his entire Lodge.

A LAS VEGAS correspondent advises us that **Bro. Palmer** has been promoted and doing well. **Bro. Suttin** contemplates a visit East, and **Bro. Armagost** is looking forward to a happy event that will come off before many moons.

CARDS are out announcing the marriage of **Bro. Frank P. Shepardson**, the worthy master of No. 97, to Miss **Anna E. Stiegler**, a most amiable lady of Los Angeles. We hope that all the years of their lives may be rich with joy.

A SEDALIA correspondent says: Our genial and talented **Bro. C. W. Goodwin** has wisely taken unto himself a wife, the fair daughter of our worthy Master, **B. D. Rucker**. The wishes of No. 78 are that health, happiness and prosperity may ever be with them.

THE many friends of **Bro. Gustave Gleyre**, of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, will note the following with interest: "On Tuesday evening, July 28, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Pueblo, Mr. Gustave Gleyre and Miss **Caddie Allen** were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, **Rev. John C. Hay**, of the Christian church, officiating. An elegant wedding supper was served, many beautiful and costly gifts were received by the bride, and a delightful evening was passed by the friends in attendance. May long life, happiness and prosperity attend Mr. and Mrs. Gleyre in their new relations."

SUGAR Loaf Lodge, No. 144, desires to extend its sympathies to the relatives and friends of the late Bros. McLellan and Kidd, of No. 233, who lost their lives in a collision, July 15th. The members of No. 144 have draped their charter in mourning for the ill fated brethren of their sister Lodge.

At the organization of Tunnel Hill Lodge No. 281, the members treated Instructor Stevens to a magnificent "spread." All the tempting delicacies of the season were served and a most enjoyable time was had. Instructor Stevens fully appreciated the hospitalities of the occasion.

It is with deep regret that we announce the sad death of little Eugene Sullivan, the infant son of Bro. and Mrs. P. H. Sullivan, of North Platte. The sorrowing parents mourn with profound grief the loss of their dimpled darling. We extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement and only regret that we can offer nothing to ease the pangs of their affliction.

On our recent visit to Sedalia we learned of the marriage of Bro. Frank Nebergall to Miss Reed of Missouri City. The members of No. 54 say that Frank was very quiet about the affair and it only leaked out some time after the knot was tied. Anyway, they all join in extending their best wishes to Bro. and Mrs. Nebergall and hope their pathway through life may be strewn with roses.

E. S. Dickerson, of 102, who is now at Palestine, Texas, sends us a very nice account of the wedding of Bro. Browning, of 156. He speaks in the highest terms of praise of Bro. and Mrs. Browning and says they are worthy of all the good things a generous providence may bestow upon them. Bro. Dickerson voices the sentiments of all the members of 156 and they all join in hearty congratulations to the wedded couple.

COL. J. B. Maynard, the veteran journalist of Indianapolis, will be at Philadelphia and participate in the opening exercises of the Convention. He stood by the boys in the dark days when it required courage to defend the cause, and he has never lost an opportunity to speak the praises of the Order and elevate it in public estimation. Col. Maynard will be the special guest of the general committee.

The Palestine Advocate in a late issue contains the following: "On Thursday, July 28, 1885, at 8:30 p. m., at the residence of the bride's parents, three and one-half miles south of Palestine, by Rev. E. F. Fales, Mr. Walter S. Browning to Miss Maggie V. Brown, all of this city." Walter Browning is a worthy member of Neches Lodge No. 156, and the young lady he has taken to himself as his future companion is amiable and accomplished and will make him a most excellent wife. Walter and his wife have our most cordial congratulations upon this happy event.

THE Hon. F. P. Sargent, our highly esteemed Vice Grand Master, is destined to become famous in his new office as U. S. Fish Commissioner for Arizona. The Yuma Sentinel compliments the new commissioner as follows: "F. P. Sargent, whom our government has honored with the office of U. S. Fish Commissioner for the District of Arizona, whose residence is in Yuma, left his card at our sanctum last Wednesday. Sorry we were not in. Mr. Sargent is the discoverer of the justly celebrated Los Angeles variety of carp, a plant of which he placed in the reservoir at the round house a few weeks ago. These carp seem to do well in this climate, and are propagating quite rapidly. We wish Mr. Sargent abundant success in his fishy experiments, and hope that by next year he may be able to supply the several fish ponds in town, but more especially the large one immediately east of town, and which is the common property of the village."

UNION MEETINGS.

SEDALIA, MO.

Pursuant to the call issued by the Grand Lodge, July 16, a union meeting was held at Sedalia, Mo., July 30, for the purpose of considering a contract made with the Missouri Pacific R. R. Co. by a committee of firemen, appointed by certain Lodges of our Order.

A wide difference of opinion prevailed in regard to the purport of the contract, and considerable objection was urged against it by some, while others condemned it in unqualified terms. The objectionable portion of the contract, which was embraced in Article 1, read as follows:

"Whenever it may be necessary to employ additional engineers, a preference will be given to firemen, and a selection made according to capacity and length of service in the company's employ as firemen, of which the Master Mechanic or Assistant Master Mechanic shall be the sole judge."

The meeting was called to order by Bro. B. D. Rucker, Master of Golden Eagle Lodge No. 7, who introduced Grand Master Arnold as the Chairman of the meeting.

Grand Master Arnold took the Chair, and appointed Bro. L. C. Hill, of No. 24, Vice Grand Master, *pro tem.* Bro. E. V. Debs, of the Grand Lodge, acted as Secretary, and Bro. Wm. Hugo, of No. 14, was appointed Assistant Secretary. The Grand Officers in attendance were Grand Master Arnold, Organizer and Instructor Stevens, and Secretary and Treasurer Debs.

The meeting was well attended, a large number of visiting members from sister Lodges being present.

Each Lodge on the line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad was entitled to one delegate. The roll was called, and the following delegates responded to their names:

Lodge No.	DELEGATES.	Lodge No.	DELEGATES.
6	George Barrett.	78	C. W. Goodwin.
8	S. M. Babb.	83	I. M. Dean.
21	M. J. Barrett.	109	G. A. Pendleton.
24	L. C. Hill.	156	J. E. Green.
31	E. S. Clark.	177	B. Brown.
45	H. H. Burrus.	243	John Malin.
74	G. J. Zang.		

The Grand Master then stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of examining into the difficulties that had grown out of the contract with the Missouri Pacific Railroad Co., and if possible, to adjust the same with equal satisfaction to all concerned. Bro. B. D. Rucker, of No. 78, made the opening address in favor of the contract, and was followed by Bro. C. W. Goodwin in an able speech. The Secretary of the Grand Lodge then spoke against the contract. Instructor S. M. Stevens made an earnest address, in which he opposed the contract, on the ground that the men would derive no benefit from it, while, on the other hand, so much ill-feeling had grown out of its provisions as to seriously affect the entire Brotherhood. A general discussion followed, in which the affirmative and negative sides of the proposition were ably presented.

The Grand Master then put the question, and ordered the roll to be called upon the approval or rejection of Article 1 of the contract in controversy. The roll call resulted in the following vote:

Lodge No.	DELEGATES.		
		To Approve	To Reject
6	George Barrett	1	1
8	S. M. Babb	1	1
21	M. J. Barrett	1	1
24	L. C. Hill	1	1
31	E. S. Clark	1	1
45	H. H. Burrus	1	1
74	G. J. Zang	1	1
78	C. W. Goodwin	1	1
83	I. M. Dean	1	1
109	G. A. Pendleton	1	1
156	J. E. Green	1	1
177	B. Brown	1	1
243	John Mallin	1	1
Total		3	10

The Grand Master then declared Article 1 of the contract in question rejected. When the result was announced the most perfect satisfaction seemed to prevail, each delegate abiding cheerfully by the decision of the meeting.

On motion, a vote of thanks on behalf of the visiting members including the grand officers, was extended to the members of Golden Eagle Lodge No. 78 for courtesies received. On the morning after the meeting, the Grand Officers, Bro. B. D. Rucker and several others called on Mr. E. K. Sibley, Superintendent of the Missouri Pacific railway, and advised him of the action of the meeting. Mr. Sibley commended the course that had been taken and agreed to cancel the contract on the part of the company and give due notice to that effect. Mr. Sibley treated the committee with great courtesy, and we are under obligations to him for favors received. The meeting was in all respects thoroughly successful. The members of No. 78 were very fair and honorable in the matter and whether they were right or wrong, they made the contract in good faith, and we respect them none the less on account of it.

Bro. B. D. Rucker, chairman of the committee had formulated the contract, proved himself to be a man in every respect. He stood by the contract with all his ability, but when it was annulled by the action of the meeting, he yielded to the decision of the majority as cheerfully and promptly as though it had been rendered in his favor. He believed the contract to be for the good of the firemen and this was the motive that impelled him to formulate it. He had no selfish purpose in view, and those who assert the contrary, either do not know him or else do him a cruel injustice.

A great deal has been said about this contract—the air has been filled with threats and in a great many instances our noble Brotherhood has been assailed and denounced on account of it. Many have gone so far as to charge the Grand Officers with having authorized the contract for the sole purpose of securing the promotion of cheap firemen and thus crippling the interests of engineers. It is scarcely necessary to say that these charges were false, and known to be false by those who uttered them.

But whatever the circumstances may have been, we regard it as extremely small in our enemies to assail and condemn our whole Brotherhood on account of a contract made by a few members in which the organization had no part. It demonstrates the fact that a certain class of gentlemen are eager to grasp at the slightest pretext to make war upon us, discountenance our edges and refuse recognition to our members, simply because we are a little too prosperous to suit them.

We have a different way of adjusting our grievances, and we may appeal to our record to prove that we have never condemned a whole organization, and sought its downfall, because of the

harmless mistakes of a few members. But the malicious attacks referred to will not interfere with our progress. Our Order is approved by all fair-minded men, and we have the pluck, energy and activity to carry it to the front, and keep it there, in spite of the malicious croakers who are trying to obstruct its progress.

We have introduced these statements in connection with the report of the Sedalia meeting, to show that we are not altogether ignorant of the true cause of the unmeasured condemnation that was heaped upon our Order, ostensibly on account of the contract that was consummated by our members at that point.

We acknowledge with thanks the many brotherly courtesies that were shown us by our Sedalia members.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

A union meeting of the Brotherhood was held at Des Moines, Iowa, on July 19th which, from all accounts proved to be a very interesting affair. We clip the following report of the meeting from the Creston Gazette:

"An interesting meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive firemen was held in Des Moines, Sunday, July 19. The procession formed in front of the Aborn House at 2 P. M., corner Court and Fourth streets, led by Advance Lodge No. 101, of Creston, and followed by about one hundred and fifty members wearing the regalia of the B. of L. F. The line of march was taken up from Court street to Walnut, thence east to Sixth street to the G. A. R. hall, corner of Sixth and Locust streets, where an interesting and instructive programme was carried out. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, B. F. Broskie, of Confidence Lodge No. 102, who stated the object of so many brotherhood men meeting in the city of Des Moines. A beautiful and appropriate prayer was then offered by Rev. C. W. Blodgett, of the M. E. church. Mayor P. V. Carry, of Des Moines, who had been invited to address the meeting being unable to attend, sent a letter which was read. He regretted his inability to attend, but welcomed the Brotherhood to the city. He complimented them very highly on their motives and the good being done by them, also wished their organization the greatest success in the future. Rev. C. W. Blodgett then delivered an address which was highly appreciated by everyone present. He spoke of the railroad men, and most particularly of engine men. He knew from experience that they were a warm-hearted, generous set of men, and were blamed for many things they were not responsible for. He spoke of them as being clannish, but he did not blame them for it, as they were bound together by ties such as no other set of men were. They were thrown together constantly in their labors in sunshine and in storm, in dangers such as beset no other class of men. He dwelt at some length on the heroism often displayed by the enginemen; frequently sacrificing their own lives that life and property entrusted to their care might arrive safely at their destination. At the conclusion he told them the importance of educating themselves to a higher standard of morality and efficiency in their calling; of keeping in view the motto of their order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Altogether, it was a masterly address—one such as railroad men like to hear and we hope will not soon be forgotten, and we know that the Brotherhood feel thankful to Rev. Blodgett for the words of encouragement and the good advice he spoke to them.

A. H. Tucker, of Mason City, grand trustee of the B. of L. F.; then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the magnitude of railroad enterprises and the harmonious feeling existing between the management and the Brotherhoods. In closing he told the B. of L. F. men to be true to the teachings of their Order and keep in mind the words of their motto. J. F. Bryan of Advance Lodge No. 101 then gave a brief history of the Brotherhood from its founding to the present time. C. C. Sutherland of the same Lodge

then spoke, his subject being "Character." He showed how an individual's character depended upon himself for its upbuilding. He gave good advice and we hope it will be heeded by all B. of L. F. members.

A secret session was held in the evening when the condition of the Order was talked over and much good done for members of the Brotherhood. Altogether it was a grand meeting, and "101" hope will result in much good."

AMUSEMENTS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

August 9th will be long remembered by those members and their friends of the Lodges which compose the Brotherhood at Chicago. That was the day set apart by Triumphant Lodge No. 47, to entertain their friends at a picnic at Cedar Lake, Indiana, a popular resort about forty miles from Chicago.

The day opened threateningly, and was presumably the cause of many staying at home and thereby missing one of those royal entertainments that seldom come oftener than once in one's life, but even under the threatening aspect of the weather there were between six and seven hundred gathered at the Dearborn street station and amidst the exhilarating strains of a brass band, started at 9:30 o'clock for the festival grounds.

The trip was without incident of special note, and when at 11:30 the plucky little N. A. & C. engine halted her sixteen loaded coaches at Cedar Lake, they were rapidly deserted and all made for the grounds and soon captured the dancing floor, swings, temporary photographic galleries, select luncheon camps and other spots of pleasure. Some tried their luck in trying to pitch wooden rings around canes, with about 99 per cent. of the chances in favor of the owner of the canes. It was to the writer's infinite amusement to see a certain ex-Grand Lodge official—whose initials are W. E. Burns—deliberately, and I might add smilingly, try fifteen rings without ever hitting the outside of a cane, he then surreptitiously circled the cane booth and hired a small boy to "ring a cane" for him, and he was in consequence thereof, happy.

Bro. Lou Smith at a very considerable expense chartered a steamer and was carried across the lake to complete arrangements with a farmer friend of his, for entertaining a few of Lou's friends at dinner, and with what success his many friends can bear willing testimony. Oh, Lou, what did we ever do to or for you to merit such hospitality, and I am reminded, while thinking of Lou, to say that he just about captured, aye stolen, one of the sweetest little west side damsels that graced the occasion. He also stole a cane in a mean, unpardonable manner. There is scarcely any use denying the fact that Lou needs reorganizing badly.

Mrs. W. H. Giff came to the rescue of a few half-starved wanderers and infused new life into them. Long may she rule, and her fair assistants.

The graceful form of Rev. Whitmore was made especially conspicuous by its entire absence. Whit, at that time, was scaling the Rockies.

Billy Giff also was very quiet. One would hardly know he was there if they hadn't seen or heard him. Ah there!

After dinner a space of some two hundred by fifteen feet was cleared, and sprinting contests were had for five prizes, given by Triumphant Lodge No. 47, as follows:

A beautiful blue and white enameled B. of L. F. pin to the fastest runner present of the B. of L. F. This was won by Bro. Thos. O'Shea, of No. 47, who by the way, is a brother of Mr. Ed. F. O'Shea, grand secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Brakemen.

The second prize was a handsome silver clock, to be contested for by married men only. This prize was won by Mr. Daniel McMahon.

The third prize was a pair of silver napkin rings, to be contested for by married ladies only, and was won by Mrs. John Sterling.

The fourth prize was a beautiful engraved gold ring, which was won by Miss Mary Coyle, sister of Bro. Philip C. Coyle of No. 47.

The fifth and last prize was a pair of gold and onyx sleeve buttons, to be contested for by single gentlemen, and was won by Mr. N. Keegan of the C. B. & Q. R. R., who is an applicant for membership in our order.

After the running races had concluded, dancing and the other amusements were resumed until supper was announced, after which "all aboard" was heard, the cars were again loaded and a pleasant ride to the city was had, when ended one of the pleasantest picnics it has ever been the writer's pleasure to attend.

NOTES.

Why didn't Bro. Tom Malone take his ride on the lake after paying \$1.50 for the boat? Wouldn't the girl, go Tom, or was she basking in the shadows of Seymour?

Bro. Lou Smith, the Italian, is thinking of moving his boarding place to the west side on W—t, between S— and C— streets. Now look here Lou a fair show you know.

Git thar—Eli Clove" didn't git thar. He sent word that it was because he had a carbuncle on his arm, but that's all right Jim, don't give it away!

And even his "Smiles" was notably absent. Ah there! Smiles old fel, what kept you away? Was it because you were busy selling packages of your whiskers, or—h—, h—a—

Bro. E. J. McQuirk made a gallant race for the pin, and would probably have won it, if he had run faster. Next time Mac you want to start a little in advance—say about 100 feet.

Fred Winwood wanted to run against all the winners of each race. Fred must want to get up a corner on prizes. Fred would come pretty near winning on a slow track—a very slow one.

Bro. Jim Warn gave his proxy to his fireman, but the fireman spent his own vote and Jim's proxy too, in the company of a pretty little blue-eyed west side girl. Watch him, Eli!

It seems that Bro. Coffey managed to get a full day's work. It must have been Cof's day on.

A fine quintette—in fact a full hand. Phil Coyle, the stake holder. Billy Griff, the "wipe" holder, "Italian Lou," the bottle holder, Billy Burns, the cane holder and his "Smiles," the cigar holder.

NIX.

BOSTON, MASS.

The members of Boston Lodge No. 57 may congratulate themselves upon the immense success of their annual excursion, which occurred on the 28th of July. The Old Colony Railroad did the handsome thing by placing a new engine and eight new coaches at their disposal for the occasion. The excursion, the repast, and everything connected with the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all, especially the ladies who are reported as having done ample justice to the clam bake.

The Boston boys know how to enjoy themselves and we are not surprised that their guests were so much delighted with the excursion. The following account of the affair is taken from the Boston Globe:

"The annual gathering of Boston Lodge No. 57, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, took place at Plymouth yesterday. At 8:50 the boys of the scoop, with their families and a few invited guests, by the kindness of the Old Colony railroad, steamed out of the Boston depot, drawn by engine 127, Mr. Stickney, engineer, and Fireman Stone, to Plymouth, Mass. The train was handled by the popular conductor, S. V. Holman, with Messrs. Ward, Lamkin, Wynn, Russell and Crowley as brakemen, stopping only to take the boys at Braintree and Abington. At Plymouth a visit was made to Pilgrim Hall. The steamer City Point took the party to the beach and to one of Macomber and Simpson's famous clam-bakes. After the clams, the company was called to order by A. W. Spurr, chairman of the committee.

He introduced Brother Edwards, who said: On the first day of December, 1873, there assembled in an old car shed in the city of Port Jarvis, N. Y., nine locomotive firemen, who organized Deer Park Lodge No. 1, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The efforts of the originators of the Brotherhood shown in one year's time to have been of such determination and strength as to present to the Brotherhood twelve Subordinate Lodges. In two years the Brotherhood had grown from one to thirty-one Lodges, and from nine to more than 600 members. The Brotherhood was ordered to issue a Magazine, and W. N. Sayre was elected editor of the same. From nothing this pamphlet has reached a circulation in nine years' time of 2,000 copies.

In September, 1876, a convention was held in St. Louis. The call of the roll disclosed the fact that there were fifty-three Lodges represented, a growth during the past year of twenty-two Lodges, and with a membership of 1,500. It was decided to meet again the following year in the beautiful city of Indianapolis. There were seventy-eight Lodges represented at the convention, declaring a membership of 3,500.

In September, 1878, the next convention was held at Buffalo. W. T. Goundie was elected Grand Master, J. M. Dodge, vice-Grand Master (to serve one year each), and S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer, which office he holds to this time. It was decided to hold the next convention at Chicago, and accordingly on the morning of September 8, 1879, the representatives of Subordinate Lodges were met by the Hon. Carter Harrison, mayor. It was decided to return to Chicago to hold the next convention, and on the second Monday in September the delegates were for a second time welcomed by Mayor Carter Harrison. The next convention met in the city of Boston. At this time we were informed that for the first time in the history of the organization the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was out of debt.

On the second Monday in September, 1882, the Brotherhood assembled in convention, pursuant to adjournment, in the city of Terre Haute, and the 121 delegates there assembled witnessed the opening of one of the finest conventions in all particulars that ever assembled. It was presided over by Thomas W. Harper, who noted among other things the fact that the Brotherhood had now 124 lodges and 5,000 members. It was decreed that the next convention should be held in the City of Denver, which was called to order on the 17th day of September, 1883, with a representation of 178 Lodges, an increase of fifty-seven Lodges within twelve months, and the membership had increased from 5,000 to 7,337.

On September 23, 1884, the eleventh annual convention was formally begun at Toronto, Can. The officers' reports proved that we had now 238 Lodges and 12,232 names in good standing on our membership roll, an increase during the preceding twelve months of 4,885. In conclusion I will briefly state since the adjournment of our eleventh annual convention we number now, July 21, 1885, 273 Lodges and about 14,800 members. We are united upon everything; we have no dissensions, and so long as we continue as we have done we are bound to succeed. We organized to lay up a trust fund in case of death. We now pay \$1,500 in case of death, or total disability, and since the first of January, 1882, we have paid to those who have gone down at the post of duty the sum of \$263,000."

CRESTON, IOWA.

A social and presentation was held at Creston, Iowa, on July 25th, under the auspices of Advance Lodge, No. 101. We clip the following partial report of the affair from the Creston Advertiser:

"By invitation, the editor and his wife and little daughter attended the social of the Order of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in their elegant assembly rooms, in Merchants' Block,

Saturday evening, at which time Mr. H. K. Burket, the past master of the Order, and his estimable lady were presented with two handsome plush chairs as a token of the esteem in which the Brotherhood held them and in acknowledgment of the past valuable services of the Master in the position he had occupied.

The exercises of the evening were opened by Mr. M. A. Grosvenor, who called the assemblage to order and stated that this was the first social of the kind the Order had held, and he hoped that the exercises would be such as to please all who had met with them. He said the chairman of the evening was absent and the duties of the position had been imposed upon him. He should make an address to the meeting but was unaccustomed and not prepared, therefore they would have to excuse him, and they would proceed with the regular programme of the evening, the first of which would be an instrumental selection by Mrs. Miller. The lady stepped to the organ and entertained the assembly with an instrumental selection, and was followed by Mr. Martin Degnan, who said the duty of presenting some slight token of esteem and remembrance the Lodge had prepared to their past master, Homer Burket and continued as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of the members of Advance Lodge No. 101 I have been appointed to perform the very pleasing duty of presenting this gift to our master, a man whom we admire and esteem. He has come to us not only in our days of festivities and rejoicing, but in our days of mourning, days of trial and days of our sorrow. He has more than once in his personal office assisted us to perform the last sad duties to our departed loved ones, in such a manner as to make it evident, not only to us but the public in general that he is possessed with that largeness of heart and thoroughly imbued with that spirit of true brotherhood which so characterises our Order. He has discharged every responsibility of his office with dignity and impartiality. He has been faithful to every trust, and by his manly bearing and unimpeachable conduct he has won a warm place in the heart of every member of this Lodge, it is this that prompted them to pay this tribute, slight as it may be, to his many noble traits of character.

Mr. Burket addressed the chair and the assembly and said that he felt as though he ought not to thank them for the beautiful presents they had given him, as it placed him in a peculiar position and under a debt of gratitude he never could repay, yet he was proud to be thus honored by the Order by the beautiful tokens of their esteem for him. He was proud of the Order and glad to say the brothers were always ready to express their desire for the welfare and prosperity of the Order. Time nor space could ever obliterate from his heart the warm attachment and feeling he had for 101. He thanked the Lodge for the pleasure their beautiful gift had afforded him, and the courtesies extended to him this evening.

Miss Mamie McCaffrey then favored the assembly with an instrumental selection, after which Mr. M. A. Grosvenor was announced for a declamation and arose and said:

"In rising to express the sincere and deep regret that I, in common with this entire Lodge feel at your resignation, I sadly feel my inability to express in words the kindly sentiment of appreciation in which we hold your past services.

"Our object to-night was to while away a happy hour and offer you a slight testimonial of our esteem. Still we feel a certain sadness at our heart which in spite of our efforts to the contrary, overshadow the joyfulness of the occasion. As we review the past, the debt of gratitude due you for your most efficient services, the thoughtful care and watchful interest, is deep and lasting.

"Your faithful work, your constant attendance, your able instruction to new members, and general sympathy, and labor for the good of the Order has engraved your name in endearing characters on the heart of each and every mem-

ber. Particularly do we feel thus toward you in view of the fact of your now being engaged in a different vocation in life. That while busied with the cares of business life you have ever preserved your interests in and devoted your attention to the Order of B. of L. F. While we reluctantly release you from the duties of the office you so long filled with credit to yourself and honor to the Lodge, we do so with the hope and expectancy that we shall meet you here as often as the constitution of the *new Order* to which you have recently united yourself, will permit. We can honestly assure the commanding officer of that union, from a long, personal, intimate acquaintance with you, that what is our severe loss is the opposition's great gain."

Geo. Igoe then recited a touching poem composed by an old tramp, which was well rendered and received with applause.

Mr. Degnan then called on W. H. Robb, who was present with his wife, for remarks, by request of some of the members. Mr. Robb said it was unexpected, that he should be called upon for remarks. He was glad to meet with them, and he was always glad to meet men associated with honest toil, and paid a glowing and deserving tribute to the B. of L. F.

The writer was then called on by Mr. Degnan, on behalf of some of the members, for a few remarks. It was a little surprise to us, though we said our little piece as best we could. We told the boys we were no speech maker, but could heartily say we were much pleased to meet with them. It was the first time we had ever been inside of their hall which we found was a beauty, handsomely decorated and furnished, with everything around them conducive to making their Lodge meetings as well as socials happy occasions. We always considered the Order of the B. of L. F., one of the grandest and noblest in the list of Brotherhoods, and numbered among our best friends many of the good boys of that Order.

The hall is tastefully arranged with emblems of the Orders of B. of L. F. and B. of L. E., which use it together, and banners, and pictures of locomotives, members and friends of the Orders. It is richly carpeted, well furnished, and is most pleasant quarters for the Orders and societies of ladies of the Orders which use it.

LOGANSPOUT, IND.

The late excursion to Lake Maxinkuckee, given by Good Will Lodge No. 52, was one of the grandest affairs of the season. The throng that attended was immense and the arrangements were so perfect that all had a most delightful time. So well was the affair managed that praises were heard on all sides, and the boys may well feel that they have covered themselves with glory. The following account of the excursion is taken from the Logansport Journal:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen left nothing undone to make their excursion to Lake Maxinkuckee a success yesterday, and the crowds of people that early flocked to the Vandallia depot guaranteed that the venture would prove a success long before the time for the departure of the train arrived. The regular excursion train was composed of eighteen cars, with two engines, and every car was densely packed. Several hundred people who were unable to get on the excursion train awaited the arrival of the passenger, two hours later, and took passage on it.

Surrounding towns were represented on this excursion, Winamac sending the largest delegation. At the lake the rain interfered somewhat with the enjoyment of the excursionists and many of them remained close to the cars during the day. Others, however took advantage of the boats and steamers and "did" the lake. Excellent music was at the disposal of the party and all who desired took a turn at the mazy. The Brotherhood will realize a handsome sum from the excursion after all expenses are paid."

RESOLUTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a regular meeting, held July 12, at their hall, the officers and members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst suddenly by accident our most worthy brother and Secretary, S. L. Drinkhouse, and

WHEREAS, By the sad fate of our departed brother, the B. of L. F. loses an earnest supporter of its principles, his family an affectionate husband and father, and his employers an honorable and faithful servant, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his untimely end, and deeply deplore the sad fate that has deprived us of the companionship of a noble-hearted brother. We are consoled by the thought that our loss is his gain, and that he is now enjoying the reward of the just and good; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender the members of the bereaved family, especially the sorrow-stricken wife, our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing well how inadequate are words to lessen the desolation of a heart, and earnestly wishing it was in our power to soften the grief and anguish of the bereaved ones; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of the Lodge, a copy sent to the family of our departed brother, and also sent to the editor for publication in the Magazine.

C. J. PICKEL,
H. F. MORGAN,
JOSEPH PENNYPACKER, } Committee.

MONCTON, N. B.

At a regular meeting of Glad Tidings Lodge No. 233, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions, expressing our sorrow at the death of our late Brothers, John R. McLennan and Gilbert Kidd, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon for the first time to drape their Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of the Almighty God in His mysterious providence, to remove from our midst our most worthy and beloved brothers, John R. McLennan and Gilbert Kidd, by a railroad accident, or collision on the Intercolonial Railroad, at Coal Branch, N. B., on the morning of the 13th of July, 1885, and

WHEREAS, This Lodge has lost two of its best members, the Brotherhood two of its most earnest supporters, their parents most loving sons, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brothers John R. McLennan and Gilbert Kidd we hereby extend our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters on this sad occasion, assuring them that they were always energetic workers in the Lodge room, and were beloved and esteemed by all their comrade brothers.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Bros. Bulmer, Morton, McDonald and Frazer, of Sugar Loaf Lodge No. 144, who so kindly assisted us at the funeral of our late brothers.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Mrs. Harvey Black, Mrs. McMannus and the Misses McMannus for their kind assistance at the funeral of our late brothers.

Resolved, That as a just tribute to the memories of our departed brothers, we drape our chart and charter in mourning for sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved families, also published in the Firemen's Magazine and spread upon the records of this Lodge.

R. H. COGGON,
E. HAYWARD,
A. Z. MATTHEWS, } Committee.

SEDALIA, Mo.

We regret to announce the death of Bro. T. J. Nelson, of Golden Eagle Lodge No. 78, who was killed in a freight train while in the discharge of his duties. The funeral services took place at the residence of his father, near Green Ridge, Rev. Hallam, of the Christian church at that point pronouncing a very beautiful and fitting eulogy. The funeral was very largely attended. After the last most touching rites had been performed and dust had been tenderly returned to dust, the Brotherhood repaired to their Lodge room and passed the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from us our worthy Bro. T. J. Nelson, in the very prime of his life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a Lodge, tender the grief stricken family our heartfelt sympathy in these dark hours, and point them to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and who alone can heal all wounds and trust that He who lets not a sparrow fall without His notice, will watch over and protect them.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to God's will, we hope to so conduct ourselves that when we are called to that home, from whose bourne no traveler returns, that we may be prepared to render up our accounts with joy, as our worthy brother gave evidence, and not with grief.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Nelson, his associates have lost a dear friend and the family a devoted husband, son and brother, and the community one of the most upright and honored citizens.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the family.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to A. Gustine, M. M., and his foremen and E. K. Sibley, general superintendent, in permitting us to attend the funeral in a body and for transportation.

C. W. GOODWIN, }
D. RITCHIE, } Committee.
M. TURNHAM. }

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

NOTICE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Aug. 17, 1885.

The charge is current in various sections that the Grand Officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have offered to furnish certain railroad companies with engineers at reduced wages.

It is also charged that the tendency of our Brotherhood is to degrade the calling of engineer, and that our Grand Officers favor reduction of wages, etc., etc., etc., etc.

As we have neither time nor inclination to deny this multitude of charges, we take this method of informing our members and all concerned that they are slanderous and false, and that their authors are sneaking liars, who dare not reveal their identity.

These falsehoods come from the putrid throats of envy, and are put in circulation for the sole purpose of bringing our Order into disrepute and thus impeding its marvelous growth. Every conceivable lie has been put in circulation with

that purpose in view, but beyond the indignities they have engendered, no serious damage has been done.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has a tendency to elevate and dignify the calling of both engineer and fireman and its Grand Officers are in favor of the highest possible wages that men can fairly and honorably command, and we have no fear but that the Brotherhood will stand in the forefront of labor organizations, dispensing with generous hand the jewels of charity, and teaching its members to be manly, honorable and truthful men, long after its dastardly persecutors and calumniators are dead and gone to their reward.

F. W. ARNOLD,
Grand Master.
EUGENE V. DEBS,
Grand Secretary.

SEPTEMBER ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 8—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., September 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disability:

38. H. Pitmoyer, of Lodge 265, died of Typhoid Pneumonia, June 9.

59. S. Drinkhouse, of Lodge 75, was killed in a railroad accident, June 12.

60. E. L. Shields, of Lodge 231, was killed in a railroad accident, June 13.

61. Joseph Healy, of Lodge 155, was killed in a railroad accident, June 22.

62. C. W. Phelps, of Lodge 27, was declared totally disabled with consumption June 23.

63. W. M. Reynolds, of Lodge 153, was killed in a railroad accident, July 3.

64. W. T. Craig, of Lodge 110, was killed in a railroad accident, July 7.

65. Gilbert Kidd, of Lodge 233, was killed in a railroad accident, July 13.

66. J. R. McLellan, of Lodge 233, was killed in a railroad accident, July 13.

67. Jacob Cole, of Lodge 13, died from injuries received in a railroad accident, July 18.

68. A. J. Baird, of Lodge 14, died of Consumption, July 29.

NOTE—Claim No. 36, issued in the July assessment upon the alleged disability of H. L. Rew, of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, has been revoked, owing to the inaccurate statements made by his examining physicians. The \$1,500.00 upon this claim have reverted to the Beneficiary Fund of the Grand Lodge, and the above claim of H. Pitmoyer has been issued in its stead.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership July 29, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before October 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before October 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

BLACK LIST.

A. Dodge, who has been Master of Endeavor Lodge No. 267, at Algiers, La., has been expelled for defrauding the Lodge. Reports from El Paso, his former location, indicate that he is a thorough dead-beat, and that he is utterly unfit to be recognized. He has a traveling card in his possession which should be taken up when presented.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending July 31, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm't.	Assessm't 4.	Assessm't 5.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm't.	Assessm't 4.	Assessm't 5.	Total.
1	\$5	\$56		\$61 00	70	\$17	\$21		\$38 00
2	27	15		42 00	71	14	42		56 00
3	71	124		195 00	72	34	60		94 00
4	13	58		71 00	73		56		56 00
5			\$61	61 00	74	17	87		104 00
6	46	32		72 00	75	93	150		243 00
7	10	28		38 00	76			\$59	59 00
8	31	53		84 00	77	110	104		214 00
9	22	47		69 00	78		93		93 00
10	61			61 00	79		45		45 00
11	17	121		138 00	80		71		71 00
12	17	251		268 00	81		71		71 00
13	97			97 00	82		103		103 00
14	10	151		161 00	83	26	49		75 00
15			57	57 00	84		72		72 00
16	12	127		139 00	85		46		46 00
17	20	34		54 00	86	34	55		89 00
18	37	38		75 00	87	7	33		40 00
19		36		34 00	88	10	51		61 00
20	6	34		42 00	89		39	40	79 00
21	22	28		50 00	90		7		7 00
22	16	27		43 00	91	13	18		31 00
23	50	46		96 00	92	25	13		38 00
24	1	55	54	110 00	93		66		66 00
25	41	47		88 00	94	15	61		76 00
26	9	63		72 00	95	4	100		104 00
27	36	77		113 00	96	7	31		38 00
28	11	62		73 00	97	9	56		118 00
29		50		50 00	98	13	26		39 00
30	13	24		37 00	99	70	49		119 00
31	62	50		112 00	100	4	38		42 00
32	22	21		43 00	101	67	90		157 00
33				102	102	48	49		97 00
34	15		49	64 00	103	35	107		142 00
35	44	26		70 00	104	38	18		56 00
36	35	50		85 00	105	4	74		78 00
37		55		55 00	106	20	19		39 00
38	8	70		78 00	107	35	35		70 00
39			83	83 00	108		25		25 00
40	16	79		95 00	109	4	49		53 00
41		18		18 00	110		25		25 00
42		32		32 00	111	31	23		54 00
43	2	66		68 00	112	32	50		82 00
44		70		70 00	113	15	22		37 00
45	32	64		96 00	114		22		22 00
46	20	28		48 00	115	9	26		35 00
47		140		140 00	116		46		46 00
48	20	71		91 00	117	2	45		47 00
49	25	34		59 00	118	4	19		23 00
50	15	127	128	270 00	119		29		29 00
51	19	68		87 00	120	14	70		84 00
52	8	89		97 00	121	32	16		48 00
53	10	36		46 00	122	23	33		56 00
54	9	67		76 00	123		75		75 00
55	13	35		48 00	124	84			84 00
56	32	14		46 00	125	13	18		31 00
57	48	203		251 00	126	1	35	37	73 00
58	1	19		20 00	127	13	104		117 00
59	7	96		103 00	128		28		28 00
60	20	89		109 00	129		58		58 00
61	68	66		134 00	130	39	56		95 00
62	18	52		70 00	131	29	19		48 00
63	37	32		69 00	132	40	20		60 00
64		36		36 00	133	3	34		37 00
65	22	52		74 00	134	45	6		51 00
66	10	47		57 00	135	3	81		84 00
67	35	64		99 00	136	25	10		35 00
68	34	77		111 00	137		28		28 00
69	10	40		50 00	138	2	35		37 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm't.	Assessm't 4.	Assessm't 5.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm't.	Assessm't 4.	Assessm't 5.	Total.
139	\$18	\$30		\$48 00	206		\$31		\$31 00
140	2	64		66 00	207		37		37 00
141	1	1		1 00	208		41		41 00
142	61	55		116 00	209	\$2	20		22 00
143	2	18		20 00	210		27		27 00
144	24	31		55 00	211	4	48		52 00
145					212		26		26 00
146	21	14		35 00	213	1	5		6 00
147	8	4		12 00	214	14	22		36 00
148	22	16		38 00	215		38		38 00
149	50	129		179 00	216	31	50		81 00
150	36	31		67 00	217	25	5		30 00
151		57		57 00	218	10	21		31 00
152	14	16		30 00	219	2	46		48 00
153	24	54		78 00	220		24		24 00
154	15	27		42 00	221		33		33 00
155					222	34	30		64 00
156	20	34		54 00	223	14	10		24 00
157	4	23		27 00	224	2	18		20 00
158	27	50		77 00	225				
159	20	22		42 00	226		26		26 00
160	24	43		67 00	227	2	19		21 00
161	14	52		66 00	228	4	35		39 00
162					229		31		31 00
163	15	12		27 00	230		40		40 00
164	8	19		27 00	231		54		54 00
165	5	14		19 00	232	8	4		12 00
166	11	34		45 00	233	4	12		16 00
167		38		38 00	234	6	6		12 00
168		27		27 00	235	16	13		29 00
169	14	77		91 00	236	16	13		29 00
170	20	32		52 00	237	11	36		47 00
171	40	12		52 00	238	2	11		13 00
172		50		50 00	239	6	24		30 00
173	6	22		28 00	240	2	20		22 00
174	24	69		93 00	241	1	12		13 00
175	8	18		26 00	242	15			15 00
176		16		16 00	243	8	25		33 00
177	23	19		42 00	244		41		41 00
178	28	47		75 00	245	6	21		27 00
179	6	62		68 00	246		10		10 00
180	20	8		28 00	247		12		12 00
181		19		19 00	248	3	15		18 00
182	12	30		42 00	249		9		9 00
183	34			34 00	250		27	29	56 00
184	18	24		42 00	251		13		13 00
185					252		20		20 00
186	24	29		53 00	253		24	24	48 00
187	4	21		25 00	254		14	13	13 00
188			\$49	49 00	255	10		24	24 00
189		37		37 00	256		11		11 00
190	9	20		29 00	257		18		18 00
191	53			53 00	258				
192	4		15	19 00	259				
193			11	11 00	260		17		17 00
194					261		13		13 00
195	6	27		33 00	262	2	2		4 00
196	54	26		80 00	263		6		6 00
197		22		22 00	264		2		2 00
198	6	14		20 00	265				
199					266		4		4 00
200	11	10		21 00	267				
201		24		24 00	268				
202		43		43 00	269		1		1 00
203	10	31		41 00	270		34		34 00
204	4	19		23 00	271		13	13	26 00
205	17	38		55 00					

Balance on hand July 1 \$1,615 30
Received during month 14,671 00Total \$16,286 30
By claims Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,
41 and 42 13,500 00

Balance on hand August 1 \$2,786 30

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of July:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
3 Ellis Ely.*		76 Fred. Bates.*	
3 Jno. Kidd.*		76 M. J. Kearns.*	
3 Jas. A. Stone.*		83 James Boyers.‡	
6 M. Findlon.*		83 J. L. Baker.*	
6 T. Vinyard.*		83 R. W. Davis.*	
7 J. W. Moore.†		91 H. Fairfield.*	
7 C. Anderson.*		91 Frank Munroe.*	
8 J. Bonner.*		94 Jas. Kelly.	
8 Chas. Caudle.*		94 J. N. DeLong.*	
8 C. R. Littler.*		95 Frank Mansfield.*	
8 C. H. Steele.*		95 Geo. Sullivan.*	
8 T. W. Schwartz.*		95 Wm. Bombard.¶	
8 E. Thorne.*		97 J. T. Lathrop.*	
9 T. W. Grove.*		97 J. E. Murty.*	
9 Jno. Williams.*		97 Wm. Otto.*	
9 C. J. Grimsley.*		97 M. A. Ripley.*	
12 W. P. Adams.*		99 Jos. J. Smith.*	
12 E. E. Hilliard.*		101 M. O. Updike.*	
13 E. C. Wharton.*		102 J. M. Fast.*	
15 Wm. Lines.*		104 Ed. Bradley.*	
16 Mike Cadle.*		104 W. T. Redmond.*	
16 Harvey Brunk.*		104 H. C. Neff.*	
16 E. E. Dearmin.*		107 Mike Glynn.†	
16 Arch. Shoemaker.*		107 F. Fluent.*	
16 Wm. Crank.*		109 Geo. Stevenson.¶	
18 Jno. Quigley.*		111 Ira Costall.*	
18 J. M. Harrison.*		111 Geo. N. Fox.*	
18 Thos. Hynes.*		111 Geo. Gible.*	
18 H. Steding.*		111 Henry Howell.*	
18 H. Greer.*		111 Sam Howell.*	
22 I. W. Christ.*		112 J. H. White.*	
31 J. A. Fisher.*		113 C. W. Green.*	
31 L. Wallinn.*		116 F. A. Peel.*	
31 Eugene McQueen.*		116 Wm. Riggs.*	
31 J. M. Phillips.*		121 Geo. W. Tibbetts.*	
31 J. S. Warner.*		121 H. P. Veazie.*	
33 S. Shuttleworth.*		121 Jno. Roach.*	
33 L. P. Roberts.*		121 O. L. Baker.*	
34 Frank Kinney.*		125 Fred. A. Tripp.‡	
34 L. M. Clark.*		131 H. O. Fuller.*	
34 S. Riggs.*		132 J. M. Hinchley.*	
36 Geo. G. Harris.*		135 Fred. Beaumont.*	
36 T. B. McDonald.*		135 R. E. Eathlis.*	
36 Joseph Eisle.*		135 Wm. Perkins.*	
36 Ed. Flanagan.*		136 Jno. Ducas.*	
36 Jno. Burkart.*		144 Jno. Halloran.*	
44 Newton M. Knapp.*		144 Alex. Stewart.*	
45 B. F. Campbell.*		146 Ed. Calhoun.*	
45 J. M. Harris.*		149 L. Gibson.*	
45 R. M. Hughes.*		149 Sam Spencer.*	
45 J. McNally.*		156 W. T. Winzer.*	
45 J. D. Newcomb.*		156 Joe Rutler.*	
45 Joe Parsons.*		160 C. Brown.*	
45 J. W. Scott.*		160 C. Seiber.*	
46 S. Paulis.*		164 Thos. Edwards.*	
46 J. Webster.*		164 Lewis Young.*	
46 J. Warboys.*		165 Henry Plum.*	
46 E. Cody.*		165 Pat Cunningham.*	
46 C. H. Otto.†		165 Wm. Davidson.*	
47 Wm. Platt.*		165 Jos. Miller.*	
48 Chas. Gochenour.*		169 W. H. Daniels.*	
49 Jas. Cantwell.*		169 L. Sherwood.*	
52 James Hanley.*		169 L. Hopper.*	
53 P. D. Spohn.*		169 J. P. Vaughn.*	
56 J. Atkinson.*		173 J. E. Martin.*	
56 C. E. Combs.*		174 Wm. H. Ulmer.*	
56 H. H. Bergham.†		177 Wm. Minnick.*	
57 Geo. W. Healey.*		177 J. E. Stevens.*	
57 W. W. Baker.*		177 J. W. Barry.*	
58 C. W. Myers.*		178 H. H. Hulbert.*	
58 J. R. Ripley.*		184 Wm. Stump.*	
61 H. C. Munson.*		187 Chas. Cooper.*	
61 Jno. Drewry.*		196 Jno. Stamm.*†	
61 M. Curran.*		201 Geo. Stubenraugh.*	
63 Geo. Shuster.‡		203 J. N. Daniels.*¶	
71 Geo. Booth.*		203 Jas. Sweeney.*	
72 C. Cozens.*		203 E. Darragh.*	
72 E. Gorden.*		205 D. Hawkins.*	
76 J. Mulvane.*		212 John Oven.¶	

EXPULSIONS—Continued.

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
212 E. Gayer.*		235 J. H. Brown.*	
212 R. N. Sawyer.*		235 F. L. Kelly.*	
213 James O'Brien.*		246 T. A. Hogan.‡	
213 Perry Wallace.*		246 G. M. Fuss.*	
219 Jas. Bell.*		254 E. H. Hurd.*	
233 Thos. Doucett.*			

* Non-payment.

† Defrauding members.

‡ Violating principles of the Order.

§ Contempt of Lodge.

¶ Violating obligation.

¶ Unbecoming conduct.

*† Defrauding Lodge.

*† Fraud and dead beat.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of July:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
14 T. W. Bain.		99 S. L. Payne.	
43 B. F. Watson.		113 Ben Fitzpatrick.	
52 James Hanley.		122 C. W. Sibert.	
61 Wm. Tracy.		123 Ed Robertson.	
63 Pat Gorman.		148 A. Lee.	
95 Thomas Heenan		157 Barney Flaherty.	
90 C. Simpson.		177 J. W. Barry.	
99 W. P. Couch.			

SPECIAL NOTICES.

H. P. BOWMAN.

H. P. Bowman, of Loyal Lodge No. 207, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 115.

Jas. Sheehy, Clem. Nichols and Thos. Payne, of Gulf City Lodge No. 115 are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

C. K. STEWART.

C. K. Stewart, of San Diego, Lodge No. 90, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master

J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary

A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier

2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday and 4th Tuesdays.
W. A. Aldrich, Woonsocket, R. I. . . . Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. . . . Secretary
T. R. Wardwell, 28 Common St. . . . Financier
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. . . . Master
G. Auchter, 107 Fourth St. . . . Secretary
H. Springstead, 110 Storm Ave. . . . Financier
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. . . . Master
L. P. Bailey . . . Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. . . . Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 853 . . . Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 . . . Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 . . . Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
J. Tully . . . Master
G. Cheney . . . Secretary
G. Barrett . . . Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
E. Kemp, Alexandria, Va. . . . Master
H. A. Wilver, 113 Virginia Ave. . . . Secretary
S. W. . . . Financier
P. P. Luddy, 426 4½ St., S. W. . . . Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. P. Mortimer, Box 99 . . . Master
C. E. Johnson, Box 517 . . . Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 371 . . . Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C., St. L. & P. Shops . . . Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. . . . Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops . . . Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. . . . Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. . . . Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. . . . Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 816 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. . . . Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington St., Easton, Pa. . . . Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 . . . Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. . . . Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. . . . Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . . Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
E. J. Dwyer, 4 Florence Place . . . Master
F. R. Degroff, 260 Communipaw avenue . . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. . . . Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. E. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. . . . Master
J. Zahm, 195 Bates St. . . . Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. . . . Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Clark, 19 Conde St. . . . Master
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. . . . Secretary
T. A. Dickson, 72 Mullin St. . . . Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
O. E. Raidy, 316 N. 11th St. . . . Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. . . . Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. . . . Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Appel, O. & M. Shops . . . Master
D. W. Moses, O. & M. Shops . . . Secretary
C. A. Cripps . . . Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 . . . Master
J. B. Miller, Box 103 . . . Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 . . . Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 . . . Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 . . . Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 . . . Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 . . . Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 . . . Secretary
W. Harlow, Box 60 . . . Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. . . . Master
F. Obenhouse, Station B. South St. Louis . . . Secretary
P. Glynn, Desoto, Mo. . . . Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 78 . . . Master
L. Sullivan . . . Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 . . . Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton . . . Master
M. DeVoy . . . Secretary
N. L. Cooper . . . Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. McDonald . . . Master
C. T. Pepper . . . Secretary
L. D. Harrington . . . Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 . . . Master
L. Seiling . . . Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 686 . . . Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 . . . Master
G. A. Kartack . . . Secretary
S. W. Dixon . . . Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. T. McGonigal . . . Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 313 2d Ave. . . . Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West . . . Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
G. M. Barnes . . . Master
H. B. Maxwell . . . Secretary
W. Thompson . . . Financier
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
P. A. Loveland . . . Master
J. Fulton . . . Secretary
A. H. Tucker . . . Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Hains, Box 406 . . . Master
G. W. Hackett . . . Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 . . . Financier
31. **R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Mondays.
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. . . . Master
A. W. Abrant . . . Secretary
W. Jacobia, 1515 Utah Ave. . . . Financier
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. Hardesty, Box 234 . . . Master
T. McMahon, Box 230 . . . Secretary
G. McClure, Box 160 . . . Financier
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
J. Kee . . . Master
D. Cheshier . . . Secretary
D. Cheshier . . . Financier

- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
Frank A. Kinch Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. A. Gascoigne Master
J. F. Maloney, Box 380 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 488 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Cruise, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. M. Shepherd Master
J. A. Hampton Secretary
S. Hall Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 178 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders, Box 1512 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor Master
H. K. Stratton Secretary
J. Taylor Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. E. Shortell Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. T. Sullivan Master
M. J. Cunningham Secretary
T. Halpin Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. M. Horton Master
H. H. Burrus Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So Cross St. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
H. Schilling, 3217 Dearborn St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E Washington St. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and Sunday at 2 P. M.
P. J. Smith, 423 Third St. Master
W. A. McMillan, 504 W. Jefferson
street Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, 1234 E. Eldorado St. Master
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Secretary
G. Green, 1172 E. Marietta St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 5928 State St, Chicago
Illinois Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. McNeil, Box 1210 Master
J. Gallagher, Box 1172 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. W. Davison, Box 35 Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
G. Burnley Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
O. F. Parker Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Hammond street
Henderson House Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
L. Jeardeau Secretary
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
M. Zumburum Master
H. L. Foster Secretary
W. Henthorn Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
A. E. Graft Master
H. Walton, 4080 Spring Garden St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Briggs, 200 Acker St. Master
F. Moher, 508 Canada St. Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
W. Pickering Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
G. Martin Master
W. E. Shipman, Box 384 Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn Financier

- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
M. English, Box 348 Master
J. Taylor, Box 82 Secretary
L. A. Bullard Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milne, G. T. Ry Master
W. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cline, Altoona, Wis. Master
J. Hurley, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
F. Cary, Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
J. P. Wesley, L. Box 364 Master
J. H. Stout, L. Box 349 Secretary
C. Higby, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Wm. Rule, 24 Hudson St. Master
Wm. Laird, 349 Mickie St. Secretary
J. Gibbs, 14 Hudson St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. C. Wilson, 79 Harrison St. Master
G. T. Craft, 7 Salmon St. Secretary
G. F. Newton, 6 Riley St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Zang, 1858 Mercer Place Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. S. Groff, 126 N 32d St. Master
H. Walton, 4080 Spring Garden St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Burke Master
F. A. Catlin Secretary
F. A. Catlin Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Sloman, Box 1828 Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie Secretary
W. Holcroft Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
R. Carroll Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
J. Hyndman Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Master
W. J. Bain, Box 1856 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. So Master
C. D. Stevens, 20 Royalston Ave. Secretary
W. E. Richmond, 820 Girard Ave. Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. W. Nash, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
R. L. Craig, L. Box 406 Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Kellum Master
R. Roggreen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
D. Reid, Box 170 Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. A. Measures Secretary
G. Jordan Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Lee, 109 West Albany St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Schwartz, 1013 Bank St. Master
M. L. Eversoll, 1213 Bank St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
J. C. Stout, Box 218 Master
J. C. Spahr, Box 218 Secretary
A. W. McQueen, Box 218 Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
E. D. Decatur, 635 Carroll Ave. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier

- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 685 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 695 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 16th and 20th at 7 P. M.
H. C. Hall, Box 72 Master
A. P. Styles, Box 72 Secretary
F. C. Bishop, Box 72 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
J. W. Williams, 6 Hubbell Park Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St. Secretary
G. N. Kingsley, 88 Channing St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Carter Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every alternate Monday and Thursday
at 7:30 P. M.
M. Degnan, Box 404 Master
G. A. Neely Box 478 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 3-2 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Combs Master
C. M. Krull, C. R. I & P. engine
house Secretary
F. Warrick Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
C. Carroll Master
T. Filburn Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesnell St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connolly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Sat-
urdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 249 E. Berriam St. Master
A. J. Sumner Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
D. Schaffner, 1974 Jackson St. Master
G. B. Uncapher, C. M. St. P. shops Secretary
J. P. Sandry, 142 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. Gollady Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 Master
Wm. Boenicke Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
L. Fisher Master
G. A. Pendleton Secretary
John L. Pate, 3123 Caroline St. Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart, Box 38 Master
G. Horn Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac Master
W. Merkle Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
O. P. Miller Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale Master
John Gorman Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
H. Gutch Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs, 36th St. Bet. Broadway
and K. Sts. Master
J. Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
J. McDough, Avenue K, bet. 36th
and 37th streets Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
M. D. Anderson Master
J. L. Gray Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednes-
day at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
R. Hornsby, 146 Clarence St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the
last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; Rivier du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec. Master
J. T. Dewar, Chandiere Curve Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Mangar, 179 Marcellus St. Master
S. Watkins, 68 Tully St. Secretary
L. G. Roussen, 56½ Gertrude St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Coraing, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. B. Orcutt Master
F. E. Haumer Secretary
J. L. Krebs Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 234 Secretary
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and
3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. P. Shops Master
L. A. Snuderland, 935 Division St. Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
W. B. Howe Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Speers Master
F. W. Snyder Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. M. Chambers Master
E. Sterling Secretary
A. E. Kearney Financier

- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Curran, 195 Ross St Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 226 McWilliams St Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Clayton, Box 55 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
W. Jones, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Siminon, Box 422 Master
M. Shields Secretary
R. E. Gorham, Box 422 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Knapp, 434 Barclay St Master
G. Tripp, 358 Jackson St Secretary
J. F. Duggan, 53 5th St Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
G. L. Wakefield Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
- 132. MARVIN MUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Canfield Master
J. Bowes Secretary
J. Howell Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
J. Bruce Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
L. Robinson, Altoona, Wis Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Cowan, Box 184 Master
C. M. Young Secretary
J. M. Barton Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. W. Ketchpaw, Box 915 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. N. Lowry, Box 176 Master
J. L. West, Box 39 Secretary
S. P. Sappington, Box 39 Financier
- 141. A. G. FORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 W. Berry St Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets every 2d Wednesday evening.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 836 Willow St Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. C. Arnold Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
A. A. Ritchie Master
H. H. Daniels, 49 McKee St Secretary
H. H. Daniels, 49 McKee St Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
E. Gerard Master
T. Robbins Secretary
P. E. Corcoran Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Taaff Master
C. E. Smith Secretary
A. J. McCool Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave Secretary
W. J. McColl, 328 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St Master
S. Roberts, 28 Locomotive St Secretary
H. R. Hall, 93 Murray St Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. E. Howe Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
A. Barr, Box 67 Secretary
H. L. Wright, Box 89 Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
E. E. Webb Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, Box 118 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Jones, Box 256 Master
I. A. Green, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 3d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
H. Matthews Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Eahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
A. Edmiston, 63 Russell St Secretary
J. Nopper, 124 Hasting St Financier

- 9. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Clark L. & N. Shops, E. Master
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
E. P. Bishop, 69 So Union St. Secretary
E. P. Bishop, 69 So Union St. Financier
- 30. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
E. A. McGriff, 17 Chandler Ave. Secretary
Wm. Riggs, 25 John St. Financier
- 31. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C., B. & Q. Round House. Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 62. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
D. F. Wagner Secretary
A. A. Hamilton Financier
- 63. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 56 Master
M. R. Carson Secretary
J. E. Smith, Box 56 Financier
- 64. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
E. A. Laughran Master
P. J. Richardson Secretary
J. Derck Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 159 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis, Box 306 Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
I. N. Johns Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
G. E. Hiscox, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Sly Master
G. B. Clogston, Box 918 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Wilson, 140 Queen St west Master
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. Adkins Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Chnton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
J. Hart, Box 427 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
C. Brownell Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Suess, D. & R. G. shops Master
E. W. Foote, 329 Southwest Temple street Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 148 S. 3d W. St. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 1341 K St. Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. S. Egan Master
J. F. Howie Secretary
C. Hewitt, C. & V. R. R. Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 63 W. 17th St. Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moes, Box 73 Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 358 Master
G. A. Greenland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers, Box 358 Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
C. S. Rockhill Secretary
J. Kuhn Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2946 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3205 Hanover St. Secretary
S. Mitchell, 2011 Wabash ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Traimor Master
J. W. Miller Secretary
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. K. Doherty, 156 Northwestern Ave., Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 4 Master
J. Woods, L. Box 359 Green Bay, Wis. Secretary
I. R. Johnson, Box 215 Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Master
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier

- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Tullis Master
A. Geary, Box 526 Secretary
F. H. Andrews Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland, Oregon Master
H. W. Ingalls Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddard, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Woffington Master
J. Becker Secretary
D. Hill Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
E. G. Haskins, Box 330 Master
L. C. Cooper, Box 330 Secretary
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Griffith, L. Box N Master
J. W. Rowen, Van Horn, Iowa Secretary
James Bailey Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayler, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. Alexander, 236 Holmes St. Secretary
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
M. Fulcher Master
S. M. Jackson Secretary
L. H. Munn Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Sunday afternoon and 3d Monday evening.
D. Sheets Master
A. E. Maunsell, Box 1231 Secretary
J. R. Schooley Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford, Box 116 Secretary
M. Smith Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Barber, Box 45 Master
A. J. Armagost, Box 492 Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45 Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St. Master
J. E. Thomas, 179 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
G. M. Jones Master
H. Byron Secretary
Wm. O'Brien Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. S. Taylor Master
F. Law Secretary
A. Heckman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Saturday.
J. J. Lannan Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
T. Dorcal Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
A. V. Groot, Box 497 Master
W. Goggins, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St., Easton, Pa. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. E. Baker, 104 Arsenal St. Master
J. E. Exner, 28 Meadow St. Secretary
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meadow St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
W. F. Wright Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
M. E. Stafford Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, 20 South St. Master
F. S. Moore, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DFRICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, R. & L. E. Shops Master
W. Welsh, 44 Beadford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
D. W. Triem, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier

- 223. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
G. Kelly Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St. Secretary
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
H. Reiring, Box 175 Master
G. Sutherland, Box 175 Secretary
C. Unwin, Neebring P. O., Thunder Bay, Ontario Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghampton, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays.
F. W. Parsons Master
W. W. Stonier, 99 Eldridge St. Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St. Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, 210 E. Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Mariou St. Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 143 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleeker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St. Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 367 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 124 Lombard St. Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
E. Wood, L. Box 1431 Master
A. E. Briggs, L. Box 1431 Secretary
E. G. Reynolds, L. Box 1431 Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, C. P. Ry Master
J. Fallon Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. R. Brett, cor 26 and Smallman Sts., Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Moyer, 3323 Penn Ave. Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. D. Peter, Box 156 Master
J. H. Gifford Secretary
J. R. Nutty Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
O. B. Frogner Master
D. Miller, Box 137 Secretary
J. Middleton, Box 142 Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Mulvin Master
L. Robertson Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
D. Wahl, Box 534 Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 206 Pearl St. Master
A. Sunley Secretary
A. Sunley Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. McCall Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. Carpenter, 714 E. Oak St. Master
E. Denio, 232 Franklin St. Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Malin Master
S. Fitzpatrick Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
P. C. Winn, 134 W. 12th St. Master
E. Atkins, 180 Maxwell St. Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Montgomery Sts. Master
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Duffy Sts. Secretary
S. Boileau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
D. C. Farmer, 58 Oak St. Master
W. M. Walker, 272 4th St. Secretary
T. A. Hogan, 272 4th St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
J. H. Achey, 9 Jones St. Master
C. Bellows, E. T. V. & G. R. R. shops Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. Brown Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
H. Logan, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, Ashley, Pa. Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Asa Gruver, Box 176 Master
H. B. Fulton, Box 155 Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier

- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
S. F. Wike Master
C. W. Downs Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. W. Skillman, 210 Perry St. Master
F. P. Parsons, 349 Perry St. Secretary
J. E. Mathews, 349 Perry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 296 Secretary
J. H. Royce, Box 199 Financier
- 255. NIGHTBORE; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter, Box 464 Master
F. S. Reld, L. Box 494 Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 452 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Tompkins Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Miller Master
T. Gatfield Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 46 Master
M. Norton, Box 264 Secretary
H. C. Forrester, Box 417 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
P. Schmidt Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
F. Witham, C. P. Round House Master
G. E. Hanford Secretary
A. Henderson, 1517 N st Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
J. F. Hennessey Master
J. H. Applegate Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
I. P. Greene, Box 10 Master
A. E. Hayden, Box 10 Secretary
M. Moynahan, Box 10 Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malee, Box 832 Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
M. W. Fitzgerald, Box 832 Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
last Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River Ave Master
L. A. Ogden, 525 S. Division St. Secretary
F. Bixby, 281 Adam St. Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. P. O'Connell Master
R. Otterson Secretary
A. Krienke Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Evans, Gretna, La Master
H. H. Hardey, Gretna, La Secretary
W. B. McGuire, 66 Oliver St. Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St Secretary
T. O'Leary, 5 Boyce St Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington,
Kentucky Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 27 Neve St., Covington,
Kentucky Financier
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 Third St. south Master
S. B. Thompson, 2216 Cedar avenue
south Secretary
C. Kraft, 2116 twenty-ninth St. Financier
- 271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 A. M.
Wm. Weller, Box 25, Port Morris,
N. J. Master
R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Port Morris,
N. J. Secretary
Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. Financier
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. Kukendall Master
G. B. Weller Secretary
Peter Young Financier
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
F. F. Desmond, 286 Santa Fe St Master
G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St Secretary
G. Smith, 240 California St Financier
- 274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
J. W. Barrett, Staunton, Va. Master
B. H. Thomas, Clifton Forge, Va. Secretary
E. B. Engart, Clifton Forge, Va. Financier
- 275. LEE; Richmond, Va.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. R. Dean, 2000 Venable St. Master
J. K. Anderson, 1008 Buchanan St. Secretary
C. L. Johnson, 1009 Buchanan St. Financier
- 276. GRAFTON; Grafton, W. Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
G. Wright Master
Geo. W. Williams, Piedmont
W. Va. Secretary
A. I. Enoch, Grafton W. Va. Financier
- 277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
R. L. Jewell, L. & N. shops Master
G. B. Clark, L. & N. shops Secretary
L. S. Smith, L. & N. shops Financier
- 278. ANDERSON; Vicksburg, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Parks Master
L. W. Christmas, Box 482 Secretary
C. Bradford Financier
- 279. METEOR; McComb City, Miss.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Fisk Master
S. D. Ford Secretary
R. E. Davidson Financier
- 280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday evening.
H. McFee Master
H. P. Colvin Secretary
G. Bennett Financier
- 281. TUNNEL HILL; New Albany, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. D. Fisher Master
F. A. Stevens Secretary
John Clare Financier
- 282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Bert Launt Master
J. Sanders Secretary
Frank T. Barton Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 10.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Munyon's Illustrated World.

"No, life is not fair. Its troubles are given to the many; its pleasures only to the few!" mused Mrs. Merriam, as she stood in her cottage door, looking after the fine carriage of an old schoolmate, that had just dashed by. "She has so much, and I so little! And yet I once had the opportunity of accepting that rich husband of hers, and she would have given her eyes, in those day, if Tom Merriam would have cared for her as he cared for me! I wonder how it would have been if I had taken Jacob Marabout, instead of telling him that I was engaged to Tom, and seeing real tears in his eyes as he listened! I wonder if Tom—But what am I thinking of? I am quite sure that Tom could never have cared for her—never?"

Mrs. Merriam's set face softened a little, as her memory went back to the days when "Tom" wooed and won her and when she was so glad to secure him after her long fear that Hermione Macy would be his chosen bride.

But the next moment the bright sunlight flashed upon the highly-varnished panels of Hermione's pony carriage far up the Gorge road. She turned away from the open door, with a heavy sigh, and entered the plainly-furnished sitting room, where her two little girls were getting ready for school.

"Put it away! Hide it under your apron, Rosy, or mamma will see it!" she heard her twelve-year-old Inez say, in a frightened whisper,

as she laid her hand upon the latch of the door.

Rosy was shuffling something out of sight under her white pinafore, with a very guilty face. Both the children were anxious to set off to school before their usual time, and when the mother had allowed them to do so, she saw them turn out of their road to go to their father, who was at work in the field on the hillside.

The two trim little figures stood on the hilltop, in strong relief against the pale-blue horizon, and Rosy's apron was unfolded, and "father" was evidently made the participator in the secret which "mother" was not to know!

It was a little thing, but it added to the discontent with which the neat and capable housekeeper went about her usual tasks that morning.

Tom Merriam was unusually silent that noon, when he came in to dinner. He partook of the tempting meal in an absent-minded kind of way, and went back to the hillside the moment he had finished, instead of lingering to talk to his wife, as he generally did.

And yet this was her thirty-fourth birth-day! Tom *might* have remembered it sufficiently to say a kind word or two in praise of the extra good dinner which she had given him. But no; there he was on the hillside again, and actually leaning over to talk to Hermione Marabout, as she drove by, on her way back to the beautiful little villa which her husband had taken for

her, during his absence in Europe on important business.

The hillside conference lasted nearly ten minutes; then the pony-carriage rolled by the small, brown farmhouse once more; but Hermione's face was persistently turned the other way.

"She has forgotten, too!" thought Mrs. Merriam, bitterly. "And yet her own birthday comes one week after mine."

She finished washing and putting away her dinner dishes, and swept the kitchen floor. Her house was none the less spotlessly tidy because her heart was aching.

She put on a clean dress of pink print, which she had made ready for this very day.

In the pantry were four tiny loaves of fruit cake—one for each member of the family—which she had made in secret, and the wheaten bread, the rolls, the chipped beef and home-made preserves were ready for the supper-table, on the shelves.

No work was pressing for this afternoon. For a week past she had planned to secure four leisure hours at this time, and now they hung heavily and sadly upon her hands.

She wandered around from room to room for a few moments, biting her lips hard every few moments, to keep back the unwelcome tears. At last she snatched up her sun-bonnet, and leaving the house by the back door, she hurried across the garden and a small neck of pasture-land, and reached the cool, green shadow of the pasture-woods.

In silence and beauty of the maples, she flung herself down and burst into tears. Long, long, she wept, till the sadness and discontent which had been making her heart-sore all through the day, were entirely gone.

Raising herself on her elbow at last, a quick whirr of wings close beside her cheek startled her. She searched among the moss, and found under the roof of three tiny maples,

scarcely two inches high, a lovely little hair-lined nest, with four little, warm white eggs in it, the latest of the season.

"I will not disturb you, pretty one," she said to the small brown mother, who sat on a berry bush close by, chirping pitifully.

She rose and walked on.

The great trees rustled and waved their green and golden leaves about over her head in the sunlight and fresh air.

A brilliant red bird, with a jet-black head and wings, flashed past; a golden robin chattered and scolded from a tall ash at her, and a red squirrel barked himself awry, just above the robin's head, when he saw her coming; yellow birds made spots of gold about the sweet-scented thistles; honest-faced mulleins, and the cheerful golden-rod, were in bloom on every side; blackberries, late raspberries, and crimson "scotch caps" overran the woods, and barberry bushes hung full of yellowish fruit. A bird, unseen in the depths of the forest, sang every moment three flute-like notes, half-sweet, half-sad. Toward the west, a deep bell tinkled melodiously and the strawberry-roan cow came in sight, leading the rest of the herd to higher pastures. A woodchuck, standing on his hind-feet at the door of his home, bolted down the narrow path as she passed by.

All was life, movement, happiness. sunshine, blue skies, and perfumed breezes, wherever she turned. She stooped to wonder at the curious tunnel that the wood-spider wove for a hiding-place in the midst of her net; the rounded shafts sunk through the dried grass by the meadow-mole, and the busy ants carrying their eggs about when a stone chanced to be upturned, alike attracted and enchained her attention.

Two hours passed before she was aware of their flight; and in all that time she had forgotten to be unhappy.

"The woods have taught me a lesson that I needed; she thought as she turned back toward the lonely cottage-home that had never before seemed half so dear; "and I have had a pleasant birthday, after all."

By the back door she entered her home again. Glancing into the pantry, as she passed, she saw, with surprise, that the materials for the birthday feast had vanished.

A confused murmur of voices sounded from the parlor. The dining-room door stood wide open. There on a table beautifully decorated with hot-house flowers, were the lost dainties, in company with cakes, ices, fruits and creams, such as she had never seen before; while, on an improvised side-board, stood the heavier viands—cold roast fowl, a ham, in paper-frills and dressed with parsley, and a tongue.

Speechless with astonishment, the farmer's wife crossed the hall and peeped into the parlor.

A beautiful rosewood arm-chair, such as she had always secretly longed for, but never hoped to possess—stood near the open fire-place. Over the carved and arched top, Hermione Marabout was arranging a wreath of golden-rod and field-daisies, while Tom Merriam was fastening above the wreath a finely executed inscription, painted in colors upon tinted pasteboard.

"Oh, do hurry, papa, please!" cried Inez, dancing up and down in her Sunday slippers and best muslin frock. "Rosy and I saw her just now coming out of the woods, and—*Oh, here she is!*"

There were two screams of delight from the lips of the children, in their Sunday attire; and Tom Merriam also dressed in his best—turned from the chair and added his embrace to that of Inez and Rosy.

"Welcome, dear wife!" said the glowing letters on the tinted board.

"Welcome, dear wife!" whispered her husband, as he kissed her.

"Inez painted the letters, and I made the wreath!" cried Rosy, capering about like a mad thing. "And we were *so* afraid that you would see them both this morning!"

"And papa bought the chair, and hid it out in the barn all last night," chimed in Inez. "And dear Mrs. Marabout has brought you—oh, such a lovely new black silk dress, and such lots of nice things for supper! And it is just the happiest birthday in all the world—now, isn't it, mamma?"

"I congratulate you, dear; and I am afraid I envy you," said Hermione, in a low tone, as she kissed her friend. "I married for money, you know, and have it; but that is all. Never once in all my life, Esther, have I known the least tithe of joy that you feel this day. You are a very happy woman, my dear. May God keep you so!"

With light hearts they sat down together to share the birthday feast.

But in the twilight of that evening, when they two were alone, the wife confessed to her husband the evil thoughts that had beset her that day.

Never again did they trouble her. Never has she forgotten the silent lesson taught her by that momentary glimpse of the two sides that may exist in the most fortunate of human lives.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Detroit Free Press.

The greatest warrior of his time has at last "unconditionally surrendered" to "that fell Sergeant, Death, so strict in his arrest." No such colossal figure has filled the horizon of history since Napoleon at St. Helena succumbed to the same disease which has just killed General Grant, or Wellington fell smitten by an apoplectic stroke as suddenly as if one of the bullets of Waterloo had struck him down.

It is not simply the hero who is dead, but the conquering hero; and the hero who conquers his f-

war, conquers the world and vanquishes oblivion. He who with the iron arm feeds his nation's pride, lifts high its banners, and puts its enemies under its feet, may count on immortality. No excuses for his enemy's defeat, no attempt to credit his own success to his good luck or the resources of his country, will be patiently borne. The fact of victory alone blazons his name in a light so dazzling that criticism "pales its ineffectual fires" before it.

His rude strength and cunning which go crashing through obstacles that appall the common mind, fire the hearts of the multitude. Their huzzas and statues are chiefly for him. Among statesmen and philanthropists he is a giant among pigmies. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war still kindle the imagination as they did in the times of Achilles and the Cæsars, and as they always will hereafter, until nations shall learn war no more.

Had Washington achieved the independence of the colonies by negotiation and statecraft, no monument to him would, in all human probability, have been crowned with its cap-stone at the Capital which bears his name. Although the German empire was as great a necessity before Sedan as after it, it was not until Prussia was launching its deadly shells into the monuments of art and civilization adorning Paris, that the Germans were willing to crown their Emperor.

As one of the great military conquerors of the world, therefore, Grant's place is secure. By the side of those four years' achievements the rest of his career will slowly sink into the dull, unread records of the historian and the antiquary. Like Wellington, he played a part in civil life; like Wellington, he excited dissension and provoked criticism from political opponents; like Wellington, that part of his share in his country's history will be buried with him in his soldier's grave.

Grant was great by the strength of his will; by the unflagging fiber of his nerves; by his absolute confidence in his own resources, in the armies he commanded and in the people whose cause he fought. He owed little or nothing to the inspiration of the battlefield, to the enthusiasm of supreme moments. He was generally single-minded in his projects, not diverted by tempting strategies, not depressed by defeat, nor exalted by victories. He neither exaggerated his successes, nor extenuated his losses. He saw clearly, executed determinedly, lost or won without disturbing his solid, well-poised temper.

Grant was great in his magnanimity. When his military work was done *all* was done. His foes were sent back to their homes without humiliation. He did not even ask the formal sign of submission in the surrender of their great captain's sword. As their military conqueror he treated them with a consideration that long left its mark of gratitude upon their hearts. Among his sincerest mourners to-day will be many whose fortune it was to yield to him the first token of their renewed allegiance to the government they had sought to overthrow. He exhibited this trait again when, with a courage equal to any he had shown on his battlefields, he acknowledged that he had done an injustice to a brother soldier whom he might have righted; and pledged his future influence to the task of restoring the good name of which his comrade had been robbed. And still more recently he is said to have sent his regrets to General Hancock for having, in the heats and resentments of the political campaign of 1880, given utterance to feelings and opinions that were unjust and unkind. These and like instances show that Grant was the greatest of conquerors; for he was able to rule his own spirit and acknowledge his errors.

Grant was great in his reserved power. He never put forth more

strength than was necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose; never was at the highest pitch of his compass. This feature of his character has been eminent in these last few days, when even his physicians have, by reason of the silent subjugation of his feelings, been unable to measure the suffering with which he was so heroically struggling.

In the fierce light which beat upon him Grant was eminent in his sweet pure home life. Not a spot nor cloud darkened the atmosphere of his house. Across his threshold dwelt peace and love. The laurel and the palm of victory were not more welcome to the successful General than was the shelter of his own vine and fig tree to the husband and the father. His was the soul of "The Happy Warrior,"

"Whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes."

In these days of domestic discord and turbulence, of strife, divorce and profound discontent, the wholesome placidity of Grant's family relations fall like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. His affection for his daughter was of itself a touching idyl; the final and painful collapse which swept away his fortune and broke his heart was probably due in part to his desire to secure to his sons a future competency.

He has taken his place among the great men of the world. Nothing can touch him further. The good he has done will live after him; let the evil be interred with his bones. Whatever time may deprive him of, it cannot take away one atom of anything he accomplished by the power of his will, the strength of his mind and the honesty of his purpose.

Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust
He is gone who seemed so great.
Gone—but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own.

AMONG all races, the English has ever shown itself most keenly alive to the fear of ridicule.—*Lowell.*

POOR TOM MARSHALL.

Unhappy Reminiscences of the Brilliant Kentuckian.

Chicago Herald.

It was in the fall of 1850, after the Indian summer of the Northwest had passed and gone, and the air had become sharp and chilly, when Tom Marshall made his appearance at St. Paul, Minn. He was unseasonably, indeed, wretchedly clad, presenting every appearance of straitened circumstances, but the good people of the city, nevertheless, made him welcome, and expressed satisfaction with his announcement that he intended to lecture upon the lives and characters of George Washington and Henry Clay. The writer made his acquaintance at that period, and, in common with his colleagues of the press and the citizens generally, busied himself to induce appreciative audiences to his addresses.

Although unkempt, unshaven and untidy, bearing the appearance of a man with whom fortune had dealt neither gently nor generously, Tom Marshall held himself proudly. Straight as an arrow, he strode through the streets buttoned to the chin in a drap d'ete coat, leaving to impertinent conjecture the presence or absence of a shirt, yet, nevertheless, the very incarnation of dignity and assumed superiority. The St. Paul people with their accustomed hospitality, fraternized with him in traditional Western fashion, and as a consequence the bowl flowed freely to the music of Mr. Marshall's superior conversational attractions. Within a brief period everybody came to know him, and as there were many noted characters resident at St. Paul at that particular period, the flints of their association came together, and many Promethean sparks were thereby struck and scintillated.

When the evening arrived for the delivery of his lecture upon George Washington, Mr. Marshall appeared sadly under the influence of

rosy." Nothing abashed, however, he orated upon the life, character and services of the Pater Patriæ in glowing periods and ornate rhapsodies, but interspersed with occasional commonplaces which grievously marred the effect of an eloquence almost divine. His succeeding address upon Henry Clay was a repetition of the previous lecture in all its beauties of conception on the one hand and attendant coarseness on the other, and the audiences naturally became indignant, if not disgusted. Having reaped a plentiful harvest of dollars, the proceeds of his lectures, he forthwith proceeds to roam the town night and day in a continuous orgie.

His variable moods, however caused him rather to be avoided than courted, for no one could divine whether his own greeting would be received or repelled. One moment he was the embodiment of courtliness and gentility, and the next he became quarrelsome and insulting. As a consequence of inebriety, he became involved in endless broils in disreputable quarters, and, considering the rough character of his quondam associates, it was strange he escaped without serious injury, or, indeed, with his life. Occasionally some sympathizer would rescue him from his wallow and take him home to sober up. During these intervals of good behavior the writer enjoyed several interviews with Mr. Marshall, which, although sometimes marred by fierceness, were, collectively considered, charming to a degree. He displayed marvelous richness of words and a diction and phraseology which seemed as if all the choice exotics in the conservatory of language had been culled to crown him. From out his mouth dropped pearls, rubies, and diamonds, and the nobility of his features reflected in prism the sparklings of these colloquial jewels.

Meeting him in the street one day he stated he had just learned a lesson in politeness. He met an Indian,

he said, clad in all the gorgeous array of paint, feathers, trinkets and blanket. Struck with the apparent modesty of the Indian's presence, his hand involuntary sought his pocket and drew forth a silver half-dollar, which he proffered as a token of peace and admiration. The aboriginal took the coin, silently bowed his thanks, and with a combined dignity of Scipio and Jugurtha, strode away. "It was the most magnificent specimen of untutored courtliness and native grace I ever saw," quoth Mr. Marshall. He was much disturbed, however, when informed that Indians were great beggars, and their cupidity knew no bounds.

One cold stormy evening Marshall put in an appearance at the Winslow House, evidently suffering the effects of a protracted debauch. He was the very personification of wretchedness and suffering, and approaching the stove, then sending forth its grateful heat, he held his benumbed skinny hands over it, shivering to the very marrow. All he said was "Poor Tom's cold!" and the guests seated in the foyer gazed upon the modern King Lear with eyes of distressful sympathy. In a few minutes he thawed out sufficiently to peer about in a quaint inquisitive manner when observing a group of persons seated near by he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I do not intend to be offensive, but may I be hanged if I ever in my life saw so many hook-nosed men together at one time!" Involuntarily the guests took each other's dimensions, and sure enough it happened that all of their noses were of pronounced Roman architecture.

Tom Marshall happily broke the significant silence by loudly exclaiming: "Landlord, what time do you have supper?" "Supper at seven," laconically replied the host, the clock pointing to a quarter to seven. A dead silence fell on all around, which, as the clock struck seven, was interrupted by Mr. Mar-

shall, who, thrusting his hand into his pocket, extracted a set of false teeth and snapping them viciously into his mouth, shouted: "Now, bring on your supper and be d—d to you!"

How Tom Marshall managed to get away from St. Paul nobody ever knew, but the next time the writer met him was at Nashville, Tenn., during the spring of 1864, after the defeat of Hood's forces by Gen. George H. Thomas. He was in like condition as when in St. Paul, bearing marked traces of dissipation and in distressed circumstances. He was again befriended; and the theater engaged for him to deliver a lecture upon Charlemagne. The house was filled from pit to dome at \$1 a head, and, to the surprise of everybody, he was duly sober. He opened his discourse upon the French soldier-monarch by paying glowing tribute to his virtues, and quoted his dying adjuration to his son Louis, "Love your people as your children, choose your magistrates and governors from those who believe in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your life be blameless." At this juncture he drew a comparison with Napoleon Bonaparte, and thereafter the lecture was devoted to the Bonaparte family, to the utter exclusion of Charlemagne, whose name was heard no more.

Re-enforced with several hundred dollars he abandoned the lecture field and returned to the wine cup. His next appearance was at a meeting of New England men celebrating Forefathers' Day at Nashville, upon whom he intruded his unwelcome and inebriated presence. He refused to retire, and proceeded in language more forcible than polite to denounce the Pilgrim Fathers, Plymouth Rock and all that thereunto appertained. "You infernal idiots," he exclaimed, "you know nothing of the history of your country. Celebrating Forefathers' Day, are you? The fathers left

England in order that they might worship God in their own way and make everybody else worship just as they did. What about your blue laws, your Salem witches and persecution of Quakers? What about Roger Williams, whom the Puritan fathers banished and who sought freedom of conscience elsewhere?" He was finally brought to bay by a policeman who lodged him in the calaboose.

Returning to his home in Kentucky shortly after this episode, he died near Versailles, Woodford county, September 22, 1864, aged sixty-four years.

A MAN OF NO WEIGHT.

Detroit Free Press.

There were seven of us in the compartment of an english railway carriage when the train started from the station. In one corner sat a man, long-legged, tall, and lean. At the next station three more travelers entered. These filled the compartment. Opposite the tall man, a short fat man took his seat.

"Wish to goodness you'd move your knees," said the fat man petulantly.

"Certainly," said the tall man, as he proceeded to stick his feet under the seat opposite.

"Stop! stop!" yelled the fat man. "Didn't you see me put my hand-box there? Do you want to smash it?"

"I didn't see you put it there," said the other quietly.

"Well, you ought to then," grumbled the fat man. "Long, awkward giants that can't see ought not to travel. Hate giants, at least, half giants; regular old-fashioned giants, ten feet high and five feet wide, were all right, but they didn't want to travel by train."

The tall man looked at the speaker mildly and sighed.

At the next station no one got out, but just as the train started one of the railway officials opened the carriage door and pushed a lady into

the compartment. The tall man immediately stood up and gave the lady his seat.

"Just what I thought," said the fat man. "Now you can't stand upright. People like you ought to be made into two men. What's the use of giants—weak-hearted, knock-kneed. Bah! Ever see a giant with the colic? Ho! Ho! Pantomimes ain't in it. I saw one once with the colic. Giant colic, I 'spose outsizes one. 'Twas at the seaside. He doubled himself over a railing—feet touched ground on one side, head the other. I was watching him. 'Spose he meant to break the colic in two, and tackle one-half at a time. Up comes a bobby—says he: 'Them your clothes? Take 'em home; mustn't hang your wardrobe out here to dry.'"

The tall man again gazed on the fat man, with a sigh. Then he put a deal of himself out of the window, leaning with his elbows at the bottom of the opening.

"That I decidedly object to," cried the fat man, hotly. "Here you are, stopping up all ventilation and giving us about half a camel in the carriage," and he commenced to pound away at the half camel's hind legs. The other half came in with a sigh and said: "I wish I could please you."

"But you can't," said the fat man testily, "and you can't help it. You're a nuisance in a crowd, in a theater, in a church, in fact, everywhere. And yet you're only show, you know; no weight, solidity or substantiality. Look at me! It's us short, tough people that do the work of the world. You've no weight, sir; no weight."

"He says I've no weight!" murmured the tall man wearily; and he dropped like a waterspout into the fat man's lap.

There was a piercing shriek, a muffled and smothered roar, and it only needed one glance at the fat, hopeless-looking countenance in the corner to assure me that its owner

had found the long man carried a good deal of weight with him when he sat down suddenly.

TENDER-HEARTED VICTOR HUGO.

San Francisco Argonaut.

There is one thing about Victor Hugo which will always keep him young, and that is his love of youth, his love of young children. Jeanne and Georges, to whom he has often read over the charming pages of "*L'Art d'être Grandpère*," are now shooting up into adolescence. They are no longer the pretty girl and boy who huddle together on their grandpa's knee in the pretty and familiar photograph. But the affection they once monopolized has only been widened. It includes all little children now, even strangers. I saw tears in the eyes of several of the impressionable spectators when the veteran stooped last night to kiss a dirty little ragamuffin of a boy who had somehow crept into the poet's drawing-room and was staring at him open-mouthed. (Perhaps I was hypercritical, but for the life of me I could not help thinking of Pelham, out canvassing and kissing the cottagers' little ones bedaubed with blackberry jam.) But I could tell you of other incidents which prove that Victor Hugo's heart is tender as the mind is strong.

HIS LAST RUN.

Chicago Herald.

A special train, consisting of an engine and one car, was running over the road. It made fast time. None of the passengers were visible at the windows. As the whistle sounded for the crossing there was a mournful, lingering tone before the echo died away in the distance. Even the bell was hollow and solemn and as little as could be like the sharp cheerful clang of the average locomotive bell. The wheels seem to moan along the track, and never a colt nor a calf by the side of the track kicked heels into the air in playful fear. Not even a dog measured speed with the engine, skip-

ping along the furrow as dogs like to do. The section men seemed to bow their heads as they stood one side, shovels and sledges in hand. The smoke from the locomotive was densely black, and lingered dismally over the one car like a cloud. Presently the whistle sounded, longer and more sadly than ever before. The bell dinged almost in muffled tones. The wheels moved slower and slower, as if groaning deeply, and the train came to a stop. There was no platform, no station. By the side of the track was a little cottage. The dog lay crouched upon the porch. He did not even rouse to bark. The sun was setting behind a western cloud, and the chickens were walking solemnly to their roost. Out of the car stepped three or four men. They lifted slowly and cautiously, a stretcher upon which lay a sheeted form. They walked up to the house, hats in hand, as the pump of the engine worked to and fro, sighing. The dog roused himself and whined. The door opened, the stretcher was carried in, and women were heard weeping and wailing. Another railway man, brave and unflinching in the hour of danger, had been carried to his home.

A MONGOLIAN MILLIONAIRE.

San Francisco Call.

In a beautiful portion of Honolulu, Hawaiian islands, embowered in towering palms and luxuriant ferns, lies hidden from the vulgar view of the pedestrian the pretentious residence of Mr. Afong. Mr. Afong is a solid merchant, with a stone-front store on Chinatown's chief business street, and is credited with the possession of a million or two, acquired in honest trade with his numerous countrymen on Oahu and its neighboring islands. He adheres to the characteristic Mongolian accoutrements, although mingling with the most important and wealthy of Hawaii's merchants, and disdaining to interfere in the varied changes in

attire which Honolulu fashion dictates to his family.

Mr. Afong has five daughters, ranging in age from about 17 years to 5. The mother and the daughters maintain a rigid adherence to the rules of fashion, and appear in the dress of white ladies and girls. When occasion demands, the lady and her elder daughters are clad in as elegant raiment as the wealthiest lady on the islands, and the demand, it may be explained, is not by any means infrequently made, as the family is received cordially into the best society in Honolulu.

The family has its private carriages driven by white men, and a close observer of the merry quintette in their afternoon drive could not tell that they were not the offspring of some wealthy Caucasian. The children are all receiving tuition, and the eldest daughter, a modest and not unattractive young lady, has advanced so rapidly as to be considered well educated. The Afong family is a curiosity in its way to the unprepared visitor from San Francisco, and, although there are many wealthy Chinamen in Honolulu and other islands, it remains the sole instance of Chinese progression in many respects.

A LONG HILL.

San Francisco Post.

A tavern-keeper on the San Bruno road was aroused late the other night by the calls of an antiquated granger, who sat over the front wheels of a lumber wagon, and who was very much perplexed about something.

"I say, mister," said the old man, scratching his head, "this is the road to 'Frisco ain't it?"

"Cert—but, old man, what have you done with your hind wheels?"

"Jerusalem Scott!" said the old farmer, getting out his specs, "if I haven't lost them hind wheels. That explains the whole thing, mister. Seemed like I had been going up such an all fired long hill, I was beginning to think I'd lost my way."

EARLY NEW ENGLANDERS.

Some of the "Virtues" Conspicuous in the
Puritan Fathers.

North American Review.

It is a part of the history of the old church at Andover, Massachusetts, that the chief causes of discipline for 125 years were fornication and drunkenness. Theodore Parker, writing of the fathers of New England, says: "It is easier to praise them for their virtues they did not possess than to judge them with fairness and discrimination." As illustrating the coarse intemperance of the times among Christian people, he states that it is recorded in the Probate Office that "in 1678, at the funeral of the widow of John Norton, one of the ministers of the First church, Boston, above fifty gallons of wine were consumed by the mourners. Just 200 years ago, at the funeral of the pastor of the church at Ipswich, Mass., there were consumed one barrel of wine and two-barrels of cider." If this occurred at the funeral of an old and loved pastor, we can infer what excess would be habitual on occasions less stated and solemn.

In a historical survey of the Congregational churches of one of the New England States, it is related that "not very far from the period of the Revolution, several councils were held in one of the towns where the people were trying to get rid of a minister who was often the worse for liquor, even in the pulpit, and once at least at the communion table, but some of the neighboring ministers stood by him, and the people had to endure him till death." This reminds me of one who not above fifty years ago was deacon of a prominent church in Western Massachusetts, who had a habitually drunken spree as an after-effect of tasting the wine at the sacrament, but whose irregularities were not considered by the church sufficient ground for ecclesiastical impeachment. Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods said: "I remember when

I could reckon up among my acquaintances forty ministers who were intemperate. A gentleman, in writing to a Boston paper of about that date, said: "I have a list of 123 intemperate deacons in Massachusetts, forty-three of which become sots."

TROUBLE CAUSED BY A CHAIR TIDY.

Boston Transcript.

"Henry! Henry! for mercy's sake what are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun in a stage whisper, as her lord and master whipped the tidy off the chair before sitting down. "Don't you know better than that?"

"Why, mother," remarked Mr. Homespun, "you wouldn't have a feller put his greasy old head on this 'ere pocket handkercher, would yer? And jest as like as not the gal who it belongs'ter will be in for it any minute. I'd feel nice, wouldn't I?"

"Henry Homespun, you're a fool!"

That was all that Mrs. H. said but that was sufficient.

SUGGESTIONS TO WIVES.

Remember that you are married to a man and not to a god; be prepared for imperfection.

Anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman;" if you were not he would not care about you.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Do be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

Remember that servants are made of the same material as you are: a little coarser-grained perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Do try and forget yourself; as to your husband, forget that you married him and remember that he married you; he will then probably do the reverse.

Do let him read his newspaper at breakfast table; it is unsociable, but

en it is only a trifle after all, and likes it.

Let him know more than you do in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you will be none the worse for admitting that you are not usually infallible.

Read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

Be companion to your husband if he is a wise man; and if not, try to make him become your companion.

Raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.

Respect your husband's prejudices.

Do respect his relations, especially his mother,—she is not the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law: she loved him before you

did.

STUDY OF THE CAMEL.

London Telegraph.

No European army has made a study of the camel, and the ignorance of its masters is fatal to the east. Its routine of life is directed, it should be, upon principle as immutable as the laws that govern the solar system. Its existence has all the rigid formality of a legal process. To disorganize, disarrange a camel is to spoil it; to hustle it is to kill it. Spleen, liver complaint, heart disease, are the result of irregularities in hours or habits; it breaks up altogether under unusual conditions of life. You cannot work one of these beasts to death if you use it in a proper way. But anything out of the common shrivels it up—destroys it. Its timidity is of the stupid, superstitious kind. Substantial causes for fright, such as would alarm an intelligent horse, are disregarded by the camel. Yet it will take fright for no reason whatever, or next to none. And, then, as is always the case with the unreasoning, it passes in a moment from perplexity to panic.

The only plan, therefore, when conveying with camels through an

enemy's country is to hobble the animals as soon as danger threatens. The moment the scouts fall back the camels should be made to sit down and their legs should be knee-halt-ered in such a way that they can not move let their tremor be what it may. For once on their legs they are stampeded, and all attempts at rallying them are as futile as trying to coax a sand-storm to stop. This fact about hobbling took us some time to learn, but we learned it at last, and stampede is no longer among the dangers upon which those who accompany the convoys have to count.

MELANCHOLY ANIMALS.

A Physician Who Treats Domestic Animals for Melancholy.

Philadelphia News.

There is a peculiar hospital on Callowhill street, a visit to which amply rewards curiosity or a desire to obtain knowledge of an uncommon kind. It is no more nor less than a cat and dog hospital, but, strangely enough, the inmates do not lead "a cat and dog life." Mutual sufferings and infirmities seem to have a sedative effect, and these proverbial enemies lie down together, even as the lion and the lamb, and take their medicine with a good grace. The place is conducted by Dr. Robert J. Janvier, who devotes his whole time and attention to the treatment of canine and feline diseases. The doctor is an old practitioner, and is acquainted with all the ills to which cat and dog flesh is heir to.

A regular physician, he retired from practice about twenty years ago in Paris, and devoted himself to the study of animal maladies. He came to Philadelphia about six years ago and established his "dog hospital," which he has made a success. A reporter visited the place lately, and was shown around by the doctor and treated to some novel sights. The rear of the house is well ventilated and lighted, and partitioned off by fence-like gates, mak-

ing about thirteen small apartments which can be thrown into one by the removal of the gates. In each of these rooms, or wards, as the superintendent chooses to call them, are from one to five cats or dogs. Misery makes strange bedfellows, and it is by no means unusual to place a cat and dog or two cats and one dog together. Indeed, the doctor says this arrangement is frequently the best, and more conducive to the health of the patient.

"For example," he said to the inspector, "here are a dog and a cat. They have been living together for eight months, and are as fond of each other as two such ascetic creatures can be. The dog, you see, is a fine 'coach,' and the cat an excellent Maltese."

"What is the matter with them?" was asked.

"Oh, nothing in particular. They are both hypochondriacs—melancholia, you might call it. The dispositions of both are identical, and neither will have anything to do with any of the other patients. They pass the day and night in silent contemplation of each other, varying the monotony once in a while by indulging in a methodical and dignified caress. Both have been under my treatment for over a year, and it took several months to diagnose and find a treatment for their peculiar malady, as the symptoms in each case are identical.

"The dog exhibited the most intense sadness, and would not notice any of the other patients, and would seldom accept food, though I offered the most tempting dainties. The cat was the same way, only she seemed to have a thorough disgust for the society of other cats, and the only time she would ever give a show of spirit was when some other cat would come near her. Then she would curve her back in disdain, and, with a contemptuous hiss, walk away. It became evident that she was proud and felt herself above her companions. I concluded at last to

try the dog, who was also a suspicious animal, and it was not long before the arrangement proved satisfactory. Disappointment in love, I imagine, is the cause of their sorrows. These haughty aristocrats get along well together, and I have hopes of bringing them out of their 'slough of despond.'"

The doctor continued a very interesting narrative, explaining the diseases of the various animals under his care. There were about twenty in all, two-thirds of the dogs, embracing Newfoundland terriers, Skye, black-and-tan and bull, and two Pomeranian or coast dogs. Four dogs and two cats had consumption, but the majority were suffering from diseases brought on by accidents. One of the cats had no hair whatever, and was as bald as the most confirmed front-scar portion of the ballet. It was a funny sight, and was used by the convalescing patients, when in a good humor, as a roller-skating rink.

CLIMATIC CURE FOR CHRONIC AILMENTS

Youth's Companion.

More and more, at the present day, does the medical profession take advantage of climatic diversities in curing disease or improving the general health. The climate of the sea-shore, with its daily regular variations of temperature, its abundance of oxygen, and its saline particles suspended in the air, tends to increase the activity of the circulation and respiration, and is particularly suited to the scrofulous. In many chronic diseases, and to convalescence from acute diseases, from surgical operations.

Mountain climates are adapted to consumptives and to the constitutionally inclined; to victims of hay fever; and to such as are suffering from overwork, but are otherwise healthy. It is harmful to the afflicted with chronic bronchitis, heart troubles, Bright's disease, chronic rheumatism, and to the aged; while all such, and those with

fer from most nervous diseases, helped by the quieting and cooling climate of wooded districts. A mere change of surroundings almost any direction is often sufficient to effect a change in the patient for the better. No patient could go from home in an advanced stage of disease. Such as need to go south will be helped only if they spend a large part of their time in the open air. They should be carefully guarded against sudden atmospheric changes.

TRUNKS WITH FALSE BOTTOMS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

"You would be surprised at the number of orders we fill for trunks with false bottoms," said a trunk manufacturer.

"For thieves, eh?"

"Sometimes, yes, but more frequently for high-toned people. A man came to me one day with an oil painting of a beautiful woman, and asked to have the painting built into the bottom of a trunk. Naturally I was curious, and, as he was talkative, I soon found out that the painting was of his first wife, and that his new wife was awfully jealous. 'I don't like to burn up the old picture, you see,' he said, 'as she is not dead and it's the sign of a mighty bad luck to burn up the picture of a living person. I suspect she was dead my present wife wouldn't care.' Well, I built the picture into the trunk, sent it home to him, and I suppose everything is lovely, and the new wife thinks the picture has been destroyed. A woman came once and wanted a trunk with a false bottom arranged, so that she could get at it easily. We generally make the openings to false bottoms from the under side, but she wanted this through the upper side of the bottom. I asked her how deep she wanted the false bottom, and she said absently: 'Oh, big enough to hold a package of letters and a photograph.' Now, that was a definite order, wasn't it? Just as if I knew how thick a package of

letters was! She was the handsome young wife of a rich old husband. But, of course, the commonest order for secret compartments comes from women who want some safe place to hide their money. A woman thinks there is no place like a trunk for hiding money.

THE PICNIC DID IT.

Yonkers Gazette.

"Alive, sweet maid? Omnipotence be praised! I thought to find thee in the grave yard yon."

"The early berrying season's over, and so I find a more engaging shrine. Thy tones are better than tombstones, dear."

"Beshrew thee, girl. I'm no receiving vault for wit that hath a bias to 'rd the grave."

"Then, wherefore shroud thy thoughts in mystery?"

"In mystery? Mayhap they've missed thine ear, and, therefore, seem to thee mysterious. But look thee, girl, there's marrow in me fears. Brief absence has so fatalized this burg that till thy lips gave witness of thy life mine apprehensions pallied me with their gloom. What mean these tendencies funeral? Hath Asia's pest swooped down upon the land that crape should flutter from alternate doors, sextons make populous the cemeteries and undertakers grow hilarious?"

"If it be that cholera's arrived here's one that hath no tidings of the same!"

"And hath no dynamite rehearsal been, or lemon pie held carnival of late?"

"Nothing, me lord, of kith or kin to these. Other than mortuary fetes you name there's naught disturbed the corporation drowse except the picnic of the Sunday school."

"Aha! That gives the combination, dame. Death hath an ally in these festivals that helps him glut the average sepulcher. Children that mop the grass-encumbered swards where last night's rain hath made its humid bed; that sop the

cholera morbus germs accrued from divers and misguided pastry cooks; that oft are wooed from gormandizing 'bout to damp athletics in convenient pool, these be the candidates that are elect to speedy anchorage amongst the worms. Mark me! This picnic season is the time when swaths are widest in the youthful fold, and good-intent unwitting takes from death a license to assist his harvesting."

THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE.

American Railroad Journal.

There is now nearly completed in shops of the Baldwin Locomotive works the largest locomotive ever built in America. It is intended for service on the Dom Pedro Segunda Railroad, of Brazil, and will probably be sent there this month. It is of the decapod class, with ten driving wheels, each 45 inches in diameter, and is mounted on a pony truck. The cylinders are 22 inches in diameter, with a 26-inch stroke. The boiler is 5 feet 4 inches in diameter, the fire-box 10 feet long and 43 inches wide, and the tender has a capacity for 3,500 gallons of water. The locomotive is designed for a gauge of 5 feet 3 inches, and will draw between 450 and 500 gross tons of cars and lading up a grading of 105 feet per mile. The wheels are so arranged that short curves can be rounded without difficulty.

CARRIER PIGEON RACES.

San Francisco Chronicle.

In view of the general complaints made in all racing centers about the frauds perpetrated on the turf by the jockeys, owners, trainers or bookmakers, it has been suggested that the present gigantic gambling mania might be transferred from the horses to the carrier pigeons, especially as recently in a great sweepstakes from Sandhurst, in Berks, to Brussels there were 500 starters, and every bird arrived at the post within an hour of the winner.

In the way of carrier pigeons,

Belgium leads the world, but this species of bird was well known and trained in the early Egyptian era. At a later period they were utilized by the Greeks, and not only were the names of the victors in the Olympian games carried by them to all points of the compass, but those who watched them in their flight to their destination could also gain the news, as the bird's plumage was dyed in the colors of the victor. The pigeons were furnished with a small quill, that on the swift passage through the air emitted a shrill sound that kept all birds of prey at a distance. "There is nothing new under the sun," as the axiom goes.

HE HAD A WIFE IN TEXAS.

Merchant Traveler.

A sorry looking specimen waited before the Police Judge.

"You are charged with being vagrant," said the Court.

"I reckon hit's a fa'r deal, Judge," replied the man.

"Have you no home?"

"Not in these parts, Jedge."

"No friends?"

"I've got a wife in Texas, Jedge."

"Why don't you go home to her instead of starving and freezing up here?"

"Jedge, did yer ever meet my wife?"

"Of course I didn't."

"I thought so, Jedge, er you never axed me that question."

"Sixty days," said the Judge curtly.

"Much obleeged, Jedge; I wuz afeered yer wuz goin' to sen' me back ter Texas."

WHY DOCTORS DON'T CATCH DISEASE.

Cassell's Magazine.

"Some men can move in the midst of pestilence and miasmata and never seem any the worse. How, for instance, do you doctors defend your fortress?"

"I'm glad you asked the question. We defend the fortress first by using ordinary precautions. We will ne-

possible, breathe more infected air than we can help. We will not be stupidly rash. Depend upon it, my friend, that when Dr. Abernethy kicked his foot through the pane of glass in the patient's rooms because he couldn't get him to have his window down, the excellent physician was thinking as much about his own safety as that of his patient. Secondly, physicians know that they must live by rule when attending cases during a pestilence. The body must be kept up to the standard. In times of epidemic let everyone see to himself, attend to every article of health, live regularly, and keep the stomach most carefully in order, and be abstinent. There is no other way of defending the fortress of life against invisible foes."

LEARNING THE THERMOMETER.

Boston Courier.

"Thermometer's gone up considerably since I passed here an hour ago," he said, putting his head in at the door of the jeweler's store.

"Oh, I guess not," said the jeweler, as he affixed his magnifier to his eye and picked up the works of a watch.

"But I tell you it has," cried the other excitedly, while he mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"I think you must be mistaken," said the jeweler as he picked up a pair of tweezers and tightened a screw.

"Mistaken!" yelled the other; "d'ye think I'm an idiot? Come out and see."

"I'm pretty busy," observed the jeweler as he brushed a peck of dust off the mainspring.

"What'll you bet it hain't gone up?" shouted the other as he danced into the store. "What'll you bet?"

"Well, I'm willing to bet you a dollar," replied the jeweler.

"Done! Come out now and see."

They went out together.

"What do you think of that, now?" he yelled; "you ain't blind, are you? The thermometer has

gone up five degrees since we looked at it before."

"Pardon me," said the jeweler; "the thermometer is in paecisely the same place that it was when I hung it up this morning. It is on the same hook. I see, however, that the mercury has risen five degrees, a change in temperature which the thermometer faithfully registers. A thermometer, my friend, neither rises nor falls. It is a measure which indicates a rise or fall of the mercury. Please hand over the dollar because I am busy and have no time to fool."

"I shan't pay until some better authority decides the matter."

"Well, let us go and find some better authority. I'm willing to let my business go for a little while to prove that I am right."

When last seen the pair were hunting for Gen. Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, who is an eminent authority on all scientific questions.

AN ERRONEOUS OPINION CORRECTED.

Chicago Herald.

In a communication to the London Pathological society it is stated that the opinion held by doctors and others that wild animals in captivity are apt to die of tubercular consumption is erroneous. From October, 1881, to January, 1885, the number of deaths in the Zoological gardens was 2,779 made up of 583 mammals, 1,408 birds, and 788 reptiles. Five only of the animals died of pulmonary tuberculosis. There was but one case of general tuberculosis. There were twelve deaths from pulmonary consumption, of which five occurred in monkeys and the rest in carnivora.

HOW RAILWAY RATES ARE FIXED.

San Francisco Alta.

The passenger agents held a meeting last night at the hotel, but refused to divulge any of the business transacted, saying they had done nothing at all. As it took them over two hours of constant talk to do it, they probably did a good deal for

nothing. If reports say truly, this passenger agent business can be readily understood by a perusal of the following sketch. The scene is the meeting of the passenger agents, these gentlemen having come together to form a new association:

First agent: "If the Grand Trunk had stuck by the old agreement we—"

"You're another!"

"So are you!"

"Your road played dirt!"

"It was your line that sneaked!"

"Hit him one!"

"Hear! hear!"

"The Michigan Cen—"

"Put him out!"

"Order! order!"

"I move we adjourn!"

And the meeting adjourns in the most harmonious manner.

NITRO-GLYCERINE is a compound produced by the action of a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids on glycerine at low temperatures. It is a light-yellow oily liquid, inodorous, but having a sweet pungent, aromatic taste. A single drop placed on the back of the tongue produces headache and pain in the back which lasts for several hours. It dissolves readily in ether, alcohol, methylated spirits, but is only slightly soluble in water. This substance was discovered in 1847 by a gentleman named Sobrero, then a student in a Paris laboratory and afterwards a professor in Turin. It remained simply an object of scientific interest until 1864, when it began to be manufactured on a large scale, for the purpose of blasting, by a Swedish resident of Hamburg named Nobel, who called it "Patent Blasting Oil."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, says Dr. Johnson, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

DIDN'T WANT THE SECRET DIVULGED

Merchant Traveler.

Out on the Kentucky Central road, about seventy miles from Cincinnati, is a station called Shawhan. The other day as a train from the south pulled in, the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

"Shawhan."

A green looking citizen, apparently from away back in the mountains looked up quickly.

"Shawhan," shouted the brakeman again.

"Whish," whispered the mountaineer, holding up his finger and beckoning to the official, who came to him, "don't yell that way. How the dickens did you know my name?"

"What do you mean?" inquired the astonished blue coat.

"Why, my name's Shawhan, an' I'm going down jist below here ter marry a gal, and by gravy, I don't want yer ter be tellin' everybody I'm a comin'. This is my fust trip, an' dad blame it, I want ter slip in kinder unbeknownst. That's what I mean, an' you'd better not yell again. You hear me?"

WOODEN ties for railways are becoming more expensive every year, and the time is coming when possibly some substitute will have to be devised for them. The chief engineer of an eastern railroad is about to try some experiments with steel ties. They would be the same in size and shape as the present wooden ties, except that they would be hollow, and they would practically last until they rusted away, while the best oak ties last only about eight years. Some of the advantages claimed for the steel ties are that the expense of maintaining the track would be largely reduced, the road-bed would be firmer and smoother, and trains could run at much higher speed over them. The wear and tear on track and rolling stock would also be lessened because the track is smoother.—*Chicago Journal*.

HORACE GREELEY.

**A Night of Intellectual Enjoyment Followed
by a Day of Piscatorial Pleasure.**

New York Sun.

It was on a pleasant afternoon in August, 1871, that Mr. Greeley was driven to the Mountain house. The air was rather chilly. He wore his old white overcoat, his had-bellied dress-coat, and his broad brimmed, soft, black fur hat. A plain silk watch-guard crossed his bow-cut waistcoat. His mild blue eyes shown through the glasses of his gold-rimmed spectacles, and a chevaux-de-frise of white hair protected his throat and hung over his plain ravat. His shirt-collar was limp and partly concealed from sight, and he wore a plain gold ring on the little finger of his left hand. A tall gentleman alighted from the wagon with him. He was John F. Cleveland, at one time compiler of the Tribune Almanac, and brother-in-law of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Matton gave them a warm welcome.

Before sunrise next morning a white horse and a plain spring wagon came at the door. Mr. Greeley ate some boiled eggs and quaffed a bowl of fresh milk for breakfast. His delighted host and the saturnine brother-in-law listened to his homilies on rural life in rapt attention. After breakfast the philosopher and his companion were driven to the lake. They were carried over a fearful road. In some places it was almost as steep as the side of a house. Half-buried boulders and deep ruts alternated with strips of corduroy roadway. Horace uttered no complaint as he was jolted and bounced from one side to the other. The driver made an apology for the roughness of the road, but Mr. Greeley compared the trip to his ride with Hank Monk, and drew a favorable conclusion. The sun had gilded the lake with glory, and birds were twittering in the spruce trees as the party emerged from the woods. Old man French quickly slipped the white overcoat. His son-in-law was also on the alert, and a

flat-bottomed scow was rowed across the lake for the reception of the party. Mr. Greeley took a seat in the stern and Cleveland sat down at the bow. Jim French's strong arms pulled them to the landing, near the lodge. Old man French welcomed them to Wilmurt lake. Mr. Greeley was in no hurry to fish. He expanded his lungs, and took long draughts of mountain air. He spoke of the soil, and expressed great curiosity over the movements of a stag who had ventured to the brink of the lake for a drink. All the morning he sat upon the steps of the stoop of the lodge with half-closed eyes, listening to the singing of the birds and the humming of bees and insects. He seemed to catch the inspiration of the woods, and expressed his feelings in words that sank deep into the hearts of his listeners.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon old man French soaked a leader, tied on some flies, and rigged out a reel for Mr. Greeley. The philosopher gazed at it and shook his head. The click of the reel startled. "No, no, Mr. French," he said, "I've no use for that. Give me a common rod with plenty of angle worms for a bait and I shall be a boy again." The worms were dug and placed in an old tin can. A cane rod cut in Georgia was borrowed from Jim French. Mr. Greeley's eyes sparkled with anticipation. The desire of years was about to be filled. As he sat in the stern of the scow, arrayed in his shad-bellied coat and his broad-brimmed hat, with his rod in the air, he made a picture fit for the pencil of a great artist. A gentle breeze rippled the surface of the lake, and made music at the bow of the scow. Old man French rowed the boat to the point of a grassy island, half a mile to the left of the lodge, where a sand bar, flanked by deep water, put out into the lake.

The boat was anchored, and old man French baited the philosopher's hook. As the weather was warm,

Horace drew off his shad-bellied coat and fished in his shirt-sleeves. He dropped his hook in about eighteen feet of water and awaited results. Within three minutes he was on his feet glowing with excitement. His broad-brimmed hat fell off and his rod bent like a bow with the struggles of the fish. He had struck a pound and a half trout. He made no effort to play the fish, but yanked it rudely over the gunwale of the boat. Nor did he allow old man French to take the trout from the hook. He insisted on doing that himself. As the tinted beauty flopped around his heels, his face assumed a look of mingled admiration and commiseration. French observed it, and hurriedly passed him the can of worms. Horace picked up his hat, mopped his face with a bandanna, readjusted his spectacles and baited his hook afresh.

It was glorious fishing. As the season was far advanced, there was no black flies and very few mosquitoes. Filmy winged dragon flies clung to the lines of the fisherman, and the drone of bumble bees filled the drowsy air. It was, probably, the happiest moment of Horace's life. He caught seven trout, weighing over ten pounds, in less than an hour. Under his exertions his shirt collar wilted, and the knot of his cravat had worked around to the side of his neck. As the seventh trout flashed in the sunshine and was deposited in the boat, the great man laid down the rod. "That will do, John French," he said. "Not another fish will I catch today. I have often fished before, but never at one time did I catch enough for a meal. Half of one of these beauties will make any man a dinner fit for a king."

Mr. French raised anchor. Horace donned his shad-bellied coat, and the boat was pulled back to the lodge. The seven trout were hung in the bracing air at an angle of the stoop, in plain view of the veteran editor, who had dropped into

an easy chair. He talked as only he could talk, for hours, when supper was announced. Trout crisp and savory, were served with steaming potatoes and fresh waffles. Horace developed a wonderful appetite, and drank goblets of foaming fresh milk. After supper he enwrap himself in his white overcoat and resumed his seat on the porch. The whole household gathered around the philosopher. His recollections again carried him back to his boyhood days, and for two hours were his hearers entertained by their recital. At 9 o'clock Horace yawned, and asked to be shown to his bed. A tallow dip was lighted, and he climbed the steps leading to the garret.

He was up before sunrise, drinking in the balmy air. He fished no more, however. His admiration of the lake was unbounded. He spoke of organizing a company for its improvement, and said that if he should take the seven trout to the city and tell his friends that he had caught them on a hook and line, within three days he could dispose of thirty shares of the stock at \$1,000 per share. In the afternoon he prepared for his departure. As he entered the boat he grasped old man French by the hand, saying: "John, I suppose that when the season ends, like John of old, you will be left alone in the wilderness. But bear this in mind, God and John French will not be as much isolated here as Horace Greeley in the living wilderness of New York city."

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

How the President Complimented the Successful General.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Lincoln's first expression of appreciation of Grant's services to the country is found in his letter congratulating the hero of Vicksburg upon his great triumph, dated July 13, 1863, and which was as follows:

"MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not know that you and I have ever met personally, I write this now as a

grateful acknowledgement for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I write to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and then go below; and never had any faith, except a general hope, that you knew better than that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake, I wish now to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.”

A few weeks after Grant had been made a Lieutenant-General, in reply to the question, “What sort of a man is Grant?” Lincoln said:

“Well, I hardly know what to think of him altogether. He’s the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It’s about so all around. The only evidence you have that he’s in any place is that he makes things git! Wherever he is things move.”

After answering several other questions, the President was asked: “But how about Grant’s generalship? Is he going to be the man?” To which he replied, with great emphasis of tone or gesture: “Grant is the first general I’ve had. He’s a general.” “How do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?” his visitor asked. “Well, I’ll tell you what I mean,” replied Lincoln; “you know how it’s been with the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army he’d come to me with a plan of a campaign, and about as much to say: ‘Now, I don’t believe I can do it, but if you say so I’ll try it on,’

and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be the general. Now, it isn’t so with Grant. He hasn’t told me what his plans are. I don’t know and I don’t want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me.

To a critical remark Lincoln replied: “When any of the rest set out on a campaign they’d look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn’t give ’em, and tell me they couldn’t hope to win unless they had it—and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn’t horses enough to mount what men we had. There were 15,000 or thereabouts, up near Harper’s Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sends to me about these very men, just as I expected, but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of ’em or disband ’em. He doesn’t ask impossibilities of me, and he’s the first general I’ve had that didn’t.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE DEAD.

Chicago Herald.

“Do we ever photograph dead people? Yes, indeed, though not so often as formerly. Photographs are so cheap now that nearly everybody gets them, and it is but rarely that death overtakes a man who has not left a negative behind him. Years ago this was quite an important feature of our business, especially in photographing dead children. All kinds of people order photographs of their dead relatives—from rich folks who spend hundreds of dollars for flowers to those too poor to pay for the cheap coffin. I’ve taken them in all sorts of positions, too. People have so many fancies about such things, and we have to humor them all. Sometimes we’ll take them as they are laid out in the

coffins, sometimes on the bed. Children are often held in their parents' arms. Others are set up in their chairs.

"Some people insist on having the eyes opened. I photographed one old man, and they set him up in his big chair, dressed as usual, and with his eyes open. They took his old pipe, filled it with tobacco, lit it and stuck it in his mouth. I caught him that way, with the smoke rolling up. His folks said he wouldn't look natural any other way, and it was a great picture. You could hardly believe the subject was dead. I was once called to take a coachman on Michigan avenue. His widow was the cook where he had worked, and she insisted that he be set upon the box. We tried to talk her out of it but it was no use. So we carried him out to the stable, tied him on the box in full livery, with the lines and whip in his hands, and photographed him.

"The most odd, striking picture I ever made was of a little boy and a dog. The boy was dead, and the dog loved him so he would not leave his side. When I pointed the camera at the boy the dog thought it meant harm to his young master, and he planted himself upon the body as if to defend it, and would not stir. The family were about to tear the dog away, when I said to them: "If you want the sweetest picture ever made, let him alone." They took my advice and the result was striking. It was a picture worth having, but the family would let me make but half a dozen copies of the negative and they took them all and made me destroy the plate."

COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

A Statue Which Achieved the Distinction of
Being One of the Seven Wonders
of the World.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

This celebrated statue was of bronze, and is commonly cited as one of the wonders of the world. It was the work of Charles, a noted sculptor, who spent twelve years in

making it. It stood only sixty-six years, and was overthrown by an earthquake B. C. 224. Its height was 105 feet, without pedestal. Its thumb measured a fathom round. The statue was hollow, and the cavity was filled with stones. After the earthquake the Colossus helped the Rhodians out with a swindle as gigantic as itself, which they perpetrated on the rest of the Greeks. subscriptions for replacing the statue being collected to more than five times the value of the work needed, and then the money being diverted to other uses. The statue lay on the ground for 894 years, when, the island being conquered by the Saracens, the fallen Colossus was sold for old brass to a Hebrew junk dealer of those days, who cut it up, loaded 900 camels with the brass, and made a fortune out of his speculation. Allowing 800 pounds for each camel load, the total weight of the bronze was 720,000 pounds, and this after the statue had been subjected to the rust and waste from theft of nine centuries. The pedestal was triangular, and there was a staircase to ascend to the top. Rhodes was famous for its statues, however, as Pliny mentions a hundred other colossuses, not so large, in the various quarters of the city.

COLOR BLIND IN ONE EYE.

Philadelphia Call.

Examiner—"What is the color of this flag?"

Engineer—"Green, sir."

"Right. Now close your left eye. What is the color of *this* flag?"

"Green, sir. Dark green."

"Just so. Shut your right eye. What flag am I waving now?"

"A black one, sir."

"Nonsense. It's bright red. And *this* flag?"

"Black, sir."

"Pshaw! It is white. Your left eye seems a little off."

"Well, may be it is. It is a glass eye, sir."

LIBERTY ABOVE ALL.

Authors' Companion.

Victor Hugo was wedded to liberty from his cradle. His father was a soldier of the first French Republic, and it was another old soldier in the same ranks who was to give the son that watchword which was on his lips so constantly through life. This was Laborie, who in 1804, was implicated in Moreau's conspiracy against Bonaparte. On the discovery of the plot he was proscribed, a price was set upon his head, and it was the elder Hugo who gave him shelter. During this period of concealment, Laborie, while talking with some generals who had sworn not to betray him, turned to the child Victor, and said, "Remember—liberty above all!" Who can doubt that the sentence exercised a determining influence on the life of the boy?

Victor Hugo says, speaking of himself in the third person, "The man who to-day publishes this collection [Deeds and Words] and who throws open the door of his life to his contemporaries in these volumes has passed through many errors. He has suffered from the consequences of a complex and solitary education, given him by a proscribed Republican. But the patriot was always strong within him. He was for Napoleon in 1813, for the Bourbons in 1814. He has always acted in perfect good faith. He declares that never, in all he has written, will any one find a line against liberty."

"In 1848, he had not made up his mind as to the definite social form to be adopted. Singularly enough, one might almost say that at that time liberty hid the Republic from his vision."

"He was a member of the Assembly. One day at its meeting a brave man came to him and said, 'With whom are you in sympathy here?'"

"'With liberty,'"

"'And what are you doing?'"

"'I am waiting.'"

"After June 1849, he waited no

longer. At the moment when the hands of all the conquerors were held out to him to drag him into their ranks, he saw a corpse on the field. Every one cried,—

"'It is the Republic!'"

"He went to it and found that it was Liberty. Then he saw before him a fall, defeat, ruin, proscription, and he said, 'It is well.'"

"From that day forward, the union in his soul of the Republic with Liberty was complete. From that day forward, without truce, without relaxation, obstinately, foot by foot, he fought for the great cause. In 1851, he received what he expected—twenty years of exile."

HE HAD A DAISY.

An Undertaker Interviews a Reporter in Spite of the Latter's Protest.

Detroit Free Press.

"Come out through the back way and see my daisy!" he chuckled, as he rubbed his hands together.

"What! gone into the funeral flowers business on your own account? Yet, after all, why not? An undertaker might as well furnish the flowers as the coffin."

"Come on. There—how does that strike you?"

"That's a hearse—a new one."

"But it's the daisy I was speaking of. Isn't she spic-span and shiny?"

"Very nice."

"I should smile. It lays over anything of the sort in this town, and don't you forget it! Get in and lie down and let me bob the springs to show you how easy it rides."

"No, thank you."

"You go on! There's points about a hearse the public ought to know. Get up on the driver's seat."

"Excuse me, but I prefer a family carriage."

"Oh, pshaw! but you are too thin skinned. Just notice those springs. I tell you it will be a positive pleasure to ride above 'em. The dish of those wheels is absolutely perfect, and such a finish!"

"Yes, very nice hearse."

"You bet! Say, it will be a proud hour in my life when I hitch a span of white horses to that vehicle and prance around to the house of the late deceased. Lands! but wont the other undertakers look blue! Say, feel of these curtains—pure silk."

"I'll take your word for it."

"Go on, now. Hang it, but when an undertaker puts up his cash for a regular daisy like this, you newspaper fellows ought to encourage him. Just remember that the old-fashioned way of carrying a body around in a lumber wagon and then gaze on this! Just notice how these doors open to admit the coffin."

"Very handy."

"Handy! Why, man, it's superb! Have you noticed the glass in the sides?"

"Seems to be very good."

"Good! Why, it's the finest in the world—the very finest! I wanted something to show off the coffin, and here it is. I tell you, the late deceased ought to feel proud to ride in such a vehicle! You can say in your paper that it knocks 'em all out. Say, how are you on styles?"

"What styles?"

"Coffins and shrouds, of course. Come in a minute. I've got a new thing in shrouds—something you are bound to appreciate, and I'm after a patent on a coffin, with an air-receiver in it. Say! do me a favor. Let me enclose you in my new coffin and see how long the supply of air will last you. I'll bet a dol——"

But the reporter had gone.

REMINISCENCES OF ALEX. H. STEPHENS

Cincinnati Enquirer.

General Grant says that when the famous Peace Commission called on him and President Lincoln, in Virginia, he saw Alexander H. Stephens for the first time. He had heard much of the Southern statesman, and had supposed him to be a very little man; but on seeing him in company with the other commissioners he thought him astonishing-

ly big. Stephens wore a huge overcoat, made of some rude material—coarser, the General said, than any Canadian cloth he had ever seen. The collar was more comprehensive than any he had ever come across; the tails touched the ground, and the circumference was in keeping with the rest of the ample proportions. In Grant's headquarters Stephens took off the coat and revealed himself the slender and in every way diminutive man he had been represented to be. It was the garment that had afforded bulk. The Peace Commission went up on the York river to see Lincoln and a few days later the President came down to meet Grant.

"Did you see Stephens?" Lincoln asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Grant.

"See him in his overcoat?"

"Yes, sir."

"See him take it off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," and Lincoln roared with laughter, "ain't that the littlest ear out of the biggest shuck that you ever saw in your life?"

HISTORY RETOLD.

A Virginia Darkey's Lurid Account of the Surrender of Cornwallis.

New York Express.

This part of Virginia has seen three wars. Just opposite Yorktown is Gloucester Point, by which Lord Cornwallis tried to escape, but the wind and the rain and the darkness of night drove back his troops into General Washington's clutches. Then the British hovered around the coast in 1812-15, and again in 1861 came the great conflict to which these others were a mere bagatelle. But for a picturesque, graphic and highly interesting account of the military operations in these parts, by all means go to the negroes. There is rivalry between the older and the younger ones as to the relative size and importance of the last war and "de Resolutions." The "Resolution" means the war of

812. A few years ago, some of the oldest of them had perhaps a dim recollection of seeing the British ships and the red-coats. The British landed in several places, besides at Hampton, which they destroyed. But a revolutionary flavor having been imparted to these regions by the surrender of Cornwallis and General Washington being much talked about in the first half of this century, most of the ancient reconnoisseurs prefer to assign their reminiscences to "de Resolution." It is nothing uncommon to meet with a white haired darkey who has a complete recollection of the siege of Yorktown, and had a considerable share therein, and as for General Washington, the number of the family servants are increasing daily. One of the most celebrated of these minnesingers was a certain uncle Manuel, who belonged to one of the old families on the peninsular, as the strip of land between the York and James river is called. Uncle Manuel's account of the surrender of Cornwallis does not coincide with that in the history books, but is infinitely more dramatic, interesting and unique. Uncle Manuel, who just died the other day, was a "preacher ob de gospel" and belonged indifferently to the Baptist or Methodist church, as 'possum and watermelons were plentiful with either sect. He was a perfect terror to the young negroes, but adored by the children of the planters in the neighborhood, who found Uncle Manuel's reminiscences of distinguished American citizens entirely fascinating. He had played the fiddle with Thomas Jefferson "afore I got religion, honey," he always explained to account for that sinful diversion, and about the same time was in the habit of putting the Marquis de Lafayette to bed when he had too much mint julip aboard—that being a native French drink. But when Uncle Manuel was surrounded by an attentive circle of childish admirers clamoring, "Do,

please, tell us about General Washington, Uncle Manuel," then he would begin to protest, very much like other artists. "Now, children, you know you doan' keer nothin' 'bout ole Manuel an' Mars George. You done hear him 'fore dis."

A shriek of remonstrance would go up. "Now, Uncle Manuel, please, please, go on," until Uncle Manuel was finally started. He always began by impressing upon his audience the extremely friendly relations between himself and General Washington, and also that this last war was a mere scrimmage. "I knowed Ginerel Washington jes' like I knowed ole marse. You see I didn't b'long to Ginerel Washington but one day, he was a sittin' in marster's porch, an' he seen me come along, and he says: 'Dat ar am a likely fellow. See here, Colonel, couldn't you let me hire him for a year or two?' An' ole maser, who had so many on us he didn't know half of 'em he says: 'Take him, Ginerel. You're welcome ter him, an' he am one ob de very bes' body servants in de state ob Virginny.' So dat's how I come along wid Ginerel Washington; but he sent me back to ole marse arter de resolution. Dat wuz a war. Dey warn't no fightin' hardly in Marse Linkum's war. Well, dat day at Yorktown we had old wuks. Me an' Ginerel Washington we fit an fit, 'twell I got so tired er killin' dem Britishers I didn't know what to do. I 'clar I fired dat ole gun 'twell I used up mos' a bag ob powder—me an' Ginerel Washington atween us. I never see a man load up an' fire ez quick ez he—he was jes' a bang bangin' quicker'n you could count. At las' we got dem Britishers to runnin' down de road towards Williamsburg and thousands of 'em dyin' by de roadside."

But, Uncle Manuel, how could they run away down to Williamsburg when the French and the Americans wouldn't let them get out from New Yorktown?"

"Dey warn't no French dar, children. I was dar, and I hain't seen no French."

"But—but—the history book says—"

"Well, now, wuz de history man dar? 'Kase I was dar, un' I tell you dey warn't no French dar—you hear me. But Ginerel Washington, he was dar, an' he rid a big white hoss, an' when he lif up his foot, 'twas ez big ez a dinner plate. Lord! I never seen such s hoss since. Well, arter we had got the Britishers a scootin' down de road, Ginerel Washington I see him hunting' roun' de field lookin' mad, and he hollers out to me: 'Boys,' says he, 'has you seen a d—d old red coat Ginerel Cornwallis anywhere 'bout?' An' I say to him, 'Good Gord A'mighty Marse George, I don see him dis very minute a hidin' in de fence corner by dat ar' simmon tree. (Dat' simmon tree is a grown' yit, an' I kin show you de very place whar Ginerel Cornwallis tuk ter de fence.) So Ginerel Washington, he galloped up, an' sho' 'nuff, dar was de ole man makin' hisself small and tryin' ter creep under de bottom rail ob de fence. But when he seen Ginerel Washington, he set up on de groun' and his teef rattled like he had de ager, he was so skeered. An' Ginerel Washington, he hollowed, 'Halt, you rascal!' Den ole Cornwallis he say 'G-g-ginerel, I gin it up!' An' Ginerel Washington, he drewed his sword—

Here Uncle Manuel would make a deep and dreadful pause. "Honey, he drewed he sword—an'—he—cut—he—hade—right off!"

BUTTER BY ELECTRICITY.

Chicago Times.

According to a French patent the passage of a suitable electric current through milk causes the rapid separation of the butter and renders churning unnecessary. The manufacture of cheese and the removal of rancidity from butter by electrical aid are also claimed.

BILL NYE CRITICISES BOSTON ART.

Boston Globe.

The Cogswell fountain is probably the most eccentric squirt, and one which at once rivets the eye of the beholder. I do not know who designed it, but I am told that it was modeled by a young man who attended the codfish autopsy at the market daytimes and gave his nights to art.

The fountain proper consists of two metallic bullheads rampant. They stand on their bosoms, with their tails tied together at the top. Their mouths are abnormally distended, and the water gushes forth from their tonsils in a beautiful stream.

The pose of these classical codfish or bullheads is sublime. In the spirited Græco-Roman tussle which they seem to be having, with their tails abnormally elevated in their artistic catch-as-catch-can or can-can scuffle, the designer has certainly hit upon a unique and beautiful impossibility.

Each bullhead also has a tin dipper chained to his gills, and through the livelong day, till far into the night, he invites the cosmopolitan tramp to come and quench his never-dying thirst.

A LUCKY THING.

Wall Street News.

"You see," he was explaining in answer to the inquiry of what the prospects in Wisconsin were, "our folks are about discouraged."

"What's the trouble?"

"Cholera."

"Why, the cholera hasn't reached us yet."

"I know, but everybody's talking. We can't raise cucumbers on account of the scare, and we dasn't go into onions on account of the bad weather. We shall shell out a few 'taters, a little corn and more or less wheat, but I tell you, stranger, if my wife didn't earn \$1 a day at dress-making I'd be ready to give up the battle."

BRAIN WORKERS.

Beecher and Talmage in Making their Sermons—Mark Twain and Raymond.

Boston Herald.

Mental disease has just caused a leath in a somewhat famous firm of awyers. The member was an advocate whose voice was eloquently and constantly heard in the courts, and an attorney who was hardly ever seen in public. It was not the man who strutted and declaimed who was killed by his labor, but the one who laboriously prepared the cases for trial. One used his voice chiefly, while other overtaxed his mind. It is easy to credit achievements to the visible performer. The actor of a role gets more credit from an ordinary auditor than is given to the author. The modern playwright, however, exacts his share of the tangible income. Two recognizable men did not speak as they passed by in Broadway. They had an unmistakable air of disdain for each other. They were Mark Twain, the humorist, and John T. Raymond, the comedian. That they should so pointedly cut each other seemed strange, in view of the fact that the actor had so long played Colonel Sellers in the author's "The Wilded Age." I took the first opportunity to speak to them separately about it.

"Raymond — Raymond," said Twain, musingly, as though there was difficulty in recalling the name in connection with an individual. Oh, yes; you mean the actor. I have seen him perform in my play. I have no personal acquaintance with him—at least not lately."

"Do you know," said Raymond, vivaciously, "that I have never read a line of Mark Twain's books, not even the one out of which the Seller's play was made? That is a fact. I don't like the man, and therefore I don't read his works. The piece was originally produced at the New York Park Theater. On the occasion of the hundredth night of the run, he came to me with a speech

all written out for me to deliver in front of the curtain. Rather, it was a dialogue, for there was something for me to speak, and then something responsive for him, and so on; and his idea was to perform it in a way to impress the audience that the effort was impromptu. He wished me to study my part for this little farce, and be ready for a rehearsal in my dressing room before the curtain went up. I put the manuscript in my pocket and said, 'All right!' but on reading it found that it was all wrong, for it made me a mere feed of to him, as we would say on the stage. What I was set down to say would make me appear absolutely small and him extremely big. It isn't in human nature—at least in an actor's nature—to be used in that way. When he came for the rehearsals, I plainly told him that I wouldn't play second fiddle to him. He angrily tore up the manuscript. It was then 7 o'clock. Although he had an hour or two in which to write a new speech, he is so slow in composition that he couldn't produce anything, and on being called out he gave a recitation instead."

The ill feelings between Twain and Raymond arises from a quarrel over payment for the play. The royalty agreed on at the outset was \$50 for every performance, and that was paid regularly for three seasons; but when the drama began to wear out the men disagreed over the reduction of the terms.

Brooklyn's two famous preachers, Beecher and Talmage, illustrate the opposite extremes and methods in the making of sermons. One is a wholly emotional orator, and the other lacks that quality altogether. Which is which? It would be hard for the uninformed auditor to tell. Each speaks with no other notes than a little card of memoranda, or at most a single page of paper containing reminders. Their style is extemporaneous. Nevertheless, one writes out his discourses in full, and then memorizes them from the com-

plete copy. You would have to guess which he is, until told he is Talmage. As he stands clear of so much as a desk on his big platform of his tabernacle, speaking in an impassioned fashion, hesitating never for a word, he seems a wonder of spontaneity; but I have seen the manuscript of his Sunday morning sermons as early as Friday, when it was duplicated for transmission by mail to distant newspapers. Talmage's memory is so perfect that the spoken matter has only the smallest verbal differences from the written text. A great deal has been nonsensically said about the memorizing powers of actors. The longest part in any play now in use is that of Hamlet, in which the number of words is just about equal to a Talmage sermon; and what tragedian would undertake to commit such a role to memory in a week? Beside, the actor's task is greatly simplified by the breaking up of his part into dialogue. Very few stage performances are quick in their study. We often hear of somebody being notified in the afternoon of the incapacitating illness of an actor, and taking his place in the play satisfactorily at night; but in these announcements a trick is played on the public, for the substitute is what they call an understudy—that is, some one, usually a minor member of the same company, who perfects himself in the more important role, so as to be ready for an emergency. Talmage beats them all for memory. Beecher works only under the incitement of an audience at his front. He spends considerable time in thought and reading, but scarcely any in the actual preparation of sermons. Having hit upon a topic, perhaps as late as Saturday afternoon, he revolves the subject awhile in his mind, jots down the bare heads of the forthcoming sermon, and that is all. The quality of the delivered discourse depends upon the spirits of the preacher, the responsiveness of the congregation,

and considerably on the weather. A sunny day brightens Beecher and a cloudy day dulls him. When aroused to his most fervid efforts, he is prone to extravagances, and this fault got him into trouble in the presidential campaign. His series of sermons on evolution, now interrupted by his summer vacation, are more carefully prepared than anything in his previous work, for a quarter of a century, and yet they are so largely extemporaneous that to make them exactly what he wishes to put into a book, he is devoting his vacation to a revisal.

An old theatrical man assures me that the memory is taxed more by a pantomimic role than by an oral one. "Do you remember Mlle. Mari Zoe, who for ten years or so was the leading French Spy of the American stage?" he said. "She was always advertised as the Cuban Sylph, and a romantic history was written for her, but for a fact she was Mrs. Yates, of Yankee birth, and common place in her experiences until her husband utilized her great grace and beauty by training her for the role of the dumb girl. The performance was always a hard strain on her. Folks presumed that her nightly job became mechanical, and fatiguing only through its sameness, but the task of pantomime, with its requisite nicety of movement and expression, was more exhaustive to her brain than the heroines of Shakespeare to Mary Anderson. She was compelled a few years ago to retire to her home at Hempstead, L. I., because her mind was affected, and now she has been taken to an insane asylum. Her shattered intellect knows nothing except the "French Spy," and she is almost constantly going through with its scenes. The combat with the Arab is fought over, without weapon or antagonist, but with a zest and vim of pantomime that startles her attendants." Sobriety in brain-workers is now demanded in New York. The change in this matter is radical.

Drunkenness is no longer considered a mark of genius. People will not be doctored by Bacchus, nor intrust their law cases to him, and in journalism the reform within a decade has been wonderful. There was a time when broken down clergymen, lawyers and physicians largely found a refuge in newspaper work as reporters; but now the recruits are almost altogether fresh college graduates, and sobriety is essential to retention on the staff of any except a journal unable to pay market rates for matter. So general has this rule become that not a single habitual drunkard is to be found on the staffs of at least three of morning dailies, and he finds it hard to get a job anywhere. "Bear in mind that Jim has a wife and two children to support," said an interceder for a discharged drunkard.

"And so it happens," replied the editor, "that the sober man whom I have put in Jim's place has a wife and four children. It should always be remembered that every expulsion of a bummer leaves a position for a decent man. We don't run an inebriate asylum or a moral reformatory."

That sound theory seems to have come into practice throughout this busy city, and intolerance of drunkenness, in all the walks of life, is doing more for the cause of temperance than all the laws that have been or can be made.

A new topic with clergymen and the religious journals just now is the moral quality of the newspapers. The editors of denominational organs have intermitted their discussions of doctrinal points, and their composition of articles on the respective merits of rival baking powders, sufficiently to instruct the secular journalists in their professional duties. They don't know what they are talking about. Their assumption is that editors instruct reporters to seek out and magnify every foul thing. The waste baskets of ninety-nine sanctums in a hun-

dred would contradict that notion quickly enough.

The bounds of propriety are frequently overstepped in the direction of affairs which ought to be left private, but offences in decency are astonishingly few. Years ago, when I was a reporter in the general sessions—which court keeps three judges constantly on three benches to try criminals—the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby came in to see what was going on. He had just embarked in the work of the anti-vice society, in connection with which he has since become famous, and was anxious to gain practical knowledge of city crime.

"I suppose you gentlemen tell all about these trials in print," he remarked, as he took a seat at the reporters' table in one of the court rooms, "but I thought I'd like to see and hear for myself. But why do you all sit idle?"

"Because the case on trial is one of an assault on a girl, and none of the papers will publish it," was the reply.

"Then why don't you devote your pens to the two other courts?" the surprised clergymen asked.

"This is an entirely off day, doctor," said a reporter. "The calendar in one section contains only small, common robberies, which we never give a line to, and in the third a murder trial is of such a nature that our city editors order us to make only very brief items of it."

"What!" Crosby exclaimed; "a murder compressed into a few lines per day?"

It was even so. A girl had killed her sweetheart in self-defence, in a manner which could not be explained at all without shocking sensitive readers; and, although the trial lasted three days, ending with an acquittal, it was only paragraphed. Here was a matter which, if the clerical critics are correct, the editors would have revelled in by the column. The public has no conception of the crimes which might

be described, but are not. The Police Gazette has a circulation of 200,000 at ten cents' a copy, and the proprietor's income is estimated at a quarter of a million a year. There is not a daily that could not multiply its profits by publishing the same sort of matter that makes this weekly popular. Professional jealousy between the pulpit and the press is inevitable, but there should not be so much misrepresentation. While it is true that the papers suppress a vast amount of objectionable matter, it won't do for them to omit a good amount and diversity of clean news. Almost every day I see a man who has learned that lesson at a heavy cost. His name is Dougall, and he is the editor and owner of the Witness, a weekly journal of wide circulation. He amassed a big fortune. His belief was that a hundred thousand New York Christians would be glad to buy a daily paper in which religion got its full measure of space, and base ball games, murders, prize fights and other worldly happenings were briefly itemized. To fulfill this mission he started the Daily Witness. It was a truly good sheet, considered religiously. Sermons, prayer meeting and ministers filled its columns chiefly, while such doings as interest human readers, religious or irreligious, were crowded into corners or omitted altogether. No circulation worth counting, was gained. Church memberships were canvassed, preachers praised the venture from their pulpits, and the most vigorous efforts were made to put the paper into the hands of religious people. They wouldn't touch it. Dougall spent his capital. A few zealous supporters provided more. All was in vain. The loss to Dougall is said to have been \$200,000. The Daily Witness died unnoticed, as it had lived, and he has begun to get rich again with the weekly. He demonstrated what every journalist knows, that no people will buy a daily newspaper that does not give interesting news.

HORSEWHIPPING A MAN.

Detroit Free Press.

A woman about 30 years of age, and wearing the look of a person bound and determined to have blood entered a saddlery store the other day and asked to see some horse-whips.

"I—ah—for a carriage?" asked the man.

"No, sir! I want to horsewhip a man!"

"Indeed—ah! Then you want a rawhide?"

"Yes, and a good one."

"Certainly, madam. Our stock of rawhides is large and well selected, and each whip is fully warranted. I—ah—that is—have you selected a victim yet?"

"That's my business, sir, and how much is the price?"

"Seventy-five cents, madam, and I assure you that I meant no offense. I was going to say that a hard blow would draw blood."

"I want it to!" she muttered as she cut the air two or three times and then walked out.

She next appeared on the west side of the Public Library where her actions soon gave the snap away to a dozen people.

By and by a dapper little man turned into Farmer street from East Grand river, and the woman at once braced up. He must have seen her half a block away, but instead of showing the white feather he boldly approached. As he came within a few feet she flourished the whip on high and squealed out:

"Villain! I have you!"

"What is it?" he coolly queried.

"You have slandered me and I'm going to horsewhip you!"

"Bah! How have I slandered you?"

"You told the people at the boarding house that I was extravagant, selfish and a gossip, and that my husband had threatened divorce."

"Well?"

"Well, I am going to publicly

horsewhip you! Villain, get ready for it!"

"Pooh!" he sneered. "When I have told your husband that you were out riding with Mr.—; that you had a frog supper with Mr.—; and that you were flirting on the ferry boat with young —; and that you pass half your time chinning with the avenue clerks, you may have something to get up a row about. Good day!"

She stood there and saw him walk off, and half an hour later a small boy called on the saddler and said:

"Say, mister, the lady says yur kin have this 'ere whip for fifty cents."

"Did she use it?"

"Naw! She came home and rubbed the paint off her face and got out of her tight shoes, and I heard her say it wasn't a good day for usin' rawhides. I guess the hoss wouldn't stand it."

A CARSON INCIDENT.

Ned Buntline.

So much has been written about Kit Carson, as a hunter, trapper, scout and guide, that it is hard to write an incident that has not already been told over and over again.

I was associated with him for a time in the Northwest Fur Company, and learned to know him for all he was worth as a man of nerve, modesty and unflinching courage.

We were just ready to leave St. Louis for the Yellowstone in a stern-wheel steamer with a crowd of trappers, boatmen and hunters, when it was discovered that about a dozen of the Canadian trappers and half-breeds were ashore on a spree spending their advanced wages and would not come off.

"Judson, take a man with you and bring them off!" said old Choteau, the head man in the company, and addressing me.

I called to Carson to put on his belt of tools and go up town with me.

"We want no tools to handle them

drunken fools with," was his reply. And unarmed he started on shore with me. We entered several saloons before we found the men we were after, but at last their yells and songs piloted us to the right place. There were ten of them, crazy drunk, dancing, yelling and carrying on as only such men can when wild on eight-rod whisky. Stepping in amongst them, I told them the boat was about to start and they must get aboard.

"Boat go to hell; you, too!" cried one of the leaders. "Choteau no good—we in for big drunk. Voila!"

And he snapped his fingers in my face.

A back-hander under his left ear dropped him, and then his comrades made a rush for me. As they did so, Carson "mixed in" without waiting for orders. He caught the two foremost each by his shaggy hair, and brought their heads together with a crash that sounded like a boat butting end onto a wharf. It was enough for those two; they dropped, bleeding at the nose and mouth, and then he caught up another, and using him as a flail, thrashed right and left with his lithe and limber body and limbs, knocking men to fro, and literally leaving me nothing to do but to look on and laugh. In less than two minutes the fracas was all over, the men subdued and ready to go on board; for, though they had hated Carson heartily, they feared him more.

Now, more trouble seemed imminent. The keepers of the saloon claimed \$20 damages for a broken table and two or three chairs that had suffered in the skirmish, and swore none of us should leave the room until the money was paid. He was reputed a fighter. He stood over six feet high and was all bone and muscle. He had a barkeeper to back him nearly as large, and he picked up a club and seemed ready to use it.

"We are going off to the boat now; if you have a bill to collect take it to Choteau;" said Carson,

quietly, while I got the Canadians together to start. "I'll mash the first cuss that moves," yelled the keeper, and he started for the door to head us off. He was going fast and he fell over Carson's outstretched foot, and when he struck the floor Carson was sitting on his head, while a pistol that Kit had snatched from my belt was looking the barkeeper in the face.

"Take the men on board, cap; I'll get there as soon as you do!" said Kit to me, quietly. I'm tired and want to rest a minute." I left him, well knowing he could "hold the fort," and went on board with the men. I had scarcely crossed the gang plank when Kit came over it, a quiet smile on his face. Handing me back my pistol, he said: "I had no use for the iron—that cuss didn't like the looks of it!" Always cool, immensely strong for his stature, Kit Carson was a danger to an enemy and a blessing to a friend. It is a pity that there are but few such men as he was left on the plains in the present day. Plain in dress, he took more pride in the arms he carried and in the horse he rode than in his own appearance. He was a man to bet your life and fortune on, for you had a sure thing every time.

A REVOLVING HEAD PIECE NOT WANTED.

Texas Siftings.

A colored lady from Onion Creek, Mrs. Si. Jackson, accompanied by her husband, recently visited Austin. She was not used to city ways, and watched with great interest some hats in the window of a millinery store, which were arranged on a revolving stand.

"Dat's a mighty nice arrangement. Yer can see how de hats looks in dem ar different persishuns," remarked old Si.

"Huh!" said his wife, "dat's so, but dis ole niggah don't put her head in nò hat what goes roun' an' roun an' roun' like a cat what's being pizenen."

BILL ARP ON STORMS.

Atlanta Constitution.

A storm in the country is worth something to see. We can look out and afar off and see it coming, and we can see the lightning flash and zigzag and corruscate, and have no fear—it is grand, but not fearful—not alarming. The trees are all around us and have never been struck. They are our lightning-rods, our insulators. Lightning will strike one lonely tree, but it rarely strikes in a grove or forest. It has struck twice in our cotton field and killed the cotton, but these trees all around us scatter it and keep it from concentrating. Nabor Freeman says that lightning has a liking for a wagon with one steer, for he passed one on the road day before yesterday while there was a storm on hand and the lightning struck the little one steer wagon and tore it all to pieces, and the steer just went on with nothing but one shaft hitched to him. There was no driver, for the steer had just been turned loose to go home by himself. Cobe says he never did understand this thunder and lightning business, nohow, "for" says he, "some folks say it's the lightning' that strikes, and some say it's the thunder, but he has noticed one thing, and that is when anything is struck they both come right smack together and it looks like it takes 'em both to do the work."

THE PART HE PLAYED.

St. Paul Globe.

It was nearly midnight, and poor Matilda was sleepy. When every subject seemed to her to be exhausted he changed his position and branched off again into a homily on the national game.

"And what part do you play, Mr. Dewdrop?" asked Matilda, with a yawn.

"Short stop," replied Dewdrop, proudly.

"Ah! You're not playing now, are you?"

He tumbled, and went out on a fly.

LE PETIT JOURNAL.

Fortnightly Review.

The greatest French newspaper is the one-sou Petit Journal, the circulation of which at the present moment exceeds 900,000, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalleled circulation of 1,000,000 copies a day. According to the latest statistics, there are in France about 5,000,000 of persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of the Petit Journal is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that the Petit Journal is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of the Petit Journal, though it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of 200,000 copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halevy, Sardou, Dumas, Claretie, Laudet, &c. The results obtained by the Petit Journal are certainly marvelous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm) has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, unmilitant, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive, in one direction is enough to cause an immediate decrease of 30,000 or 40,000 in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news—of a street accident, for instance—the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales. The choice of the feuilletons is equally delicate. Boisgobey, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montepin, Bouvier and Emile Richebourg are the favorites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentlemen in the Petit Journal suffices to attract

100,000 new readers, while a feuilleton by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of the Petit Journal may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted coup d'état, in 1877, the steady, calm, and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favor of the republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionists. At this moment, now that politics are dull, the Petit Journal owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction of two remans, feuilletons. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of *Le Siecle*, about 1840, no newspaper in France has been discovered to exist without a feuilleton novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American *Matin*, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women of France.

PUTTING UP A JOB ON HER SIRE.*Yonker's Gazette.*

"Look thee, Henrico! are thy wits on edge?"

"Aye, damosel, indeed are they."

"Then list! I heard me father intimate last eve that he would join us in our rural jaunt. This is an abscess on the pleasure, boy, and thou must check its coming to a head."

"Praised be the fitness of coincidence. But yestermorn Dom Pedro Gardintruk did of his bounteous soul inherit me an invoice of insidious cucumbers. Thy father's palate favoreth the same, and thou, a cunning Hebe at his feast, mayest strew these germs of colic in his fare, and spare him journeying on our morrow's fete."

"A ducat for thy shrewd designing, knave. The gods forbid that I should do him ill, but Don Rhu-barbi, he that physic deals, hath oft advised for him a rest, and if this herb will generate the same, with syren voice and art I'll woo him to't."

"But, mark thee, maid! Gauge well his caliber, and ne'er surcharge him with the dynamite."

"Beware! nor thus arraign a daughter's love. I've other service for me sire, boy. But stay! should these cucumbers deadlier be than is the average of their ven'mous host, what then would shield thee from the tyrant law that would entail upon his obsequies?"

"Abate thy fears! Insanity's a thing already proven of a swain in love. Thou'st but to swear I called thee 'Sunbeam,' 'Sweet Gazelle,' 'Dove,' 'Blossom,' 'Toadie,' and the like, and fact and fancy ranging side by side will prove me daft and irresponsible."

DOUBTFUL ABOUT AN ALIBI.

"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I don' 'spects we kin," the darkey replied, doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?"

"'Bout lebben o'clock, dey say."

"Well, where were you between 11 o'clock and midnight—in bed?"

"No, sah; I was hidin' de ham."

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN PERSIA.

London World.

Nor is justice at all times slow in Persia. It is administered often in a rough and ready fashion, and to the terror of evil-doers. The king himself is much averse to the shedding of blood, and has abolished the old custom of monarchs presiding at capital punishment. Still capital punishments for quasi-political crimes, such as the non-pay-

ment of revenue, are not uncommon; and the bow-string and the poisoned cup are no mere nominal terrors. The bastinado flourishes; in fact, without it the Persians declare that chaos would come again. A defaulting debtor, a thief, an ignoramus, a highway robber, a drunkard, a provincial governor behind-hand with his revenue—the punishment for all these faults and crimes, irrespective of age, rank, or sex, is sticks, and nothing but sticks, varying in quantity perhaps, but seldom differing in quality; for, unless the patient can bribe the executioner, they are invariably well laid on.

SUSPICIOUS.

Bloomington Mail.

We think that the negro called "Senator" in the following anecdote was correct in his suspicions. He said to a friend—

"Mistah Waggonah, I tink I smell one o' dem mices."

"You think you smell a mouse, Senator?"

"Yes, sah, I done b'lieve I smell a mice, sah."

"How is that, Senator? What unexpected developments have you found now?"

"Squiah, does you recommembat dat gal I'se been coutin' down in de scrubburbs of Steubenville?"

"Yes, Senator, I know her very well. What is the matter now? She has not gone back on you, has she?"

"Well, boss, I'se mightily afeard dat am jes' what she hab done. I'seed two or free fings dat look mouty 'spicious now, I tole yer, an I'se feared she's done frowed n-ovah."

"Why, what have you noticed, Senator?"

"De mawnin' papah says st done gone and married Sam Like'l's night. Now wouldn't yer call dat a mighty 'spicious circumstance squiah?"

THOUGHT IT WAS A SHELL.

New York Sun.

"What were you doing, Uncle Bill, that required so much bravery?"

"Doing?" Shoeing army mules," said he with a look expressive of the courage required for that occupation.

"When I went into the service," he continued, "I enlisted for three years, sooner shot or dead, and I expected to show them that I had a little grit in me. I hankered after a battle, to let 'em see that I could fight. But soon as we got to the front it began to be whispered about that Uncle Bill—that's me—was to be detailed to shoe mules. I didn't enlist to shoe mules. I wasn't afraid of fighting, but hang me if I wanted to risk my skin a shoeing mules. But, a pack of artillery in front of you, and shell bristling about you, is nothing to the risk of that business. I had narrow escapes enough every day, but three times there wasn't a soldier had a closer call than I did, and I never got any glory for it. The worst was at Chancellorsville. It made me feel bad to see the boys going to the front, with a chance to win glory without half so much risk as I was put to to shoe mules back at the headquarters. But I had to do it. There was a company stationed near by, perhaps twenty yards from the place where I was shoeing. They were guarding the road that way, and were taking it easy. The battle was going on in front, but we were out of reach of the bullets. I had one solemn looking mule to tackle, and I knew from that calm look that he was a deceitful animal, and he had a powerful leg. Thinks I to myself, as I approached him 'Uncle Bill, there's more danger lurking in that air leg than in the red hottest hand-to-hand fight out in front, but there ain't any glory in the danger."

"However, I tackled the job. I got the shoe on all right, and I sup-

pose, got a little heedless. All of a sudden I thought there'd come a flash of lightning. All I knew was that I laid somewhere on my back, with a cold chill on my breast, and I recollected hearing a sharp, whizzing noise. Then it occurred to me that a stray shell from the battle had landed 'twixt me and the mule, and I kinder laughed to think how it must have scar'd the animal. But I raised up, and there, ten feet away, he was as demure as a deacon. But I heard a noise over where the company was stationed, and when I looked I see that they had scattered and were running as though pretty badly frightened. Thinks I, 'Uncle Bill, the rebs are coming up that way, and you'll be a prisoner. Well, do you know what did it? 'Twas that pesky mule. He'd kicked, that's all. He didn't hit me. Oh, no. If he had I wouldn't have been here to tell of it. 'Twas the wind from the blow that fired me ten feet, and his hoof just grazed my clothes in front, cutting them off as clean as though he'd used a razor. But the curiouesest thing about it was this, and it shows what power a mule's got in his hind leg. I was just putting the first nail into the shoe when he kicked. Well, sir, the force of that kick threw the shoe off clear across the field toward where that company was. They heard it whirring along in the air, and thought it was a shell. They ducked. The shoe struck the door of an old shed, along-side of which the company was, and fastened itself onto the door slick as slicing cucumbers. The company thought the shell had lodged there and was going to burst right away, and didn't they skeddadle! Some of the main line saw 'em running, and thought Lee was coming up to flank 'em, and that scar't 'em all the more, so that some says that was the beginning of the whole trouble with Joe Hooker's army. I don't know about that. Now, that'll give you some idea of what a mule can do, and

whether it needed any grit or not to shoe 'em.

"Twice besides during the war I got so near to kingdom come by way of a mule's hoof that it makes me draw my breath to think of it now; once on James Island and once in Virginia. But what glory do I get for it? I begged 'em to let me go into a fight. They wouldn't do it. So there I was, three years in the army, in peril ten times worse than I would have been in battle every single day, without any credit for it, and no glory in it if I was killed. What glory is it for a man's name or credit to his family to be reported kicked to death by a mule? I done my duty, done it well too; but I always feel that if I hadn't had a name as a good horseshoer I might have won a commission in the service. Ah, well, what's the odds? We've only so long to live any way. Zeke, get that off ox into the pen, and Ill be ready to shoe him quick as I've eat my dinner.

THE LADY PASSENGER.

Arkansaw Traveler.

A hatchet-faced woman of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said:

"Ef any of you galoots is waiting for me to squat in yer laps, you ar barkin' up the wrong tree; for I want you to understand that I am a lady."

The dread that she was not in earnest caused two gentlemen to leave the car.

THE newest silk umbrellas have little leather purses attached to the handle. It is already difficult enough to keep a silk umbrella without this device.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth—
It has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air—
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, 'twill help you live,
But no one can help you die.
Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

—J. A. Joyce.

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.
WM. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00
SINGLE COPY 10

address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

OCTOBER, 1885.

A CENTRAL FACT OVER-LOOKED.

As a general proposition the people are desirous of having their attention called to facts. Now, it is a fact that a great many people prefer frivolities, foibles and fiction to facts, but they are not in the majority, and in justice to such people it should be said they are not the enemies of facts. On the contrary, if facts are properly prepared, served, as it were, like quail on toast, they are accepted and devoured with becoming zest.

But we are not inclined to occupy our time and space for the special selection of such fastidious and fanciful people. The facts which we propose to bring into prominence, while they may possibly receive a languid glance from romance lovers, and gloved explorers in the realms of the imagination, are specially designed to arrest the attention of those who belong to the practical, the utilitarian classes—employers and employes—those who have tangible property and those whose

property is all in their *life*, their *skill* and their *muscle*.

It is a fact that skill and muscle, work, creates wealth, riches, capital, that which can be seen, felt, taxed, that which is positive, substantial, palpable.

It is a fact that this wealth, created by work, has the power of reproducing itself. Take for an illustration a house. It is the product, the result of labor and skill. Analyzed, a group of facts appear, all declaring that the claim which labor asserts is absolutely true and immutable. The foundation stones dug from the quarry assert the claims of labor. The sills, the joists, the rafters, weather-boards and shingles tell of the woodman's axe, the mill-man's saw, the carpenter's plane and chisel. The nail tells its history from the ore through all its processes of evolution until the carpenter's hammer drove it home in a sure place. The bricks come with their testimony, their ordeals through mill and fire, until they took their place in fireplace, oven and chimney, all telling the same story, all bearing testimony to the transforming, building power of skill and labor, and the building, standing complete, the admiration of beholders and the pride of its owner, becomes a fact in its testimony irrefragable that it is a monument to the wealth creating power of labor.

It may appear to some reader as idle to reproduce in any form such facts, since they are very generally admitted by thinking people. But it may be well to remark that accepting a statement as true, as a fact, and making the fact the basis of

action, the vitalizing factor in policy and practice are by no means the same thing. A fact to be of use should exert a salutary influence upon individuals and upon communities, else it is dead, and virtually buried.

The house, referring to our illustration, we will say, represents five thousand dollars, and its owner rents it for twenty-five dollars a month, and, as is usual, collects his rent in advance. Those who have a fondness for such calculations will find it interesting to ascertain, provided the owner loans his rent money, how long it will require for the house to reproduce its original cost. The period will appear sufficiently brief to astonish those most familiar with rent bills.

It must not be surmised that we are disposed to find fault with such facts. We write of them in no censorious spirit, nor for the purpose of modifying or of changing them in any regard. Our purpose is far different. It is rather, by comparison, to give just prominence to another class of facts far less pleasurable to contemplate. We are glad to know that wealth has the power of duplication, we would not change this order of things.

It is a fact that labor which produces the wealth which, as we have shown, has the power of self-duplication, does not itself possess such power. Labor earns a dollar and consumes it, that it may be able to earn another dollar. It is a fact that while this process of earning and consuming is going forward, labor is decaying, the laborer is wearing out. It creates wealth for

others, for itself only a subsistence barely a subsistence often less than subsistence.

It is a fact that labor should earn not only a subsistence, but more than a bare subsistence.

The proposition should everywhere be esteemed a *central* fact, but especially should such be the case in the United States of America. Here a laborer is a sovereign—a citizen clothed with supreme power. To earn a bare subsistence is indicative of fundamental error somewhere. To reduce labor to a condition in which subsistence is precarious, to surround it with circumstances which compel it to contemplate ceaseless poverty, is a crime.

It is a fact that the home of labor should be esteemed by those who formulate policies and create circumstances as a citadel, which, like the Alpine home of the Switzer, is not last to surrender when liberty is invaded—aye, which never surrenders to despots who seek to make free men slaves. If the laboring man's home in America is to be such a fortress, then the laboring man must realize to the fullest extent that his rights, his comforts, his subsistence, his earnings are subjects which engage the attention of those whom he must obey and execute the laws. The American laboring man should be made to feel that he is an important factor in the social and political structure upon whose intelligence and fidelity to law and order depends, the perpetuity of those institutions which were secured by the patriotism of the people when dangers threatened and the conflict raged.

The facts which relate to the just and equitable distribution of the wealth which labor creates, cannot be too soon nor too earnestly be considered. If the policy is to be the reduction of the earnings of men who create the wealth of the country to a point from which the outlook is one of doubt and gloom, if there is to be no margin for securing the comforts which emancipate from ceaseless anxiety, if when a year of oil is past the earnings have been consumed to live that another year's oil may be contributed to the increase of national wealth, if, on the one hand, statistics shall dazzle by the astounding sum totals of wealth secured by toil and humiliate the world by the impoverished condition of the wealth creators, thoughtful men may well pause to contemplate catastrophes which are as certain to come as that the smouldering fires at the earth's center will at some time go upon their subterranean pathways to spread consternation when their wrath shakes down cities.

It was a saying of the immortal Lincoln that "this country could not exist half free and half slave," and it is not less true that this government cannot exist if the policy is to reduce laboring men to the condition of the world's unfortunates, who are rated as little above chattels; who work that ruling classes may thrive, and who are at the will of their rulers made food for powder and the bulwarks behind which thrones exist.

The fact is that the time is near at hand when laboring men, wage-earners and wealth-creators will treat

with becoming disdain the entire brood of men who speak of them as persons whom it has pleased Jehovah to place in their custody for care and protection. The patronizing talk of the times will cease. The grand question for debate will not be, What the possessors of wealth can do for the creators of wealth? but rather, What can the builders of wealth do for themselves? The fact is, and it is luminous, guiding and controlling, that laboring men in the near future will formulate policies and create circumstances and shape events, and as it is a fact worthy of high consideration that what is good for the laboring men must be good for all men. The new era is not distant when a more equitable distribution of the wealth which labor creates will be the crowning glory of a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

The time honored aphorism, that "In union there is strength," will not, we conceive, be doubted by any one anxious to enter the arena of debate. Those who would challenge the self-evident truth would, we surmise, as readily assume and seek to prove the proposition that the moon is a big cheese rolling in space, or that its silvery light can be bottled and held in reserve for use when the nights are not beautified by the splendor of Earth's much praised satellite.

It would be no easy task to catalogue the enterprises which owe their success to the power of association. The association of intellectual facul-

ties, mind forces, money power, skill, labor, inventive genius, in all of their ten thousand times multiplied unions, connections, conjunctions and combinations. The list includes the society, the fraternity, the partnership, the corporation, the firm, the confederacy, the union, the club and the lodge. In each the power of association is recognized and acknowledged, and the verdict is that in union, association, there is strength. We are by no means unmindful of the fact that associations often prove failures, that unions disintegrate, that societies disband and fraternities cease to exist, but such facts in no wise antagonize the truth that in association there is power, and it is worthy of note that failure in no instance operates to dislodge from the conviction of men the fundamental fact that there is power in association and strength in union, and hence associated effort increases everywhere in all departments of human endeavor.

If we permit ourselves to inquire into the cause of failure in associated effort to secure success, it will be found elsewhere than in the fact of association. The defect will never call in question the absolute correctness of the proposition that there is power rather than weakness in association, but failure will lead prudent men to scrutinize with greater care to find the cause of miscarriage. There has been omission, or neglect, incapacity or treason to obligation, non-performance of obligation, or non-observance of duties imposed. The power of the association was misapplied, and it matters

little whether from ignorance or design, the result is failure and disaster. It is possible, indeed it is probable, that failures in associated effort have come when all parties engaged have been thoughtful, vigilant and upright. We could easily select such instances, but we hold they are the exceptions. Associated effort when confined within prudent limits, when those at the head of affairs are honest and capable, as a rule, succeed.

To organize associations does not, as a general proposition, require any large display of ability. The process is simple and the task anything but formidable. Illustrations are numerous and readily catalogued. It is not required to name them. They are on every hand and everywhere, from guild to bank, from a toll-bridge to trans-continental railway, from a corporation organized to drain a swamp to a corporation to unite the waters of oceans, lakes and rivers, from a copartnership to make thimbles to the corporation to build ships to control the commerce of the world, from the association of ten or a dozen men to discuss possibilities, to a continental Brotherhood which counts its Lodges by hundreds. A cursory survey of the field tells the story of the universal acceptance of the fact that the power of association is recognized and admitted. But it should be said, if it is a comparatively easy matter to organize associations, it is a task requiring first-class ability to manage them and carry them forward to ultimate success. The standing curse of associations is the selection of the wrong men to be the custo-

lians of the rights and interests of all whose welfare is involved. Take for instance a bank. If its officers for an instant permit selfishness to obscure the rights and claims of all who have taken stock, the bank will be a failure and a disaster, and what is true of banks is equally certain throughout the entire list of associated effort. The active, ruling executive officers must be men of unquestioned probity, and this integrity, this uprightness must be allied to ability, capability, of a character which does not admit of debate.

It has been written that "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." But it must be remembered that a counsellor is not a croaking, blear-eyed fault-finder, a petty wrangler, a Paul Pry seeking for defects, and expanding mole hills to the proportions of mountains. A man worthy of the title of counsellor comprehends foundations, self-evident truths, axiomatic, pivotal, central facts. His mission is not to create obstacles to progress, but to remove them. The true counsellor builds, the fault-finder tears down. The counsellor solidifies, the wrangler disintegrates. The counsellor carries up the column, gives it symmetry and strength, the wrangler, the captious, cavilling critic, plays the role of rat and gnaws at its base, and when associations permit a multitude of censorious wranglers to play the role of counsellors, its epitaph may be written.

The power of association is found in the ability by which means are adapted to ends, the ends having been clearly defined. It has been

said that "Nothing succeeds like success," but success was never yet achieved by associated effort if integrity and ability, harmony and confidence were strangers to its councils. But when these are indissolubly joined, the date of success corresponds with the date when the association was launched. Those who are engaged in associated effort to improve their own condition or the condition of others in any and in all departments of human affairs will find that the power of association centers in the ability to comprehend the main purpose in view, and the unwavering integrity of those who are commissioned to solve such problems as from time to time confront them.

DYNAMITE AND LEGITIMATE WARFARE.

The average man—that is to say, the man with the average amount of common sense, intelligence and conscience accepting the dictum of rulers, at once perceives that "legitimate warfare" is that kind of warfare which they choose to engage in. The term "legitimate," is at once robbed of its relations to right and justice, and is made to do duty in the interest of those who decree war, without the slightest regard for the motives which influence their decisions. The warfare is legitimate because the supreme governing power so determines. "Legitimate" means, lawful, according to law. Hence, if a powerful country or government, decides to make war upon a country or people unable in men and materials to cope with it, for the purpose of subduing it, it is denominated "legitimate warfare" though the

purpose is to rob the weaker people of their lands, their homes, their rights, liberties and privileges. It does not require a labored effort to comprehend, under such circumstances, the fact that the term "legitimate" is made to signify wrongs and curses, for the proper characterization of which, the English language is totally inadequate.

We are not unmindful of the fact that war is generally regarded as a calamity, a scourge, and by not a few, as an exhibition of divine wrath, sent as a punishment for the sins of those who are the victims of its devastations. We have no inclination to explore for testimony for or against such fanciful propositions. We are inclined to the belief that there is such a thing as "legitimate warfare," and our convictions are equally firm, that wars, generally, have been waged in the interest of oppression, to perpetuate wrong, to crush liberty, to degrade humanity and strengthen despotism in the world.

No more interesting question engages the attention of thoughtful people, than the triumph of liberty in the world. The emancipation of the oppressed from the tyranny of despots is the question of questions. It means ceaseless agitation—it means war, legitimate warfare. The question arises: Is liberty worth what it costs? Is it better to die free or live in bondage? Is it better to live the crawling, abject, manacled, degraded helot, or die robed and crowned with all the rights and prerogatives of citizenship? He who does not know that such questions are being asked throughout

the civilized world, and that they are to be answered if necessary, by political convulsions for which the past furnishes no parallels, is totally disqualified to comprehend the logic of events.

It should be noticed, that in conducting what is termed "legitimate warfare," nations are anxious to discover the most terrible death-dealing forces, and never, from the beginning till the present, have sticklers for "legitimate warfare," cared a farthing who of the enemy they killed or made homeless, and the records demonstrate conclusively, that as science has developed new and more destructive agents, those in favor of "legitimate warfare" are quick to avail themselves of the discovery, that human slaughter might be more expeditious and the banquet of death more imposing. To assume that these advocates of legitimate warfare have hesitated, because their death-dealing agents killed innocent people, or subjected them to the horrors of destitution, is so astoundingly preposterous, that an ebony statue of a Goth or Vandal, would blush crimson in the presence of such hypocrisy. Those who doubt, may read in sacked and burning cities, fruitful fields laid waste and happy homes wrecked and desolate, confirmations strong as Holy Writ.

The idea of "legitimate warfare," is to conquer, regardless of consequences—to weaken the enemy, and "enemy" includes all within the boundaries of the enemy's country. Women and children, old and infirm—and these are subject to the horrors of war, in a majority of in-

ances, that men, who, by the latest revision of the Bible, were created "a little lower than God," shall never know the joy of liberty.

Hitherto the triumphs of science and the discovery of death-dealing agents have been such as only nations could appropriate,—iron-clad ships, torpedoes, Krupp and Gatling guns, etc., but the discovery of dynamite is working a revolution. It is easily, cheaply and expeditiously made, and in the matter of power it astonishes by the majesty of its performances. It has set the world to thinking. It is giving despots untold anxiety. Their sleep is disturbed and even in their palaces and strongest fortresses, they realize insecurity. At the mention of dynamite, the Czar calls all Russia to order and demands of his slaves extra vigilance. His countenance is changed and the joints of his loins are loosed and his knees knock against each other. He sees the skeleton hand writing his doom on his palace walls. Dynamite is forever saying to despots, Let the people have freedom. Let the people rise from their prostrate condition. It is the old demand made by Moses to Pharaoh, "Let my people go," and Pharaoh's stubbornness should teach despots of the present age a lesson of prudence.

Legitimate warfare should be, warfare for the right, warfare against oppression, warfare for liberty and equality. Such warfares stand the test of criticism. The more they are examined the better men like them. But it is noticeable that those who prate of "legitimate warfare" most are opposed to the use of

dynamite except by themselves. Kings and potentates demand a monopoly of dynamite. They do not propose that the plebeian shall expand to the proportions of the patrician. Power, if they can have their way, is to forever remain in the palace on the hill, never to be known in the hovel at its foot. The children of slaves are to be slaves through all succeeding generations. Such are not the signs of the times. The world is invited to contemplate a far different picture. Legitimate warfare in the future is to be in the interest of the weak, the oppressed, those who aspire to be free. Dynamite is to be a potent factor in the contest, and the world is to recognize the truth of Peter's declaration that "God is no respecter of persons," and that other self-evident truth that "all men are born equal." When despots, from the little tyrant who lords it over the few to the autocrat, who counts his slaves by millions, are willing to break their sceptres and fling away their crowns and titles, dynamite will have accomplished its supreme mission in the world. Till then no decree, no combination of forces, will be able to retire dynamite from the conflict. It is the friend of the slave, nor is there on the face of the earth a victim of oppression who deplores its advent. For—

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the
broad earth's aching breast,
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
from east to west:
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy
sublime,
Of a century bursts, full-blossomed, on the
thorny stem of time."

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

HOME PICTURES.

It is not easy to decide which is most beautiful of the glorious seasons that come and go, year after year, in an endless and magnificent procession. Spring resembles a lovely young girl, delicate, tender, yet rich with the promise of coming glories. Summer is the adorable mother, in the beauty and power of perfected womanhood, dispensing rich gifts to her beloved ones. Autumn is the woman who, in the mellow warmth of middle age, contemplates the fruits of her labors and sees her children bearing the sheaves and garnering the grain of the harvest she planted in the seasons gone by. And winter is quiet old age, with labors finished, awaiting till the snows shall be lifted and the clouds rolled away, where eternal spring touches the fields of everlasting green.

To the lover of nature each season has its own peculiar charm. I sometimes think the good housewife gets more real enjoyment out of the changing seasons than is possible to any one else, for she is so wholly unselfish, always working for the comfort of other people and forgetting herself, and this is true happiness. It is so delightful a task to adjust your house to the different seasons and feel that you are making everybody around you comfortable. The careful housekeeper will always have her rooms arranged to correspond with the weather. In the winter the shutters opened to admit every ray of sunshine, the steady glow of the base-burner dispensing warmth throughout the house. A rug before the stove with a cat blinking at the fire. A canary bird singing in the window. A sofa and an arm chair in the warmest corner. Books and papers in profusion. A faint smell of something nice to eat coming through the keyhole from the kitchen. Is not this a tempting picture of home in winter?

And in the early springtime, when a cool wave comes from the north and a warm breeze from the south, and it is neither hot nor cold, then you want the blinds half drawn, shutting out the wind and letting in the sunshine. A bed of coals glows on the hearth, diffusing gentle warmth and suggesting rosy dreams. The arm chair is at the window and on the table near by is the latest magazine, half hidden by some dainty needlework. The bird hangs on the south porch trilling out a welcome to spring, and the cat lies on the broad steps enjoying life in its

own lazy fashion. Within, the clock ticks cheerily, counting off the passing hours. A pot of hyacinths fills the room with delicious fragrance and a vase of delicate, early blossoms tells of a world awakened from sleep. Over all is that fresh, sweet odor which comes at this season of the year from meadow and garden and myriads of budding trees. And this is home in springtime.

But summer comes down with scorching heat, and comfort seems impossible, yet the home fairy is not vanquished. The blinds are securely closed, shutting out the blazing sun and filling the room with a soft, cool twilight. The upholstered chairs are covered with white linen or replaced with those of cane and willow. The open piano invites you to the light recreation of music. A novel and a book of poems promise to wile away the afternoon. A snowy pillow on the bamboo lounge offers a nap which shall not be disturbed by a single fly, so carefully are the windows protected by the wire screens. Table, mantel, every nook and corner is brightened by the blooming beauty of summer, roses of every color, rich with fragrance, great bunches of yellow nasturtiums, a variegated bouquet of verbenas, phlox and balsams, tall, white lilies and gorgeous clusters of geraniums. Near by, the ice tinkles refreshingly against the sides of the pitcher, while somebody murmurs that there are delicious melons in the refrigerator. And afar off from the kitchen comes the aroma of preserves and jam and pickles and catsup, and summer seems a kind of dream that is about to end in a delightful reality.

But, after all, it is when autumn comes that home grows most attractive. We have scattered far and wide during the heat of summer, but as the early blasts of fall begin to make themselves felt, like little chickens fluttering to mother's wings, so we all hasten home. This is the time of the housewife's delight. She is happy at the thought of her flock coming back to the fold. She will have her family feel that home is the pleasantest place on earth. The wind is keen and chill. The leaves whirl up and down the street. There is a touch of frost in the air and we long for the warmth and rest and peace we can find only at home. Come with me this October day. The windows are closed but the sunshine lies in a long golden pathway on the floor. A bright fire blazes and crackles in the grate. Here is our old friend, the cat with a whole colony of soft, furry, purring little kittens. There is our favorite corner, deserted so long. And here are our beloved books and the old, familiar ink-

stand and pens and paper. Dear friends! How could we ever tire of you? Here is the little work basket with the thimble long unused and the needle growing rusty. Peeping out from beneath the lounge are the slippers which speak of ease and good nature. In the tall vases on the brackets are the long, dried grasses, the sumach and the golden rod. On the stand is a dish of purple grapes and a tiny basket of rosy, shining apples. On the evening paper lies a wreath of gold and crimson autumn leaves, woven by the prettiest fingers in the world, those of a darling child. Night approaches. The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, the fire replenished, the family assembled. Home in autumn! Earth hath naught so beautiful!

These are not fancy pictures. Every housekeeper should strive to make home attractive in a different way for each season. You may feel discouraged and think your work is not appreciated. It will not always be, but do it for your own sake, for the satisfaction of feeling that you have proved yourself equal to your duties, for the comfort you will experience in a pleasant home. And it cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence upon husband and children. They may be hardly conscious of it but it will affect all their future. Do not be disheartened if your husband fails to speak the word of praise you have a right to expect. It is the way of men. Only be patient and persevere in your effort to make a happy home for your family and have faith that your labor will not go unrewarded.

WASHINGTON, IND., Sept. 1, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to write a few lines. Well, dear readers, we have a very sharp editor, judging from the close of my last letter, but it is due our boys and Mr. Jones that I make an explanation. The smile was not the one our esteemed Editor implies by her remarks; at least the boys and Mr. J. say so, and I would not by any means doubt their evidence. The man in the case was in the hallway and each time they went out he treated them to A 1 cigars, which accounts for the happy look each one wore! This, then is what they went out so often for! I do not wish to contradict the boys, and for reasons of my own I certainly will not contradict Mr. J. (Been there before.)

I, for one, am much obliged to Roxanna Bean for her excellent recipes, but it is far easier to mix the doses than take the medicine. Do not call us good sisters any more; unless Irene, and the Wife of Barnabas write soon, I shall say bad sisters, and where is Daisy.

I was much pleased to read such a nice account of the wedding in our last, and thank the writer who gave us such an interesting account of the

bride's trossau, but I have received a great many private letters from friends who are personally acquainted with the bride and groom that give me such a beautiful account of their characters, which I think of more value than all the trossaux in the country. The beauty of the raiment may fade, but the beauty of the mind and excellent principles will live eternally. "None know them but to love them, none name them but to praise," is truly said of this worthy couple. Step by step this good young man is climbing the ladder of fame. Let us hope we may all live to see the day when he will stand on the top.

Well, Daisy, what shall I tell you about my home that would please you. It has no brown-stone front, no marble hall; no, indeed, it is a small frame house right alongside of the O. & M. and I. & V. railways, but it is home. Right here I give you, Roxanna, some recipes. When you get married, be sure you live on a railroad side or three or four railroad sides, if you can. You will not fail to have a peaceful home if you do this, for the reason that when you and hubby begin to quarrel, you'll have to give up in despair, the puffing, snorting and screeching of a half dozen engines will prove all attempts a failure, but you can take it out in making hideous faces at each other, which will be quite as revengeful. Oh, yes, there are many ways of utilizing locomotives besides riding with them. However, home is just what we choose to make it. Sometimes there is more happiness in a log cabin than in a palace.

How many of my readers take the Railroad Employe and Mechanics' Journal? I was introduced to the paper through our dear Magazine, and I heartily recommend it as a spicy little monthly, a thorough railroader all over, edited by a real live engineer and brakeman. You will not be without it after seeing one number.

I must close. I only intended writing a few lines of explanation for Mr. J. and the boys so as to set them right in the eyes of our esteemed editor and lady readers, and now I hope they will be reinstated to your good opinion as real true Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

MRS. H. B. JONES.

P. S. I have my own private opinion of the matter, however, but, dear, Magazine, don't breathe it.

STEVENS' POINT, WIS., Aug. 17, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I never read a more sensible article than that of our editress in the last Magazine, and I extend my hand and offer my sincere thanks to her for her valiant defense of wives. In the halls of the rich, in the hovels of the poor, disappointment preys upon the spirits of many wives, like "the worm i' the bud." To a pure minded girl, life with the one of her choice seems like an earthly paradise and what agony she endures when her idol falls and is found to be only common clay. A husband has no more right to starve his wife's soul than he has to starve her body. Deprive your wife of food and

she will starve physically; deprive her of love and she will starve mentally and oft times morally. It requires strict moral courage on the part of a neglected wife to keep free from disgrace, and if her acts are above reproach and she separates from one who makes her life miserable, the world is too ready to blame her, to watch her actions and throw obstacles in her way. My opinion, for some time, has been that the home education of our sons has much to do with their lives in after years as husbands. If the same pains were taken to make good husbands of them, that we take with our daughters, there would be fewer divorces. Most girls, instead of being educated to earn their living are taught to make good wives and are told if they do not keep pure that they will not procure husbands. In fact, marriage, especially in times past, has been the aim of almost every girl's existence, and her romance has been fed beyond reason and her fall from romantic heights is a severe one. Let us take the same pains with and try to make as good help-mates of our sons as we do of our daughters. Let us teach them that it is as useful for them to come home from business with a cheerful word and pleasant face as it is for our daughters to meet them "in smiles and a neat toilet." Let us teach them that an untidy man is as disgusting to a neat woman as a slovenly woman to a neat man. Let us teach them that they must be self-denying also and the world will be happier, the divorce courts less frequented and our daughters-in-law will rise up and call us blessed.

CARYL.

PEOLI, August 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

Whenever a new Magazine comes to hand I soon find myself looking over the "Black List," not that I either expect or fear to find the name of a friend or brother, but because my sympathies are always strongly excited for the weak. Too many promising young men have every quality that endears them to their friends except the key-stone—firmness. In good company they make great headway, lookers on rejoice and predict a bright future; but their surroundings change, evil companions replace the good and they make just as rapid strides in the downward course. Let no mother boast that her boy is so gentle and easy to control, rather glory that he is stubborn and determined. Then strive with all your powers to start him right, and he'll be pretty sure to go right. You may, you will, have trouble, but if your aim is high and your patience inexhaustible, you must succeed, for no physical law is more unchangeable in its action than the Divine edict: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." I have been looking for some time for the typical old maid or bachelor to step to the front and tell us how to raise children, but as they are not forthcoming I will give you two rules which if strictly followed are the best of aids and my theories and experience

verify each other: 1st. Let children do just as they please—now don't laugh; let me finish as long as they neither injure themselves nor any one else. Now, that is much more comprehensive than it at first seemed. It gives them liberty of action, and teaches them to respect the rights of others. 2d. Never, under any circumstances, either speak nor act an untruth to them nor allow them to speak or act one, no matter how trivial it is, nor how cunning it sounds. A child is a sharp critic and an impartial judge.

If many who ask advice about children and think it easier to train forty children for six hours per day than two for twenty-four will recall their experience, they can, without fail, pick out of that forty every child whose home training has been of the right kind. And in my opinion it is the home training that makes good men and lovable women. SUE M. MILLER.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August 11, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

My subject is profanity. It does not make you look larger and I wonder if it makes you feel larger to swear, not only when something goes wrong, but in common conversation. No, I think not, for even those who themselves use profane words do not approve of them in others. I read in a Cincinnati paper, a few days ago, that a certain Judge fined an old and wealthy citizen for swearing on the street. I sometimes wish the Judges here were invested with the same power and would exercise it, when I see men and boys and even small children trying to see how many oaths they can crowd into a sentence. I have in my mind just now a husband and father who swears in common conversation, no matter in whose presence, greatly to the mortification of his wife and children. There was a certain railroad man dining at a Tacoma hotel, only a few days since, who startled all the guests by the profanity and vulgarity of his language. Even his fellow-workmen opened their eyes in amazement. He was not a bad man, by any means, and moves in good society but ought to be banished until broken of this disgusting habit. A man may be a gentleman, no matter what his occupation. Now, young firemen, do not use profane language, even if you have your superiors for an example, and never think that by swearing you raise yourself in the estimation of any respectable person.

LYNN WOOD.

AURORA, NEB., July 27, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have been reading the *Firemen's Magazine* for just one year, and do not remember ever having seen a single line in regard to Bee Hive 179, at Lincoln, Neb. Bee Hive is a fine, prosperous Lodge with a membership of between seventy and eighty good, hard-working men, and consequently the Lodge is in a flourishing condition. I have had the pleasure of meeting the Secretary of Bee Hive Lodge and entertaining him in our own home for an evening. While

we find in Secretary C. W. Hedges a sociable and pleasant gentleman we also discover a streak of humor in his "make up" that makes him quite a favorite in the Lodge. James Robinson, Master of the Lodge, is a fine man and greatly beloved and respected by the members. S. Walters, the Financier, is a hard worker and a good man. Mr. Walters has been off duty for some days with a sprained ankle, caused by jumping from his engine a few weeks ago. A little accident occurred, in which another engine ran into the one Mr. Walters was running. It, indeed, seems a great mercy that he was not killed. I often think there surely is a special providence over the engineers and firemen. May God bless them all. I feel interested in the Bee Hive, of which my son is a member, and if the editor thinks this worthy of publication I will write again. With best wishes to all the Brotherhood I remain

MRS. W. K. REAM.

"AN ENGINEER'S wife" from Pine Bluff, Mo., writes in a most complimentary manner of No. 163, which she says "is composed of a body of noble and generous-hearted men always ready to do their duty at any moment."

"A FIREMAN'S wife, from Garrett, Ind., writes in a very kindly spirit of Lodge 203, "who are distinguished for their high sense of honor and strict devotion to duty."

DOESN'T MAKE THE BEDS AT ALL.

Life.

A lady visitor at Saratoga changes her dress four times a day. Her husband is staying at home and changes his shirt once a fortnight.

WOMEN DENTISTS IN GERMANY.

Women dentists are gaining ground in Germany. They are practicing in many of the great cities; in Hamburg, Strasburg, Cologne, Weisbaden, and Frankfurt-on-the-Main. They are very popular with the children.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Bill Arp.

Man that is born of one woman and tied to another is of few days and full of trouble. But it might have been worse; a heap worse, for he might have been born a woman and been tied to a man. That is the most perilous condition in all nature.

THE SLOVEN AT HOME.

Good Housekeeping.

Poverty, ill-temper and slovenliness, each in their own peculiar province, have done, and are each continuing to do, much in the way of making unpleasant, uncomfortable and unhappy homes. The first is, generally speaking, unavoidable, the second often the outcome of ill health, disappointment or misfortune, but the latter is without reason or excuse.

More husbands are driven from their own fire-side, more sons given cause to seek questionable associates and unworthy associations, and more daughters captivated by the fascinations of the street, from being reared in untidy homes, where slovenliness rules the hour and method, order and neatness rarely ever enter, than from any other cause known.

The public places of amusement, the saloons and bagnios, all understand and act promptly upon the suggestions of their understandings,

as to what attractions hold captive the eye and the ear, and through them the hearts of the young—and as for that, for the old and middle-aged as well. These are made bright and cheery and as near as may be without any objectionable features to unpleasantly affect the outward or inward senses. Is it a marvel, then, that so many are led astray by such pleasant and attractive surroundings? When neatness, order, system and pleasant belongings are introduced into the family circle with as much effect and persistence as they now do, and with lasting benefit to every one into whose province these elements of progressive refinement may find their way.

To emphasize more fully the solemn fact, we say—and "more in sorrow than in anger"—that one of the most repulsive features in home life is slovenliness in dress. Where that is found, general untidiness is almost sure to rule the hour, and affection wilts and goes limping out of the door while love flies out of the window. The housewife and housemaid who go about in untidy array, with unkempt hair or in soiled garments, almost invariably bring desolation to the hearthstones where they hold sway. The home whose mistress "slinks up" when company comes, and only then, is an unfortunate one. They who do this forget that the pleasure and happiness of their own family are of more vital importance than all the world beside, and turn a deaf ear to one of the most instructive teachers that points to the higher life of the household. They forget that the unholy rivals for the affection and presence of their husbands and sons—and daughters, even know full well the value of tidiness of apparel, or neatness of person, of order in surroundings, and these make these elements prominent and primary in all their carefully devised plans and purposes.

For Woman's Department:

BACK TO THE OLD HOME FOR A DAY.

Here in sylvan solitude I stand
Beneath a spreading tree,
And, like a white-winged dove of peace,
The past returns to me.
'Twas here beneath these leafy bowers,
I played in thoughtless glee,
My home was sunshine, and the world
Was all it seemed to me.

There stands the dear old farm-house, still,
Unchanged through many years,
And from the rose tree drops of dew
Fall light as childhood's tears;
And just across the meadow there,
Stands the old rock grim and gray,
Once we used it for a throne,
To crown our Queen of May.

And in the orchard, ah, there it is,
The same cress-bordered spring;
And in the old oak just near by,
We used to have a swing;
And there's the old pine zig-zag fence,
Around a field of grain,
And in the waving sea of gold,
The lark sings just the same.

Those white stones gleaming on the hill,
Mark the graves of those who sleep,
The lofty pines, like sentinels,
Their quiet vigils keep.
'Tis there, beneath a drooping tree,
A small slab at the head,
A tiny grave—Our Lily sleeps
Beneath that flowery bed.

Sweet vision of my childhood days,
Ah! phantom though it be,
My home, the friends, the scenes I love,
Remain unchanged to me;
And, though again I wander far,
The chimes of memory's bell,
Recall these visions to my heart;
Dear friends, old home, farewell!

—Evelyn Ashton Hughes.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL.

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

From the Color Blind.

Editors Magazine:

The present era has been appropriately styled the age of iron. We are bound in and hedged about with iron and we have become so dependent upon it that the iron has penetrated our very natures, and oftentimes the iron rule answers our selfish purposes so well that the golden rule is well-nigh forgotten. Bearing this fact in mind men have hardened themselves to the exigencies of the time, a man not having muscles, sinews and will of iron, is in great danger of being assimilated and made over into new material, to be used in some one's self-interest, thereby partially or entirely losing his individuality. This loss of individuality is one of the greatest evils that can possibly exist in a Republican form of government, for it presupposes dense ignorance or a low order of intellect, or both; a state of things fatal to Republican institutions.

The massing and division of labor have contributed largely to this uniformity and some of the larger corporations have greatly increased this tendency by their treatment of their employes, sometimes denying them the right to criticize a measure introduced by the corporation, no matter how nearly it affects the interest of the employe. The sentiment underlying this state of things is a sickly plant. Its seed germs were not brought over from the mother country in the May Flower, and any attempt to transplant the social conditions of the old world upon the soil of the new must necessarily prove abortive, neither the climate nor the soil being congenial. This feeling has been gradually developing from very small beginnings, and it is only during the last decade that labor has been aroused to the fact that it is becoming obliged to cope with a power almost as absolute as the autocrat of Russia exercises over his half-civilized subjects. As a consequence of this alarm, trades-unions are springing up on every hand like mushrooms, and one not familiar with the subject might imagine that they were one of the ephemeral institutions of the time.

On the contrary the trades-union is a time-honored institution, and although in some instances abrupt and unwise, yet in the main it is represented by as much intellect and ability as will be found in any body of men in the country. Its existence is the effect of a cause that animates all nature, viz.: instinctive self-protection.

The great railroad corporations, although generally quite reasonable, are at times inclined to be extremely dictatorial.

We have an illustration of this feeling in the recent trouble on the Delaware & Hudson River railroad, arising from the test in regard to color-blindness. The company suddenly instituted an examination of their engineers for color-blindness and defective vision, using a system under which much injustice had been done. The extent of the injustice may be inferred from a brief glance at the principal features of the system.

The men were required to distinguish quite a number of shades of several of the more common colors in worsteds. Some of these shades were very delicate indeed, so that it would have been very difficult for any one familiar with colors to distinguish them, and it has been practically demonstrated that men failing to pass an examination in worsteds were not color-blind, but, on the contrary, were capable of distinguishing and naming the primary, or any of the ordinary colors.

The test of long and short sight was made by means of printed matter.

In the test at short range a printed proof sheet was used, being a section cut from the page of a book, in which the context was purposely destroyed, to be read at a distance not to exceed thirty-six inches. This scrap was printed with diamond type.

The test at long range was a series of letters of different sizes, dwindling to letters one-eighth of an inch long, and so arranged that letters of the same general form were grouped together such as D, Q, O, and C. This was required to be read at a distance of twenty feet.

In these two trials of sight the men were allowed to use one eye, and were totally in the dark as to what per cent. of the examination would be required to make them successful competitors. To men more or less unaccustomed to print, this was manifestly an unjust examination. No matter how good a man's eyesight may be he should be tested by those objects, and at that range to which his eyes have been trained. Get up behind an engineer on one of our express trains and you will be surprised at the great requirements the railway service demands of the eyesight. Objects that you would find it impossible to distinguish, he sees at a glance because his eye has been trained to a very long range.

The engineers proposed to the company that they should be examined by the signals in use on the road, and instead of the print as a test of sight, objects at long range should be substituted. This was at first refused, but afterward a few minor details that had been insisted on by the Brotherhood were granted, only to be refused

again. This action of the Company was justly resented by the engineers, but before anything could be done to retain their position in the matter it was summarily settled by the ill-advised action of some of the fraternity, whereby everything was yielded that the company originally demanded.

The men on the Delaware & Hudson Railroad are a very pacific set of men, and this is the first time in a number of years that the first murmur has been heard from them. They have submitted to a great many things that have raised a storm on other roads, and they would have submitted quietly to this, unjust as it is, if they had been certain the company had no ulterior motive in view. Strange as it may appear, these misunderstandings are the presages of good order.

These vast enterprises, with their armies of employes are without precedent in the history of the world, and the relations sustained by employer and employe are only to be adjusted by a costly experience. We are gradually gaining the experience, and the time is, we trust, not far distant, when these ponderous interests will move along, side by side, without a clash. When labor can be made to realize what may be true in the future that capital is its friend, and when capital shall forget its cautiousness in continued dealing with sober, thoughtful men, when they both more fully realize that their interests are identical, then the word "strike" shall become obsolete when applied to discontented labor. That such a consummation may speedily be realized is the earnest hope of all, as well as one of the fraternity.

J. L. B. SUNDLIN.

Reserve Funds.

SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON T.Y., August 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The August number is at hand with an unusual number of readable letters on various subjects. Our friend, X. L. C. R., is to the front with a new scheme for a reserve fund, to which I propose, in all good feeling to X. L. C. R., to make some few objections. In the first place, I strongly object to the amount named, \$2.50 per month, for the purpose of the said fund. Outside of the Magazine, X. L. C. R. and the writer are total strangers, but I venture to assert that a man who proposes such a scheme as paying \$2.50 a month for that purpose is not a member of the Brotherhood in active service on a locomotive. The wages of a fireman will not stand that amount of drain, and moreover there is not that spirit in Brotherhood men to-day to pay that amount for an imaginary and distant evil. Bro. X. L. C. R., for goodness sake touch us somewhere else than our purse, or else if you go to asking us to shell out that amount every month you will hear of war from the length to breadth of this goodly land. I am informed by men who are old in the Order, that when it was in its infancy \$30 or \$40 a year was a very common account for a year's subscription. If that was the case, I say, in the face of that disgraceful expulsion list which monthly appears, that Brother-

hood men to-day are not made of the stuff they formerly were. I find that for the months of June, July and August of this year that there were expelled an average of 80 members per month for non-payment of dues. What is X. L. C. R. going to do in the face of this, and to what unlimited proportions does he expect to swell the list while forming this reserve fund? My next objection is that we are not in need of any reserve fund for insurance purposes for the B. L. F. as it is at present constituted. X. L. C. R. is aware, of course, of the drain that is being made from our ranks in consequence of the B. L. E.'s action at San Francisco last year, that will take from us our oldest members, and men who would be more likely to drain our insurance than any other members we have got. I confidently look forward in the course of another year to a smaller death rate than we have had of late. You claim for your scheme that it would take ten years at least in which to accumulate a decent reserve fund. I would ask you if the men to-day who are members of the B. L. F., and who will be for the next few years, will be members in ten years from now? I say, No! In my opinion there will not be 10 per cent. of the present membership who will be members in ten years. By that time the greatest majority will have changed from the firemen to the engineer, and I assert that they will, from time to time, take the usual course and go over to the ranks of the B. L. E. A man to be respected in his calling as engineer is compelled to do it, as his standing as an engineer to-day in all parts of the country is somewhat elevated by so doing. A majority of engineers belong to the B. L. E., and the man who is not of them is never recognized by the same feeling and cordiality as when he is one of the fraternity, and I further assert that this is a proper and necessary course to take for the protection of an engineman's labor. Various other changes will take place among many of us that will lead us to forsake the ranks of the B. L. F. Some of us will be expelled as dead beats and some of us for defrauding our fellow men, some of us will be politicians by that time with high ambitions, some will be in business, and many of us by that time will have joined the "silent majority," from which no traveler returns. So why should we, who are members at present, go to building up a reserve fund for the especial benefit of future generations at our own inconvenience?

The B. L. F. has so far been able to meet all the demands made upon it financially, and I feel confident it will continue so. I would refer Bro. X. L. C. R. to a letter written by Bro. W. E. Burns, of Chicago, in the August issue as being, in my opinion, the best solution to the means of accumulating a reserve fund. If we are in need of a reserve fund let us reduce our expenses in annual conventions, sweep away all unnecessary grand officers, reduce our insurance to \$1,000, assess all members \$1.00 per month for Grand Lodge purposes, out of which all assessments and legitimate expenses will be paid, and I be-

lieve in a few years we would have all the reserve fund we want.

It was with feelings of regret that I read the farewell letter of Bro. T. P. O'Rourke. The Magazine has lost one of its most able writers, who, in my opinion, has done more than any other writer to keep up the high tone of its correspondence.

Yours, fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

BALTIMORE, MD., August 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The 11th day of August was certainly the red letter day of Oriole Lodge, it was our first financial adventure, in the shape of an excursion, and the opinion of all is that it was a grand success.

The excursion was proposed about three weeks ago and after the Lodge had taken action the boys went to work with a will and it resulted as it did. We left Light street wharf at 8:15 in the morning, to spend the day at Bay Ridge, a pleasant resort, about thirty-five miles down the Chesapeake Bay, and one mile from Annapolis (famous as the place where Washington resigned his commission as commander of the American army. The day was delightful, and when we left the wharf the sun was shining in all its glory, and as we drank it in (this was the strongest thing we had to drink that day) it made the spirit of all of us jubilant. The run down "the bay" occupied about two and one-half hours and it is only those who have had a trip down "the bay" that can realize what it is. On our trip down we passed Fort McHenry and the sight brought to our minds the "Star Spangled Banner," for it was during the bombardment of this fort that Key wrote this soul-stirring poem. We arrived at the shore at about 10:30 o'clock and from that time until 7:30 P. M. the time was passed in unalloyed pleasure. We had time for every enjoyment; a more lively, enjoyable crowd probably never spent the day together, boating, skating, dancing, horse-back riding, ten pin rolling, etc. Some of the brothers made specialties of the different games and among the more daring we will mention Bros. Lindeman, Moore and O'Neill as horse-back riders. The way they sat on the backs of the wild steeds was amazing to the uninitiated, and the harder the man turned the crank the faster the horses ran, until some would have thought had their speed not have had such a circular motion that the wooden horses had endowed some of the spirit of the "fiery steeds of Tartary." Our late master, Bro. M. J. Fahey, was early and late on the dancing floor, and from the light way he raised his foot as he waltzed and balanced one would not have thought he had spent his time on the foot board of a locomotive engine. Our Master had quite an adventure in the afternoon on the floor of the skating rink; some of our visiting brothers from Harrisburg were on the floor with skates on and seeing Bro. Bowen they insisted on him putting on skates, telling him none of them had ever had skates on before. Bro. Bowen put the

skates on and rose to his feet and the next instant the spectators had an impression that he had dropped something, judging, no doubt, from the serious expression with which he looked at the floor as he knelt on his hands and knees. We saw Bro. Akehurst on the floor of the rink with two ladies but we think the fall of Bro. Bowen disheartened him as he did not put on the skates. Our Magazine Agent was there, full of that push and vigor with which is noted, and the earnestness of George Wilson greatly helped to make the excursion a success. We had with us Bros. John Sellers, George Dea, Chas. Rumpf and Billy Moore, of Harrisburg Lodge, and they were in good hands when looked after by Bros. Fitzpatrick and Appold. We hoped to see them in Baltimore soon again. Bro. Dea created quite a sensation on the floor of the skating rink by putting on "that cute little cap," and the ladies immediately commenced calling him "the dude on roller skates." From the animated conversation that Bro. Carman was having on deck it is evident he was enjoying himself hugely. As we passed around we noticed one of our brothers, surrounded by four of our sisters, and from the serious expression of his face it is evident that one of them was resisting the riot act to him. I remain

Respectfully yours,

JOHN W. D. BOWEN.

GREAT BEND, PA., August 28, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The members of Keystone Lodge, No. 208, residing at Great Bend, held a delightful ball on the evening of August 21st and it was one of the most pleasant affairs ever held in this place. There were about 100 tickets sold and about seventy-five couples present. The music by Bowen's orchestra, was fine, and the decorations and mottoes beautiful and appropriate for the occasion. The headlights, which were given by our despatcher, Mr. Hays, were tastefully arranged, and on the stage were a couple of picks and shovels, crossed and fastened to a large piece of coal. The entire length of the hall was needed to accommodate the dancers and the success of the occasion was largely due to the floor managers, also to the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of the ice cream and luncheon tables. It was in every particular a success, both socially and financially. Over \$65.00 were netted, which will go for the purpose of paying for our charter, as we have organized a Lodge here, the first on the main line of the D. L. & W. R. R., from which our Lodge takes name. And I must say that we feel as though we have achieved a point which will go toward bettering our condition in many ways and at the next convention we will have a delegate to represent the boys of the D. L. & W. R. R. cannot repress my feeling for our grand Brotherhood and I feel as though I had a right to enclose space in the Magazine to tell the boys, east and west, north and south, that we are in full sympathy with them and although hundreds

miles separate us, we are as one great family and feel as though we have added one more link to the golden chain. The simple fact of our organizing here is a matter of self-congratulation but we do not think that our work ends here—no, it has just begun, and if we want to reap the benefits of the Brotherhood we must exert every effort in our power. To do our part of the work we must make our meetings pleasant and cheerful, so that each member will take an interest in them. This cannot be accomplished by a few, but let each one understand that a portion of this work rests on his shoulders, which, as a faithful member, he should discharge to the best of his ability. I must say that on the rolls of our baby Lodge we have the names of men who are determined to make a good record of themselves, and when we have grown older you may look for good reports from Lackawana Lodge, No. 283. I cannot refrain from speaking a few words in behalf of our Organizer, Mr. S. M. Stevens. If any one deserves credit, he certainly does, for he is an active and faithful worker for the order and is thoroughly in sympathy with our mission. Furthermore, he is a perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word.

Yours fraternally,

J. F. McCORMICK.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., August 27, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Again we are called upon to chronicle the sad death of a brother, who was killed by an accident and taken away in the prime of life, leaving a young wife and two small children. Bro. Louis Stoehr, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was firing engine 613 for Bro. Albert Eusey, on the Bee Line, and they were making their customary trip when the accident occurred. It appears there are various rumors afloat that Bro. Stoehr had gone to sleep along side of the main track and was struck by an east-bound train, but such is not the case. The train had come to a station called Daleville, where they were going to meet and pass train 46, eastbound; when they pulled into the siding the engineer requested the firemen to feel around and see if anything was hot, and then got off at the telegraph office. In the meantime the fireman pulled in, cut the crossing, filled his oil cans, oiled around and felt the engine. About that time the brakeman came up and was talking to Bro. Stoehr, who was sitting on the ground. They observed 46's headlight about Chesterfield, which is five miles, when the brakeman said: "I'll go back and couple up." He walked back twelve or fifteen car lengths to the crossing, when 46 passed him and he gave a signal to back up, but got no response. About that time the engineer happened along and went to his engine; as he approached her, he saw lying close to the track what he supposed a man asleep, but upon closer inspection found it was his fireman. He endeavored to wake him up, but could not do it, when the conductor happened along, taking his lamp, looked at him and to his horror saw it was Bro. Stoehr,

with both legs broken, skull fractured and otherwise bruised and mangled. He was immediately taken on board and conveyed to Muncie, where he was placed in the Tremont House, and everything was done to relieve his sufferings, which were excruciating at times. Bros. John Farrall and W. T. Screes arrived the next morning after the accident, which was Friday, August 21, and remained with him day and night, until Sunday morning at 1:45, when he died. The remains were placed in a casket and sent to his father's house in a little town called Fortville, about twenty miles from Indianapolis, where they were interred. Too much cannot be said in regard to the kind treatment the brothers received at the hands of Mr. Robert Hall, proprietor of the Tremont House at Muncie, also of the Fortville band, who tendered their services gratis, likewise the citizens who did all in their power to help the Brothers while they were performing their sad duty, also Mr. J. O. Ewing, the kind-hearted Superintendent of the C., C. & L., who furnished passes for all that desired to attend the funeral. Fraternally yours,

WM. HUGO.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

On the night of Saturday, August 22d, Bro. Thomas Filburn was killed by his engine running into a fallen tree that had been thrown across the track by a storm, which was still raging at the time of the accident. It was a terrible storm, and Bro. Filburn, being an extra fireman, was called to go out on another man's engine. He, like the brave and dutiful fireman that he was, started away from home, telling his widowed mother that if he had to go on through to Paducah he would telegraph to her, so that she need have no anxiety about him. These were the last words that he ever spoke to her. When she saw her boy again, he was dead. The breath of life was taken from him but a short time after bidding his mother good bye, for the accident occurred but fourteen miles out of the city. No one knows what chances the poor fellows had to save their lives. His engineer, Thos. Sherrill, and brakeman, Peak, also went down in the wreck. All were horribly scalded and burnt, beyond recognition. Bro. Filburn was an active and dutiful member of Falls City Lodge, 103, of the B. of L. F. and was buried from his home with the honors of his Lodge. The attendance at the funeral was vast. At 9:00 A. M. of the 24th inst. the members of Falls City Lodge, 103, assembled at their hall and prepared themselves in the proper funeral attire and proceeded thence to the deceased brother's house, where the proper ceremonies were held, thence to the church. The members led the cortege with thirty of its members walking in front of the hearse, and next, two members carrying the beautiful design "Gates Ajar," with a beautiful white dove on top of it. The design was made of the richest and rarest of flowers and on its base was our emblem "B. of L. F." in large let-

ters, made of rich, white flowers. This beautiful design was presented by Falls City Lodge, 103, as a token of our deep regret in losing so good a brother. Next came the hearse, with eight pall bearers walking on either side of the hearse, then followed the hacks, containing his bereaved family. After the funeral service was ended, which was delivered by the Rev. Father Sawler, which was touching and sincere, the funeral procession moved to the cemetery, where we witnessed the burial of the last remains of our dearly beloved brother. All was sad and touching. He had one of the largest and finest funerals ever witnessed in this city.

The B. of L. F. deserve great credit for the attention and appropriate manner in which they bury their dead. May God bless and guide them to the end. We have lost a good and highly esteemed brother and it should be a warning to us. Life is taken in a moment, so let us be prepared to meet death.

JOHN WYNN.

HADLOW, QUEBEC, August 12, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As I am a careful reader of your valuable little book, and interested in anything which would advance the Order, I have followed the letters which have been written from time to time in the Magazine and am sorry to see our business made so public as some of our correspondents have made it. Those who are clever enough to make such arrangements as are considered for the good of the Order, and have different ideas of this great scheme of insurance, had better try and settle it in some other way than through the columns of the Magazine.

Hoping I have not occupied too much of your valuable space, I will close, wishing all true workers for the good of the Order a long and happy life. Yours, fraternally,

B. L. F.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Being a reader of your Magazine I will write about a matter which may, perhaps, interest you and others as well as myself. I have always wished to join the B. of L. F., but cannot do so, because I am disabled, which occurred while firing some two or three years ago on the Canada Southern Railway, which road I am firing on now. I was about to send in an application at the time I was injured, and no doubt would have been a member had the accident occurred one month later. I would willingly join without the insurance could I do so. There are also several others in this neighborhood who are situated as I am, who were disabled before they had fired long enough to be admitted. Please publish these in your Magazine and call the attention of your officers to them so the subject will be brought forward in the next convention. I have one brother a member of the B. of L. F., and another of the B. of L. E., and I would certainly like to be one of the number myself.

Very truly,

A READER.

PERSONALS.

To Bro. CROSSMAN, of No. 12.—“W don't smoke.”

J. B. MAWBY, of 199, has made an excellent record as Master of his Lodge.

WM. P. MALLORY renders our of valuable services at Palestine, Texas.

ONWARD, is the watchword of the advancing columns of our Brotherhood.

WM. BOENICKE, a former Terre Haute boy, is Secretary of Pioneer Lodge No. 108.

STEWART SMITH, of Hercules Lodge No. 63 paid us a pleasant visit a few days ago.

BRO. B. CLARK, the efficient Secretary of 277, is a full fledged engineer on the L. & N.

GEORGE MCGARRHAN reports the L. & N. at Butte City, Montana in a flourishing condition.

GEORGE BARRETT takes pride in making the “Pride of the West” what her name indicates.

L. SHARPLESS, JR., has been elected Master of No. 61, and has started in for a year's solid work.

At Mattoon, Ill., the Lodge is improving decidedly, and Beacon No. 111 promises to go to the front.

THE new Lodge at Denver is on a high road to prosperity. Desmond, Wilson, & Co. will keep her there.

A. BASSETT is one of the “Old Guard” and his services at Fargo in the interest of the Order are thoroughly appreciated.

P. P. LUDDY, the faithful Financier of Potomac Lodge No. 7, is ever ready to render the “collateral” from the Capitol City boys.

THOMAS MCGUIRE has made a real name as Financier of his Lodge that is an honor to him. No. 103 has implicit confidence in him.

BARKMAN, McAllister and Cook, the leaders of Deer Park Lodge No. 1 and their management the Lodge is bound to prosper.

AMONG the wide-awake members Enterprise Lodge is Bro. C. C. Murray, who is always in the lead when his services are required.

WALTER PICKERING has been elected to preside over Hercules Lodge No. 63, and predict an era of prosperity for his administration.

W. R. FREDERICKS, of 141, has earned the confidence and respect of his Lodge by prompt and faithful discharge of his duties.

W. E. MUSGRAVE is among the ablest workers of Boston Lodge. He is a generous fellow, such as we are always glad to meet.

GEORGE ZANG now wields the gavel of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, and if he does make a good record as Master, we will miss him.

S. MANGEL has been elevated to the office of Master of No. 120, and the members have full faith in his ability to do justice in that position.

G. A. PENDLETON has been elected Secretary of Peace Lodge No. 109, and will set that capacity with equal credit to himself in the Lodge.

We note with pleasure that Bros. Nathan and McDonald are now in charge of the engines; Bro. Morrissey is on the left hand of the 49.

BUFFALO LODGE No. 12, "takes the cake," as Bro. Crossman expresses it. She has nearly three hundred members on her rolls of membership.

J. C. EDWARDS, of 57, has the reputation among the boys of being a little "slow" at times, but we will warrant that he "gets there" just the same.

J. HYNDMAN, of St. Joe Lodge, is quite the opposite to what his name would indicate. He is always at the front, rendering good service to his Lodge.

FRANKLIN LODGE No. 9, has now nearly a hundred members on her rolls. Her officers are active and energetic and the Lodge is making an excellent record.

MR. O. S. LYFORD, the genial superintendent of the C. & E. I. R. R., has a very friendly feeling toward our Order, and is at all times willing to give us a helping hand.

H. SCHMITH, the Magazine Agent of No. 25, was lately married to Miss Minnie Schaul, a very estimable young lady of Polk City, Iowa. They have the best wishes of the members of No. 25.

OUR Brotherhood is rapidly gaining ground in the south. New Lodges are springing up and as a general thing they are made up of men who promise to become active workers in the cause.

GEORGE ELLISON wears more smiles just now than any member of 134 in consequence of the first addition to his family, an eight pound boy. The boys have their matches ready to quite, George.

WM. STAPLETON, of 134, contemplates going into the soap business, having patented a new pressing process. William has a full stock of ambition and the best wishes of all the boys for his success.

WE are requested by Trenton Lodge No. 253 to extend thanks to Bro. J. L. Foley, of No. 60, for installing their officers and also for the valuable advice and instructions received from him.

WE are pleased to learn that Bro. Hollis, of 50, has been promoted and is now running an engine in the D. & R. G. yard, also that Bro. H. Young, of the same Lodge has been blessed with a ten pound boy.

J. H. FENWICK wears an exquisite "Maltese cross" watch chain, the gift of the members of Adair Lodge No. 100. The generosity of our Bowling Green members was never more worthily bestowed.

WE predict a prosperous year for Northwestern Lodge No. 82 under her new regime. F. X. Holl and C. D. Stevens are well experienced in their respective positions, and W. E. Richmond will train along with them in good order.

SINCE J. Wakeley's election as Financier of No. 63, the Lodge has been steadily improving. The members have full confidence in his ability and integrity, and will give him their hearty support in placing the Lodge on a secure financial basis.

L. H. MUNN is now in charge of the office of Financier of Great Southern Lodge No. 500. Though a new member he starts in as if he meant business, and we feel safe in predicting a successful administration for him. He is the right kind of a man for a responsible position.

On the 29th of July twin boys arrived at the home of J. M. Herman during his absence. His surprise and delight are apparent in the manner in which he distributes the cigars. Fortune Lodge congratulates him and hopes he soon can draw a train with a crew of his own.

JOHN D. FOLEY feels highly elated over the arrival of a fifteen pound son at his home, and the members of 120 also rejoice in the event.

A. L. JACOBS is Financier of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, the largest Lodge in our Order. Bro. Jacobs is very able and efficient in his duties and keeps his accounts so carefully that an error with him is a rare occurrence. To fill his position faithfully is to him a duty of pleasure and love.

J. C. BARNES, Financier of Key Stone Lodge No. 208, was greatly surprised the other day when returning home from town to find a young lady at his house, who had arrived during his absence. Bro. Barnes being a whole-souled fellow, decided he would take her in. Mother and babe doing well.

THE "Baldwin No 189," received a very appropriate present from Mr. W. W. Weiler, of Fort Howard, on August 8.—A fine lithograph of Gen. U. S. Grant, nicely framed. It is a valuable addition to their new room in Naus Block, and coming from a prominent business man it pleased the boys immensely.

THE American Railroader pays the following handsome compliment to a worthy member of our Order: "Engineer Frank B. Alley, of the C. I. St. L. & C., paid the Railroader a pleasant call last week. Mr. Alley has a run between Indianapolis and Greengburg, on the Big Four. We are glad to meet railroad men of such sterling worth as Mr. Alley every day in the year.

TRIUMPHANT LODGE No. 47, has removed to the northwest corner of LaSalle and Adams streets, Hall C. Its meetings are held on the first Sunday at 2 P. M., and the third Saturday at 7:30 P. M., of each month. The hall is reached by an elevator that runs until 9:30 P. M. near the Board of Trade and said to be the finest in the city for B. of L. E. purposes.

THE merit has its sure reward, as will be seen in the promotion of Bro. J. H. Fenwick, of Adair Lodge No. 100, who has been elevated to the position of round house foreman at Bowling Green, Ky. The L. & N. R. Co., recognizes in Bro. Fenwick a young man of ability and laudable ambition, who discharges his duties faithfully in whatever position he may be called upon to fulfill.

JOE WHEELER is now located at Mobile Ala., where he has secured a good situation. Joe is one of those men who is bound to prosper wherever he goes. He is honorable in all his dealings and faithful and efficient in his calling, and our best wishes are ever with him. He reports that the members of 277 are made up of first class men and that the Lodge has flattering prospects for a bright future.

WE notice an account in the Engineer's Journal of a presentation made to John Kelly, F. A. E. of Division III, B. of L. E., and also a member of Lodge 30 of our Order. The presentation consisted of a beautiful cylinder desk and book case combined, to Bro. Kelly and twenty-eight pieces of silver ware to his amiable wife. We congratulate Bro. Kelly heartily upon being the recipient of such testimonials of esteem.

ADOLPH FIXEN, of C. R. Whipple Lodge No. 142, has designed and copy-righted a very practical and convenient Dues and Assessment receipt book for members of our Order. It is ruled so as to give the date and amount of payment, number of assessments, months for which dues are paid, etc., etc. This book is kept in possession of the members, and when they make payment, the Financier makes the entry and attaches his signature as a receipt. It will last for years and is convenient for members as well as the Financier. For further information address Adolph Fixen, 806 N. Fifth street, East Saginaw, Mich.

RESOLUTIONS.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, B. of L. F., held July 26th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the officers and members of St. Joe Lodge return their sincere thanks to Bro. W. B. Ritchie, for the presentation of a beautiful picture for our Lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

JOHN MCKANNA, }
J. E. SHORTLE, } Committee.
CHAS. THOMAS. }

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Minneapolis Lodge No. 270, held July 5th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Bro. Sharrah for the present of a frame for our charter; to Bros. Johnson and Wenn for a frame for our chart, and to Bro. J. F. Kanny, of Northwestern Lodge No. 82, for a pair of beautiful gavels.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

SAM. ANDREWS, }
SAM. THOMPSON. } Committee.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

At a meeting of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Buffalo Lodge No. 12, B. of L. F., in regular meeting, July 28, 1885, was made the recipient of a beautiful testimonial of regard, in the shape of an elegant velvet altar scarf, splendidly decorated and embroidered, donated by the following ladies: Mrs. A. L. Jacobs, Mrs. C. Dugan, Mrs. I. H. Crossman and Mrs. F. H. Coe, therefore be it

Resolved, That Buffalo Lodge No. 12, B. of L. F., hereby unanimously expresses to each and all of these fair donors its warm thanks and heartfelt appreciation for a devotion to our noble Order so handsomely manifested by their magnificent gift.

W. P. GOODENOUGH, }
D. S. DICKENSON, } Committee.
J. PORTER, }
C. BRUMAN, }
C. LEINDERBOLDT, }

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

At a regular meeting of Magic City Lodge No. 114, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held this day, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has in his infinite wisdom seen fit to call home our beloved and highly esteemed Bro. E. L. Emerson, who died at Omaha, Neb. August 4, 1885, of heart disease, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death the Brotherhood has lost a warm advocate of its principles, his friends have lost one whom, for his many virtues, they all admired, and his family an affectionate husband and father.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken family.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to the brothers of Overland Lodge No. 123, Omaha Neb., for taking charge of the remains of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That in token of respect for our worthy brother, our charter and chart be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. HEENAN, }
S. B. ELLIS, } Committee.
F. W. DUDLEY. }

SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

At a special meeting of Keystone Lodge No. 208, held August 19th, 1885, it was

Resolved, That the members of Keystone Lodge tender a vote of thanks to Grand Organizer and Instructor S. M. Stevens for his visit to our Lodge and it is our only regret that he does not come oftener and stay longer.

W. B. SMITH,
Secretary

MACON, GA.

At a regular meeting of Macon Lodge No. 2 of the B. of L. F., held July 6th, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful altar cloth, presented by Miss Jennie N. Boifenillette. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender a sincere vote of thanks to Miss Boifenillette for her kindness and generosity in our behalf, assuring her that we will always endeavor to conduct ourselves as to merit her approval and confidence. Be further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to Miss Boifenillette, and also published in the Magazine.

WM. WALKER, }
W. A. CHERRY, } Committee.
A. J. VINING. }

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge No. 1, held August 11, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst late brother, A. J. Baird, and

WHEREAS, It is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had, therefore be it

Resolved, By Eureka Lodge No. 14, B. of L. F., that while we bow, with humble submission, to the will of the Most High, we do not forget to mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. A. J. Baird this Lodge laments the loss of a brother who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid and voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed; the fraternity; an active member of the society whose utmost endeavors were extended for the welfare and prosperity; a friend and comrade who was dear to us all; a citizen whose life was a standard of emulation to his fellow men.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this Lodge be extended to his family in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread in the minutes of the Lodge and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. P. MCBRIDE, }
J. A. TWEEDIE, } Committee.
M. BARNHILL, }
H. C. RANDALL, }
V. BRANSON. }

WADSWORTH, NEVADA.

At a regular meeting of Truckee Lodge No. 1 upon the presentation through Bro. Gillispie, Bro. Ernest Christian's policy of our insurance was proposed and approved that the Secretary draw up resolutions in expression of our gratitude, and the following is respectfully submitted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our worthy Bro. Ernest Christian to present to Truckee Lodge No. 1 a policy, issued by our Brotherhood and drawn in our favor, be it

Resolved, That we express to him our sincere thanks and appreciation for his favor and brotherly love shown by him for our noble Order and to our Lodge individually.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Bro. Christian and also to Firemen's Magazine, and also inserted in the minutes of our regular meeting

W. J. PATTERSON,
Secretary

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge No. 14, of L. F., held August 25, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst suddenly by accident in the fullness of strength and manly vigor, our early beloved brother, Lewis Stoehr, who died on injuries received at Daleville, on the C. C. & I. Railway, on August 23d, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Stoehr, the of L. F. has lost a true and sincere member, is associates a warm friend, the company a valuable servant, his wife a kind and loving husband and his parents a dutiful son.

Resolved, That we extend to the widow and family of our departed brother, our heartfelt sympathies in their sad bereavement, and commend them to Him who alone can heal earth's deepest sorrow.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered our worthy Superintendent, J. O. Ewan, for his induess in granting passes to members and friends of the deceased to attend his funeral, and Robert Hall, proprietor of the Tremont House, funcie, and Mr. C. Hill, of Muncie, who so kindly assisted us in caring for Bro. Stoehr before he parted this life, and also Miss Kellum, of Fortville, for the beautiful floral "B" she so kindly placed on the casket at the residence of the deceased, and also to the members of the Fortville and, who tendered their services at the funeral, hat they will always be held in high esteem by the members of No. 14.

Resolved, That as a token of respect our charter be draped for the space of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent the family, and one to the Magazine, also published in the Fortville paper.

W. T. SCREES,
JOHN FARRELL,
CHAS. HAMILSON,
CHAS. CLARK,
AL. ESEY, } Committee.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

At a regular meeting of Adair Lodge No. 100, B. of L. F., held at their hall on Monday, September 1, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Ruler of the Universe through His mysterious wisdom to remove from our midst so suddenly our respected friend and Brother, Thos. Crewdson, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death the Brotherhood has lost a warm advocate of its principles, his acquaintances one whom, for his many virtues, they all admired, and his wife and family a loving and dutiful husband and father.

Resolved, That we extend to the widow and family of our departed Brother our heartfelt sympathies in their sad bereavement, and commend them to Him who alone can heal earth's deepest sorrows.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to our worthy Master Mechanics, J. G. Clifford and W. P. Pike, for their kindness in allowing the men to change off so as to attend the funeral, and to Superintendent Jas. Geddes for kindly furnishing transportation from Hopkinsville to Franklin, Ky., for the Brotherhood and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of W. H. Thomas Lodge No. 159 and all who in any way assisted in doing honor to the memory of our departed Brother, the sincere thanks of Adair Lodge No. 100.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of the deceased, also be placed upon our minutes and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JNO. H. FENWICK,
JNO. B. CARTER,
MATT O'HEARN, } Committee.

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GEO. HOLLOWAY.

GEO Holloway, of Lodge 127, will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

EDWIN WEEKS.

Edwin Weeks is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3.

JACOB STRHLIN.

If Jacob Strhlin will send his address to Box 363, Denison, Texas, he may learn something to his benefit.

F. W. GENGENBAUGH.

F. W. Gengenbaugh, of Lodge No. 10, is requested to communicate with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

W. J. LONG.

W. J. Long, of Mt. Ouray Lodge No. 140, will correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once and avoid trouble.

G. M. BROWN.

G. M. Brown is requested to correspond with R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31 at once. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please advise the Secretary of No. 31.

WALTER G. OLMSTEAD.

The whereabouts of Walter G. Olmstead, formerly a locomotive engineer on the Canada Southern, and later on the Huntington Division of the C & O., are unknown, and any information in regard to him will be thankfully received by G. F. Little, C. & O. shops, Lexington, Ky.

OCTOBER ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 9—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities.

69. Morris Sullivan, of Lodge 85, died from injuries received in a railroad accident, May 10.

70. A Roth, of Lodge 83, was declared totally disabled with fracture of pelvis, June 3.

71. Fred Hill, of Lodge 74, died of consumption, June 28.

72. S. W. Henderson, of Lodge 18, was killed in a railroad accident July 29.

73. Wm. Reddie, of Lodge 67, died of inflammation of brain, July 29.

74. E. S. Emerson, of Lodge 114 died of congestion of lungs, August 4.

75. Thos. Crewdson, of Lodge 100, was killed in a railroad accident August 17.

76. W. H. Pask, of Lodge 156, was declared totally disabled on account of the deformity of his hands, resulting from burns received by his engine, August 18.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership August 18, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before November 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before November 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. OF L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., September 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending August 31, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 5.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 5.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Total.
1	\$1	\$50		\$51 00	71	\$13	\$42		\$55 00
2	8	11		19 00	72	27	61		88 00
3	44	132		176 00	73	39	39		78 00
4	9	61		70 00	74	8	55		63 00
5					75	63	157		220 00
6	9	30		39 00	76				
7	7	27		34 00	77	50	79		129 00
8	23	43		65 00	78	2	98		100 00
9	39	58		97 00	79		45		45 00
10	2	51		53 00	80		\$140		140 00
11	4	111		115 00	81	71			71 00
12	29	237		266 00	82		216		216 00
13	1	97		98 00	83	24	49		73 00
14	2	142		144 00	84	4	73		77 00
15					85		46		46 00
16	8	126		134 00	86	29	62		91 00
17					87		33		33 00
18	16	44		60 00	88	11	53		64 00
19		35		35 00	89				
20	2	35		37 00	90		7		7 00
21	66	13		79 00	91	23	25		48 00
22	2	25		27 00	92	17	23		40 00
23	33	53		86 00	93	3	66		69 00
24		1	\$82	83 00	94	8	60		68 00
25	15	53		68 00	95		97		97 00
26	8	71		79 00	96	8	35		43 00
27	43	93		136 00	97				
28	21	72		93 00	98	12	13		25 00
29		48		48 00	99	21	52		73 00
30	13	35		48 00	100	6	37		43 00
31	40	57		97 00	101	103	94		197 00
32	26	24		50 00	102		90		90 00
33	4	51		55 00	103	10	98		108 00
34		106		106 00	104	56	24		80 00
35	5	29		34 00	105	4	76		80 00
36	14	48		62 00	106	5	18		23 00
37		54		54 00	107	46	42		88 00
38	1	68		69 00	108	3	25		28 00
39		170		170 00	109	26	51		77 00
40		73		73 00	110	7	23		30 00
41		16		16 00	111	33	29		62 00
42		32		32 00	112	17	58		75 00
43	2	65		67 00	113	19	27		46 00
44		67		135 00	114		22		22 00
45	68	67		53 00	115	19	26		45 00
46	22	31		417 00	116	44			44 00
47		139	278	67 00	117		46		46 00
48	15	52		54 00	118	12	22		34 00
49	22	32		3 00	119		29		29 00
50	3			72 00	120	6	69		75 00
51	11	61		95 00	121	29	35		64 00
52	8	87		55 00	122	15	41		56 00
53	18	37		90 00	123		75		75 00
54	14	76		38 00	124	39	46		85 00
55	7	31		44 00	125	3		68	71 00
56	29	15		216 00	126	10	89		99 00
57	47	199		24 00	127				
58	4	20		95 00	128		29		29 00
59		95		99 00	129	3	59		62 00
60	9	90		125 00	130	11	43		54 00
61	58	67		63 00	131	7	9		16 00
62	10	53		56 00	132	30	32		62 00
63	25	31		37 00	133		34		34 00
64	1	36		86 00	134	26	13		39 00
65	24	62		60 00	135	15	74		89 00
66	16	44		90 00	136	28	15		43 00
67	27	63		79 00	137	4	27		31 00
68	8	71		39 00	138	3	36		39 00
69	3	36		77 00	139	6	26		32 00
70	3	21			140	1	65		66 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 5.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 5.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Total.
141		\$75		\$75 00	208		\$41		\$41 00
142	\$50	52		102 00	209	\$7	19		26 00
143	4	16		20 00	210	3	39		42 00
144		30		30 00	211	4	29		33 00
145	100			100 00	212	2	27		29 00
146	37	24		61 00	213	9	9		70 00
147	40	5		45 00	214	5	21		26 00
148	5	15		20 00	215		39		39 00
149	42	123		165 00	216	15	58		73 00
150	35	49		84 00	217	13	5		18 00
151	57	57		57 00	218	6	24		30 00
152	5	17		22 00	219		41		41 00
153		54		54 00	220	1	23		24 00
154	19	31		50 00	221		33		33 00
155	2	16		18 00	222	8	27		35 00
156	20	37		57 00	223	20	24		44 00
157	21	31		52 00	224	7	18		25 00
158	24	43		67 00	225	28	11		39 00
159	16	22		38 00	226		26		26 00
160	5	42		47 00	227		19		19 00
161	8	51		59 00	228	6	37		43 00
162	13	104		117 00	229				
163	9	14		23 00	230	2	42		44 00
164	22	18		40 00	231		54		54 00
165	21	18		39 00	232	14	14		28 00
166	2	33		35 00	233		8		8 00
167	2	40		42 00	234	29	8		37 00
168	1	21		22 00	235				
169	18	74		92 00	236	3	10		13 00
170	11	31		42 00	237	25	35		60 00
171	6	11		17 00	238	1	11		12 00
172	1	50		51 00	239	1	24		25 00
173	4	25		29 00	240	2	24	\$48	74 00
174	3	68		71 00	241	2	1	24	27 00
175	10	23		33 00	242		16		16 00
176		16		16 00	243				
177	48	30		78 00	244		88		88 00
178	41	57		98 00	245		19		19 00
179		63		63 00	246	10	13		23 00
180	9	10		19 00	247		17		17 00
181		19		19 00	248	4	14		18 00
182	9	34		43 00	249				
183	33	33		33 00	250				
184	6	28		34 00	251		15		15 00
185	54	7		54 00	252		22		22 00
186		26		33 00	253				
187		14		14 00	254				
188				255		3	11		14 00
189	1	\$76		77 00	256	8	17		25 00
190	6	21		27 00	257		46		46 00
191				258			16		16 00
192				259			14		14 00
193				260			16		16 00
194	3	35		38 00	261		30		30 00
195	1	24		25 00	262		9		9 00
196				263					
197		23	50	73 00	264	10	12		22 00
198	4	10		14 00	265				
199		23		23 00	266		6		6 00
200	29	10		39 00	267				
201		24		24 00	268				
202				269			2		2 00
203	7	32		39 00	270				
204	2	10		12 00	271				
205	26	32		58 00	272		9		9 00
206		30		30 00	273		18		18 00
207		36		36 00					

Balance on hand August 1. \$2,780 50
 Received during month 14,258 50
 Beneficiary claim No. 36, of H. L. Rew,
 of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, reverted to
 Grand Lodge \$1,500 00

Total \$18,547 50
 By claims Nos. 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49,
 50, 51, 52, 53 and 54 18,000 00

Balance on hand September 1. \$547 50
 Respectfully submitted,
 EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of August:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
1 C. D. Hunter.*	83 C. M. Baker*	21 John Anderson.*	95 John Hayes.*
2 A. J. Fleckhamer.*	83 W. Winters.*	21 Robert Grate.*	95 Chas. Copeland.*
3 R. C. Nichols.*	83 Ed Corrigan.*	21 A. Gorham.*	98 C. F. Dilley.*
4 L. J. Richardson.*	83 Frank Reynolds.*	21 Jas Lynch.*	98 Chas. Johnson.*
5 C. L. Trask.*	84 Lawrence Laughlin.*	21 Jas. Sweeney.*	98 Lewis King.*
6 Wm. E. Lovell.*	84 Wm. Cadwell.*	21 Geo. Van Lear.*	98 W. W. Scott.*
11 W. Austin.*	88 Reese Jones.*	21 Sam Webber.*	99 J. Brewer.*
11 W. Quinn.*	94 T. L. Brown.*	21 Thos. Walsh.*	99 R. Thompson.*
12 H. L. Rew.*	94 J. B. Baker.*	25 John Supplee.*	102 J. B. Gregg.*
13 John McGhie.*	94 Frank Smith.*	26 Wm. Moran.*	102 G. S. Drew.*
14 U. A. Ives.*	94 C. F. VanLaven.*	27 John Hutton.*	103 A. I. Camden.*
17 C. A. Bruce.*	94 G. A. Williams.*	28 R. J. West.*	104 M. L. Glenn.*
17 M. Tools.*	94 John H. Kirk.*	38 W. J. Moorhead.*	105 F. Hawkins.*
21 John Anderson.*	95 John Hayes.*	40 W. Warner.*	106 John F. Hickey.*
21 Robert Grate.*	95 Chas. Copeland.*	40 C. Dalrymple.*	106 Wm. Linsea.*
21 A. Gorham.*	98 C. F. Dilley.*	41 A. Garlick.*	106 Benj. Hanson.*
21 Jas Lynch.*	98 Chas. Johnson.*	46 Sam Clark.*	107 C. L. Sawyer.*
21 Jas. Sweeney.*	98 Lewis King.*	46 G. McCutcheon.*	107 B. T. Johnson.*
21 Geo. Van Lear.*	98 W. W. Scott.*	48 W. H. Ritson.*	107 H. Allemen.*
21 Sam Webber.*	99 J. Brewer.*	52 Richard Warner.*	107 Ed Pratt.*
21 Thos. Walsh.*	99 R. Thompson.*	52 Wm. Catton.*	110 Michael Martin.*
25 John Supplee.*	102 J. B. Gregg.*	52 Wm. Hawkins.†	110 T. Buffington.*
26 Wm. Moran.*	102 G. S. Drew.*	55 J. J. Bane.*	111 Chas Fry.*
27 John Hutton.*	103 A. I. Camden.*	57 T. L. Page.*	111 Tom Kendall.*
28 R. J. West.*	104 M. L. Glenn.*	60 M. Hawkins.*	111 Larry Welsh.*
38 W. J. Moorhead.*	105 F. Hawkins.*	62 Wm. Kellogg.*	113 W. W. Chapman.*
40 W. Warner.*	106 John F. Hickey.*	65 Geo. Blais.*	115 C. W. Nichols.*
40 C. Dalrymple.*	106 Wm. Linsea.*	65 Jas. Murphy.†	115 Jas. Sheehy.*
41 A. Garlick.*	106 Benj. Hanson.*	70 W. T. McCorkle.*	115 T. Pyne.*
46 Sam Clark.*	107 C. L. Sawyer.*	70 J. H. Allen.*	115 Wm. Smith.*
46 G. McCutcheon.*	107 B. T. Johnson.*	70 W. W. Hall.*	121 M. D. Robinson.*
48 W. H. Ritson.*	107 H. Allemen.*	70 Samuel Fenn.*	124 John McGuire.*
52 Richard Warner.*	107 Ed Pratt.*	70 J. A. Christman.*	124 H. H. Gooder.*
52 Wm. Catton.*	110 Michael Martin.*	71 A. Judd.*	124 Ed Benz.*
52 Wm. Hawkins.†	110 T. Buffington.*	71 J. C. McFadden.*	124 Jas. Jury.*
55 J. J. Bane.*	111 Chas Fry.*	72 D. Buckley.*	132 C. W. Sargent.*
57 T. L. Page.*	111 Tom Kendall.*	72 D. Ireton.*	137 Charles Thompson.*
60 M. Hawkins.*	111 Larry Welsh.*	72 Edward Farr.*	147 W. H. Barney.*
62 Wm. Kellogg.*	113 W. W. Chapman.*	74 S. H. Stuart.*	147 J. J. Culpepper.*
65 Geo. Blais.*	115 C. W. Nichols.*	74 A. W. Helmer.*	149 Chas. Gilbert.*
65 Jas. Murphy.†	115 Jas. Sheehy.*	74 John Heffron.*	149 Henry Quinn.*
70 W. T. McCorkle.*	115 T. Pyne.*	77 Wm. Enos.*	149 Geo. Howes.*
70 J. H. Allen.*	115 Wm. Smith.*	77 T. J. Grady.*	158 J. M. Evans.*
70 W. W. Hall.*	121 M. D. Robinson.*	77 J. Gilbert.*	169 W. H. Perry.*
70 Samuel Fenn.*	124 John McGuire.*	77 J. E. Murphy.*	174 Wm. H. Bond.*
70 J. A. Christman.*	124 H. H. Gooder.*	77 F. Robinson.*	174 Walter Pee.*
71 A. Judd.*	124 Ed Benz.*	77 G. W. Andrews.*	177 J. P. Ashcroft.*
71 J. C. McFadden.*	124 Jas. Jury.*	77 H. Adams.*	179 W. W. Frohock.*
72 D. Buckley.*	132 C. W. Sargent.*	77 A. H. Chapman.*	179 Thos. Moore.*
72 D. Ireton.*	137 Charles Thompson.*	77 J. H. McConnell.*	187 S. B. Elkins.*
72 Edward Farr.*	147 W. H. Barney.*	77 J. H. Pelham.*	187 W. T. Davis.*
74 S. H. Stuart.*	147 J. J. Culpepper.*	77 J. C. Reardon.*	187 J. W. Miller.*
74 A. W. Helmer.*	149 Chas. Gilbert.*	77 J. H. Tillery.*	187 Thomas Reigle.*
74 John Heffron.*	149 Henry Quinn.*	78 E. H. Adams.*	187 Thos. Hensley.*
77 Wm. Enos.*	149 Geo. Howes.*	78 F. Leonard.*	187 T. A. Hubble.*
77 T. J. Grady.*	158 J. M. Evans.*	78 A. B. Cochrane.*	187 W. T. McGinniss.*
77 J. Gilbert.*	169 W. H. Perry.*	78 J. R. Dillion.*	187 F. Starkey.*
77 J. E. Murphy.*	174 Wm. H. Bond.*	78 F. M. Sprague.*	187 John Stillwell.*
77 F. Robinson.*	174 Walter Pee.*	78 R. J. Edwards.*	191 P. Stack.*
77 G. W. Andrews.*	177 J. P. Ashcroft.*	78 P. C. Weddell.*	191 A. J. Matthewson.*
77 H. Adams.*	179 W. W. Frohock.*	78 J. L. Kishlar.*	195 Wm. Bush.*
77 A. H. Chapman.*	179 Thos. Moore.*	78 J. Metz.*	199 S. Spence.*
77 J. H. McConnell.*	187 S. B. Elkins.*	78 J. Adams.*	202 Wm. Potterfield.*
77 J. H. Pelham.*	187 W. T. Davis.*	78 C. Preddy.*	213 H. Crane.*
77 J. C. Reardon.*	187 J. W. Miller.*	78 D. Riley.*	213 J. Sawyer.*
77 W. H. Tillery.*	187 Thomas Reigle.*	78 P. Cassidy.*	213 F. G. Isenberg.*
78 E. H. Adams.*	187 Thos. Hensley.*		
78 F. Leonard.*	187 T. A. Hubble.*		
78 A. B. Cochrane.*	187 W. T. McGinniss.*		
78 J. R. Dillion.*	187 F. Starkey.*		
78 F. M. Sprague.*	187 John Stillwell.*		
78 R. J. Edwards.*	191 P. Stack.*		
78 P. C. Weddell.*	191 A. J. Matthewson.*		
78 J. L. Kishlar.*	195 Wm. Bush.*		
78 J. Metz.*	199 S. Spence.*		
78 J. Adams.*	202 Wm. Potterfield.*		
78 C. Preddy.*	213 H. Crane.*		
78 D. Riley.*	213 J. Sawyer.*		
78 P. Cassidy.*	213 F. G. Isenberg.*		

EXPULSIONS—Continued.

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
213 Charles Farrer.*	246 M. J. Molloy.*		
225 David Morton.*	248 B. F. Matthews.*		
225 S. A. Gerns.*	261 Fred Melvin.†		
241 James Sonn.*	267 A. Dodge.*		
242 Harrison Phillips.*			
	* Non-payment.		
	† Drunkenness.		
	‡ Contempt of Lodge.		
	§ Unbecoming conduct		
	¶ Dead beat.		
	* Defrauding Lodge.		

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of August:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
12 Dan E. Barry.	104 W. T. Redmond.		
31 E. McQueen.	116 Jos. Brinthal.		
41 M. T. Kelly.	156 W. T. Winzer.		
48 C. S. Gore.	162 G. E. Carpenter.		
63 Frank Rogers.	173 Geo. Bacon.		
63 George Schuster.	187 Thos. Reigle.		
77 M. F. Adair.	187 Barney Lynch.		
78 H. L. Coppers.			

B. H. SCOTT.

In the August Magazine, R. H. Scott, of Three Brothers Lodge No. 235, was published as having been expelled for non-payment. This is a mistake and we desire to correct it, as Bro. Scott is one of the best members of his lodge.

BLACK LIST.

THOMAS H. BARRETT.

Thos. H. Barrett was Financier of Standard Lodge No. 158, and while serving in that capacity he stole more than a hundred dollars of the Lodge's funds, for which he has been expelled. Such a man deserves the scorn and contempt of all honest men.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26
J. E. Cook, Box 215
A. McAllister, Box 1024

2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday and 4th Tuesdays.
W. A. Aldrich, Woonsocket, R. I. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
H. F. Freeman, 74 Erie St. Secretary
H. Springstead, 110 Storm Ave. Financier
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
L. P. Bailey, 26 May St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 2 Stevens Place Financier
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
D. T. O'Shea, Box 784 Master
R. C. Bloye, Box 227 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Box 784 Financier
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
J. Tully Master
G. Cheney Secretary
G. Barrett, Box 294 Financier
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
E. Kemp, Alexandria, Va. Master
S. W. Wilver, 113 Virginia Ave. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 428 4½ St., S. W. Financier
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
C. Cain Master
S. M. Babb Secretary
A. T. Eckstrom Financier
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C., St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C., St. L. & P. Shops Financier
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. Strouse, 547 Fayette St. Master
C. W. Vannatta Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
E. J. Dwyer, 4 Florence Place Master
F. R. Degroff, 260 Communipaw
avenue Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. Lindeman, I. B. & W. shops Master
J. Zahm, 193 Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Clark, 19 Conde St. Master
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Secretary
T. A. Dickson, 72 Mullin St. Financier
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
O. E. Raidy, 316 N. 11th St. Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Appel, O. & M. Shops Master
W. Moses, O. & M. Shops Secretary
A. Cripps Financier
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Smart Master
W. H. Storms Secretary
S. Washburn, Box 131 Financier
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Pollock, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
W. Zerwick, Box 252 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Financier
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
F. Obenhouse, Station B. South
St. Louis Secretary
P. Glynn, Desoto, Mo. Financier
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 78 Master
L. Sullivan Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Conlin Master
G. Watts Secretary
G. Spurlock Financier
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. McDonald Master
C. T. Peffer Secretary
L. D. Harrington, Box 338 Financier
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
O. Dougherty Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 686 Financier
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Master
G. A. Kartack, Box 1055 Secretary
S. W. Dixon, Box 1236 Financier
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. C. Byers Master
L. S. Getts Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
G. M. Barnes Master
H. B. Maxwell Secretary
W. Thompson Financier
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
P. A. Loveland Master
J. Fulton Secretary
A. H. Tucker, Financier
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. F. Gates Master
H. Conoughy Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
31. **R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
Mondays.
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Master
A. W. Abrant, 831 Main St. Secretary
W. Jacobia, 1515 Utah Ave. Financier
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. Hardesty, Box 234 Master
T. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
G. McClure, Box 160 Financier
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
D. Price Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Sugg Financier

- 1. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
F. A. Kinch, Box 381 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 5. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Gascolgne Master
J. F. Maloney, Box 390 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 6. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 7. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. M. Shepherd, Box 554 Master
C. A. Posten Secretary
G. Hall Financier
- 18. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. A. Ball, Box 318 Master
J. Cooper, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 19. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Clark, Box 874 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor, Box 223 Master
W. T. Cunningham Secretary
A. C. Wirtz Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
W. D. Seampton Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. E. Shortell, 705 So. 10th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, 2102 S. 5th St. Financier
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. T. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
M. J. Cunningham, Box 112 Secretary
T. Halpin, Box 171 Financier
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. N. Horton, 1704 W. 3d St. Master
H. H. Burros, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So. Cross St. Financier
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Master
C. J. Culloom, 8 1/2 11th St. Secretary
J. Summerhill, 1417 E. Munro St. Financier
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
H. Schilling, 3217 Dearborn St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E. Washington St. Financier
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and Sunday at 2 P. M.
P. J. Smith, 423 Third St. Master
W. A. McMillan, 504 W. Jefferson
street Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. Davis Master
L. Litterer, 410 Mason St. Secretary
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Financier
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Master
W. C. Wright, Auburn Junction,
Ills Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
E. Rush Secretary
J. Hulse Financier
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. W. Shaver Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. McNeil, Box 1210 Master
J. Gallagher, Box 1172 Secretary
J. G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
J. Dyar Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
T. Fox, L. & N. Shops Master
M. J. Cody, L. & N. Shops Secretary
W. A. Asley, L. & N. Shops Financier
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
P. McDermott Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
M. B. Genung Financier
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, 76 Hammond street. Master
E. E. Roundy, 20 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
L. G. Jeardeau Master
J. P. Clark Secretary
G. W. Culver Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
M. Zumbum Master
H. L. Foster Secretary
W. Henthorn Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. Maxheimer Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 W. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
L. Sharpless Master
A. Danielson Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. W. Bayley Master
T. McCauley Secretary
O. E. Hilsted, Box 238 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
W. Pickering, Box 765 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
G. Martin Master
W. E. Shipman, Box 384 Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn Financier

- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
M. English, Box 348 Master
J. Taylor, Box 82 Secretary
L. A. Bullard Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Muir, G. T. Ry Master
C. Spry, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Reid, 31 Leonard ave Master
W. C. Farrance, 68 Dennison ave Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cline, Altoona, Wis Master
J. B. Hurley, Box 141, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
F. Cary, Box 142, Altoona, Wis Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields, Box 248 Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
J. P. Wesley, L. Box 364 Master
I. H. Stout, L. Box 349 Secretary
C. Higby, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Rue, 14 Hudson St Master
Wm. Laird, 439 Mickle St Secretary
J. Gibbs, 14 Hudson St Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. C. Wilson, 79 Harrison St Master
G. T. Craft, 7 Salmon St Secretary
G. F. Newton, 6 Riley St Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Zang, 1858 Mercer Place Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. S. Groff, 126 N 32d St Master
H. Walton, 40 So. Spring Garden St Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Burke Master
F. A. Catlin Secretary
F. A. Catlin Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Salmon, Box 1828 Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie, Box 701 Secretary
W. Holcroft, 514 Summit St Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
R. Carroll Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
J. Hyndman Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. E. Tucker Master
W. B. Miller Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Master
W. J. Bain, Box 1856 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. So Master
C. D. Stevens, 20 Royalston Ave Secretary
W. E. Richmond, 820 N. Girard Ave, Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. W. Nash, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
R. L. Craig, L. Box 406 Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. Buckley Master
D. Coughlin Secretary
B. Stapleton Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. T. Kellum, Box 553 Master
R. Roggeveen, Box 1796 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Rich Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
W. Konold Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. A. Measures Secretary
G. Jordan Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne, Box 109 Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
D. K. Slavan Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. Hewitt, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Lee, 109 West Albany St Master
G. E. McCathorn, 224 W. 6th St Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Schwartz, 1013 Bank St Master
M. L. Eversoll, 1213 Bank St Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
J. C. Stout, Box 218 Master
A. W. McQueen, Box 218 Secretary
C. W. Wilcox, Box 218 Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
C. Gleason, 266 W. Lake St Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St Financier

- 8. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebtag, Box 665 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 665 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 239 Financier
- 7. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
H. C. Hall, Box 72 Master
W. P. Styles, Box 72 Secretary
F. C. Bishop, Box 72 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
J. W. Millman, 6 Hubbell Park Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St. Secretary
G. N. Kingsley, 88 Channing St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
W. Allsop Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Degan, Box 404 Master
F. A. Neely, Box 476 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, L. Box 319 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Combs Master
C. M. Krull, C. R. 1 & P. engine house Secretary
F. Warrick, C. R. 1 & P. Engine house Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Luoville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
C. Carroll Master
T. Filburn Secretary
T. McGuire, 835 Dumesneil St. Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. D. Lowe, 826 So. Seminary St. Master
C. G. Nelson, 522 N. Seminary St. Secretary
J. L. Weeks, 436 So. Academy St. Financier
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
D. Schaffner, 1974 Jackson St. Master
G. B. Uncapher, C. M. St. P. shops Secretary
J. P. Sandry, 142 High St. Financier
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. Gollady Financier
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Davis Master
W. Gordon Secretary
H. Berndt Financier
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
L. Fisher, 204 Beaumont St. Master
G. A. Pendleton, 710 S. Broadway Secretary
John L. Pate, 3121 Caroline St. Financier
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Master
A. J. Craft Secretary
E. Stauffer Financier
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. W. O'Brien Master
M. Heffron Secretary
T. Tiernen, Box 365 Financier
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
O. P. Miller Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. L. Oram, Box 13 Master
John Gorman Secretary
T. Moore, Box 13 Financier
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
H. Gutch Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wind, Box 354 Financier
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs, 36th St. Bet. Broadway and K. Sts. Master
J. Killen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
J. McDonough, Avenue K, bet. 36th and 37th streets Financier
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
M. D. Anderson Master
J. L. Gray Secretary
O. Blodgett Financier
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Angles, 385 Grey St. Master
R. Lister, 140 Colborne St. Secretary
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
G. Findlay, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Mangun, 179 Marcellus St. Master
S. Watkins, 58 Tioga St. Secretary
L. G. Rousseau, 56 1/2 Gertrude St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Cornlank, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. B. Orcutt Master
F. E. Hammer Secretary
J. L. Krebs Financier
- 122. H. B.STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Master
H. Henson Secretary
W. W. Seeley, Box 198 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and 3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
T. Anderson, U. P. round house Master
E. E. Fair, 1117 Pacific St. Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
B. H. Giles Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Speers Master
F. W. Snyder Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. F. McNamara Master
F. A. Fairbanks Secretary
J. G. Johnson Financier

- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Curran, 195 Ross St Master
J. G. Entwistle, 120 Jemima St Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 226 McWilliams St Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. W. Clayton, Box 24 Master
J. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
M. MeVicker, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Siminon, Box 426 Master
M. Shields Secretary
R. E. Gorham, Box 422 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Knapp, 434 Barclay St Master
G. Tripp, 358 Jackson St Secretary
J. F. Duggan, 53 5th St Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
G. T. Wakefield Master
W. S. Collins Secretary
E. C. Clifford Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Master
J. Bowes, Box 20 Secretary
J. H. Howell Financier
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Miller Master
M. E. Montgomery Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
L. Robinson, Altoona, Wis Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d
Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Cowan, Box 184 Master
C. M. Young, Box 184 Secretary
J. M. Barton, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
T. A. Pratt, Box 173 Master
J. McMahon, Box 173 Secretary
R. M. Johnson Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
W. T. Brown Master
J. Hull Secretary
L. C. Allen Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Flack, Box 1301 Master
S. Shaughnessy, Box 1489 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. A. Lewis Master
J. J. Norton Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. N. Lowry, Box 176 Master
J. L. West, Box 39 Secretary
S. P. Sappington, Box 39 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. C. Short, 5 Pearl St Master
A. J. Kohler, 401 S. Calhoun St Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d Wednesday.
Gorman, 40 Middle St Master
Egins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 836 Willow St Master
E. VanGoes, Box 209 Secretary
F. S. Small, 914 Wood St Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at
2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. C. Arnold Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
H. M. Brown Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
A. A. Ritchie Master
H. H. Daniels, 49 McKee St Secretary
J. J. Sangster, Cor. Hardy and Eagle
streets Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
E. Gerard Master
T. Robbins Secretary
P. E. Corcoran Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Taaf Master
E. E. Smith Secretary
R. J. McCool Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday
at 10:30 A. M.
G. Ford, 508 W. 125th St Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St Secretary
H. R. Hall, 93 Murray St Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
W. A. Searles Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
J. W. Page Secretary
H. L. Wright, Box 89 Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
E. E. Webb Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Corn, L. Box 164 Master
E. H. Sims, L. Box 164 Secretary
L. Ryan, L. Box 92 Financier
- 156. NICHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Jones, Box 256 Master
I. A. Green, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th
and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
H. P. Matthews Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
E. Heidenrich, 124 Hastings St Secretary
J. Nopper, 124 Hasting St Financier

- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Clark L. & N. Shops, E. Master
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
E. P. Bishop, Jr., 69 So Union St Secretary
E. P. Bishop, Jr., 69 So Union St Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St Master
W. Winder, 1206 Walnut St Secretary
A. J. Warner, 710 Upper 5th St Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
D. F. Wagner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
M. R. Carson, L. Box 56 Master
D. Hope, L. Box 56 Secretary
H. J. Fitzjohn, L. Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
E. A. Laughran, Box 247 Master
P. J. Richardson Secretary
J. Derck, Box 47 Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. J. Boughton Master
J. S. Merriman Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
I. N. Johns Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. 3d Sunday at P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
G. E. Hisecox, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellville, N. Y.**
H. Grover, Box 680 Master
J. Hammond Secretary
A. H. Spencer, Friendship, N. Y. Financier
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. P. Malone Master
D. Bartlett Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse, Box 187 Financier
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 257 Campbell Road, Secretary
Richmond, Halifax Financier
D. S. Yould Financier
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays
J. Wilson, 140 Queen St west Master
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O. Secretary
Ottawa, Ont Financier
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
O. J. Sandford Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
W. C. Taylor, 1506 N. 5th St Master
E. R. Curl Secretary
H. O. Matter, 330 Hamilton St Financier
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
R. C. Beall, Box C Master
J. Adkins, Box C Secretary
J. Adkins, Box C Financier
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. F. Gorman, Box 295 Master
A. G. Turlay, Box 41 Secretary
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Financier
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. Trainor Master
J. Foster, Box 184 Secretary
W. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Suess, D. & R. G. shops Master
E. W. Foote, 329 Southwest Temple street Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d W. St. Financier
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Robinson, 1341 K St Master
C. W. Hedges, 1240 U St Secretary
S. Walters, 437 S. 9th St Financier
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. S. Egan Master
J. F. Howie Secretary
C. Hewitt, C. V. & C. R. R. Financier
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Caudle Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French streets Master
G. W. Welch, 17th and Hickory Sts. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St Financier
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Gains Master
H. I. Miller Secretary
G. W. Moscos Financier
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. A. Branson Master
J. Caddy Secretary
C. M. Hufty Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Gelsen Master
J. Kuhns Secretary
John Kuhns Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3205 Hanover St Secretary
G. H. Mitchell, 2011 Wabash ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Traimor Master
H. T. Lyons Secretary
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. K. Doherty, 156 Northwestern Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 4 Master
J. Woods, L. Box 339 Green Bay, Wis. Secretary
I. R. Johnson, Box 215 Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Master
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier

- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. S. Foley Master
H. H. Dupuis Secretary
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Tullis Master
A. Geary, Box 526 Secretary
F. H. Andrews Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland, Oregon Master
H. W. Ingalls Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. P. Case Master
J. A. Foster Secretary
W. E. Watson Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Woffington Master
J. Becker Secretary
D. Hill Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
E. G. Haskins, Box 330 Master
L. C. Cooper, Box 330 Secretary
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. S. Griffith, L. Box N Master
C. Latham, Box 446 Secretary
James Bailey Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayley, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
J. Reynolds Secretary
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
M. Fulcher Master
S. M. Jackson Secretary
L. H. Munn Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. G. Emmons Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. D. Bledsoe Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Sunday afternoon and 3d Monday evening.
D. Sheets Master
A. E. Maunsell, Box 1231 Secretary
J. R. Schooley, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
T. H. Mowry, Box 287 Master
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Secretary
H. Bradford, Box 116 Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Barber, Box 45 Master
A. J. Arnagost, Box 492 Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45 Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
G. Atherton, 44 So. Klein St Master
C. Cook, 93 Hancock St Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
G. M. Jones Master
H. Byron Secretary
Vm. O'Brien Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. S. Taylor Master
J. McKee Secretary
A. Heckman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Saturday.
J. J. Lannan, Box 131 Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Box 120 Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
T. Dorcal Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. VanVranken, Box 497 Master
T. Smith, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
D. W. Henry, Wilkesbarre St. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long, Berwick St. Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. E. Baker, 104 Arsenal St. Master
J. E. Exner, 28 Meadow St. Secretary
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meadow St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
W. F. Wright Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
M. E. Stafford Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bourn, 261 N. Carolina St. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. L. Baker, 113 Third St. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 50 Washington St. Financier
Greenbush, N. Y.
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, 20 South St. Master
F. S. Moore, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DEERICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Master
W. B. Davis, Union St., 32d Ward Secretary
E. McHugh, Bertha St., 32d Ward Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. Beeson, 130 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
E. D. Cawley, 225 Washington Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. E. Bowen Master
L. Campbell Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
S. Allward, Box 69 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
C. Wilkie Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
G. Kelly Financier

- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 107 E. High St Secretary
Huntington, W. Va
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
G. E. Glassford, Neebring, Ont Master
H. Poole, Neebring, Ont Secretary
D. J. McDonald, Neebring, Ont Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 1 Box 100 Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghampton, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays.
F. W. Parsons Master
W. W. Stonier, 99 Eldridge St Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Wint, 1333 Mylert St Master
E. Tewksbury, Fairview Ave Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. J. Quirk Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Gilkerson, 38 Knox St Master
J. J. Gill, 180 N. Pearl St Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Nugent, 905 Elm St Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St Secretary
W. Lytle, 1009 Lombard St Financier
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
A. Wood, L. Box 131 Master
E. E. Briggs, L. Box 131 Secretary
E. G. Reynolds, L. Box 131 Financier
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Cogean Financier
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. R. Graham Master
O. Lassman Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. B. Brett, cor 26 and Smallman Sts., Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Secretary
Pittsburgh, Pa
J. W. Moyer, 3523 Penn Ave Financier
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. D. Teter, Box 156 Master
J. H. Tifford Secretary
J. K. Nutty Financier
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
D. J. Frane Master
G. L. Gerew, Box 180 Secretary
T. Chew Financier
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Brewer Master
H. B. Drullard Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
A. L. Weiser Master
A. R. Edington, Box 534 Secretary
J. D. Edington, Box 534 Financier
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
G. Hastings, 115 Orange St Master
J. Bentley Secretary
S. Verberg, 113 East Ave Financier
- 241. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. McCall Master
A. Krapf Secretary
P. C. Hagerty Financier
- 242. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. T. Delaney, 418 Powell St Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St Secretary
J. H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St Financier
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. L. Caudle Master
W. F. Rowe Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
P. C. Winn, 142 W. 12th St Master
E. Atkins, 180 Maxwell St Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Williams, New Houston and Master
Montgomery Sts.
A. Hutton, S. E. Cor. Drayton and Secretary
Duffy Sts.
S. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
N. S. Outler, South Macon Master
W. M. Walker, 3 Arch St Secretary
A. J. Vining, 36 Hazel St Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
J. H. Achey, 9 Jones St Master
C. Bellows, E. T. V. & G. R. R. shops Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. Brown Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill Secretary
L. McKee, South Chicago, Ill Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa Master
Z. B. Stevens, Ashley, Pa Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Asa Gruver, Box 176 Master
H. B. Fulton, Box 155 Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
I. Mellinger Master
W. A. Glosser Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. H. Johnson, 32 Berrine ave Master
R. Stackhouse 172 Jefferson St Secretary
F. P. Parsons, 349 Berry St Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 296 Secretary
J. H. Royce, Box 199 Financier

- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter, Box 464 Master
F. S. Reid, L. Box 484 Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 452 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Tompkins Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer, Box 105 Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Miller, Box 56 Master
T. Gatfield, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 147 Master
G. H. Arnold Secretary
M. Norton, Box 264 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
P. Schmidt Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
F. Witham, C. P. Round House Master
G. E. Hanford Secretary
A. Henderson, 1517 N. St. Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
E. Lyons Master
J. W. Murray Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
I. P. Greene, Box 10 Master
A. E. Hayden, Box 10 Secretary
M. Moynahan, Box 10 Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malec, Box 832 Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
O. Adams, Box 832 Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
last Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River Ave. Master
L. A. Ogden, 525 S. Division St. Secretary
F. Bixby, 281 Adam St. Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. P. O'Connell Master
R. Otterson Secretary
A. Krienke Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Evans, Gretna, La. Master
H. H. Hardey, Gretna, La. Secretary
W. B. McGuire, 66 Oliver St. Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St. Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. Secretary
T. O'Leary, 5 Boyce St. Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington,
Kentucky Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 23 Neve St., Covington,
Kentucky Financier
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Sharrach, 1901 Third St. south Master
S. B. Thompson, 2216 Cedar ave. S. Secretary
C. Kraft, 2116 twenty-ninth St. S. Financier
- 271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 A. M.
Wm. Weiler, Box 25, Port Morris, N. J. Master
R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Port Morris, Secretary
Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. Financier
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. Kukendall Master
G. B. Weller Secretary
Peter Young Financier
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
F. F. Desmond, 266 Santa Fe St. Master
G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St. Secretary
G. Smith, 208 Thirteenth St. Financier
- 274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
J. C. Clark Master
B. H. Thomas, Secretary
J. J. Cochran Financier
- 275. LEE; Richmond, Va.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. R. Dean, 2000 Venable St. Master
J. K. Anderson, 1008 Buchanan St. Secretary
C. L. Johnson, 1009 Buchanan St. Financier
- 276. GRAFTON; Grafton, W. Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
G. Wright Master
Geo. W. Williams, Piedmont W. Va. Secretary
A. I. Enoch, Grafton W. Va. Financier
- 277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
R. L. Jewell, L. & N. shops Master
G. B. Clark, L. & N. shops Secretary
L. S. Smith, L. & N. shops Financier
- 278. ANDERSON; Vicksburg, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Parks Master
L. W. Christmas, Box 482 Secretary
C. Bradford Financier
- 279. METEOR; McComb City, Miss.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. S. Fisk, Box 87 Master
D. D. Ford, Box 87 Secretary
R. E. Davidson, Box 87 Financier
- 280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday evening.
H. McFee Master
H. P. Colvin Secretary
G. Bennett Financier
- 281. TUNNEL HILL; New Albany, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. D. Fisher Master
F. A. Stevens Secretary
John Clare Financier
- 282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Bert Launt Master
J. Sanders Secretary
Frank T. Barton Financier
- 283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
F. J. May, Great Bend Village Master
J. F. McCormick, Great Bend Village Secretary
H. P. Trowbridge, Great Bend
Village Financier
- 284. ELM CITY; New Haven, Conn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sun.
at 2 P. M.
J. McCabe, 65 Spring St. Master
E. S. Alling, 100 Spring St. Secretary
C. T. Downs, 160 Spring St. Financier
- 285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
W. W. Hosford, 15 Elm St. Master
W. F. Day, 119 Ann St. Secretary
H. L. Stearns, 115 Trumble St. Financier
- 286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
D. Patterson, 722 N. Third St. Master
H. Meyers, L. Box 554 Secretary
A. A. Niederstadt, Cor. Third and
Farwell Sts. Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 11.

THE CHIEF'S FATE.

A Glimpse of Indian Character.

our's Companion.

Two years ago last autumn, when the end of the Canadian Pacific Railway track was about half way between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, a party of excursionists, among whom was the writer, went out "to the front," for the purpose of seeing the country and joining in the general enthusiasm which attended each fresh opening of a section of the new line. At Bones Creek our train halted for some hours pending the completion of arrangements for sending us safely past construction trains to the track's end, which was then being laid westward at the rate of five miles per day.

Glad of a chance to stretch their legs, the excursionists tumbled out of the cars like so many school-children. Round about us was a rolling brown prairie, gay here and there with wild sunflowers. The thick, nutritious, half-cured autumn grass whence they sprung, concealed, as we soon discovered, innumerable skulls and skeletons of animals; these and similar evidences throughout the whole long valley of the creek, showing that this district was formerly a famous grazing ground. It lies just on the southern boundary of the old Cree country, and was, not many years ago, a debatable ground between Crees, Bloods and Blackfeet.

Half a mile farther down the creek stood a small collection of dingy tepees, the squalid inhabitants of which soon made their way to the

delayed train. Each long-haired and filthy "buck" carried, half-wrapped in his blanket and resting on one of his crossed arms, a short Winchester carbine, embrowned as to the barrel. Several wretched squaws, with stolid papposes strapped to their backs, slunk about, picking up furtively such scraps of food as our passengers had begun to throw around. A dozen noiseless, woe-begone boys with bows and arrows completed the aboriginal party. Not a soul of them begged. All took thanklessly anything offered. But for their occasional exchange of plaintive, low, uninflected short sentences, their curious look as of subdued dumb animals might have suggested that they were not entirely human.

About no one of them was there any trace of jauntiness, merriment, vanity, or grace. They stared with an unflinching dull gravity that was almost oppressive, and were altogether very disreputable and pitious savages.

The man (there is always one or more on all such excursions) who delights in the shooting at coppers, soon had the "ten [or more] little Indians" engaged in this way. Five times out of six the archers missed, at half-a-dozen yards' distance. When a hit was made, the excursionists admiringly responded to the ecstasies of Jones (as we will call him), who had proposed the exhibition. The young savages almost indicated enjoyment, and could sometimes be suspected of chaffing each other over the game.

At a little distance the draggled braves collected, looking on sidewise with a queer air of fearing to compromise their dirty dignity by showing more active interest. To them soon went Jones with importunate invitations that they, too, should shoot at the coins with the bow. After some parley, several shamefacedly consented, with an air of those who should say, "we comply to end the unintentionally insulting requests of these ill-bred but probably well-meaning people." Each shot once sadly, and then rejoined the group. The lads watched this performance of their elders with something the expression a white boy might wear whose dignified father and friends might consent to stand on their heads.

Meanwhile my attention had been attracted by two Indians who kept at some little distance away, as if in studious avoidance of the whites.

"That's the chief," said Colquhoun to me.

"Which?"

"The tall one, old Snorting Horse. He was a 'rustler' in his day."

Colquhoun is an old Nor'wester, a peripatetic trader of the plains, one of the adventurers who long asserted the right to make a precarious living in the British territories, despite the power of the Hudson Bay Company.

"Big Injun him!" went on Colquhoun.

"I should like to talk to him," said I.

"Come, then," was Colquhoun's answer. "Maybe he won't sulk at me."

On approaching, Colquhoun exchanged salutations in Cree with the chief, and fell into rapid talk with the shorter Indian.

Snorting Horse was the only Indian I ever saw who could properly be called kingly. His face was wise, dignified, impressive.

His companion, Little Rattlesnake, was short, broad and very repulsive-looking, save for a twinkle of humor about the old rascal's cun-

ning face that redeemed it from absolute villainy. He might have been the jester; he was the medicine-man of his tribe, and the factotum of his chief. To these persons I tendered presents. The short fellow took them, offering one to the Horse, with a gesture, not a bow, but a contortion vividly expressing courtiership and vassalage. The chief took note of the gift, as though graciously signifying acceptance of the paleface's tribute.

At that instant there came to this very grand seigneur of the plains, the officious Jones, gesticulating an invitation that he, too, should "go shoot!" Never shall I forget the air of ineffable calm, unmoved contempt with which Snorting Horse overlooked the busybody. So might a lordly lion view the request of a monkey to join a competition of hanging by the tail. Jones was actually abashed, for the first and last time in his life, by the chief's stateliness.

This was a purely natural grand demeanor, effective in spite of a costume that must have rendered ridiculous any mere pretense to dignity.

Snorting Horse wore on his head a musk-rat cap, with a glazed limp leather peak, not a cap of Indian make, but obviously a slop-shop-made head-covering, thrown away by some navy. Into this farcical helmet were stuck several crazy feathers. A smoke colored blanket, once white, enwrapped the hero. Over his played moccasins, wet with the heavy morning dew, a very long pair of broadcloth trousers, ragged below and greasy above, fell in folds.

Occasionally he threw his blanket open in re-arranging his arms, when one could see that a faded brown velvet coat served for shirt and waistcoat too. But the garments of the Horse seemed purely accidental; they were not even an important enough element in his appearance to suggest that he was "a gentleman in spite of his clothes." No garb had power to detract from, or vul-

arize, the dignity of that face and form, the expression, as I thought, of a lifetime of authority.

Other presents loosened the tongue of the chief. At first his utterance was measured, his gestures slow, his stances far and wide.

"What's he saying?" I asked Colquhoun.

"Lvin."

"What about?"

"About his tribe. He says there's more bucks under him than there is yaller flowers yonder."

"What's he at now?" I inquired, after a little, as Snorting Horse became more animated.

"Blowin'."

"What about?"

"About hisself—his victories."

"Get him to tell them, won't you?" I said. "And you put it all into English for me."

Colquhoun said a few words to the great chief. He was quiet for some minutes, then rose, climbed the creek's bluff bank and motioned me to sit again. I gave his story in part in the words into which it was cast by Colquhoun.

"He was out on the war-path alone, he says"—

Observing the Horse looking inquiringly at me, I nodded and grinned in a manner intended to signify that I understood his enterprise. He went on with animation, and Colquhoun translated as before.

"He was skulkin' clost about here near sun-down, expectin' ther was a camp of Blackfeet, his enemy, somewheres about. Out thar to the north he seen some offal, wher a bull hed ben killed, and begun to go cautious, lookin' fur more sign. Jest at dark he see a buck Blackfoot's head peekin' up over the bank of the creek yonder, scoutin' like. How did he know it was a Blackfoot? Oh, I guess by the way the air was done. Anyhow, the feller va'n't lookin' his way, so this old ox scrouches right down in the grass and keeps pufflickly still. He didn't move, nor see nothin' more,

but lays quiet as a gopher, till long after night come on. Then lifts up and takes a good look around."

Here Snorting Horse went down on his hands and knees and, lifting his head with excessive caution, gazed with a piercing look away to where a higher bluff was divided by the stream. In pantomime he was again peering for his enemy. All at once his features lighted up with a simulated joy.

"He says," went on Colquhoun, "that the thinnest streak of smoke was a-rising up to the moon from behind the bluff yonder."

Here the Horse had crouched low and crept forward some paces, with a tigerish motion.

"That's the way," proceeded Colquhoun, "he went stealin' through the grass and up the bluff ther, till he looked right into the holler behind. Then he see there was one tepee, and not even a dog stirin.' Five ponies that was standing' near didn't say a word, as he crawled way round to get the wind before him. Up he crep' then keepin' his eye fixed till he got up clost to the tepee. Then he lays low and listens a long time, but couldn't hear no mite of a sound. "All to onct there was a snort in the tepee, like as if a buck had wakened up; then things was quiet again, and he was just beginin' to crawl a bit nigher, when a big Blackfoot throws aside the swingin' stick and steps out. The Horse says he seen to onct that the buck hadn't no weapon. Stark naked he was, except for his blanket. Say did you know these bucks always sleeps that way? Many's the time I've seen 'em comin' out, with the weather way down below zero, and nothin' on but a blanket!"

"Well, this Blackfoot looks round for his ponies, and yawns a bit, and walks out straight for where this old snake was layin' low,—see him watchin'!"

Snorting Horse was again on his hands and knees, glaring. Of a sudden he rose, sprang forward,

and, struck the air as with a tomahawk.

"The buck dropped down.

"Things still kep quiet inside. Bimeby he hears a squaw speakin' in the tepee, callin' like, askin, where her man was I reckon. Then there was some children's voices joined in. He kind o'says he knowed that he had an easy thing right away then. The squaw put her head out and looked round. She seemed kind of scared at not seein' her buck, and calls, 'Wabasso!'—his name, I reckon. Then she stepped right out, and run her eye over the prairie in every direction. There was a passel of younguns at her heels. After lookin' round she got wild like, and steps out fast on the trail of the dead buck. But about half way she turned back suddenly, and the Horse here hopped right up and after her."

The narative now became too cruel to be repeated. One may imagine the result in a nature so warlike and revengeful.

Snorting Horse went on talking rapidly, apparently describing his conquest in detail. Colquhoun watched him silently, with some disgust. His narative, after all, only presented a face of war but a little more brutal than that of civilization.

"To make a long story short," continued the trader, after considerable pause, "he massacred the whole company, and carried away a belt full of the savage trophies of his victory."

All this Snorting Horse had told with an air of self-satisfaction. The temptation to end his wretched career then and there was very strong. The Rattle-snake had followed the Chief's narative with interest and admiration. When I expressed, through Colquhoun, some little of the horror I felt for the crime, both looked indignantly at me, and stalked majestically away.

Why have I reproduced this horrible story, does the reader ask? For two reasons: First, because it

illustrates the Indian opinion that no killing is murder, if done on individuals, however helpless, of a hostile tribe. The spirit of the Indian in this regard still finds a counterpart in civilized warfare, modified, of course, by human progress.

What was the fate of Snorting Horse?

My son Jack, now in his last year at the Indian University, has for years back been much impressed by the physical prowess of an Indian student, now about twenty-five years of age, who was sent to the college by western missionaries, that he might become an instructor of the wild tribes of the plains. "John M——" had almost completely replaced his Indian name, "The Jumping Rabbit," probably bestowed on account of his great fleetness and agility.

Something over a year ago M—— disappeared suddenly, was absent from school nearly a fortnight, and returned in a state of extreme fatigue. Why or where he had gone, he sullenly refused to state. All that could be remembered as throwing light on his absence, was that he had been seen in earnest conversation with two Indians the day before his departure. They were supposed to be of his own tribe of Blackfeet, for M—— always avoided the Salteaux and Ojibways, who formed the staple Indian contingent loafing round the town. The college authorities forgave The Jumping Rabbit, and his escapade was soon forgotten.

Some months ago, while scanning the Grand Prairie for indications of a sweet water pond to camp near, I observed, on the horizon, a long train of ox-wagons, crawling towards the North on the old Edmonton trail. With a good field-glass I thought I made out Colquhoun slouchily marching before the foremost ox. Galloping toward the train, the excellence of my glass was

proved, and while camped together that night, we began talking about former journeys.

"There's a 'city' now on Bones Creek," I told him. "So I've heerd. Oh, say! do you mind old Snorting Horse? Well, I was fool enough to tell that yarn of his in a Black-foot camp last fall. It made a sensation. Old Standing Bear got terribly excited. 'Pears he was a brother of the man that the Horse killed. He knowed well enough the killin was done by Crees, but never knowed that it was only one man. Seems that the family had stopped behind on account of the buck's bein' sick, expectin' to catch up to the hunt next day. There was just one of the children, a boy three or four years old, that escaped, because he went along with his uncle. So you see, the whole family wasn't wiped out by Snorting Horse, the cruel villain!"

"What became of the young one?" I asked.

"Ib'leve the missionaries got him and sent him to school somewheres, the Indian College, I reckon."

I had seen in a local paper an account of Snorting Horse's death. I had never connected M——, "The Jumping Rabbit," with the relatives of old Standing Bear. But now I looked at the paper and reread the account. M——'s escapade came on my mind with a strange force and conviction.

"What's become of M——, the Indian student?" I asked of Jack that evening.

"Gone away West to teach, sir."

"When?"

"At midsummer. He took his degree with high honors. But I don't think his education will ever make him a very good white man. He is Indian in heart yet."

"Why do you say so?"

"He carries a scalp around."

"A scalp!" I was startled by the confirmation of my suspicions.

"Yes, sir, a scalp. One day I

went up to see him in his room. It was pinned against his door inside. He was sitting at the window, asleep. When I spoke, he jumped up like mad, flew to the scalp, grabbed it and hid it under his coat.

"What's the matter?" I asked. He was glaring at me like a wild man. He said nothing. "You're a nice kind of a divinity student!" I said, after a while. "Carrying a scalp round the world with you!"

"Pretty soon he cooled down. 'That scalp,' said he, 'represents revenge for the murder of a family.'"

"Did you take it?" I asked, for a joke.

"No, no, of course not! Horrible! No, no, no!" he said, in an alarmed way. "I'll tell you the story some day." But he never did," said my son Jack. "I'd like to know about it."

My own opinion is that Jack had seen the last relic of a terrible tragedy—that the taint of revenge in the young student's blood, a characteristic that had grown for a thousand years, had proved too strong for the few years' teaching and discipline that civilization had given him, especially as he had not seemed to accept Christianity with his entire heart.

A THRILLING SCENE.

An Ex-Confederate Describes an Andersonville Fourth of July.

Indianapolis Journal

Coming out of the woods into a small field of young cotton, the old gentleman paused and told us we were standing on ground that was part of the old prison pen. There was no sign at this point of ditch or stockade. The field was freshly plowed and the growing plants green and strong. The crop was that of a colored man, whose home we might have guessed was near from the voices of negroes singing that floated to us through the copse of young pines to our right. Graham temporarily forgot the historic interest of the spot to listen to the rich melody and the eccentric beating of

time by the score of singers. Walking across the little field we came to a ravine and the spot where "Providence spring" had spouted up its waters into the prison with a suddenness causing the prisoners to deem it a miracle wrought by heaven in their behalf. Still strolling on we reached where had been the entrance to the stockade. The cabin whence the singing came was not a hundred yards distant, and so enjoyable was the sound of it that we involuntarily ceased conversation to drink it in.

"You think that worth listening to," said our venerable escort, when the song was ended; "but over twenty years ago I heard, just where we now are, a grander song—the noblest burst of vocal melody that ever fell on mortal ear."

We asked that he tell of the occasion. We seated ourselves upon a fallen tree, but the old gentleman remained standing before us, cane and hat in hand.

"It was a chorus of more than 30,000 throats within the stockade there, celebrating the Fourth of July, 1864. It was under circumstances such—but let me explain the circumstances."

He placed his hat upon a stump near him, and transferred his cane to his left hand.

"On the first day of July, 1864," he resumed, "there were nearly 34,000 prisoners confined there. The weather, excessively hot, was producing much summer sickness among the soldiery guarding the prison. The latter was largely composed of Georgia State troops from the northern counties. To remove both from the region of their homes the militia of the southern counties were taken to Atlanta and that of the mountain section assigned to duty at Andersonville and other southern points. So prevalent became malarial illness among the latter and so often was it fatal that they became demoralized. Add to this source of uneasiness the steady

advance of Sherman's army devastating the homes of many of them and leaving their families without bread. Such was the anxiety of these men that by the first of July the guard had become smartly decimated by desertions. On the night of the first and second over 300 desertions were added. One entire company marched off, rank and file, taking their arms with them. This decimation of the guard had by the 3d, become a serious affair to the commander of the post, and when at nightfall Wirtz became suspicious that the prisoners had gotten wind of the situation and might be planning a break for liberty, telegraphed General Cobb, commander of the third military district, with headquarters at Macon for reinforcements. But Cobb had none to send, and could only promise to come in person.

"The following morning, the 4th of July, discovered yet further diminution of our force. I was on guard mount at 9 o'clock. My position was at the top of the stockade wall; about there," pointing a little to the right of where had been the entrance. "The scenes within the prison were somewhat unusual. Here and there groups would form and hold undertoned conversations. Witnessing this, Wirtz grew more uneasy and ordered all his force under arms.

"A little after 11 o'clock Captain Wirtz and General Winder, with a small escort, walked to the station. A few minutes later a lone locomotive came steaming through the pines from the direction of Macon from which when it drew up at the depot, stepped General Cobb and two officers of his staff. There was a few minutes of conversation between them and Wirtz and Winder and then the party, with the escort, marched toward the stockade.

"Wirtz was forming the troops of the post into a hollow square facing to the centre, General Cobb and his staff stood with Winder:

the shade of yonder tree. Looking at Howell Cobb, I remembered his having been secretary of war of the United States. It was evident he was going to speak, and I was glad that my station was near enough to hear him. It was about five minutes before twelve o'clock, noon, when accompanied by his staff, Wirtz and Winder, he walked to the centre of the square and, with Wirtz's assistance, stepped upon the large stump you see there.

"Soldiers of the Confederate States," he began, 'what news is this that has been borne to your district commander from the commandant of this post? Can it be possible that soldiers of the south—Georgians—have been guilty of desertion—of abandoning the duty assigned them of guarding yonder horde of vandals, whom your more valorous brothers in arms have captured upon many a well-fought field?'

"At this instant, twelve o'clock, from the center of the prison pen was heard a sound of song. Turning my eyes in that direction, I saw that several thousand men had congregated, while others were hastening toward the assemblage. Perhaps not more than fifty voices were wording the first verse of the familiar anthem. The speaker outside was continuing expressions of astonishment at what he had heard, when the chorus was reached, and with detonations like an explosion, 5,000 voices pealed:

The star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

"The song-burst had startled the speaker or drowned his utterance, for he had suddenly stopped and turned his face toward it. When it had ceased, and only a few score voices were singing the second stanza, he commanded Wirtz, 'Go stop that noise!' Wirtz hastened away and Howell Cobb resumed.

"Would you see that horde turned loose within your state, to pillage and burn your homes, with

your wives, sisters and daughters at their mercy?'

"The verse was sung and the chorus reached again. The congregation numbered 10,000 more than before. Heavens! what a swell of sound! The very air seemed to quiver with the concussion—the stockade wall to tremble. The guards on mount trembled with wonderment. Wirtz, who had reached the great gate, stood stock still as if paralyzed. The soldiers forming the square were all now facing the prison.

"The storm lulled, the speaker sought to resume, but his manner was disconcerted. Wirtz was moving nervously about, but essaying nothing. They heard the breeze of song sweeping the lines of the third stanza, but knew it only foreboded the return of the tempest. And now it comes:

The star-spangled banner—

"There are twenty thousand throats swelling the call of the pennant under which they had fought, and five thousand more joined in the invocation.

—O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"The echo of the last word has but struck the branches of the pines, when they begin to repeat. Higher, wider, deeper, stronger, louder, the swell! It peaks—it roars—it booms—it thunders! It is an artillery of song! The speaker outside stands transfixed. He has heard the anthem before, but never as now. Perhaps it is reminding him of the high position he but lately held under the flag it defines. The listeners appear almost panicked. A guardsman's gun drops from his hands without his missing it.

"Again they repeat, and now the scene grows wild. Thirty thousand voices are clanging the chorus—thirty thousand bosoms swelling with thought of country and flag and loved ones from whom they are parted. Men with but one leg clamber up and, supported by their

stronger comrades, wave their caps aloft and join the chorus:

The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Once more they repeat, and now all the prison is in the sky-rending peal—the very walls, the ground. Poor, fever-wasted frames, within an hour of dissolution from their spirits, half uprise and propping upon one hand raise the withered fingers of the other aloft while they unite their cracked voices in the refrain they will hear never more:

The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl began to work it, whose lover was over the sea. She was a French girl, and came of a good family of lace-makers.

"I'll work my own bridal veil in my leisure time," she said. "So when Walter comes to marry me I shall be a gay bride."

But she never finished the veil. Walter came too soon. She married her English lover—as poor as herself—and went with him to London, and the half-finished bridal veil went along, carefully folded away at the bottom of a trunk, and, for the time being quite forgotten.

It may have been forgotten in earnest, during twelve years, for aught I know; certainly it lay that long unnoticed. A lovely ten year-old girl was the fairy that broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes, like the little peasant of twelve years ago, but Walter's golden hair.

"Oh! the charming lace!" she cried, clapping her hands and dancing delightedly, as Elise shook it out of the folds. "Dear mamma, what is it? and who made it? and why is it but half done? Can I have it for a dress for my doll, mamma?"

The pretty, dark-haired matron laughed and shook her head, and half sighed, and she pressed the de-

licate fabric to her lips. Then she told her child the history of its making.

"Mamma, teach me to work it," she said one day. "My fingers are much finer and tinier than yours."

After that she would bring her little work-basket to her mother's side and work at a veil for her doll. The facility with which she learned the graceful art was astonishing. At the age of fifteen so expert was she that Elise did not fear to let her take part in the creation of the bridal veil itself, but they worked at it now and then as fancy seized them.

* * * * *

Louis Riviere was from France like Adele's mother—that had been a bond between them from the first—for Adele loved her mother's country for her mother's sake, though she herself was proud of being called English; and she also loved the young Frenchman.

The happy weeks and months grew into years. Adele was seventeen; it was agreed and promised that when spring-time came she would be Riviere's bride.

"We must finish the bridal veil," cried Elise, eagerly. "I tell you, Monsieur Louis, no lady of your proud house ever wore a lace more exquisite and rich. Ah! shall I not be proud when I look at my beautiful child in her marriage robes, and think of the poor little peasant girl of long ago, who toiled at the loom to earn coarse bread so far away over the sea?"

Louis turned quickly at these words, a look of displeased surprise in his dark eyes.

"What peasant girl, madam?" he questioned, uneasily.

"Myself," she answered, happily, not marking the look or the tone. "What was I but a poor little lace-maker when my generous young lover married me, the father of Adele?"

He answered nothing, and Elise went merrily chatting on, but Adele noticed his suddenly downcast air.

and gloomed eyes, though she was far from suspecting the cause of either.

His haughty family pride had received a blow. He conceived an absolute but violent dislike to the bridal veil.

"I detest the sight of it!" he cried, one evening in a moment of self-forgetfulness, and when he and Adele were alone. "If, indeed, you love me, never work at it in my presence, Adele; and if I dared ask one special favor of you it should be—"

He paused suddenly. She was listening in great surprise.

"Well," she said, "it should be—"

"Wear any other veil in the world but that one to be married in!"

She folded her work and let her fair hands fall on it in her lap; one could see those little hands were trembling.

"You ask a singular favor," she said, with forced quietness. "Are you not aware that my dear mother worked this veil?"

The hot, impulsive temper answered instantly, without a thought:

"It is for that reason I hate it!"

"You did not know when first you sought me for a bride that mamma was a lace-worker in France; if you had, perhaps you would not have loved me. Since you have learned this fact you have regretted our engagement. You need not speak; I have seen a change in you—I feel that it is so! But there is no harm done," she went on, with simple dignity, "since I have learned the truth before it is too late; and so," she held out to him a little trembling hand, which he took mechanically—"and so I will grant you the favor you covet, my friend. Your bride shall not wear my darling mother's bridal veil"—here he kissed the hand, and she drew it quickly away—"but that is because I shall not be your bride."

No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protesta-

tions—humble at first, then angry his tears that had no power in them to sap the strength of her resolution.

Her parents questioned her in vain. She had quarreled with Louis; that was all they could learn. And before a chance for reconciliation came Elise was smitten with mortal illness and died in three days, and Adele, overwhelmed by the awful calamity, was prostrated with brain fever.

At this juncture a summons came to Louis from France, demanding his immediate presence there. Strange changes had taken place. Two of the three lives that had stood between him and the titles and estates of the Marquis de la Riviere had been suddenly swept away, and the third, a frail, delicate child, lay dying. The present marquis, himself a feeble old man, was also at the point of death, so they sent in haste for Louis, as the heir of the dying nobleman.

The news bewildered him. His heart swelled with exultation and delight, but it sank again. Adele! Had he lost Adele?

"I care not for rank or wealth, unless she shares them!" cried his heart. "I will go and implore her pardon."

A few weeks later he wrote, informing her fully of his strangely altered fortunes and imploring her to pardon and accept once more as her true-love the love of the Marquis de la Riviere.

And the letter never reached her. The house to which it came was empty and deserted, the late happy home was broken up, and the little English girl, for whom a husband and title and fortune were waiting in sunny France, was earning a sorrowful living as lace-maker! Such are some of the strange realities of real life more wonderful than any fiction.

Many a gay belle and brilliant beauty had spread her net to secure the splendid prize of a titled husband. Foremost among the many,

Rosalind Hale; she was the fairest and wealthiest of them all; and her golden hair was not unlike Adele's. She arranged charades, tableaux, plays—in which he should sustain a part with her. It never occurred to her that he was at once too good-natured and too indifferent to refuse.

The tableaux were suggestive enough. One, upon which Miss Hale had quite set her heart, was that of a bridal—need it be said that Louis was the bridegroom, herself the bride?

"He will speak, now, surely," she thought, as she blushed and trembled before him, while the curtain came slowly down. But no, he only bowed as he led her from the platform; and then one of the buttons of his coat caught in her bridal veil. As the marquis stopped to disengage the lace suddenly he uttered a strange cry. It was Adele's bridal veil.

"I borrowed it of a lace-maker," Miss Hale said, in reply to his anxious questioning. "I had ordered one like it; but her health is bad and she failed to have it finished in time. So I made her lend me this."

"Oh, no? very thin and worn and sad," she said in reply to another question of Louis'; "with fine eyes, but too dull and pale to be called pretty. But an exquisite lace-maker. I shall be glad to give you her address if you have any work for her." Yes, he had work for her—work that they would share together; the blessed work of binding up an almost broken heart, of restoring love and happiness to both their lives.

Pale and thin and somewhat careworn still was the bride of the marquis on her wedding day; but to his eyes—the eyes of faithful love—it was still the sweetest face in the whole world that smiled and wept beneath Elise's bridal veil. And he kissed the old lace and blessed it, because through it he had found her again.

A HEAVY GUN THAT WILL NOT BURN

Scientific American.

Lying snugly housed near the point of Sandy Hook is a great gun, nearly thirty feet long. It has been there for some time, and is an object of curiosity to all who visit the neighborhood. This gun was designed in part by Mr. George Edgar, and is his property. Many thousands of dollars have been spent upon its construction and exhibition, but though a military committee reported favorably upon it no steps were taken by the Government toward purchasing the patent taken out by its constructors. The claims made for the gun refer exclusively to the breech, which is said to possess no little novelty and merit.

Not long ago Mr. Edgar visited Washington on business connected with this gun. He was accompanied by an American mechanic and designer of guns, now employed by the Russian government to conduct their great gun works on the Neva. After a somewhat unsatisfactory visit to the War Department the two were sitting in the cafe at the Ebbitt House, discussing the chances of the adoption of the principle of the big gun by the military authorities.

"They tell me," said Mr. Edgar, "that what they want is a gun that won't explode; when they get such a one, they say they expect to have no trouble in finding an easy working and efficient breech mechanism."

"Yes," replied his companion, "that's what they are looking for all over the world."

The two men sat silent for some time.

Finally Mr. Edgar, in crossing his legs, kicked off the cover from an India rubber cuspidor. Like most of these contrivances, the cover was made of hard rubber with beveled edges, the sides as they sloped toward the hole in the center having a fall or decline of about 30° from a plane.

Mr. Edgar observed this cover suddenly as it rolled and gyrated about the marble floor.

Before it came to a dead stop he seized it with something like precipitation, and with sparkling eyes exclaimed to his companion, "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the latter anxiously.

"I've got the principle on which the non-bursting gun can be constructed."

"Bah!"

Not heeding this expression of incredulity on the part of his friend, a man, too, of great skill in metal working, Mr. Edgar gave such forcible reasons for believing a non-bursting gun could be constructed of a series of plates similar in form to the top of a rubber cuspidor, that he was compelled to admit that there was something in the idea.

Returning to New York city, Mr. Edgar at once set to work to make a gun on the plan suggested by the incident in the Ebbitt House cafe.

This experimental gun is four feet long, and composed throughout its whole extent of corrugated plates of Russian iron. At its completion, he took it up to West Point, which, he had been told in Washington, was one of the government testing points for guns.

On his arrival at the works, and mentioning he had a new gun with him, he was told that the number of new guns constantly appearing was legion. "The trouble with all of them," said the officer, "is that they burst too readily. What kind of a test do you want us to put your gun to?" he added.

"Why," replied Mr. Edgar, "I would like to have you burst it."

"Certainly," said the officer, with something like sarcasm in his voice. "We're always glad to accommodate gentlemen with new guns."

The gun was now taken behind a hill, a double charge of powder introduced, and fired with a time fuse. It turned two or three back

somersaults, but remained intact. It was now loaded with a quadruple charge, and fired, the only effect being to multiply the number of the back somersaults.

"This is very good indeed," said the officer. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting so long. I'll now load it up to the muzzle, and that will be the last of it." Fired under these conditions, it rose in the air, whirled around for a few moments, and then came down and buried itself in the earth. After being dug up it was charged nearly up to the muzzle with powder and wad, and then spiked. The only result was that it rose higher in the air than before, spun around more rapidly, and buried itself still deeper in the ground when it came down. It had not even been chipped!

"Is there anything else you'd like to put into it?" demanded Mr. Edgar, it being now his turn to be ironical.

"No!" was the reply; "it beats me." Having thus stumped the gun testing authorities, Mr. Edgar brought his little gun back to New York in triumph.

A COMMON CHORD.

Detroit Free Press.

This was the touch of nature that I witnessed in an English inn:

"I tell you, sir, that a man at 72 ought to know what he is talking about;" and whack went the stick of the speaker on the floor with a good seventy-two power.

"And I tell you, sir, that if a man at 72 ought to know what he is talking about, a man at 74 ought to know what he is talking about to a greater degree;" and whack went the stick of this speaker on the floor, with a good seventy-four power.

"But increase of age does not always bring increase of wisdom," said the first speaker, with a reflective and knowing air.

"That I candidly admit," said the other, with a three-volume wink in his aged eye, "having a proof now before me;" and he took a

drink from his glass with the air of a man who has said something worthy of preservation on marble.

"Do you mean, sir, to insinuate that I am a fool?" inquired No. 1 with a look that he meant to be ferocious.

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't," replied No. 2 evasively.

"Why, you dilapidated fossil, if I hadn't more sense in my head than you have, I'd sell it for fire-wood," and No. 1 took a drink from his glass with an air of a man who deserved it.

"Well, you might realize or you might not. I've never seen heads of superannuated idiots quoted."

"Why, you—you—insulting—"

"Who are you calling insulting?"

"I tell you, sir!"

"And I tell you, sir!"

"What?"

"What? Why, you can go to the devil; that's what!"

The old gentleman got up as if to start, but instead of doing so he made an unsuccessful attempt to pull No. 2's nose. He missed it, however, and accidentally knocked his own grog over. Then he sat down again and the two old men glared vindictively at each other.

No. 1 presently said:

"I haven't been insulted like that for years. I was a strong man then and I just up and seized my insulter by the throat and flung him yards."

"Of course," said the other old gentleman. "That was my case, exactly. A few years ago a fellow insulted me and I up and caught him by the throat and flung him miles."

"Which means," said No. 1 hotly, "that you jeer at me still, that you insult me still. I despise you, sir."

"Don't say that," returned his opponent with a grin: "I don't despise you; I always look upon natural curiosities with interest, and that is how I view you."

"Bah!" said the other; "you think yourself a rarely fine fellow;

why, my poor old woman would have picked you up and dropped you out of the window when she was alive; but I buried her last month. God rest her soul;" and the old man, forgetting his quarrel, looked very sorrowful.

"Buried her last month!" inquired his opponent with softer tones and a wettish look in his eyes.

"Yes, last month."

"Deary me, deary me; why not two months since I laid my poor wife in the churchyard, after nearly fifty years of wedded life. Excuse me, sir, but may I fill your glass again?"

"Well, I hardly know."

"Never mind what we've said; we're a couple of fools to be quarreling."

"So we are, so we are," and the speaker reached out his hand and grasped the withered old hand of the other man.

Then, with refilled glasses and their wrath gone away forever, they sat and chatted about old times and far-away memories. They were strangers to each other, but they felt like friends. One could tell his at his wedding the 'Squire and his lady danced, and the other could tell how his sweetheart went to the other side of the world with her father and mother, and how he followed her, and brought her back a wife. They could tell of their boys and girls, some lying under the daisies, and some abroad, and some with their own little ones round the family hearth; and after a long chat the two old fellows said, "good-bye and God bless you," with cordiality and with tears in their eyes.

A SCENE ON A BOAT.

The Mistake a Man Made in Resenting a Supposed Insult.

Chicago Journal.

Quite foppish was the young man who sat beside a remarkably pretty girl on a Coney Island boat the other hot afternoon; and not widely unlike him in appearance was the fellow who lounged in a chair near

y and tried to flirt with the fair one, while I watched the proceedings from a favorable angle. We were all lazy—that was apparent in the listless poses, the languid eye-balls, and the lack of talk. This was especially true of the girl. I couldn't make out whether her half-closed eyes meant sly glances at the chap who ogled her or that she was on the borders of dreamland. Her back was turned to her adjacent fellow, and at first there was nothing to indicate that either of us four was acquainted with another of the quartette.

Pretty soon the man close to her began to make demonstrations that stamped him, in the estimation of my judicial observer, as an offensive masher. He brought his elbow against that of the beauty; he gently tapped her gaiter with his heavier hoe, and at length he most audaciously stroked her plump shoulder with one caressing hand. Every man stands ready to defend a woman against all other men, and the fellow who had been gazing admiringly at her became what we may describe as a defensive masher, because he resolved to rid her of the hateful attentions. It was just like those favorite anecdotes in which the insulter of feminine innocence in public places is compelled to desist and apologize; but this resemblance ceased at a certain point.

In order to reach the usual climax of such a story it is essential that the offender shall be quickly and easily whipped. This time the combatants were evenly matched. The fight had only one round, but that one was extremely lively, and both men were badly battered. The assailant called the other a dastardly, sneaking rascal, who ought to be whaled for insulting a defenseless lady; but the assailant did not meekly receive the blame and quietly steal away, leaving the girl to thank her champion. No. He promptly slapped the defensive masher's face and got a resounding

smack in return. The battle, at the juncture when the deck-hands stopped it, might properly have been decided a draw, with neither man able to continue it. But the winner of all the heroine's sympathy was her supposed insulter, while she had only hatred for her defender. "Hadn't he a right to be affectionate?" she said, "he is my husband!"

A GOOD DUCK STORY.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

A few days ago John Hunter, a brakeman on the Pine Island Railroad, New York, went out on the Walkill River in a dugout canoe, to try his new \$100 breach-loading shotgun on ducks. He saw a duck and blazed away. The new gun kicked like a mule and upset the boat. Hunter disappeared beneath the water, but came up again within reach of the boat and seized hold of it. The gun disappeared and staid there. The water was eight feet deep. Hunter floated about on the capsized dugout for an hour, and hallooed for help until he got hoarse. Then a man came along, got another boat and rowed out and brought Mr. Hunter in.

The next day Hunter went out in his dugout with a garden rake to fish for his new gun. After dragging the bottom for nearly half a day he got a hold of the gun. When he fired his gun the day before both barrels were cocked, but only one went off. The hold Mr. Hunter got on the gun with the rake must have been on the trigger of the cocked barrel, for when the gun had been raised nearly to the surface, coming up butt first, there came a sullen rumble down below, and the next second the gun shot up out of the water like a sky-rocket. It flashed by Mr. Hunter's face so close that it knocked his hat off. Mr. Hunter jerked back, and over went the boat.

As on the day before. Hunter went under and came up close to the upturned boat and seized it

again. The gun repeated its programme of disappearing and staying there, only this time it was accompanied by the rake. Mr. Hunter was compelled to exercise his lungs once more until he was towed ashore by a neighbor. Next day he hired a man to go out and fish for the gun and rake. The man got them both in fifteen minutes. Hunter says he don't know whether to sell his gun or get another kind of boat, or whether he had better lock them both up and lose the key. The duck escaped.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN MAIL-RIDER.

Atlantic Monthly.

The mail-rider was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round over a lonely road and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment—reckon you've heard of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the Union or Confederate side?"

"Oh, Union."

"Were you in any engagements?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted round the mountains?"

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find—corn, bacon, horses?"

"That's about so. Didn't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object?"

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder—on the right side. His attachment to the word 'which' prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind: one was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know's there's any great danger; not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gits up sudden. There's been right smart rain lately. If you're afraid you can git set over in a dugout, and I'll take your horses across. Mebbe you're used to fording? It's a bad ford for them as don't know it. But you'll get along, if you mind your eye. There's some rocks you'll have to look out for, But you'll be all right, if you follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forgo indulging a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How you swap for that one o' yours?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Burnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we met a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small, flat, English

ad, across which was flung the United States mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and the old ones were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He didn't care if they had been through the war, as they had, for he fancied an army saddle. His friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished Union General and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless Confederate in the first battle of Bull Run, and the owner could not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he didn't mind that. He wouldn't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggings. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the horse, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed, in due time, with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones and the crossing virtuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.

REWARD OF MODEST MERIT.

Edw. L. Describes a Dialogue at St. Peter's Gate.

The funny man sat outside the gates of Paradise, his patient head bowed upon his clasped hands. Death had been very kind to him, and had taken him away from a world of sorrow and fun, but the poor funny man didn't know whether or not he wished to go into Paradise. He rather thought that he would be expected to be funny very time half a dozen saints were gathered together, he would prefer to stay outside and look in. But as better, more genial nature triumphed, and presently he threw away his pencil and timidly ap-

proached the gate, where he modestly announced himself as the "leading American humorist."

"No. 95,874," said good St. Peter, placing his back against the gate and hanging the keys up out of reach. "Now then, young man, let us have a specimen of your work and let me see your credentials."

"Alas!" said the unhappy funny man, "I can do neither. The managing editor gobbles all the credentials, and I keep no scrap-book."

"What! Not of your own funny things and your press notices?"

"Not any."

"Were you not called the Mark Twain of your own state?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"Were you not at one time the 'coming American humorist?'"

"No, sir."

"Is not your humor 'very similar to that of Artemas Ward and Charles Lamb?'"

"Nobody ever said it was."

The Saint turned over the pages of a big ledger long and thoughtfully.

"You can't be the leading American humorist——"

"But that is the only thing I ever was styled," pleaded the poor funny man.

"But you can't be, because I find in the departments of mother-in-law, carpet tack, pie, soap, front gate, picnic, ice cream, angry papa, church oyster, mule and stove-pipe not a credit."

"Alas, no," replied the funny one sadly. "My dying grandfather from whom I inherited all my jokes took me to the asylum for the feeble-minded, so that I could never use one of them."

The Saint threw open the gates, handed the wayfarer the keys, showed him where the club was kept, and said:

"I abdicate. The place is yours. I will sit down outside myself if there isn't room inside for both of us."

Ten minutes later another "lead-

ing" American humorist approached the gate bearing a scrap book, a file of his paper and a blue pencil. A resounding thwack that woke the echoes of the firmament into a thousand discordant thunders, and a chaos of scrap-book, funny paper, blue pencil and "humorist" was whirling downward nine times the space that measures day and night, while the calm face of the new door-keeper looked placidly over the battlements, and his soft whisper fell through the blue ether like a falling star—"Next?"

GUSHING GIRLS.

The extravagant use made of adverbs and adjectives by a certain class of young ladies is very harrowing to the feelings of another class of persons, who are dignified and grave in their speech. A tendency to "gush" has made many an otherwise bright girl appear to great disadvantage in the eyes of sensible gentlemen and ladies. Don't gush, don't be foolishly and wildly extravagant in your use of qualifying words. Below is given a conversation heard in a street-car recently.

Two bright looking and prettily dressed young ladies met in the car.

"Is this really *you*, Sadie?"

"Yes, *indeed*."

"I've been *dying* to see you, and it's just too lovely for anything to think that I've met you right here, isn't it?"

"Oh, perfectly splendid! Isn't it a perfectly lovely day?"

"Perfectly beautiful."

"I'm going right out by your house."

"You *are*?"

"*Indeed* I am!"

"How perfectly lovely!"

"It's just *grand* to think I met you!"

"Oh, perfectly splendid!"

Oh, *did* you go to the concert?"

"*Go*? I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

"Wasn't it *grand*?"

"Perfectly!"

"*Splendid*!"

"Mr. K——'s singing was magnificent!"

"Perfectly glorious!"

"Perfectly so!"

"I was carried entirely away by it!"

"So was I."

"I'm *wild* to go again!"

"Oh, have you read 'Silas Lapham'?"

"Read it? I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand worlds!"

"Isn't it *perfectly* splendid?"

"Perfectly!"

"I'm perfectly crazy to get the next chapter!"

"Crazy! I count every second until it comes out!"

"How sweet your new hat is!"

"Oh, *do* you think so?"

"Indeed, its the most perfectly lovely and beautiful one I've seen this year!"

"How lovely in you to say so!"

"Horribly hot, isn't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful!"

"Perfectly so!"

"Smothering!"

"Perfectly"——

"I could not endure it longer," said our disgusted informant, "and I went back and sat with the smokers rather than sit longer with the hearing of the insane ramblings of those airy creatures."

BURDETT'S MYTHOLOGY.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The god of the far-shooting bow while wandering around one day looking for something of that nature to shoot at, heard a noise in the woods, and following it up, came upon Marsyas, the satyr, who was satirizing a tune on the flute which had been wisely cast away by Athos when she went short of breath. "Ah," said the god, beholding the satyr, "you are the tuner? I thought I heard some one tuning a flute." "I was playing," said the satyr, "the flute song from 'L'Etoile du Nord'; here is the score, writ plain

o that he who reeds may run and rill. I will play you out to the whistling buoy and return, single neat, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the gate money. Will you toot?" nquit M. le Satyr. Apollo respondit non sed, unslung a large Irish harp which he carried in a green baize bag, and in fewer bars than St. John ever saw, played the eggs clear off the unfortunate Marsyas. At the conclusion of the contest, the victorious god flayed Marsyas alive and sent his hide to Newbury, Mass., to be tanned.

"FOOT NOTE.—Marsyas is the patron saint of the American people. They love him for the enemies he made. They too, alas, know what it is to be skinned by the great musicians every winter.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

New York Times.

Young Wife (just home from the cooking school)—I feel so encouraged. Miss Parloa complimented me on my progress to-day. But poor Miss Smith! I am real sorry for her. She tries hard, but she doesn't seem to get on at all.

Young Husband—You must remember, my dear, that Miss Smith has no one to practice on.

A DECENT MAN.

Merchant Traveler.

A western man from the foothills, was in Chicago with a lot of cattle, and after taking in the town, and being pretty well taken in himself and cleaned out of all his surplus cash, he wandered into a church and sat down. He looked curiously about for some time, and finally went to sleep. He slept quietly until the collection was being taken up and the man with the plate awoke him. He looked at the good deacon a while, then at the plate, and reaching for its contents, he said, pleasantly:

"Thank yer, stranger; I don't keer ef I does. Yer the only decent man I've saw in this blasted town. All uv 'em kep bleedin' me an'

bleedin me, tell I hain't got a d—cent, an' ef it hedn't been fur drop-pin' inter this shebang, I'm a cyote, ef I know whar I'd git the rocks to square me at my hash factory. I'm bleedged ter yer, stranger, dang ef I haint; les go hev sumpthin'."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Merchant Traveler.

Young Bilkins was utterly devoted to business, but somehow found time to fall in love and ask the girl to marry him. The time was set and he called on the old gentleman to get his consent. He had a long talk and that evening came up to see the girl.

"Well," she said, in considerable anxiety, "what did pa say?"

"He said that wheat was going up and there was a fine chance for a man to make a handsome little dot."

"Pshaw! Didn't he say anything else?"

"Oh, yes, we talked about a dozen ventures that might be made, with an excellent chance of coming out ahead every time."

"Bother the business! What did he say when you asked him if you could have me?"

"Wha—wha—what?" he stammered.

"Why, what did he say about me?"

"By George, Mary, I forgot all about it. I'll go the first thing in the morning and see him about it."

SECURED HIS RIGHTS.

Arkansas Traveler.

An old negro called on the President of a railroad company. Hobbling into the room he said:

"Look at me, sah."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Money."

"What for?"

"Dis heah," holding out a foot from which three toes had been cut.

"I've got nothing to do with that."

"Wall, er mighty fine lawyer tells me dat yer has. Wuz on one o' yer

trains tuther week when hit jumped the track. De lawyer says dat I ken rekiver er thousan' dollars."

"Didn't you once work for the road?"

"Yes, sah, I worked for it twicet."

"Were you not riding on a free pass?"

"No, sah, was ridin' in de train."

"You know what I mean. Didn't you have a free pass?"

"No, sah, I'll sw'ar ter de Lawd I didn', an' more dan dat I ken prube it?"

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"Perposes to hab my rights. Me ten dollars an' a pass fur a year an' I'll let the t'ing drap."

The money and the pass was given to him.

"Thankee sah." As he hobbled down the stairs he muttered. "Wasn't ridin' on er free pass. Wus er stealin' dat ride. Dis pass is jes' intermeddlin' han.' Gwine ter fetch up fish in de bayou. Huh, dis ten dollar is ez pretty ez er new shirt."

WHAT WAS HE?

The winds blew fierce; the sun was red,

And snow covered streets and moor—

Supplies of coal, and meat, and bread,

He left at a widow's door.

This was his deed—

And he did it well.

What was his creed?

I cannot tell.

He gently rapped at the door and turned,

As it opened, and walked away;

And which were the happier tears that burned,

On his or the widow's cheeks, that day?

I do not know,

He spoke no word—

Only whirring snow

In the wind was heard.

Where want, and hunger, and cold abode,

He never was far away,

And when the chimes in the tower were tolled,

He never was heard to pray;

Yet into the box

He alms bestows.

His faith? What was it?

I do not know.

He knew no sect, Jew, Greek, nor Moor,

Nor Christian, nor church, nor race,

But the way to the homes of the attic poor

And the basement damp would trace.

In heat or cold,

By night or day.

His creed? What was it?

I cannot say.

For the hungry poor he believed in bread,

And clothes for the ragged and cold.

And fuel for hearths, where coals were dead;

And hearts that never grow old;

His sect? His creed?

His faith? Who knows?

'Tis the "greatest of all,"

His warm heart glows.

—*The Talisman.*

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EDWARD V. DEBS *Editor.*
F. HYNES *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ANNUUM \$1 00
 LE COPY 10

rees,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,
 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

THE BROTHERHOOD AT PHILADELPHIA.

However agreeable the task of reading the meeting of the delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Philadelphia, it is by no means an easy one. To do the subject justice would require a more ample pen than it is in our power to hold. A few pen pictures, however, are required, and that our fifty thousand readers may have our estimate of the occasion, we have condensed to put upon record such relations as seem to be appropriate. Manifestly, the choice of Philadelphia as the place for holding the fifth annual convention was in all regards judicious, and if prior to the assembling of the convention there existed any doubts upon the subject, they were all swept away before the opening exercises on the morning of the 21st of September were over. Philadelphia is one of the great centers of population, commerce and manufactures of the continent, besides it is the center of railroad systems which combine wealth and en-

terprise equal to any in the land, and just here it is proper to say that the Brotherhood Firemen of Philadelphia were equal to the emergency. Flattery is not our forte, but our Philadelphia brethren in making arrangements for the convention exhibited tact and talent, liberality and forecast, which won universal applause. They were equal to the occasion, and the occasion was of greater magnitude than the Brotherhood had ever before witnessed.

Our purpose in this article is to speak particularly of the opening exercises at the Chestnut Street Opera House. It was to Philadelphians, who are familiar with street pageants no small affair to see a thousand sturdy Locomotive Firemen in procession, marching to inspiring music through the principal streets of the city, and the vast multitudes who thronged the sidewalks bore silent testimony of the appreciation of the scene.

The Grand Opera House presented a scene which those who were so fortunate as to gain admittance will not forget. The average beholder was delighted, and the most fastidious looker on was forced to render the verdict that the spectacle was worthy of Philadelphia and worthy of the Great Brotherhood which was honored by the magnificent display of appreciation, friendship and good will. The Opera House was full to overflowing. The stage was tastefully and elaborately decorated, and the music was superb.

As we write the scene is before us in vivid outline. This is not the place nor have we the time to give full expression of our estimate of

the imposing exhibition of Philadelphia's wealth of welcome. Expressions of satisfaction were on every tongue. But, after all, it may be said that the street pageant and the generous adornment of the Opera House were not the features of the reception which most impressed the Firemen, but rather the high positions of the distinguished Pennsylvanians who gave character and dignity to the occasion by their presence.

Pennsylvania is a great empire State, second in the list of population and wealth, and yet the Governor of the great commonwealth in words noble, generous and glowing with hospitality, welcomed the Brotherhood to Pennsylvania. We do not plead guilty to the charge of man worship, but when, by the suffrages of more than four million of people, the honor of chief magistrate of a great State is conferred upon a citizen, it is right to believe, when he speaks, he voices the sentiments of the people, and when Gov. Pattison welcomed the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to Pennsylvania, it was a welcome of the people of the great State, and it is difficult to conceive of a higher compliment.

But this was not all. The Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, a city of more than a million of people, a city renowned in history, foremost in manufactures, and high advanced in all that dignifies and glorifies our boasted civilization, welcomed the Brotherhood to Philadelphia, and this Mayor Smith did in such a way as to make every Brotherhood Fireman realize that he was, sure enough,

in the city of Brotherly Love, and pre-eminently the city of Home.

Such a welcome, or such a welcome would have satisfied ordinary yearnings for recognition, but in Philadelphia it was not enough, not even enough. The press, in the person of Col. A. K. McClure, came to the front and added its patent vote to welcoming the Brotherhood to Philadelphia. Col. McClure, standing in the front rank of American journalists, quick to appreciate and constantly dealing with the most intricate questions relating to the welfare of society, riveted the attention of the vast assemblage by his generous recognition of the merits of the Brotherhood.

But Philadelphia was not yet satisfied with greeting the Brotherhood. State Senator B. F. Hughes responded to the programme and addressed the Brotherhood in a speech which added indefinitely to the felicities of the occasion. Little Governor, Senator Hughes was in a position to know the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania, and it was easy to discover that he was profoundly in sympathy with an organization which had chosen for its motto, "Benevolence, Skill and Industry." A Pennsylvania constituency anywhere throughout her boundaries includes a large element of workingmen, and Senator Hughes, in his address, gave the Firemen to understand that statesmanship of the period included the solution of the labor problem.

The address of Mr. John W. Baker, the great merchant of Philadelphia, was a fitting finale to the reception exercises, in so far as

ns of Philadelphia participated
em. To give our readers an
of Mr. Wanamaker's business
, it is only required to say, that
e of his immense establish-
s he employs three thousand
ns, and this man, so full of bus-
found time to attend the com-
ement exercises of the conven-
of the Brotherhood and deliver
racteristic address full of kind
—words of encouragement and
athy.

d here last, but not least, it
d be said that Col. A. Louden
den presided over the meeting
that quiet dignity eminently
ing the occasion, and his open-
dress was the keynote of all
enerous sentiments which fol-
l.

will be observed that the Broth-
d was received at Philadelphia
manner worthy of the most
istic description. It was wel-
d by the chief executives of a
State and of a great city, by a
alist of national reputation, by
islator charged with making
for a State second only to New
, and by a merchant prince
e business establishment ap-
mates a national exposition in
t. Not so much was expected
more could have been asked.

reviewing this magnificent
te to the Brotherhood of Loco-
ve Firemen of North America
k, was it worthy of such a dis-
of consideration? We answer
usand times, yes. For twelve
the Brotherhood has labored to
preciated. It has been faithful
ery trust. In adversity it had
ge, self-reliance and faith. It

drew upon its own energies. It com-
prehended the value of work and
patience. It grasped possibilities
and made them probabilities, more,
it made them accomplished facts, a
part of its history. It dismissed the
unworthy. It demanded true men
and found them. It organized for
success and achieved it. Its theories
were practical, not visionary. If
there were those who misunderstood
its mission, it invited them to look
on as it achieved its triumphs and
steadily marched forward to other
victories, and at last standing
crowned with the Philadelphia ova-
tion, indorsed and applauded by
men of character, of high distinc-
tion, the Brotherhood has a right to
felicitate itself, and does. We could
dwell for pages upon our reception
at Philadelphia, and we do but voice
the universal sentiment when we
say it will remain forever an oasis
in the landscape of the memories of
all who were so fortunate as to be
present.

• THE CONVENTION.

The Twelfth Annual Convention
of the Brotherhood of Locomotive
Firemen, which met in Philadel-
phia, on the 21st of September, was,
in all regards, the most important
convocation of its history. The
Convention was looked forward to
with profound solicitude. There
were premonitions of difficulties
which those best advised contem-
plated with feelings akin to alarm.
Upon a variety of questions differ-
ences of opinion were known to
exist, and in some instances the
discussion of these questions had
unfortunately developed personal
antagonisms which threatened seri-

ous complications, if not open rupture. The columns of the Magazine bear testimony that we were not uninformed upon these subjects, and that we sought, as opportunity offered, to bring discussion within the boundaries of prudence and fraternal good will. We say these things here and now that we may place upon record other facts which do honor to the Brotherhood, and establish beyond all controversy its capability to sail the ship in a storm, and bring her with all her precious freight of hopes and possibilities, safely into port.

In this connection we are inclined to be homiletic, to point out the dangers as well as the satisfactions of success. The growth of the Brotherhood has been phenomenal and abnormal. In Lodges and membership it is without a parallel. With its fifteen thousand members and two hundred and eighty-five Lodges, it challenges comparison with any benevolent labor organization of this or of any other country. It had experienced serious reverses, and had, unaided overcome them all. It had assumed serious obligations, and had more than fulfilled them. Obstacles in the line of its march had been removed. Every effort in the line of duty had been crowned with success. From obscurity it had grown to prominence and eminence, and men high in the public and private walks of life vied with each other to do it honor. Such were the surroundings of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen when the delegates assembled in Philadelphia to deliberate for the good of the Order. They had a

right to feel proud of the advancement of the great. Fraternity. The question was, are the delegates equal to the occasion? And the answer came with the last stroke of the Grand Master's gavel, announcing final adjournment. It was affirmative—emphatic and cheering. The storm had spent its fury, and the Brotherhood, unmoved by the clash of opinions, came forth stronger than ever. In view of such facts we do not doubt the future of the Brotherhood.

It is not the law that Brotherhoods, more than individuals or governments, should be exempt from trials, nor is it desirable that the law should be modified or annulled. There are no victories without battles. It is right that the fidelity and courage of men should be put to the test, that the weak and strong should be known; and whether men wish it or not, truth and error, as certainly as the tide ebb and flow, will forever renew their old-time conflicts. In these things brave men find incentive to advance. It has been said that "the world's a stage," and it is equally true that all the world is a battle-field. The fittest, or the strongest, survive. In the conflict mistakes will be corrected, and the right for a time cloven down, will reassert its power and come to the front. The deliberations of the Twentieth Annual Convention are over. The Convention has passed into history. The delegates wanted peace, harmony, unity and prosperity. They had faith in the principles and purposes of the Brotherhood. They regarded its past with reverence

ght amidst varying currents of thought and opinion for the road to pure triumphs. The closing hours of the Convention bore testimony that they had found the way, and once past infelicities were buried and forgotten. Only the great Brotherhood was thought of. Difficult problems had been solved. The difficulties of the future, real or imagined, were contemplated with heroic determination to overcome them.

The Convention, contemplating the Brotherhood, could have appropriated the language of Longfellow, his apostrophe to the "Ship of State," and have said—

We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THE FUTURE OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

An annual convention is an epoch in the history of our Brotherhood—an occasion when the more thoughtful of the membership review the past, and with such prescience as they can command seek to divine the future. The date fixed for the meeting of the annual convention comes a point of time fraught with interest, and as the Brotherhood grows in membership, influence and power these meetings grow in importance. When an annual convention adjourns *sine die*, a chapter, fact a volume, of the history of the Brotherhood is completed, finished. It can neither be changed nor modi-

fied. It is a volume of facts, marshaled in line, forever standing guard over the past. Question them as you will, their answer is always the same. "The Brotherhood has placed us here to guard its good name. We neither prevaricate nor apologize. We are sentinels on duty. We shall grow old with the years, but cannot be retired. If you do not like us, if you do not approve of the story you have put into our mouths, take warning by us and in the future be more discreet." From Toronto to Philadelphia, from the autumn of '84 to the sear and yellow leaf season of '85, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen made a deal of history. An organization composed of fallible men, it does not claim exemption from mistakes. To err is human, but there is divinity in the capability to estimate the gravity of mistakes, to know their influence and correct them. But when fundamental principles are right, when policy and purpose aim high, mistakes may be inconvenient but they are seldom fatal, hence croaking is out of order, and never more so than in contemplating the immediate past of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The year closing with the proceedings of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood could scarcely be more luminous with cheering facts denoting progress, healthy growth and the development of those qualities which inspire hope and command approval. We need not recite the facts here. They will be found in speeches and reports, which form an important part of the proceedings of the convention. Our wish is to re-

fer to them as an incentive to still greater effort during the year upon which the Brotherhood has now entered. The auspices under which the Brotherhood enters upon the campaign are altogether cheering. From horizon to zenith no cloud obscures the prospect. We speak the universal sentiment when we say the Brotherhood was never animated by nobler ambitions. It knows the value of harmony, of unity, of fidelity and energy. Experience may be a dear school, but the lessons it teaches are never forgotten—a pound of fact is worth a ton of theory. There is no mystery in a maxim. They are so many anchors which hold Brotherhoods as they do states to their moorings when storms beat upon them. The Brotherhood at its annual conventions revises its charts. It knows where to locate the reefs and rocks. It knows by what stars and headlands to steer and sail. It has grown not only in numbers, but in knowledge, and we predict for it a year of such prosperity as will make its record, when the next annual convention shall assemble, the most fruitful of rejoicings known to its history.

Our estimate is not the product of the imagination. It is not a fanciful theory. It is not Utopian. Behind us is history. We know where and how the Brotherhood has marched. The valleys and the highlands are in full view. We know each battlefield, reverse and victory. We have been with the Brotherhood around its camp fires and its council boards. We have seen possibilities made probabilities, and then accomplished facts. What the

Brotherhood has done it can do, and more abundantly. It has made friends of enemies. It has hushed suspicions or driven them forever into exile. It has won confidence by a manly assertion of its principles and policy. It has never played sycophant nor compromised its dignity. Such facts are guarantees that no backward step will be taken. On the contrary they presage progress and triumph.

Our next Convention will be held in Minneapolis. *Ad interim* let the battle words be work, zeal, confidence and harmony. The Brotherhood cannot fail of accomplishing its mission. Fifteen thousand sturdy men are pledged to sustain it. Fifteen thousand manly hearts throb responsive to its demands. Fifteen thousand tongues are ready to voice its merits and speak its praises. True to ourselves as Locomotive Firemen, we are invincible. We do not doubt the future of the Brotherhood. The Magazine shall do its full share of work. The bells sound. All aboard! The train moves. Ho! for Minneapolis.

PHILADELPHIA HOSPITALITY

We should be neglectful of duty to an extent deserving serious censure were we to omit putting on record in the Magazine the high appreciation of Philadelphia's hospitality, felt by every Locomotive Fireman who attended the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood.

We confess to our inability to do the subject justice. Hospitality is a virtue which combines so many excellencies of character, all of which are so happily blended, that

however pleasurable the task of describing it, difficulties multiply at every step, and after all has been said, the half has not been told.

To be hospitable is to be large souled and broad-gauged. Hospitable people are never mentally infirm. To welcome and entertain strangers with kindness, provide for their wants, surround them with comforts and make them feel at home, are qualities of head and heart, designating a nobility which empty titles can neither adorn nor dignify.

It is on record, in many forms of expression, that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was fortunate in selecting Philadelphia as the place for holding its Convention, but those expressions have related more particularly to facts and circumstances which did not necessarily involve the question of hospitality, and in selecting Philadelphia as the place for holding the Convention, hospitality was not the influencing consideration. The great body of the Brotherhood were strangers to Philadelphia. In a general way the members of the Brotherhood were familiar with the history of the city founded by Penn. They knew it was populous and wealthy. They knew it was the seat of commerce and of industries. They knew it was the center of great railroad systems, and the Brotherhood desired to go to Philadelphia that it might correct errors of impressions and judgment relating to its principles and purposes. The delegates found Philadelphia great in population, business and resources—larger than they expected, and they found it to be in fact,

as well as in title, the "City of Brotherly Love." The welcome extended by the Governor, the Mayor, Senator, Editor, and Merchant, was an expression of hospitality, so generous, opulent, warm, and satisfying, as to demand for its faithful portrayal unusual drafts upon the resources of eulogy.

The Brotherhood, it should be said in this connection, was fortunate in having in Philadelphia two Lodges of Locomotive Firemen—"United, No. 60," and "Enterprise, No. 75," whose members fully comprehended the requirements of the occasion, and who, with a zeal born of fidelity to all things calculated to achieve success, left nothing undone which could promote the comfort and happiness of their fellow-firemen. The praise of these Lodges for the energy and taste displayed by those charged with the responsibility of making arrangements, was universal, outspoken and continuous, and the kind words spoken to the delegates by the most distinguished men of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, told how generously the people responded to the requests of the local Firemen who had the affairs of the Brotherhood in their hands. At the hotels, in places of business and pleasure, everywhere, Philadelphia was grand. It is a city of homes, of thrift and of boundless possibilities, and withal, of such generous hospitality, of such kindness and consideration for the welfare of strangers that the recollections of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, will be of the most pleasurable character while

they linger in the memories of those who were permitted to be numbered among those who attended the Convention.

OUR GRAND MASTER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

The annual address of the Grand Master of our Brotherhood is always looked forward to with interest, not only by the delegates to the annual convention but by the entire membership. The annual address of the Grand Master of our Brotherhood is entitled to the consideration accorded to the message of the Governor of a State. He is the Chief Executive of the Brotherhood, and hence his official utterances are entitled to and receive special consideration.

The address of the Grand Master at Philadelphia, which appears in full elsewhere in the Magazine, was, we think, specially well-timed and felicitous. His reference to Philadelphia as the home of working men was eminently appropriate, as were also his allusions to the sacred historical associations which must forever make the city dear to Americans, and to all men who love liberty. The Grand Master, as it will be seen, by reading his address, alluded to the wonderful growth of the Brotherhood. It is not required that we should reproduce here, the statistics furnished by him showing the growth of our Brotherhood since 1874, but the figures given demonstrate that it has been phenomenal, notwithstanding the embarrassments which environed it during the years 1878-79, which were years of anxiety. They were years which tested the cohesive

power of the Brotherhood—its faith in itself and in the principles upon which it had been founded. Results justified the most sanguine expectations, and from 1880 to 1885 the star of the Brotherhood has steadily ascended toward the zenith. In twelve years, or rather, in eleven years the Brotherhood has grown from ONE Lodge, with twelve members, to TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY LODGES, with FIFTEEN THOUSAND MEMBERS. Such statements are eloquent of success. Exaggeration is not required to arrest attention. But growth in lodges and membership, however gratifying it may be, is not the crowning glory of the Brotherhood. The Grand Master, referring to the benevolent features of the Order, put upon record the fact that during the past twelve years it has paid out the enormous sum of \$315,764 to those who had claims upon its beneficiary fund—an average of \$26,313 annually. Such facts are cheering, elevating and ennobling. They speak great, grand words for the head and the heart of the Brotherhood and they cannot fail of having a salutary influence upon the membership, and are well calculated to win the applause of all right-thinking men.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

An old farm house, with pastures wide,
Sweet with flowers on every side :
A restless lad who looks from out
The porch, with woodbine twined about,
Wishes a thought from in his heart :
" Oh, if I only could depart
From this dull place the world to see !
Oh me ! how happy I would be ! "

Amid the city's ceaseless din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng
Is thinking, wishing all day long :
" Oh, could I tread once more
The field path to the farm-house door :
The old green meadows could I see,
Ah, me ! how happy would I be ! "

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

INCOMPETENCY.

If one were to sum up in a single word the reason for so many failures among women, it would probably be *incompetency*. It may be branded upon the work of the majority of women. They are industrious and hard-working, but somehow, they seem never to reach the point of expert or skilled labor. For a number of years I have served on various committees at the fairs, and although I have been amazed at the amount of woman's work, I have been surprised at the mediocrity. Of all the bread, rolls, cakes, pies, etc., displayed, there was none that was really first-class. The canned fruit was very poor, as also were the pickles. The butter and the jellies were excellent. I think, perhaps, the best cooks do not care to take their work to the fairs for public criticism. I know a great many ladies whose cooking is almost perfection and I always wish it might be displayed, simply for the credit it would be to woman's skill. But the very fact that so many poor cooks offer the fruits of their labor for a premium shows how low is the standard of excellence. Thousands of women go through life spoiling good materials and raising a family of dyspeptics, because they are such miserable cooks, and do not know or do not care enough to improve themselves. It is a married woman's business to know how to cook and to keep house properly, and she deserves the severest censure if she does not make every effort to perfect herself.

The same criticism might be made upon the department of fine arts. There were loads of work of every description—painting, drawing, embroidery, crocheting, machine and hand sewing, darning, etc. A few pieces of each were first-class, the majority was second-rate. I happened to know in this instance, also, that the ladies who do the finest work could not be induced to put it on display. I wish they could, if only to show that the sex is capable of something besides mediocrity. It is a pleasure to see so many evidences of the industry of women but it is a regret to observe that most of them do not rise above the commonplace.

The same may be said of women in the trades and professions. They may be found in every capacity, but nearly always occupying subordinate positions. There are many women telegraph operators but none train dispatchers. They are in almost every department of rail-

road service, but seldom rise higher than a clerkship. You find them in all the dry goods stores, but not in the highest departments. One of the oldest merchants in the city said to me a short time ago, "I like girls very much as saleswomen, but I have made up my mind that they cannot advance beyond a certain point. They learn the minor details of the business, but do not seem to care to go beyond. I have never found one whom I could put into the fine dress goods department."

In a conversation with the proprietor of the largest publishing house in the city, and himself a practical business man, he said, "I employ a number of girls, and like their work in certain departments, but they will never make first-class printers. The trade of setting type can be learned in three months, all the rest is application, and the girls haven't got it. As a general thing they marry about the time they become expert, or if they don't they are continually expecting to, and they have no particular ambition to do more than make a living." "Now," he continued, "a few days ago one of my girls made a blunder which cost me considerable money. I said to her, 'If you expect to learn this business and keep your place you must not let this happen again.' 'I don't care anything about keeping the place,' she replied. 'I am going to be married in two weeks.' So I never make any effort to advance the girls beyond the rudiments."

Last week one of our insurance firms received a letter from a young lady begging for a situation as copyist and telling her destitute condition. Her letter was written so badly it could hardly be deciphered and as the office was not a charity institution she did not get the place. Another young lady had been besieging an influential gentleman to get her a position as stenographer. He finally secured her one at \$75 per month and chance for promotion. At the end of a week she was dismissed as utterly incompetent to fill the place.

It may be said that incompetency is the great drawback among men as well as women, and so it is to a considerable degree. One reason why so many men are poor is because so many are incompetent, but this trouble is not so universal among men. In every large town you find good tailors but you do not find good dress-makers, you find good shoemakers but you do not find good milliners. If a man advertises for a skilled carpenter, or tinner or blacksmith he has no difficulty in getting one; if a woman advertises for a skilled seamstress or cook she is generally unsuccessful. Nowhere in the whole

range of feminine occupations is there such conspicuous incompetency as in servants. Ladies to whom the wages they pay is no object are utterly unable to obtain a servant who thoroughly understands washing, ironing, cooking and housework. And yet I have no doubt if men should take up this kind of employment they would soon become expert, command the highest wages and remain in one place for years.

There are many reasons for this inefficiency on the part of women and it is comforting to know that want of ability is not one of them. It is not because women cannot but because they will not. The principal reason why they do not attain the highest proficiency is because they expect to marry and retire from business. Another reason is that they have home cares and duties which absorb much of their time, strength and thought, so that they only give their employer a divided interest. Another is that all these occupations are comparatively new and strange. They are not accustomed to this life so different from the domestic routine that for centuries has been considered woman's sphere. They cannot understand the new state of affairs. Women, as a class, are making more real progress to-day than men are making. They have need of it for they were further behind in the race. They do not yet quite realize their privileges or make the most of their advantages. They receive a great many favors now simply because they are women. In the future they will have to stand upon their merits. Meanwhile, it is the heart's desire of every woman who is interested in the welfare of her sex that they will show themselves still more worthy of the rights they have obtained, that they will lay aside frivolous things, apply themselves diligently, show the world what they are capable of doing, and never be satisfied until their work is ranked among the very best.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

Some say Sheol is a magnificent dry goods store crowded with women who have no money.

Nine hundred and fifty-five farms in Iowa are owned by women. The rest of the Iowa farms are only bossed by women.

A woman made the first orange box used in California, and she now runs a factory which turns out 50,000 of them a year.

Lord Coleridge denies that he has any intention of retiring from the bench. He and his wife live very happily together, although politically of opposite views. The Chief Justice is a tory and the lady a home ruler.

Leona Call is the name of a talented young Iowa lady who has filled a Greek professorship in the Iowa State University so acceptably since her father's death that it is likely that she will be elected his successor.

Women, proud of the success of women, will be glad to know that an organized company of women (the Hedgerow Vineyard Company) in Fresno county, California, make the best raisins in the State, and command the highest price for them. It is only by eternal vigilance that they have brought about this result.

Lady Dufferin has formed in India a National Association for supplying "female medical aid"—i. e., women doctors—to attend the wives of natives in sickness. Hitherto these women have been deprived of skilled medical attendance, no European man being allowed to approach them.

Mrs. Mary Safford, of Detroit, Mich., gains a comfortable income by making and selling mince pies and English plum-pudding, the real old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers made. The pudding, put up in three and six-pound packages, will keep for months in good condition, and commands a ready market, not only in Detroit, but in many Eastern cities.

The managers of the Yamhill County Fair, Oregon, have made women superintendents of the dairy, woollen manufactures, household products, flowers, natural history, mining products, and art departments of the exhibition to be held at McMinnville in September. All the ladies selected are active woman suffragists.

An enterprising French woman has opened in Paris a school of instruction in housekeeping. She proposes to teach young women how to conduct household affairs, select servants, purchase food, cook, and so on. This is eminently a practical and praiseworthy object, and it is to be hoped that it will be successful.

No women ought to marry who cannot look well to the ways of her household. In case she may not herself be required to work, she ought to be able to see whether the work is done in a proper manner. A woman is out of her element unless she is acquainted to a certain extent with science of bake-ology, boil-ology, stitch-ology, make-ology and mend-ology. There never was a greater blunder than to substitute good looks for good qualities.

The Philadelphia Press tearfully urges the authorities for Bryn Mawr, the new college for the higher education of women, to establish a department in which girls can qualify themselves for becoming wives and mothers. If Bryn Mawr, or any other institution of learning, will undertake to show women how to become wives it will be the most popular school in the country. All the girls will go to it. Higher education of this sort is what they are pluing for.

When a detachment of the Salvation Army knelt upon a Londoner's door-step the other day and prayed loudly for his conversion, that outraged citizen poured hot water on them from an upper window. When a delegation of Maine women who were seeking to save a murderess from hanging fell upon their knees before the Governor and State officers and prayed at them vigorously and volubly, the unfortunate gentlemen, having no water at hand, were forced to sit quietly in their chair and suffer the infliction. This is not altogether a free country.

I think that it is true that but few ladies in the departments marry, and the reason for it, in my opinion, is that they have acquired an independence, and that they don't care about relinquishing it. Of course, if an opportunity should be presented of making a brilliant marriage and acquiring social position and wealth, I think that in a majority of cases the ladies would accept it. But when a woman is earning her own living, and has an income which she can use as she pleases, an average marriage does not present the inducements that it does to a woman who is differently situated. Besides, such a woman's ideas are more practical, and her appreciation of the size of a dollar in every day life does not need the experience of marriage on a small income.

WASHINGTON, IND., Sept 5, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I again take the pleasure of writing to our Magazine. In the first place I must mention a remark that a dear old friend made lately, it was this: "Mrs. Jones do you notice what a beautifully interesting book our Magazine is getting to be?" My friend will be surprised to see his remark in print, but it is quite as true as he said; but the whole age is progressing, as I will prove to you dear readers.—At least the part of the age where I reside. So much has been said, and so many receipts given about cooking lately, but last week's experience almost convinces me that if every city will progress as rapidly as ours does, why, we will very soon do without stoves or cooking, but I'll tell my experience right out in meetin'. One fine afternoon I had laid myself down for a nap, or as better educated folks would say, *siesta*. I had lost a great deal of rest lately on account of sickness (gentle reader, did you ever lie down in daytime for a comfortable nap and succeed? If I ever feel real drowsy, I can rest assured within five minutes I will have a house full of visitors,) on this particular afternoon I had laid down about three seconds, when rap, rap, came thumping at the front door. Leaving daughter Annie to answer, I tried to sleep, but in vain; it was buz, buz, buz, outside, and a quiet reply from Annie. At last I caught some word about cooking; thinks I it must be some good brother or sister who has heard of my miserable poor knowledge of the culinary business and come to advise me, (let me here remark, Mr. J. had been snoring for fully two hours previous,) so not willing to miss the ghost of a chance, up I flew, much to Annie's chagrin, who, knowing how much I needed rest had been tempted to break a commandment. The first object that my eye rested on I shall never forget, there stood a dapper looking man about four foot nothing high, in snowy white pants, very patchy, and a rusty looking coat very holy, and in his hand a very large straw hat, well, about the size of a family umbrella, at sight of me he commenced bowing and scraping and saying he was very glad I had returned in time to see him, (and Annie's face getting very red she sneaked away) and after about three dozen bows, he stated the object of his visit, while I mentally wondered if it was one of the B. of L. F's., and if so which, he said the ladies, God bless them, were often at their wit's end what to get as a change for Sunday's dinner, so he had struck an idea; (oh, how I wish the idea had struck him,) he was going to bring around every Saturday, something so nice, something that I could remember as being cooked by my grandmother many, many years ago—so long ago, I am sure he intended saying mother,—the wretch! and it was hominy. Now dear reader, pardon me, I was brought up in Wales, and if my dear, good natured old granny could have heard this man slandering her in this manner, I am sure she would have strangled him; why, the dear soul knew no more about hominy than I

do, and that is *nothing*, anyway he said he would bring it around cooked so nice, and we could just warm it over for Sunday's dinner; and all this for fifteen cents a quart, of course I listened, but had I been ever so anxious to answer, he gave me no chance, but what could I say about something I knew nothing about, besides I was getting very nervous for I could hear hubby cough—always a sign of bad humor, while I was puzzling how to get rid of him politely, out bounced hubby, his face as red as a beet; one look withered my little cook and he vanished like air, (as I really thought he was, too,) while hubby said it was too bad he could not sleep one minute, for me and that crank. I told him to hush, he was going to bring around our dinner for Sunday, ready cooked, this only drove hubby worse, and daring me to even look at anything that little whipper snapper cooked, he fell asleep again. I was wide awake enough now, but I wondered and wondered what hominy was. After hunting up Annie, we held a consultation and concluded it must be sago pudding with white wine, this was Annie's idea of something very nice, but we also came to the conclusion we would (for reasons known best to ourselves,) fall in with hubby's views of this something very nice, so the matter was soon dismissed out of our thoughts, cook and all—this was on Wednesday. On Saturday just as I was seated for dinner, here was rap, rap rap again at the front door, which I answered myself; lo, and behold, there stood our cook, and outside a covered wagon. He very politely told me to hand out my quart dish, in vain I protested I had not ordered any, for he solemnly swore I had, and said if Mrs. Jones would shake his confidence, why, he never would have faith in any lady again, never. While I thought if the poor fellow has really invested fifteen cent's worth of confidence in me, I will not bankrupt him even if I must eat the stuff. In truth I expected hubby in every moment, and would willingly have given him a dollar had I possessed one, to get rid of him; but now comes my greatest trouble. I have a large dishful (my cook wasn't stingy) that looks like horse-corn and tastes like half-cooked mush, salt must have been a scarce article in his kitchen. Annie would not let me set the thing on the table, so I held it on my lap. If this is what any body's grandmother cooked, I thank fate I was not around to eat of their dishes. I offered some to our pet New Foundland, but he looked up at me as much as to say, what ails you? I offered some to a tramp who said he was awful hungry, but he wasn't a pig. Now what shall I do, and suppose the fellow comes around with meat, potatoes, etc., and insists that I ordered them, but Annie says the man is right, it has been left over from some very ancient granny's cooking by the looks of it; although I did try a spoonful myself, I don't believe in giving away what I cannot eat, especially as I have very grave doubt of any one taking it. I do not like to throw fifteen cents away, and I am in mortal fear of hubby stumbling on to it accidentally. Oh, this age has progressed too rapidly for me by fifteen

cents worth. Friend Sprague, how is this for our grandmother's cooking? I expect some visitors next month, so I believe I will save it to see if any of them will recognize their granny's cooking. Some of my readers may think I am exaggerating, but every word is gospel truth,—more's the pity, and the thing is in the safe to bear witness; It looks awful white and lonesome. The idea of the man insisting I ordered it is killing me. I shall take care my dog is tied inside the gate every Saturday in future.

MRS. H. B. JONES.

EXPELLED FOR NON-PAYMENT.

To Woman's Department:

Do the brothers realize how often the above sentence, coupled with a former brother's name is represented every month in the Magazine. Why is it so? Do the members ever try to remember for what they entered the Order?

Those are three pertinent questions, some may think them impertinent, but I think those heartily interested in the matter would like to have them answered. Surely if any fireman deem it a privilege and duty to enter as a member such an organization, he is in duty bound to keep up his dues and remain in it unless he has good and worthy reasons for withdrawing. If so, by all means withdraw in an orderly manner by card, but do not suffer expulsion for a thing so small in itself as non-payment of dues. I believe one word more would explain the reason for the necessity of expulsion in half the cases, and that is *carelessness*. It is so easy for one to neglect a little duty, and if neglected for any length of time it as easily passes from the mind altogether. Those who enter the Order from worthy motives can not afford to be expelled, even if they entertain no higher sentiments than those arising from the knowledge of the benefits they or their families will derive as a consequence of their good standing.

While those, if there are any, who enter selfishly, with an eye only to the benefits to be derived, would show great lack of policy in neglecting to cancel their obligations in due time. I know from what I hear and read of the Brotherhood, that it is gaining ground rapidly in each and every state. And who will not rejoice to know that each new Lodge not only is prepared to relieve so many more widows and orphans when the necessity presents itself, but that the Firemen all over the land are so manfully determined to honor their calling by joining hearts and hands under the banner of Sobriety, Benevolence and Industry. It is quite natural for one interested in the cause to grow enthusiastic over the progress made in the last few years, but what a damper the Black List, which is published each month, casts on one's enthusiasm. Let us hope the said list will become shorter and shorter, till the readers of the Fireman's Magazine will have forgotten there was such a thing to be found on its fair pages.

MRS. L. H.

CHICAGO, ILL.

VINCENNES, IND., September 10, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have for some time been a reader of the Magazine, and through its columns have learned to appreciate at their true worth the aims and objects of the B. of L. F., and also to respect and honor the sterling worth and true manhood of the members. I have seen letters from many Lodges, but have failed to see the Old Post represented, and have been surprised that the members and their wives manifest so little interest in the home Lodge, but suppose they allow their backwardness to crush their good intentions. Through the kindness of an officer, I learn that Lodge 17 is in a very prosperous condition, new members being enrolled at each meeting, but sorry to say some of the boys set a poor example to the new members by finding outside amusements more attractive than the Lodge room. There is a general feeling of regret among the friends of Mr. Cripps at his retirement from public office.

Hoping my first effort may not be consigned to the waste basket, I will close by wishing prosperity to the Brotherhood in all its noble undertakings and a God speed to all members on their perilous journey through life.

AGNES.

For Woman's Department:

WAITING FOR THEE.

Oh, brother hasten home again,
We are waiting here for thee,
Thy absence fills our hearts with pain—
Then come, and welcome be;
'Tis many years since last we met—
Our father's died since then,
And mother, too, is falling fast;
Oh! brother, come again.

Our sister dear has passed away,
She sleeps where willows wave—
Where summer flowers so sweetly bloom
Above her lonely grave;
And brother, dear, she longed to see
And have you by her side—
Though years have passed, I'll ne'er forget
The day when sister died.

Then brother hasten home again,
From that far-off sunny land,
We will welcome thee at the dear old homestead.
And to our broken household band;
And as the years they come and go,
How pleasant it will be
To have you once again with us—
Home greetings wait for thee.

—Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

For Woman's Department:

IN MEMORIAM.

She sleeps within the cold, cold ground,
The dark, blue skies above her—
She was too fair and frail for earth—
None knew her but to love her.

Her sweet fair form has faded now,
Her cheeks have lost their roses;
Her guileless soul so free from sin,
In heaven now reposes.

I stood beside her bed of death,
Bowed down with deepest sorrow—
I knew she would be lost to us
Upon the coming morrow.

From her pure lips the loving smile
Could not by death be driven,
And with a hope of future bliss,
She passed from earth to heaven.

—Katie H. Dolan

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen met at Philadelphia, Monday morning, September 21st, pursuant to adjournment. The Committees of Arrangement were on hand to receive the delegates and visitors and assign them to their respective hotels. The arrangements were perfect in all their details, and although the attendance was immensely large, not the slightest confusion was experienced, either in the reception of the delegation or in carrying out the well-prepared programme of exercises. Everything connected with the opening exercises passed off pleasantly and to the entire satisfaction of all interested. Great credit is due the Philadelphia and surrounding sister Lodges for the very able manner in which all the arrangements were perfected and for the brilliant success that crowned the opening of our Twelfth Annual Convention. The following report is taken from the Philadelphia Times, of Tuesday, September 22d:

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America assembled in this city yesterday. At a few minutes before 10 o'clock in the morning the delegates and a portion of the visiting members of the Brotherhood joined in a street parade preliminary to the conventional proceedings. Something like three hundred brown-faced, strong-armed men participated in the parade and made a handsome showing. The arrangements had been made by United Lodge, No. 60, and Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, of this city, and were so perfect that not the slightest untoward accident occurred to mar the success of the exercises. The committee to whom was delegated the reception and entertainment of the Brotherhood was composed of H. Walton, F. Dupell, C. Taylor, J. L. Bodey, Joseph Shepherd and E. H. Knowles. Mr. Knowles acted as marshal of the procession and was ably seconded by the following aids: A. Goff, Joseph Fetters, Joseph Shep-

herd, Joseph Maxheimer, Oscar Noll, George Knowles, Joseph Gibbs, George Green and Charles Murray.

At Broad and Chesnut streets, where the bodies assembled, the converging thoroughfares were packed with people. Respect for the men in line was pictured on every face and frequent remarks of admiration at the brawny specimens of manhood were uttered. The great pushing, traveling public evinced unconsciously the respect and gratitude they felt for men who hourly undergo peril and risk their lives in the transportation of the millions of migratory members of a great commercial country.

There was no tawdry show, no blazonry, no advertising of merit about the parade, but merely a consistent exhibition of holiday observance and the display of a few emblems. The men were plainly dressed in dark clothes, with the single decoration of a red, gold-fringed badge. In advance marched a guard of honor, composed of citizens and members of local Lodges, followed by a squad of police and platoons of delegates. A brass band filled the gap between the first section and two more platoons bearing banners of the order. Carriages containing the Grand officers of the Brotherhood and the speakers of the day came next, followed by more members of the order, the general committee and the delegates. A rear guard of honor from local Lodges closed the procession. The march was made in good order down Chestnut street to Fifth, thence to Market street, to Tenth, down Tenth to Chestnut and into the Chestnut Street Opera House.

It was eleven o'clock by this time and the delegates immediately seated themselves in the parquet and orchestra circle seats. There were about two hundred and seventy-five delegates. The rest of the lower portion of the house was occupied by members of the Order not delegates and a large number of ladies. The balcony circle was also crowded with visitors, many of whom were ladies. On the stage were seated the grand officers, Joseph Shepherd and E. G. Knowles, of

the local committee, and several gentlemen prominent in Philadelphia. Among these were Governor Pattison, Mayor William B. Smith, William E. Lockwood, John Wanamaker, A. K. McClure, Colonel A. Loudon Snowden, F. B. Hughes, Colonel J. B. Maynard, of Indianapolis, W. Ellwood Rowan, Rev. E. G. Rakestraw, J. L. Bodey and about twenty ladies.

About this distinguished company was built a pretty scene of tropical plants and flowers. Scenery of the theatre had been pressed into service to represent a palace, and the beauty of the natural was blended handsomely with the rich colors and ornate work of the artificial. Immediately above the orchestra fronting the great audience was an elaborate and handsome piece of workmanship, consisting of a gilded pick and shovel, representing the monogram of the Order and acting as the support of a locomotive headlight. Cut flowers and evergreens garlanded this, completing an admirable display of taste and ingenuity. At the rear was hung the banner of the Order in red silk, with gilt letters bearing the inscription: "Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Philadelphia, September 21, 1885."

The Brotherhood embraces among its members firemen on all the railroads in the United States and Canada. It met in Toronto, Canada, last year and is rapidly increasing its membership there. It has become in twelve years since its inception a powerful organization of nearly fifteen thousand men, whose work is identical. Its primal objects are benevolence and the exaltation of labor.

COLONEL A. LOUDON SNOWDEN.

The orchestra struck up the overture, "Primrose," and Mr. J. L. Bodey pleasantly introduced Colonel A. Loudon Snowden as chairman of the meeting. Colonel Snowden called the meeting to order and said:

In accepting your polite invitation to preside on this interesting occasion, permit me to say that I do so with peculiar pleasure, as I am in hearty sympathy

with the laudable purposes of your organization as set forth in your constitution and illustrated in the benevolent work you have been carrying forward for several years. The work you have undertaken is not confined by State or national boundaries, but embraces in its operations all kindred workers with you on the great iron and steel highways of the continent. Perhaps the sharpest contrast between ancient and modern civilization is presented in the life of your Brotherhood and the thousand other kindred charitable organizations that now exist throughout the world. Indeed, if there be one feature in our civilization more marked than any other it is the widespread and constantly increasing spirit of benevolence."

Colonel Snowden devoted some time to speaking of charity and the co-operation of labor and concerning the latter said: "In our times the spirit of co-operation is constantly manifesting itself in the establishment of societies, in our own and other countries, having for their object the protection of the toilers in the world's workshops. Where these organizations are conducted in the interest of labor, for its just and adequate remuneration and elevation, they are entitled to sympathy and support. Under our republican form of government they should be absolutely free from all political entanglements or partisan control and at no time should they be permitted to become engines of political power in the hands of selfish and designing men. Human labor, whether of the brain or muscle, is at the foundation of all prosperity in national life and that is the wisest statesmanship which does most to protect and foster its interests. He eulogized the objects of the Order and when he had closed the convention was opened formally.

REV. E. G. RAKESTRAW.

When Colonel Snowden had resumed his seat, the Rev. E. G. Rakestraw said prayer, after which Governor Pattison was introduced.

GOVERNOR PATTISON.

The Governor began: "Mr. Chairman and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America, I extend in the name of Pennsylvania a cordial welcome within her borders, and I am sure in welcoming you I reflect the opinions of the whole people of the State. She has always had the greatest interest in just such organizations as this. Since

Franklin walked into Pennsylvania from New England, and Asa Packard followed him, she has earnestly watched progress and considered the development of forces the greatest factor in the march of civilization. You are assembled here to-day to illustrate in your profession the greatest development of force and the greatest achievement of mind over matter." The Governor cordially hoped that the stay of the visitors in the city and State would be pleasant.

MAYOR SMITH.

Mayor Smith then welcomed the Brotherhood on behalf of the city. He referred pleasantly and gallantly to the ladies present, and said the firemen hardly needed a welcome, numerous and powerful as they were. Every city in the country would gladly welcome them. They would be welcome in Philadelphia as long as they cared to stay, and he felt sure they would regret to leave the City of Brotherly Love. He extended an invitation to them to visit all the public institutions and places of interest in the city.

COLONEL J. B. MAYNARD.

Colonel J. B. Maynard, of Indianapolis, was introduced, and was greeted with cheers, as an old friend of the Order. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: For the fifth time I am in the presence of the representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America in the capacity of a speaker. I esteem the invitation as a high compliment. It bears testimony to confidence unshaken, to friendship without variableness or shadow of turning.

It is always a pleasant task to pay just tribute to merit, and having been familiar with the history of this Brotherhood for eight years past, I recall with glowing satisfaction the time when in the face of surroundings, which were well calculated to produce despondency, a spirit of self-reliance was evoked, and that faith which is the substance of things hoped for inspired effort to overcome difficulties and achieve success.

It lifted its possessors to highlands of vision. It mapped out the pathways of progress and triumph. It dispelled despondency. It fringed and lined the darkest clouds with silver and gold. It grasped the eternal truth that sobriety,

industry and fidelity to obligation would achieve success in the world's broad field of battle. At once the mountains shrunk to molehills, the chasms were bridged, the crooked places were made straight, the rough places smooth, the track was cleared and the Brotherhood train moved onward and upward.

Mr. President, the success of the Brotherhood warrants extreme congratulatory expressions. After twelve years of struggle, you are here in the city of Penn and of Franklin, representing 15,000 Locomotive Firemen, delegates from 285 Lodges whose watch fires blaze from the center to the circumference of the continent. I congratulate you, Mr. President, upon your choice of Philadelphia as the place for holding your Twelfth Annual Convention.

I need not recite the glorious memories which cluster around this, to America, ancient metropolis. They are familiar to you all. They are known throughout the civilized world. They are worthy of the sublimest efforts of genius. Here oratory may find themes worthy of its grandest exhibitions. Here rhetoric may mass all its figures of speech, and eloquence may, with a freedom of fancy which will pass unchallenged for propriety in all circles, weave its choicest garlands in honor of historic deeds which revolutionized the world's theories of government.

But I am not here to eulogize Philadelphia. I pretend to no special information relating to its citizens or its institutions, but I imagine that to the wonderful career of Benjamin Franklin the city of Philadelphia is indebted for much that gives it pre-eminence as a desirable residence for men dependent upon their labor and skill for support.

From the day that Franklin, a poor, homeless and friendless youth, became a resident of Philadelphia, the city has been a healthful place for men who were capable of appreciating the example of one who, practicing in obscurity, sobriety and industry, rose steadily and grandly from poverty to affluence, and from seclusion to the summit of fame. A city where the bones of Benjamin Franklin repose must forever be a Mecca to which workingmen of noble ambitions will desire to make pilgrimage. Franklin, the printer boy, with a loaf of bread under his arm, self-reliant and ready to work, is a picture of courage and fortitude which despondent men may contemplate with profit, and with equal advantage they may watch the youth animated with high resolves with steady step climb to dizzy altitudes of fortune and expand to such majestic proportions as statesman and

philosopher that his fame brightens with the flight of years.

The student of history is able to define certain epochs characterized by events marking the advancement or the retrogression of nations ever luminous with triumphs or darkened by defeats. I need not catalogue them, but the verdict is that the present is an age in all regards more fruitful of victories in the interest of right and justice than distinguishes any other period within the entire realm of authentic history. It would be a task to enumerate the distinguishing peculiarities, the marked features of the nineteenth century. In the science of government great revolutions are in progress, ancient landmarks are disappearing. The prerogatives of rulers are being surrendered, while the privileges of the masses are increasing in number and power. The announcement made in this city in 1776, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," has taken deep root in the minds of civilized men everywhere, and its influence is producing results which pre-eminently distinguish the age.

The triumphs of science in every field of investigation constitute another distinguishing feature of the age in which we live. Guess work is no longer tolerated. Visionaries are ordered to the rear. Whimsical men, crack-brained vagarists, may be tolerated in the back townships, in the dark wards, in out-of-the-way places, far removed from the lines of travel, beyond the reach of the wires and the printing press, where the thunder of the lightning train is not heard, but they are powerless elsewhere. The age is practical, utilitarian—investigating. The sooth sayers and astralogs find their occupation gone. There is now no monopoly of prophecy. Conjecture is overwhelmed with confusion in the presence of established facts, and minds of the grandest sweep are awe struck while contemplating their own sublime achievements, but still tireless in their flights and indefatigable in their investigations they laugh at impossibilities and daily astonish the world by the splendor of their triumphs.

A distinguishing feature of the age is the rapid accumulation of wealth. The figures rise from units to billions, until the sum total bewilders the mind by its vastness. As a consequence, we hear much, not too much, I apprehend, of the growth of the money power. It is thought to be in some circles an alarming growth—portending calamities compared with which the fire storm which beat Sodom

to the bottom of the Dead Sea scarcely supplies a parallel.

It is not wise to be prematurely alarmed. To become demoralized in the presence of an enemy is not characteristic of good soldiers. I am not apprehensive that the time is near at hand when the millionaires of the East, the bonanza kings of the Pacific Slope, the cattle kings of the plains, or the food cornerers of the West are to walk away with this country in their breeches pockets.

For one I have abounding faith in the reconstructing and correcting wisdom and power of the people. I know, it is said, that human nature is the same everywhere, in all climes and in all times. I shall not stop to controvert the general proposition, but I assume that while the human nature of the savage in matters of life, simply considered birth and death, eating and drinking, is like that of the most civilized, it is, after all, in its manifestations a widely different human nature. It is the difference between the human being ignorant, superstitious, degraded and enslaved, and a human being civilized, educated, enlightened and free, a human being clothed with the majesty of citizenship, possessing the power to make and unmake laws and rulers.

We are invited, in moments of baseness, to contemplate Rome in the days of her greatest power, and then view her an abject thing, inviting the sneers of the world; and we are told that even now America is going the way of Rome, and it is hinted that possibly the child is born, some second Gibbon, who will write the decline and fall of the Great American Republic. Those who are solicitous upon the subject will doubtless ask where the Goths and Vandals are to come from. Lo, the poor Indian, cannot possibly play Goth or Vandal. The Mexicans will not undertake the task, and Europe could hardly expect to obtain an unfriendly foothold upon our shores. China might fill the land with her mite-eating vermin if she were in closer proximity and workmen were to engage Rip Van Winkle slumbers. Consulting possibilities, I fail in the discovery of such forces as subdued Rome, provided the people were sufficiently debased to invite subjection.

But we are told that it is the money power that is ultimately to overthrow the liberties of the people, reduce the masses to slavery, create imperial dynasties, build palaces and thrones, manufacture crowns and scepters, and then invite decay, and when doubts take the shape of inquiries, and the when and how the when and the wherefore are demanded, we are asked to make a note of the pranks

money kings, and, as if that were not enough to ripple the face of the continent with derisive laughter, tickle the stars and make the man in the moon disturb the serenity of the spheres with his rude guffaws, we are asked to note the fact that in New York the money power has made such conquering headway that aristocratic mothers prefer, when they ride in Central Park, to show their lap-dogs rather than their babies to the public. Infer, therefore, that the few millionaires are to corrupt the people, that Americans are to spawn the Goths and Vandals who are to take control. It is scarcely worth while to pursue the subject further. The theme is worthy only of cranks.

Standing here on the Atlantic Slope of the Alleghanies and unfolding the map of the continent, what bewildering visions of opulence invite the gaze of men. When all the arable acres are under scientific cultivation, who shall estimate their food products? When all the store houses of minerals shall have been unbarred, who shall estimate the value of their treasures? In the presence of such abundance, is it reasonable that workmen will go hungry or naked, or that they shall want comfortable shelter and be denied? Is it supposable that the few are to so wield the money power that millions of workmen will, as in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, fall down at their decree and worship the golden image they may set up? Such a condition of things is only within the range of a diseased imagination.

For one, I have increasing faith in the educational institutions and influences of the age—a free press, free speech and the ballot, the school, the church, the rostrum, the shop, and the telegraph, steam and electricity, commerce, travel and the postoffice. These are benedictions vouchsafed to all.

Under such circumstances, I assume it to be wise to exercise vigilance and dismiss fears in regard to final results. This done, we may dispassionately contemplate the operations of the money power, the power of money to confer benefits on mankind.

If it be right to esteem him a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one had previously grown, what shall be said of money which increases in a far greater ratio, the miles of roads, and the number of locomotives and cars. What is to be said of money as whitens all the seas that encircle the earth with the sails of its fleets? What of money as it builds factories and forges, as canals and reclaims waste lands? What of money that equips expeditions to penetrate and explore dark continents

and place savages on the high way to civilization? In all of these operations of the money power it is in alliance with labor, and is in all regards beneficent and entitled to approval. It is many years since Sir William Jones asked, What constitutes a State? and answered—

* * * Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain."

The thought, Mr. President, brings me back to my theme—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America.

I see before me the representatives of a Brotherhood, the members of which are taught by their chosen profession to be calm and self-reliant in the presence of danger. Men asking themselves what is for the best, and diligently seeking to solve the problem. Young men in the full prime of their manhood investigating, reading and consulting to elevate themselves and thereby dignify the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, men who their duties know, men who know their rights and have the courage of convictions. I do not ask what's in a name? nor would I answer the question by reference to the aroma of the rose. I prefer to inquire what's in a motto, shibboleth, words, words inscribed upon badge and banner, and, what is better, words which embody ideas in consonance with high ambitions. I think they are tests of conviction, pregnant with meaning, important, weighty and momentous. When an organization of men proposes to march and work beneath a banner emblazoned with the motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," I think, with becoming fidelity to obligation, victories are as certain as the coming of seed time and harvest.

What is sobriety? It is more than the opposite of inebriety. It means more than temperance in the use of intoxicants. Sobriety includes the calmness of poise and the coolness of courage. It excludes the frenzy of passion and the vagaries of the enthusiast. Sobriety means that all the mental faculties are intact and ready for any emergency. And the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, by giving prominence to sobriety, challenges the admiration of all right thinking men. Sobriety is a virtue which, in the service of railroads, should everywhere be in demand, and as certain as moral laws are immutable such will eventually be the record.

What can be said of industry? Is it not the twin brother of sobriety? The sober man, as the rule, is the industrious man. Sobriety gives to all the intellectual

faculties their widest sweep and firmest grasp, and industry, following where sobriety leads, builds all the monuments on the highways of progress. Sobriety and industry elevate, dignify, instruct and build. United they constitute an invincible force. They are the planters and the reapers. All things desirable are within the possible reach of sobriety and industry—competence and affluence, character, respectability and the confidence of honorable men—and it must be, it is the law, which shall not pass unfulfilled, that sober and industrious men shall win the highest rewards in the world's broad field of battle.

Benevolence, the crowning glory of our civilization, is made possible by sobriety and industry, and, comes at last, Mr. President and Representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to baptize your victories won under your banner with ineffable joy and gladness.

Benevolence is an angel of light in darkened homes. It assuages sorrow. It silences the heart's moanings. It lifts up the head bowed down with grief. It dries the widow's tears and feeds and clothes and shelters the orphan. It blunts the sting of death and robs the grave of half its victory.

Mr. President, your battle words, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, are majestic—encouraging, conquering words. There are none better.

Mr. President, it is not among the probabilities that I shall again meet with the representatives of this noble Brotherhood in annual convention, and yet I shall not say farewell. It has been to me a source of unalloyed satisfaction to have travelled with you for eight years, during which you have advanced from the vale of despondency to the highlands of success. No pent up Utica now contracts your powers. You are capturing the continent. There is little in the way of territorial conquest in America to tempt your ambition, and until your Grand Organizer is ordered to invade lands more remote, you will find ample employment in bringing your widely extended jurisdiction into such harmony of policy and purpose as will make your Brotherhood in the future as distinguished for wisdom as it has been in the past for triumphs.

If it has been to me a source of gratification to participate in your exultations, as obstacles have been removed and the column has advanced, you may be assured that in my retirement I shall not feel less elation as I learn of your ability to solve problems calculated to promote your welfare, and when from any cause this great pleasure is denied me, then Mr.

President and delegates, then Firemen of the great Brotherhood, hail and farewell.

COL. A. K. McCCLURE.

Col. A. K. McClure, Editor of the Philadelphia Times, followed in a few words and complimented the assemblage as a remarkable gathering of intelligent, practical men. He was not such an old man, but he remembered reading an account of the first trip of a locomotive, and today immensity has been spanned by the railroad. Mr. McClure praised the institutions under which the Brotherhood of Firemen had organized and prospered, and warned them against participation in politics and strikes as a body. The dignity of labor he eulogized and referred to his own rise from a hard-working young man, impressed with the usefulness and dignity of his calling.

GRAND MASTER ARNOLD.

Grand Master Frank W. Arnold was next presented to the audience, and as he stepped forward he was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He then delivered his annual address, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In deciding to hold the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Philadelphia, it occurs to me that the convention of last year acted very wisely. It is a matter of record that this city is presently a haven for laboring men. There are more laboring men in Philadelphia who own their homes than in any other city of the Republic, and while comparisons are sometimes odious, yet it may not be improper at this time to resort to them, that I may be able to substantiate the statement that I have just made.

The census taken during the year 1890 developed the fact that there were in New York City more than 1,200,000 inhabitants. It was also estimated that there were in that same city 73,000 dwellings, making, according to the official reports, one dwelling place to every 16 inhabitants.

The same year, in the city of Philadelphia, it was officially computed that there were a few more than 847,000 of population, or nearly 360,000 less than New York City contained; yet there were 140,000 dwellings here, or 72,728 more than New York had—very nearly double as many, and according to the same official report giving one dwelling place to every 10 inhabitants.

This statement speaks volumes

praise of the laboring class residents of this beautiful city, and is the strongest evidence that can be adduced to prove that this city is a haven for laboring men.

Here, where capital is fostered, labor is also encouraged to lift its head and claim the privileges of home and fireside.

Philadelphia, it is said, was so named by William Penn, its founder, because it signified "Brotherly Love," which was one of the most distinguished features of the sect to which he belonged. He planned and settled this city in the year 1681, and the treaty which he made with the Indians, from whom he purchased the territory upon which the city now rests, was ratified in the year 1685—just two hundred years ago.

"Brotherly Love" meant something more than mere sentiment to William Penn, it was not confined within the limits of sect, but it extended to the broad and almost limitless boundaries of mankind and it stopped not at the lines of color nor of nationality.

It is, therefore, altogether appropriate that our Order, of which the very inception was "Brotherly Love," should meet in the city of "Brotherly Love."

Philadelphia, although second in size of the cities on this continent, is proudly conspicuous as first in importance in the early history of these United States.

It is a matter of historical interest that the convention which framed our national constitution met in this city, and during the last decade of the eighteenth century Philadelphia had the enviable distinction of being the capital city of the infant Republic.

Philadelphia, the city of "Brotherly Love," is pre-eminently the place in which to hold this our Twelfth Annual Convention, because I believe this to be the most important convention the Brotherhood has held, and it is a source of gratification to proclaim our continued independence from the cradle where was rocked and reared this liberty born and liberty loving nation of sixty millions of free men, who have the courage to voice the sentiment of Patrick Henry, when he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

We are not unmindful of the patriotic services rendered our country and all posterity by the heroic spirits of '76. They banished all tyranny and oppression and made this forever a "country of the people, by the people and for the people," in which all men have equal rights as citizens, not the least of which is the right of laboring men to meet in council and deliberate upon their own welfare. In the vast assemblage before me, I realize that the Brotherhood of

Locomotive Firemen has again met in annual convocation.

In reviewing cursorily the history of the Order, I am tempted to say that there is not one page of its record that we would blot out if we could.

Our policy has always been to elevate the sphere of that class of labor with which we have to do both socially and morally, as well as mentally, and I do not know that we have made the slightest deviation from our course.

Let me consume enough of your time and patience to briefly relate so much of the history of the Brotherhood as will tend to prove to you whether or not our policy and our course have been fostered from mistaken ideas.

Less than a dozen Locomotive Firemen gathered at Port Jervis, New York State, twelve years ago and organized what is to-day known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America.

The policy they adopted then is the one we are pursuing now; we have not altered it in any degree, because there has been no occasion to. It was founded upon principles of right and justice. It was their intention then, as it is ours now, to give to their employers a better class of men morally as it was and is to give to society a better class of men socially, and with what success our efforts have been rewarded I call upon the railroad managers of to-day to give testimony.

The fact of the organization being in its nature new made it experimental, and its future could not then be unveiled as now.

For several years its growth was of a slow and not decidedly encouraging nature, and it was not until the year 1880 that its success was an established fact.

During the first year of its existence there were organized 12 lodges having an aggregate membership of about 200. At the annual convention the second year, 1875, we found there were 31 lodges which had upon their rolls of membership upward of 600 names of Locomotive Firemen.

Then the year 1875 disclosed the fact that there were 53 lodges under successful organization and about 1,500 members; and in annual conclave in 1877 there were represented 78 lodges and a membership of over 3,500.

It will be remembered, possibly, that it was during this year—the year of '77—that the country was agitated from coast to coast by labor troubles, and that as railroad interests had received a severe check and remained in a comparatively unsettled condition for several years thereafter it was not a matter of general surprise that the growth of our organiza-

tion should have been retarded, and it was, in consequence thereof, in a measure at a standstill during the years of '78 and '79.

When the convention of 1880 had assembled, it was shown that during that year the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen had received an impetus, which has borne it triumphantly to the front ranks of organized labor, where it stands to-day the peer of all organizations that are banded together for protective and benevolent purposes. At this convention delegates were present from 98 lodges, who represented a membership of more than 4,500. The conventions of 1881 and 1882 showed the same steady increase in lodges and membership, and when we had met in convention in 1883 we learned that there were above 7,300 locomotive firemen enrolled on the records of the 178 lodges of our Brotherhood.

What food for reflection? What an array of facts and figures is here presented! In ten years time—during three of which, on account of the stagnation of trade and traffic, our membership did not materially increase—our records show that we had grown from a mere handful to a vast army of Locomotive Firemen. Surely our policy must have been good—our members must have been true to their obligations to have produced such astounding results.

In its sweep across the continent, the Brotherhood had achieved a gigantic victory. Who was there to gainsay our success? Who to predict our downfall?

But this is not all nor the best part of our record. When we had gathered in conclave in September, 1884, 238 delegates answered to their names, the representatives of more than 12,200 members of an organization that is destined to become the largest and leading labor society on the globe, wherein is represented but one class of labor.

These gratifying results have not in any manner been delayed or hindered during the past year or more of interrupted commerce, and in substantiation of that statement I will say that our annual reports for the fiscal year ending August 31, 1885, will show that we have 290 lodges and a total membership of 15,000 sons of brain and brawn.

These results are obtained from the pursuance of an honest policy fraught with good intentions, good principles and hard labor.

It may be regarded as pride that is pardonable if I invite your attention to the vast good that has been accomplished by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in the matter of benevolence.

This cardinal virtue is one of our prin-

cipal features, and has done more, possibly, to bring about our present substantial condition than any other. We are carrying to-day upon the life of each member of our Order the sum of \$1.50, which amount we also pay to him in case he becomes totally disabled, and in establishing the limits of total disability it is hardly necessary for me to say that we are as generous as our financial condition will permit.

Since December, 1873—the date of our organization—we have paid out of our beneficiary fund the sum of \$271,764, and to those of our members who have become totally disabled we have paid the amount of \$44,000, making a grand total of \$315,764, which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has distributed among those members of society or their heirs, who are seldom permitted to carry insurance in ordinary life insurance associations, because of exorbitant premiums and our extremely hazardous calling. The premium paid to the Brotherhood has not exceeded an average of twelve dollars per annum for each member.

There is not much encouragement in the matter of wages paid to engineers for the heavy responsibility they carry, and for which, comparatively speaking, they receive little credit.

They do not receive proper recognition for their services. Their wages are, as a rule, too small, and there is much room for complaint.

An eminent divine said recently: "We very often ride upon locomotives, and very often ask the question, as we slip around some curve or under some lot of rocks, 'How much wages do you get?' and I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility."

Do you not suppose God is going to recognize that fidelity?

The head of some railroad company going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that life than was known last night the brakeman who, on the railroad, was jammed to death amid the car-couplings.

"As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarries by the stuff."

It is a matter of profound sorrow and regret that some familiar forms that we wont to appear at our annual conventions have during the past year been laid in their last resting place; some voices that have lent their aid in legislating for the Brotherhood have been silenced forever. They have been called to obey the command of Him that ruleth the universe and who "doeth all things well." They have crossed the threshold of the Supre-

Master's Lodge above, there to do His bidding 'till time shall be no more.

Touching upon the question of sobriety—another of our cardinal virtues—we claim especial credit for a practical application of the idea that a man must keep sober in order to be industrious and to thrive. We feel that we are doing actual practical good in this direction.

"We hold in truth, with him who sings
To one dear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

While we make no boasts that by the influence of our Brotherhood we are enabled to inaugurate a complete and total abstaining from all smaller vices, yet we do insist that by virtue of our laws and principles we have in a large measure succeeded in establishing a better condition of things morally and socially, and have raised many of our members to that level in society where they are classed as sober, industrious and reliable men. We need only to direct you to railroad officials of to-day for a substantiation of that statement.

Less than a dozen years ago it was not an uncommon thing to see and hear of enginemen stepping off their engines and into a saloon, but by a strict adherence to that most important of our principles it is a noteworthy fact that that is a sight now seldom seen. We do not claim to have been solely instrumental in bringing about this condition of things, but we do claim to have contributed our full share of influence in that direction.

Regarding the growth of our organization in the South, I will say that the Brotherhood population had been, up to a little more than a year ago, principally north of the Mason and Dixon line. Not but that frequent pilgrimages had been made throughout the Southern States for the purpose of ingrafting the Brotherhood and its principles in the members of our calling, but without any marked degree of success. However, during the early part of last year we successfully established a Lodge in the State of Mississippi at Meridian, and ever since then the permanency of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in the South has been assured. We have entered, on our march across the continent, the only section of the country where our Brotherhood had been comparatively unknown, and are now more than ever prepared to proclaim and insist that we have "no North, no South, no East, no West," but a grand continental Brotherhood that has succeeded in completing its geographical chain of lodges and is moving on to newer fields and greater conquests than was ever achieved by any labor organization of a certain and distinctive class.

In concluding, I again desire to refer to the pleasure we feel in being the guests of our brethren in this beautiful city of Philadelphia, and in behalf of the members of our organization to return thanks to the distinguished citizens of this great and prosperous commonwealth for the generous reception they have tendered us upon this occasion, and to the members of the Brotherhood here assembled, I desire to say that I feel assured the deliberations of the delegates in convention will, as in the past, redound to the very best interests of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Esq.

When the applause had subsided and the band had rendered another selection, Chairman Snowden introduced John Wanamaker as one of Philadelphia's prominent citizens and a man whose name was known throughout the country as among the foremost business men of the day. Mr. Wanamaker said he was surprised to find himself called upon to speak. He had been invited to be present and was astonished on seeing the programme to recognize his name as among those who had been selected to deliver an address. He would heartily supplement, however, the cordial welcome given them by the Governor, the Mayor and the other distinguished speakers. He was proud to welcome such a body of men to Philadelphia and Philadelphia was glad to receive them. Mr. Wanamaker spoke in a chatty way and caused a good deal of laughter at his good-natured and humorous sallies. "The Mayor has invited you to his house—you will find it open all night. You are given the freedom of the city, and in walking along our streets you will find any number of places glad to take you in." They had come here for a day of rest, and after they had cooled off the hot boxes and put out the fires, Philadelphia would go to work to make them feel at home. Indeed, they came here as if they expected to feel at home, as they had brought their wives and babies. He renewed his pleasure at meeting them, and said he would be glad to shake by the hand the sturdy, honest young men who sought to ennoble their toil and assert the dignity of labor.

SENATOR B. F. HUGHES.

The next speaker was State Senator B. F. Hughes, who delivered a short but entertaining address. He referred to a little incident which had impressed him on getting off a train recently at a station. The browned faces of the engineer and fireman were opposite him at the little eating counter and their good humored chaff and appetite spoke of the easy consciences and strong hearts of the two. They were speaking about their babies and each proud father offered to stake his all on the superiority of his little toddler at home in the arms of its mother.

Letters of regret were read from President Cleveland and Ex-Governor Porter, of Indiana, who were unable to attend. This closed the public proceedings.

DINNER AT THE GIRARD HOUSE.

About forty members of the Brotherhood, several of whom were accompanied by ladies, attended a dinner at the Girard House at 4 o'clock. Among the guests were Governor Pattison, Mayor Smith, Senator Hughes, of the Eighth District, A. K. McClure, L. N. Megargee, Master Mechanic Jackson Richards, of the Reading Railroad, and his assistant, Mr. Steffy, and Colonel James M. Scovel, of Camden. Colonel A. Loudon Snowden presided at the banquet. No wine was served, the motto of the Brotherhood "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," forbidding anything of the sort.

There were no formal toasts, but when the coffee was brought on the presiding officer called upon Colonel Scovel, who replied in his happiest vein:

"I feel," he said, "like the old lady at the Methodist meeting, who said: 'It is good to be here.' I am glad to meet you, for I believe you to be a brotherhood of heroic men. Senator Ingalls once said that the three great heroes of this country were Sherman, Grant and Lincoln. He should have included the Jim Bludsoes who die around us every day with their hands on the throttles of their engines, nobly doing their duty. It requires as much heroism in a man to die in the crash of a railroad collision, doing his duty, as it does at the head of an army, amid the roar of battle. I had no idea, until I was told, that you numbered so many members, and were represented at

this convention by delegates from every State in the Union, Canada and Mexico. Although, like the Mayor, too, an offensive partisan in politics, I also practice law, and I represent a great many of your Brotherhood in the courts. Recently I had a case of a widow of a fireman who was fatally injured in a railroad accident over in New Jersey a few months ago in a collision. Before he died he was asked why he did not jump from his engine when he saw the approaching danger. 'What!' he cried, 'desert my post?' It was my duty to stick by the engine and I stuck.' That man was a hero, as grand as noble, as any Grant or Sherman.

"I like your motto and I honor you for upholding your principles at this board. Benevolence—my good mother used to tell me, was only politeness magnified. Sobriety—you have need to be sober, for the lives of thousands are placed daily in your hands. I am an abstemious man myself—when I can help it. Industry—it is the industry of the people that has made us great. I am glad to meet you and I wish you God-speed."

Mayor Smith was called upon, but excused himself from a lengthy speech on the plea that he was about due at his office, where he had an engagement to marry a couple. He extended to the members of the Brotherhood the freedom of the city, and assured them that the police had been instructed not to arrest any man who wore a red badge—the emblem of the Order.

The programme was to hold a secret session after the open meeting in the Opera House, but owing to the lateness of the hour when the initial ceremonies were concluded, it was postponed. The Convention will re-assemble at 8 o'clock this morning in Association Hall. The deliberations will be conducted with closed doors, as the business transactions will pertain exclusively to the interests of the Brotherhood.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Philadelphia Times Editorial.

The Brotherhood of the Locomotive Firemen of North America are now in session in this city, and they were welcomed yesterday morning in the crowded Chestnut Street Opera House by Colonel Snowden as presiding officer, and by Governor Pattison, Mayor Smith and prominent business men. In the evening they gave their twelfth annual ban-

quet at the Girard House, where citizen hosts and visitors mingled their eloquence with the generous feast.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen as now in regular annual session in Philadelphia represents fifteen thousand locomotive firemen who are enlisted in the organization. They have representatives from every State and Territory of the Union, from Mexico and from every section of Canada; and it is a brotherhood in fact. It has never permitted the semblance of partisan politics to enter its councils or influence its action in any degree, and it has never had a strike. It is solely a beneficial organization; it cultivates union to promote its highest aims of sobriety, industry and humanity; it is the unflinching shield of the stricken and infortunate, and it is the safe refuge of the widowed and fatherless. It is one of the few associations of the country that commands the trust and welcome of all.

In no way has the matchless progress of our country been more pointedly portrayed than it was yesterday by the representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, representing fifteen thousand members of their calling. Among them were men not yet disabled or the footboard, who remember when there was not a locomotive in the world; when steam was unknown in trade or travel, and when the telegraph was undreamed of. Now the railway strides the Rocky Mountains, binding the Eastern and Western seas in indissoluble bonds; the iron horse sings his rude song in beated Mexico, and the locomotive firemen form one of the great beneficial organizations of the continent. Truly, the world moves!

BANNER PRESENTATION.

The beautiful banner which was used in the parade at Philadelphia, now graces the Grand Lodge offices at Terre Haute. It was presented to the Grand Lodge by the Philadelphia and surrounding sister lodges to remain for all time in the Grand Lodge headquarters as a memento of the Twelfth Annual Convention. The presentation speech was ably made by Bro. A. Morehouse, of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3. The banner is a most beautiful work of art, being made of heavy silk, with gilt letters and trimmings, and surmounted with a large bronze eagle. Upon the one side it bears the inscription: "Twelfth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen,

Philadelphia, September 21, 1885." Upon the other side it is inscribed: "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of North America. Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Organized December 1, 1873, Port Jervis, N. Y." The banner was made specially for the parade, and was one of the attractive features of the day. It now poses in the Grand Lodge offices, where it bears constant testimony to the generosity of our Eastern brethren, and to the most memorable Convention in all the history of our Order.

BROTHERHOOD OF ENGINEERS.

We would be remiss in an important obligation if we failed to acknowledge our sincere thanks to the several divisions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of Philadelphia. During our stay in the City of Brotherly Love, they vied with each other to entertain us and make our visit pleasant and agreeable, and the many courtesies we received at their hands will be cherished with gratitude through all the coming years. Their hospitalities were of the most generous, and their constant attentions betokened more than an ordinary interest in our welfare, both as individuals and as an organization.

Especially to Mr. Deloss Everett, the Grand Chaplain of the B. of L. E., do we feel indebted for favors received. His address to our Convention was not only felicitous in thought and expression but contained many valuable points worthy of serious reflection and consideration. Altogether we were treated most kindly by the Brotherhood of Engineers of Philadelphia, for all of which we acknowledge our sincere thanks and the assurance of our profound gratitude.

EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY.

One of the most pleasant features of the Convention was an excursion to Atlantic City, on Saturday, Sept. 26th, gotten up by the home Lodges for the entertainment of the delegation. The day was beautiful, and the attendance very large, and a most enjoyable day was spent at the sea shore. The arrangements, like all others from the beginning to the end of the Convention, were perfect in all

their details, and the merry assemblage voiced the highest praise of the Eastern brethren for their unbounded hospitality to the visiting brethren and their families. The excursion was, in all things, a glorious success, as all will testify who were aboard and participated in the day's festivities.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following report of the Committee on Resolutions was submitted to the Convention, and unanimously adopted:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 24, 1885.

To the Grand Master, Officers and Delegates of the Twelfth Annual Convention:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS—Your Committee on Resolutions respectfully submit to your Honorable Body the following report:

WHEREAS, We have been most cordially received and entertained by the officials of the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, and also by citizens and the public generally, and

Whereas, We have received a great many courtesies at the hands of Railroad officials and employes, and many others whose names we have not the space to enumerate, therefore be it

Resolved, That we fully appreciate all favors extended us upon this occasion, and that we extend thanks as follows:

To our Distinguished Speakers: That a hearty vote of thanks be extended to the following gentlemen, viz: To His Excellency, Governor Pattison; His Honor, Mayor W. B. Smith; Col. A. Loudon Snowden, Col. A. K. McClure, Hon. F. B. Hughes, Col. J. B. Maynard, Rev. G. G. Rakestraw; His Honor, Mayor Wilson, of Harrisburg; Mr. John Wanamaker, Mr. Wm. E. Lockwood and other gentlemen who so kindly assisted in the magnificent opening exercises of our Twelfth Annual Convention, and we assure these gentlemen that the cordial welcome they extended us to their State and city, and the words of cheer and encouragement they spoke in our behalf will be remembered by us through all the years to come, and it shall always be our high purpose to so conduct ourselves as to cause them no regret for their many generous manifestations of approval and esteem.

To Railroad Officials and Employes: We return our sincere thanks to all Railroad officials and employes for the many favors shown us on our journey to and from the Convention. Their favors were of substantial benefit to us and added materially to the success of our Conven-

tion, for all of which we are profoundly grateful.

To the Committee of Arrangements: We take pleasure in acknowledging our obligations to the Reception Committee, the Philadelphia and surrounding Lodges for the very able and efficient manner in which they discharged their arduous duties. During all our stay in the City of Brotherly Love their best efforts were put forth to entertain our delegation, and neither time nor expense was spared in making us feel that we were among our friends, and we return to each and all of the Committee and their assistants our most sincere thanks and the assurance of our lasting gratitude.

To the Home Lodges: We are under many obligations to the members of the United Lodge, No. 60, and Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, and also the surrounding Lodges, for their many kindnesses to us while in Philadelphia, and we return our warmest thanks to them, each and all. We return our special thanks to the General Committee, and those of them, to their respective Lodges, for the very beautiful banner presented to the Grand Lodge.

To Rev. G. G. Rakestraw: We extend our thanks to the Rev. G. G. Rakestraw for kindly inviting us to attend a sermon at his church.

To the Managers of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, for their kind invitation to visit their extensive works; to W. F. Goundie, Esq., Superintendent of the Elevated Railway of New York, for kindly offering us a special train over the said railway; to the Manager of the Chestnut Street Opera House, for inviting us to visit the said opera house the performance of September 23d. We return our most sincere thanks.

We also return thanks to Mr. J. V. Scovel, of New Jersey, for his excellent address, at the dinner of the special guests, given at the Girard House, and to the President of the Franklin Institute, for many favors received, and also to Mr. Drinkhouse, brother of the late Samuel Drinkhouse, of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, for courtesies received at his hands.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers: We were very courteously treated by the Philadelphia Divisions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to whom we extend our warmest thanks, assuring them that their many kindnesses will be gratefully remembered.

Respectfully submitted.

JAS. SAUNDERS, }
N. S. OUTLER, } COM.
W. T. FIELD, }

Firemen's Department.

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BUFFALO, N. Y., September 6, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As I never see anything in your valuable Magazine from Buffalo Lodge No. 12, I shall try and let our sister Lodges know we still live. On September 2 Buffalo Lodge gave their annual excursion and picnic to Long Point, Lake Chautauqua. The train left the N. Y., L. E. & W. R. depot at 9:05 A. M. via B. & S. W. to Jamestown, drawn by engine 11. Bro. F. Albright at the throttle and Bro. Murphy doing the firing part. Superintendent Braun, of the B. & S. W., did all in his power to make everything agreeable to all, and he succeeded. We arrived in Jamestown at 11:40, and then we bade adieu to our popular conductor, Wm. Glair. We then transferred to the steamer Jamestown, the largest boat on the lake. After one hour and twenty minutes' ride on the lake we arrived at Long Point, which is a very pleasant spot. When on "terra firma" there was a grand rush for provisions. After the inner man was provided for, the first thing on the programme was dancing, which was kept up until time for going home. Bro. Crossman acted as floor manager, assisted by Bros. C. Bloomer and F. Albright. They are immense, so all the girls say.

Bro. Blumer, when are you going to pay that 50 cents for the privilege of playing ball? Bros. Zilks and T. Greenan are great on playing polo. It was a lovely day, and every one seemed perfectly satisfied with their trip. On our return, we left Long Point at 7 P. M. and arrived in Jamestown at 9 P. M. We then bade farewell to Lake Chautauqua and surroundings. There was a grand rush for the train. At the sound of the whistle, and all aboard, from the ever accommodating conductor, we left Jamestown in the rear. After a two hours and forty minutes ride we arrived home, all safe and sound. Everything went off to perfection. Bro. Coe, our worthy Master, was to be seen all around looking after the comforts of all. He is the right man in the right place. Buffalo Lodge No. 12 is growing

steadily every day. We now have about 285 members in good standing. We have been called beside the death-bed of another brother in the person of our worthy brother, J. Cottingham, who will be sadly missed from our midst. His family have our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial. I will now bid adieu to you all, and will try and let you hear from here again.

Fraternally yours,

DELAWARE.

COLUMBIA, Pa., Sept. 21, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Although this may never get nearer the Magazine than the waste basket, I will make this attempt lest our western Lodges may think there is no Lodge No. 252.

Our Lodge has been organized about nine months and we already boast of a membership of forty-nine. We are progressing rapidly, and with our new officers, have good prospects for the coming year. Each of these officers performs his duties faithfully. There are several of our members who are excellent writers and if this little item will be a hint to them to take up the subject where I left off, I shall feel that I have accomplished something.

LINK BLOCK.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., September 21, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Seeing nothing in the Magazine from No. 45 for a long time, I began to think our sister Lodges might think we were dead, or cared nothing for the Order. Such is not the case, however. Noticing the list of promotions from sister Lodges and seeing no mention of names of 45's members who have stepped over to the right hand side, I will mention them: Bro. W. N. Horton, Foreman of the Round House; Bros. Wm. Miles, J. Purser and O. Schimmelpennig are on the road; Bros. P. Yates and I. Murphy on switch engines; Bros. W. H. Doyle and E. Chamberlain day hostlers, and Bros. J. Finley and S. Finley night hostlers. Bro. Chamberlain has a new arrival at his house. He says he is going to make a thorough Brotherhood man of him soon as he is large enough. He is just two weeks old now, and Bro. C. feels proud to be called a papa. Hoping the convention may have accomplished much good for the Order, I remain in B. S. and I.,

"45."

JUNCTION, N. J. Oct. 10, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

No doubt it will surprise you to hear from Wilson Lodge, No. 272, especially by an article for the Magazine. Arriving at the hall, at our last meeting (Oct. 4), we were surprised to find a visiting brother from No. 11, the first since our organization; this was Bro. Rogers, who made a few brief and neat remarks. Thanks were returned by our worthy Master and other brothers. The neglect which our neighboring Lodges have shown since Bro. Stevens organized us, has not been very encouraging, yet we exist and hope to see a number of them soon.

G. B. WELLER.

DECATUR, ILL., OCT. 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

We take pleasure in announcing the departure of one of 49's members from single blessedness, to wedded bliss. Bro. Louis Bartholomew, of Decatur, engineer on the 1,099, was married at Virden, Ill., to Miss Sadie Garbett, of that city. The newly wedded pair came to Decatur, where a reception was given them by the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bartholomew, at their residence on north Morgan St.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bartholomew left for East St. Louis the following day, where they will reside for the present.

The members of No. 49 unite in wishing Bro. Bartholomew and bride a happy, prosperous matrimonial trip through life.

Yours truly,

PADDY.

TAYLOR, TEXAS, September 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

On looking over this month's Magazine I see another letter from "Geraldine" which is, as usual, well written and interesting. I must, however, ask "Geraldine" to be very careful where she procures her information from, as she is liable to make many mistakes unless she is careful. Our worthy Grand Master of this Order is Bro. F. W. Arnold, and not Tom Casey, as stated, who is nothing more nor less than a railroad yardmaster at Taylor, and has no connection with the Brotherhood whatever. I must say that Brotherhood men here are rather curious as to who "Geraldine" is. Is she a railroad man's wife, or only the intended of one? and is she also a candidate for matrimony? We should all like to know, as at present the matter is shrouded in mystery. In regard to Brotherhood business I may say that the little Lodge planted here not so very long ago has firmly taken root and progressing steadily and surely. With the assistance of Missouri Pacific firemen we are making good headway, and we are sure that Lodge No. 263 will soon be able to hold her own anywhere. Considerable improvements have been made here lately in the way of painting, etc. The depot buildings have been set apart wider to enable a double track to run through, which will render it much more convenient than before. Bro. Thraikill has returned from his visit amongst friends and relatives and has again taken charge of the old 49. Bro. Green has not yet tied the connubial knot of happiness, but we are all looking forward to it; he still presides over the 711. Bros. Mansfield, Connell and C. Arnold are all running into here and doing capably. Prof. W. Aday, of this Lodge, is night hostler, and Bro. W. H. Johnston, of No. 10, has charge of the round house in day time. Amongst the knights of the scoop I may mention Bros. J. Henry, A. Hayden, Pat and Maurice Moynahan, Gesey, Myddelton and John Pereira, who are all looking after promotion sooner or later. Ed. Askew, firing the 57, on returning home the

other morning, heard a "still, small voice" calling him "Papa!" and we offer our congratulations.

Trusting that "Geraldine" will accept my apologies for correcting her mistake, and that she will not think me too imperinent, and wishing the B. of L. F. all prosperity and success. I am fraternally yours,

ARTEMUS WARD

ATLANTA, GA., August 24, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I will write a short note of Kennesaw Lodge No. 247 to address ourselves to our sister Lodge. Though small in number, every member of the Lodge seems to have the motto of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" entwined around its heart, for its teachings elevate its members to a higher standard of morality and enable them to do their work with zeal and profit to themselves and employers. Our Lodge has a fine corps of officers. Our Master, Bro. Achey, and Bro. Finbar, Financier, keep the boys in trim and always meet them with pleasant smiles. We are glad to say our membership, though small, is increasing. We are truly glad to see Bro. Stevens still number sister Lodges to us, and hope he may continue his great work until we shall crown the wide world with our noble Order.

There have been two of our boys promoted to the right hand side—Bro. Achey running the "56" and Bro. Nolen ("Big Sandy") the "57". We wish them success. Bros. Bellows and Barrett take the cake for dude firemen, for their engines come in decorated with bouquets.

I will close, hoping this will not side-track in the waste basket.

WILD IRISHMAN

NORTH BAY, ONT., August 29, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

North Bay Lodge No. 234 opened their new hall (built by W. C. Caverhill, Esq., who has spared neither expense or trouble to give us one of the finest Lodge rooms in the Order) with a social and concert. The former was really splendid, which proved the ability of the wives and friends of our members. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and the tables were elegantly described. It was the finest spread ever seen in North Bay. Great praise is due to the ladies' committee, which consisted of the following: Mrs. Leach, Miss Allen, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Britten, who so kindly tendered their services. Their kindness will not soon be forgotten by the members of Lodge 234. By permission of Messrs. Lee and Mackey the concert was held at their new hotel, which was also a grand success. Mr. S. Huntington managed the program, which proved his ability in this respect. Mr. Robinson presided at the piano, Mr. J. Hardin brought down the house with his comic songs, the Gregory family received great applause. Mr. Connor, from Biscotasing, was a circus in himself, Mr. Gee was also very comical, and many others too numerous to mention, but their services were none the less appreciated by all. The members wish to thank B. W. Coyne, Esq., for

stant Superintendent, for arranging the trains so that only one of our members was away. Many thanks are also due to L. A. Summerskill, Esq., Locomotive Foreman, for the many acts of kindness done us, and we wish to thank all who assisted us in making this, our first attempt, the grandest event of the season. Bro. M. A. McLeod took the prize for selling tickets. Receipts, \$125. NORTH BAY.

SPRAGUE, WASH. TER., October 3, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It having been my lot in life, in a number of years gone by, to have lived and associated with miners; to have personally seen their hardships, privations and endurance; to have seen them brought up the deadly shaft a scorched and unrecognizable mass, and being very familiar with all the dangers with which they contend, my sympathy was aroused on reading the accounts of the recent outrages reported to have taken place at Rock Springs and other mining towns in Wyoming, in consequence of the strict competition of Chinese labor.

As I believe our Magazine to be a representative labor paper, I think we ought at all times to give some space to the discussion and exposition of all labor grievances.

The American workman is held up in all parts of the world as pre-eminently above his fellows; but how long will he remain so, if he is to be placed in a strict competition for a living with the heathen Chinese? I claim that the Chinese people are not a fit people to be associated for a living with the white man. Their morals and civilization are far below the standard of white men. Civilized people require many things that the Chinaman in his ignorant state has no need of; they require better foods and clothing, better houses to live in, and can appreciate science, the arts and literature; all of which cost money, to be deducted from their daily labor. The more we are educated and advanced socially the greater are our wants, and the more do we feel the necessity of supplying them. Capitalists and the money powers throughout would tell us that we can get along without these. Of course we could, for the especial benefit of wealthy men becoming more wealthy, and we could again sink to a state of depravity, lose the spirit of a free man, and become vassals and serfs in every sense of the word. The Chinaman is a depraved, ignorant, low-bred animal, and to observe him in this Pacific Coast, where he blossoms in all his glory, it is enough to make any intelligent man place some credence in Darwin's theories of the evolution of man. I am told by some men that the Chinaman is entitled to the same benefits as any other man in this country, and ought to be allowed to be here on the same footing and with the same privileges; that this is a free country and is open to all nations, irrespective of colors. The Chinaman has no idea of a Republican form of government; he has not a patriotic notion, nor any comprehension of a Republic, or its many and varied institutions of freedom.

Their morals are fearfully depraved, and I am sorry to say that wherever they are thickest in number they also have a correspondingly bad effect on the morals of that community. Their wants are very few; they come to this country with no intention except to make sufficient money with which to return to China to live easy the rest of their lives. They will not adopt American customs; they bring their filthy habits and manners with them, and refuse to be educated to any other state; they enter the labor market and cause a competition which quickly drives the white man from it, when it becomes a matter of wages.

It is interesting to notice the way the press of the country has reported and commented upon these outrages. Of course, the average newspaper editor prides himself that he is educating the people; that he is the pioneer in thinking and solving problems on all questions, but to me it is some consolation to think that the opinions of the current newspaper editors are not at all times the opinions of the people. The press has been almost a unit in raising the cry of pillage, murder, arson, and calling for a quick retribution to fall at once upon the miners. I am not in favor of outrages of this kind, but it would please me to find the press of the country take notice of the fact that there are mitigating circumstances to these outrages which are so many that this is no place in which to enumerate them. Human nature is such that it will only bear a certain strain in the way of robbery, tyranny and oppression. After which, it will certainly burst forth and its fury knows no bounds. The details of the outrages tell us that woman so far forgot her nature as to take part in the bloody work. It looks to me that it had come to the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," and that it was getting down to a struggle for a bare existence. The American miner cannot live as he ought to, if compelled to enter into competition for his living with such people as Hungarians, Italians, Bulgarians and Mongolians, who live more like animals than men. Newspaper editors, Boston lecturers and "mushroom" statesmen are always ready to cry out for the strong arm of the law in these cases. When will they begin to use their brains for a remedy for this evil, and use more legitimate means of preventing these outrages by cleaning out the grievances that exist? It would please me very much to see the labor and living of these men brought in strict competition with the Chinese. How would they relish the idea of lecturing and working out difficult law cases, editing papers, etc., for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day? Let them see their homes deprived of all the luxuries that go to make them comfortable and be compelled to live from hand to mouth, and see how quickly they would cry out for a riddance of this pestilence.

The Chinese question is almost daily coming to the front on the Pacific Coast in one form or another, and you can rest assured, Mr. Editor, that there are grievances at the bottom of it. I have

sufficient knowledge of the average miner to know that he is not thirsty for blood; he has a lot of hard sense as regards justice, and is ready at all times to oppose oppression and tyranny; he is subjected to more and immediate dangers than in any other calling in the world; dangers that he cannot foresee or guard against; dangers that have so far baffled the deep researches of science; he is compelled to work hard physically, machinery or inventors having been of little service to him in the business of the actual mines, the primitive methods of pick, shovels and drills being still in use.

To any reading brother who may be interested in the ways of the Chinaman as he thrives and grows in San Francisco, I would advise him to get a supplement of the "San Francisco Daily Report," published in July of this year, containing a startling and hideous report of Chinatown, by a special committee of the Board of Supervisors, with a colored map of Chinatown. The address of the paper is 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco. The price, I believe, is 10 cents.

Yours, fraternally,

SPRAGUE.

—♦—
FORT WORTH, TEX., Sept. 28, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As I have been reading the Magazine for some time and have not seen anything from 83, I will make my first attempt by telling you something about our Lodge here. I think we have one of the best Lodges west of the Mississippi, and we can boast of having a magnificent hall, finely furnished and lit by gas. It is 65x40 feet, and has a store room on lower floor. It was built by the brothers of No. 83. We have four other Orders that meet in it once a week and I think it is a credit to the members. Our meetings are well attended and we have a social and pleasant time when we meet. We have a noble lot of boys here. Bro. Conley just returned from a pleasant trip in the north; welcome, Duke. Bros. Page, Craig, King and Conley are slamming engines 549, 590 and 49 around the yard in fine shape. Bro. Caulfield, Nance, Anderson, Grant and Shin-niewick are hosting. Bro. Jay is chucking Black Gordon Diamonds in the 574 between Ft. Worth and Baird. Bro. Dean is on the left side of the 614. Bro. John Roney, I am sorry to say, had the fingers of his right hand badly crushed at Weatherford and will lose the use of that great friend; we do not know what the loss of such a friend is until we have to part with it. Our worthy Master, Bro. Nash, has full charge at the round house of the Ft. Worth and Denver City R. R. Bro. Bell smokes his old pipe while the old seven-spot rolls along; all he has to do is to shake the shovel once in a while and hold the door open. Bro. Travick, at the Santa Fe round house, don't do anything but sit around and tell fish stories. Bro. Oliphant is dancing the 640 around at Dallas. Bros. Woolenburg, Abbott, Lestor, Lyons, and several others are on the west end of Rio Grande division. Bro. Van Hoesen leaves in a few days to take a position on the I. & G. N., at Taylor, Tex. Bro. Savage is on

the right side of 513 at Bonham. Bro. R. L. Craig returned a few days ago from a long trip to Illinois; he also visited his old home in Ex-
poria, Kansas. For fear you won't have room for this long letter, I will close. Hoping to see something from some other member of 83 at some future time, I remain

Fraternally yours

WILD CAT.

—♦—
ANDREWS, IND., Sept. 28, 1885

Editors Magazine:

A few remarks regarding No. 165, may prove of interest to some of our readers: The officers and members of our Lodge work harmoniously together and by that means are of great benefit to each other. Our Master is a man of sterling worth and watches carefully over the interests of the Brotherhood. Our Financier, Bro. M. E. Davis takes excellent care of our treasury, and if it were put to a vote, he would be retained indefinitely. The other officers are equally competent and faithful and that accounts for our prosperity.

During the three years of our organization we have lost only three members by expulsion.

We look with anticipation to Bro. Irey's return from the Convention.

I will say a word in regard to our insurance: less tobacco, less cigars and more insurance.

T. CUNNINGHAM.

—♦—
TRENTON, MO., Oct. 6, 1885

Editors Magazine:

As I have looked for something from Success Lodge, No. 33, but looked in vain, I will say a few words in our behalf for fear our sister Lodge may think we are not as active in the work as we should be.

Our Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and we feel safe for the coming year as Bro. D. Rex holds the gavel as Master; and with Bro. J. Key as Past Master, we feel sure of success. Under the reign of our noble round house foreman, P. C. Mason, several knights of the scoop have been placed on the right hand side. The matrimonial fever has taken possession of several of our boys among whom are Bros. Chas. Snieder, William Galop and H. F. Carroll. May success and prosperity crown their future is the wish of the members of Success Lodge.

Our boys are anticipating a grand ball on the opening of the new Opera House in the beautiful city of Trenton. Bro. J. J. Nease has the sympathy of his many friends in the sever-
illness of his wife.

What has become of our correspondent from No. 39. Let us hear from you.

Fearing of tiring your patience I will close and if this finds a place in our noble Magazine I may venture to write again.

BY

—♦—
MR. J. S. TOWNSEND, 1554 Wabash avenue, Chicago, is the railroad man's jeweler. Any member desiring a watch or any other article in the line will do well to call on him. His goods are first-class and his prices moderate.

or *Firemen's Magazine*:

THE DREAM HAS PASSED.

The dream has passed and with it fled
The hopes that once my passion fed;
And darkly die, 'mid grief and pain,
The joys which, gone, come not again.

My soul in silence and in tears,
Has cherished now for many years,
A love for one who does not know
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.

Oh! cease, my heart, thy throbbing hide,
Another soon will be his bride,
And hope's last faint but cheering ray
Will then forever pass away.

They cannot see the silent tear
That falls unchecked, when none are near,
Nor do they mark the smothering sigh
That heaves my breast when they are nigh,

I know my cheek is paler now
And smiles no longer deck my brow,
'Tis youth's decay, 'twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within.

Oh! let me rouse my sleeping pride
And from his gaze my feelings hide.
He shall not smile to think that I
For love of him would pine and die.
N ANTONIO, TEX.

—M. McG.

TAYLOR, TEX., Oct. 8, 1885.

litors Magazine:

I regard the question of intemperance as a matter of vast importance, and I see others are interested as well as myself. I have read several interesting letters in our Magazine relative to its evil drink—whisky, and it can be seen by such letters that it is strongly before the minds of many of our Brothers, and it is a question upon which we cannot say too much. Those of us who are able to write with such eloquence and strong language should truly be proud of the gift which assists you in the work of conquering his demon. We can also feel proud of our Brotherhood for the good done in this direction. I know that it has lessened the use of this beverage wherever its teachings prevail; that it has the means of staying the hand of death for

We see from the list of expulsions published in our Magazine that there is a very small number who will not yet, after the warnings and persuasions they have received, abstain from use; let us continue to get rid of them.

I am pleased to see such parties expelled from the Brotherhood. Now, think for one moment, and all, why we should strive to get rid of such a member; how bad should we feel to know, for instance, that a member of our own Lodge, while visiting a sister Lodge, or while traveling for any purpose, should advertise us with his drunkenness. Brothers, it is a solemn thought to me, and no doubt it is to most of you, when my remarks will not hurt you; but individual reader, should you chance to be able to drink, and compelled from your pov-

erty thus brought upon you, to wear your old clothes this winter, and bear many other inconveniences brought upon yourself, just ask yourself this question, "where are my last summer's wages?"

Now, some men drink whisky who are not really slaves to it and have a self government sufficient to protect themselves against the evils of this dangerous liquid,—to such men we do not particularly refer in this letter, other than I would say, be careful, boys, while you yet have the power of controlling your appetite for this stuff, for they may drug you. I am one of the boys among those who wear the B. L. F. I do not use whisky in any form, have never taken one drink to know the effects from experience; but I see its dreadful workings daily exhibited upon many of my fellow-men, and 'tis of those in whose behalf I write; 'tis they whom I endeavor to warn against this evil.

Our three little Lodges with which I am acquainted, viz: Davy Crockett, Alamo and Neches, of the latter of which I am a member, are in good condition, so far as drunkenness is concerned, also in other vices unbecoming to a gentleman. There is not one of the boys that would not prove a credit to his Lodge in any company he might be placed. Then boys, let us continue to present often to our minds the motto, Sobriety, and the great necessity of practicing it, that we may ever retain the name of a sober and highly respected Order of Locomotive Firemen and gentlemen.

ANONYMOUS.

POINT EDWARD, ONT., Sept. 29, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

A little more than a year ago our Lodge, No. 221, was organized and in this short time we have done remarkably well. Our officers are S. Allward, Master; H. J. Caruthers, Secretary; Chas. Wilkie, Financier, and E. J. Everett, Magazine Agent. Each one of the above named officers is competent and each contributes his full share to keep our Lodge to the front. I must add, in justice to the members, that they are also faithful to their duties. Our meetings are so interesting and instructive that we are anxious to attend each one and each meeting calls up a good attendance. Where each member feels his share of responsibilities and does his portion of the work, no Lodge can fail to be a good one.

I am glad to see the rapid growth of our Order, for it shows that its benefits are being recognized. It will be only a short time until it will embrace every good man who handles the scoop.

I cannot refrain from speaking of the good wives, sisters and friends of our fellow-members. They have done and are still doing so much to help us along that we can't fail to recognize their importance. There has been considerable sickness among our members lately. Bros. Joe Gray, John Mooney, George Crawford, Chas. Farmer and John Cain have all been on the sick list. Bro. Cain has just recovered from a five weeks' spell of sickness. He is one of our

very worthy members, and we are glad to see him about again.

Bro. Allward was called to London recently on account of his father's death. Bro. Allward has lost both parents within a short time. An address of sympathy was extended him by the Lodge.

Every fireman, who has an opportunity, should join the ranks of the Brotherhood. Its benefits and good teachings are endless. Should misfortune overtake you, you will be promptly surrounded by sympathizing friends.

Hoping our great Brotherhood will continue in prosperity, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

SANDY POINT.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have read with considerable interest the letters written by X. L. C. R. and others that have the gift of gab with a pen, in regard to our insurance, and it is strange no one has a word to say about one little matter of considerable importance, and that is the rapidly increasing number of expulsions that are published in each number of our Magazine. I think it is getting to be a serious thing for us, and the question comes to my mind, and I would like to have some one with a bigger head than I answer it: How long, and to what extent can we stand such a drain on our numbers and keep our insurance up to \$1,500? Look at the small army of men mustered out of the ranks for nonpayment of dues, and reported in the September number of our Magazine; 155 for this offense alone. On a \$2.00 assessment these would bring into the treasury \$310.00 and it is not this month alone, but it has been steadily on the increase for the past year. In January 1885, forty-five were reported; now look at the increase—to 155. I may be wrong in my thoughts, but I tell you there is a hole or a bad spot in the fire, somewhere, to cause such an increase on the wrong side of the books. By looking them up you will find the majority of them are from the West. Now, I ask, why is it so? It is generally supposed by men here in the East that Enginemen in the West get better wages than we do. If this is true, why don't they keep paid up? I am sorry as a Brotherhood man to see their names printed in the Magazine. Now, I will offer a question, to be answered by any one who chooses to do so, would it not be better to have our insurance \$1,000.00, and have a small expulsion list than to have a big insurance and a big expulsion list? Another thing I have not seen mentioned, but of which I would like to speak—it is accident insurance. I would like to know if the ones who pushed the insurance from \$1,000.00 to \$1,500.00 carried any other insurance than the Brotherhood.

I am on the Champlain Division of the D. & H. C. R. R., and I know most of the men on this road carry an accident policy, costing from \$21.00 to \$32.00 per year, which gives them a weekly indemnity in case they are injured, of from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per week until they are able

to work, now, adding the cost of this, to the cost of the Brotherhood policy for this year raised from \$39.00 to \$50.00, besides our monthly dues \$4.00 more, this makes a good round sum for a man to pay that has from two to five little ones to feed and clothe, and only \$45.00 per month to do it with.

No doubt some will say at once that I don't want \$1,500.00 insurance. I would say in reply to them, I want all I can pay for, and no more. If I get hurt I get \$10.00 per week until I go to work again; now, if I give up my accident policy because I can't afford to pay for both, and get hurt, I have no income from any source, and my time is lost, in the meantime my family must live, house rent, etc., must be paid. I get in debt, first thing I know I can't pay an assessment, and away I go—expelled and published. For these reasons, I say give us all the insurance we are sure of and can pay easily, and by so doing keep everybody's name off the expulsion list.

I belong to Saratoga Lodge No. 229, at Whitehall. We have about thirty members in good standing, and some as good men as ever ran a bell—Quite a number of us having fired steam over five years each. We came near losing a worthy Master a short time ago. He fires a passenger train from Albany to Whitehall, and was within five miles of home, the engine, City of Troy, struck a rock which had slid onto the track in the night, the engine tipped over and killed with her drivers in the air. The engineer was killed, and lay under the engine some time before he could be dug out. How Tommy escaped, and his life is a mystery to us all. But he is badly burned and bruised, and it will be some time before he will be at work. We are very sorry he could not go to the Convention, but it is better for us to lose that than to lose him.

I was very much interested in the letter from J. N. D. in the September Magazine. I wish I could write as good an account of the D. & H. C. R. R. and our country as he does. The D. & H. C. R. R. from Albany, the capital of the State, to Rome Point, a distance of 191 miles, where it makes connections with the Grand Trunk for Montreal, the O. & L. C. for northern and western New York, and the Vermont Central for Vermont. Along the main line are numerous branches—one at Fort Edward runs to Glenn's Falls and Caldwell, on Lake George, which does a big business in the summer season carrying visitors to that famous lake; at Whitehall another branch takes one to Rutland, the great marble city of Vermont, and the one at Fort Ticonderoga leads a traveler to the head of Lake George, where he can take a steamer to Caldwell, and from there by rail he can get back to Troy or Albany on the evening of the same day he left, or he can stay at the world's greatest fashionable watering place and rest himself for \$5.00 per day, and sleep in one of the biggest hotels that stand outdoors and drink mineral spring water till he can't tell himself from a soda fountain. All this he can do and more at Saratoga. Also at Fort Ticonderoga is made with the beautiful steamer

nout, on which one can ride in comfort to Burlington, Vt., or to Plattsburgh, N. Y. Going on by rail from Tl we pass through scenery which can be excelled by no other road in the country, passing through Willsboro Mountains, where the trains run for miles on a shelf hewn out of the solid rock, with 100 feet of solid wall on one side, and Lake Champlain 100 feet below, 10 miles wide and 400 feet deep, the scene of many a fierce and bloody battle, and from which the British were driven, leaving their ships sunk in the lake and their dead officers and sailors buried on the shore. At the point where the lake is the widest a good view is to be had of the city of Burlington and the western shore of Vermont, with the Green Mountains in the distance. Arriving at Plattsburgh a branch takes us on to the famous Ausable Chasm, where ice can be cut the year around. This piece of road does a big trade in the summer, carrying travelers to and from Ausable, where stage coaches take them to the different hotels. Connection is made here with a narrow-gauge road, up to Lyon Mountain, where 1,000,000 tons of iron ore of the finest quality, is mined out the mountain every year. Clinton prison is reached by this road, built at Dannemore, about half way up the mountain side. Another branch runs to Mooer's Junction, where connection is made with Grand Trunk and O & L. C. R. R. for the west and north. In fact, a person can start on the D. & H. and go anywhere in the world. On all these branches and roads good Brotherhood men can be found, both firing and running, and men whose superiors are not to be found on any railroad in the country. Quite a number have fired steady over five years, and are casting wistful glances at the right side of their engines. But I fear I am saying too much for this time, so I will leave you all at the end of our road, and if this is not fired bodily into the waste basket, possibly I may come again.

Yours fraternally,

DAVEY CROCKETT.

A Fireman's Funeral.

Kankakee Gazette.

A delegation of twenty five members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Eureka Lodge No. 14, of Indianapolis, came to this city Monday as an escort in charge of the body of Robert Davis, who died in Indianapolis last Saturday after a few weeks' illness with typhoid fever. Deceased was buried from the home of Mrs. Metzger, to whose daughter Rose he was married three years ago. Rev. Mr. Worrall conducted the services, and a quartette consisting of Mr. McCulloh, Mr. Leavitt, Mrs. Bellamy and Miss Leavitt had charge of the singing. Deceased was twenty-five years of age, and was highly esteemed among his associates. The past two years he has been firing on locomotive No. 72 on the night express between this city and Indianapolis. His widow will draw an insurance benefit of \$1,500 from the Brotherhood. The committee selected to visit the newspapers in this city, Messrs. W. T. Serees, Joseph Zahni, B. McCoy and Wm. Hugo, desire us to state it the intention of the Lodge to have the band attend the funeral, but owing to the absence of some of the members from the city they were unable to do so.

PERSONALS.

BROS. KEYER and James Scanlan, of Lodge 103, are each proud possessors of a fine daughter.

WE wonder when Bro. John Dawson is going to jump the broom stick. Indications point that way.

BRO. HALTMAN, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, is the Jumbo of the Brotherhood. He now tips the beam at 243.

BRO. EUGENE CLARK is still in the ring and open for all offers. Ladies, beware, he is marked dangerous.

B. CLARK, of Alabama, Lodge No. 277 has been promoted and we bespeak a bright future for him.

O. E. ADAMS and A. J. Haines, of No. 30, have met with well deserved promotion and are now full-fledged engineers.

WE WONDER what is the meaning of Bro. Fred. Burch's visits to the West Atchison paper store? There must be some attraction. Ah, Fred!

DENNIS GEROS, of R. R. Centre Lodge, had his foot broken and has gone to the Sedalia hospital for repairs. We hope to see him back soon.

F. C. SNEBOLD, of Lodge No. 141, was married on September 3 to Miss H. Cross, of Bellevue, Ohio. We wish them a long life of happiness.

BRO. AL DEITRICH, of No. 91, is happy over the arrival of a ten-pound boy. He has also been promoted to the right-hand side of switch engine No. 2.

L. L. GAY, of 188, has captured one of the West Side belles of Chicago, and he feels so highly elated about it that he has been passing around the cigars.

SOCIABLE CHAS. NORRIS, of R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31, is a good worker in the Order and a great man among the ladies. When are we to have another sociable, Charley?

THE closing event of the season is the marriage of Bro. Dan Woods, of No. 127, to Miss Wilson, a most amiable young lady of Chelly. The boys are looking for the cigars.

ALEX. CROXIN, of 103, wears a smiling countenance—a boy. We heartily congratulate Bro. Cronin upon the happy event, and wish the young arrival good health and a happy future.

WE learn with deep regret of the sad death of the bright little son of Bro. and Mrs. D. J. Sisk, of West Shore Lodge No. 213, and extend our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing parents.

AMONG the recent marriages is that of Will McCutcheon, of No. 160, to Miss Nettie Schaefer. Bro. McCutcheon is one of the tried and true members of our Order and has our best wishes.

WE note with the deepest sorrow the death of the infant son of Bro. M. W. Dewar, of No. 200, Whitehall, N. Y. Bro. Dewar and wife have the sympathy of all members in their great affliction.

GEO. FANDER, C. Mattis and T. Williams, of 170, have been promoted, and Bro. Whalen, one of the new members of the same Lodge, is said to be fitting up a very cozy cottage for a special purpose.

A VERY beautiful miniature card has been received, conveying the compliments of Miss Jeannie Lee Milton, born August 23, to Bro. and Mrs. J. B. Milton, of Roodhouse, Ill. Our congratulations go without saying.

The little Lodge at San Diego still holds her place among the tried and true. She has only eight members, but they are made of sterling material. The Dodge brothers are entitled to the credit of keeping No. 90 upon the roll of honor.

BRO. MESSICK, of R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31, was hurt in a collision on the Fort Scott & Gulf while in the discharge of his duties, and is doing very nicely, and we hope to see him out in a few days.

WE announce with sorrow the death of the two-year-old son of Bro. A. V. and Mrs. Groat, of Scheuectady, N. Y. We sympathize with the sorrowing parents, and very much regret that we have nothing to offer that will lessen their grief.

C. W. GARDNER, of No. 222, who will be remembered as one of the most earnest and able delegates in the late convention, has been promoted to engineer. We predict for him the largest measure of success in that capacity.

Of those of No. 82 who have just committed matrimony are Bros. Ed. Berg and Ed. Quimby. Those about to follow suit are Bros. McMonough, Clark, McKay and Tatam. Of course, they will not own up, but their blushes will tell, you know.

JOSH L. CLARK, of No. 10, expresses himself as being much pleased with his trip over the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. He says he is under special obligations to Conductors A. Bedell and J. Stover and Engineer John Hogan, also to Conductor Young, of the Nickle Plate, for courtesies received.

QUITE a serious accident occurred to Bro. Billows the other day by his engine turning over. He sustained very painful injuries, but fortunately he will recover entirely. The Lodge returns thanks to Mr. C. Van Winkle, Mrs. Garrard and Mrs. Burke for their kind assistance to Bro. Billows during his sufferings.

THE members of 188 paid a handsome and well deserved compliment to Bro. T. P. Murphy by presenting him with a new chart beautifully framed. They appreciate Bro. Murphy to the fullest extent. He is one of our brightest and most active members, and these evidences of his popularity always give us pleasure.

THROUGH the Magazine, the members of Deer Park Lodge No. 1 desire to return their thanks to the estimable wife of Bro. Frank L. Smith for the making of a full set of officers and twenty-five members' regalia. They are made of the best material and handsomely trimmed, the work having been accomplished by Mrs. Smith's own hand.

THE Baraboo Republic gives the following account of an elegant presentation to a very worthy member of Alpha Lodge No. 26: "On Monday evening, at the rooms of the Baraboo Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the members of this Order presented their past Financier, Chas. H. Williams, Jr., who is their present Master, with an elegant easy chair and a water service of five pieces. The presentation speech was made by S. W. Dixon in a happy manner. This token of esteem and confidence from his friends is highly appreciated by Mr. Williams."

ADOLPH FIXEN, of G. R. Whipple Lodge No. 142, has designed and copyrighted a very practical and convenient Dues and Assessment receipt book for members of our Order. It is ruled so as to give the date and amount of payment, number of assessments, months for which dues are paid, etc., etc. This book is kept in possession of the members, and when they make payment the Financier makes the entry and attaches his signature as a receipt. It will last for years, and is convenient for members as well as the Financier. For further information address Adolph Fixen, 806 N. Fifth street, East Saginaw, Mich.

AMUSEMENTS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

The grand complimentary excursion and picnic of F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, was a great success as will be seen by the following from the East St. Louis Herald:

The Bro herhood of Locomotive Firemen, with about two thousand friends enjoyed a grand excursion last Sunday to Thoru's grove, about thirty miles down the river. The boat left this city about 9:30 with as jolly a crowd on board as ever assembled on such an occasion. All arrangements were attended to in first-class style, and no one could object to any one or anything present. When the boat steamed from the wharf the band struck up a lively and entrancing strain and the merry party were soon circling in the gay waltz. Dancing was one of the principal features, but other attractions occupied the attention of the handsome lads and beautiful lassies on board. The trip down the river those even who did not participate in the sycorian pleasure was full of interest. The towering bluffs on one side studded here and there with a rustic farm house and on the other interspersed with laughing lakes and jingling rills occupied the attention of those who had to view the beauty of nature and revel in the sweets of a country scene. The topographical lay of the country between here and Thoru's grove abounds in the most picturesque scenery. Every now and then a small hill, and sometimes a bluff relieves the monotony on the east, and on the west side the semi-mountains themselves are sufficient to attract the most ardent. Upon arriving at the grounds, all paraphernalia was taken ashore, and the merry crew also commenced a jolly jog of a few yards to the grand stand and platform specially erected by the Brotherhood for their picnic. Dinner was served immediately and all hands joined in and helped, helping hand, as the saying is, to demolish as much as possible before the band should become tired, and it is related that the boys and girls were incapacitated for some time after. It could not continue the dance. Of course it may not be true, but a certain young fellow related it all the same, and he is an honorable man. The arrangement committee, consisting of Thos. Halpin, J. T. Sullivan, D. Flynn, B. Sullivan and W. Hays, attended to their part in grand style as nothing was left undone. They needed attention after the arrival of the party. The floor managers, too, did all in their power to make every one happy, and surely succeeded, and no one who desired to dance was left out partners. Their names are: M. Cunningham, E. P. Barrett, J. L. Benedict, C. E. Latta, A. Timlin, T. Burnes, C. Callahan, W. S. S.bury and D. Webster.

The reception committee consisted of J. B. M. Mulcahy, L. Lambert, V. P. Gottling, McGarrahan, W. Richardson, E. Hayes, M. O'fin, M. Buckley and P. Deguan. Those gentlemen received many encomiums of praise for their untiring efforts. The excellent music on this occasion was furnished by Volrath's orchestra and dinner and supper was under the supervision of Mrs. Meade. A very large number of guests attended from Belleville and other neighboring towns. The excursion of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will long be remembered by those who attended, as it was undoubtedly the finest which has left East St. Louis for a very long time. The officers and managers deserve great praise for the manner in which the whole affair was conducted, and the way in which they provided for the wants of their guests. The only wish of those who were present that they were not informed where the society would give their excursion and picnic.

Off in one corner of the boat, while the moon shone brightly and everything in nature hushed, and even the rippling waves ceased send forth a silver note, might be seen through the parting gloom the figures of two happy individuals, who every now and then re-

the monotony. They were Dan Flynn and his lady love, billing and cooing as no two persons similarly situated ever billed and cooed before. Tom, Canavan's nobby necktie and piccadilly coat was the topic of considerable conversation. He looked and walked every inch a handsome young man, and the heart of many a young lady beat convulsively when she gazed with rapture upon his manly form. In stentorian tones Chas. Timlin yelled for just two more couple. He always got them, and it is suggested that Chawles will soon himself be one of a couple, as a young lady who attended the excursion has completely demolished him. The graceful movements of Patsy Degnan while circling through the dizzy but entrancing one-two-three-and a kick was the cause of considerable favorable comment; Patsy is a dandy dancer. Dick Sullivan, M. J. Cummings, C. Pence, A. O'Connell, E. P. Barret and C. Calahan attended to the wants of their lady loves with an assiduity which was quite remarkable. These young fellows know a good thing when they see it, and it is quite probable that a marriage license will be issued soon in some of the cases. Thos Halpin's folks got left and Thomas was correspondingly depressed and did not enjoy himself as much as he would have done had they been along. Thos. Manning, it is related, kicked himself from levee all the way to Schneider's garden because he slept too long and got left. Jerry Sullivan had his mustache dressed a la Napoleon, and consequently was obliged to go through all doors sideways, for fear of injuring the corners. Besides the covering of Jerry's liabel, he possesses a figure of fascinating proportion which attracts and often softens the gaze of the female sex. It is stated that at one time, he had no less than fourteen soft hands and dimpled arms hanging in sweet confusion about his nether wings, and had it not been for the kind intervention of friends they would be hanging there still. Jerry will soon join the bands of these martyred heroes who have often committed rash acts before, and unless the old man possesses a shotgun, two bull terriers and a double-barreled cane, he can well succeed in enticing the fair one to his loving arms and imprint a kiss upon her marble brow, for it is said he has a hankering in that direction. Come where my Love Sings Sweetly, and Down by the Old Back Steps, are the favorite tunes Jerry now warbles.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Schenectady Star.

The second annual ball of 18-K Lodge No. 210, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was held in Union hall, last night. Seldom has the old hall presented a prettier or merrier appearance than it did last evening, when filled with the active, light-hearted firemen and their sweethearts, wives and friends. The decorations were tasty and unique. Upon the chandelier pendants, around the gallery, in every available place, burned the red, white and green lights so well known to railroad men. Over the street entrance to the hall and in the center of an archway over the sidewalk, were placed large locomotive headlights, whose brilliant rays shot far out into the darkness. From the center of the ceiling above strips of vari-colored bunting drooped in all directions with pretty effect. Upon the stage were shown in large characters the symbols of the Order, the letters "B. L. F." and two shovels and a pick grouped together. The Brotherhood's badge is a representation of two shovels and pick. The Citizens' Corps or orchestra were seated upon the stage where they poured forth incessant strains of entrancing music. The ladies were dressed mainly in white and presented a charming appearance as they flitted about and chatted with friends, or glided gracefully through the devious windings of the mazy dance. The gallery was filled with spectators. At 9:30 o'clock the grand march was inaugurated, led by Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Shannon. Dancing began at its conclusion and lasted until

four o'clock in the morning, with the exception of an intermission at midnight, during which time many went to Reeve's restaurant for supper. Ice cream and cake were furnished in a room above the hall. Every one had a good time and the ball of the Brotherhood will be long remembered. Among those present from abroad were Master Mechanic John Foulks, of the B. H. T. & W. Railroad, of Mechanicsville; N. G. Carney, of Oneonta; O. Deloss Avery, Round House Foreman; Yard Dispatcher Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charles, Mr. John Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James Gill, Erastus O'Hare and Wm. Helmer, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Freeman, of New York; the Misses Riley, of Oneonta; Miss Alice Winters, of Hoosick Falls, and John J. Snyder, of the Albany Evening Journal. Wm. Gray, of this city, the fireman who was so badly scalded in a railroad accident on the D. & H. Road, some months ago, was also there. Mr. Gray still suffers from his injuries, but is able to move about slowly with the aid of a crutch. He was warmly greeted by his friends. The growth of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen 1, the United States has been something remarkable. Organized less than four years ago it has swelled its membership to the number of 16,000. During the past year fifty-eight new Lodges have been instituted, with a membership of 500. During the same time the Grand Organizer traveled 48,550 miles in the interest of the Brotherhood. It is a benevolent association, to membership in which men only are eligible who are physically and mentally sound and of good moral character. The precepts of the Order are Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, and the declared object to promote the welfare of firemen and lead them to a higher standard of morality. The Lodge in this city was organized April 10, 1881, with seven charter members. One year ago it had eighteen members. To-day it has thirty-six members, an increase of 100 per cent.

The success of the ball last night was due to the untiring efforts of the management, consisting of Mr. Homer Egnor, floor manager; Messrs. H. L. Shannon, T. Carroll, F. Carraher and M. E. Carroll, assistant floor managers; Messrs. C. K. Weeks, H. McAulry, M. Tearney and T. Warner, room committee; and Messrs. J. W. Vrooman, T. Smith and William Goggins, reception committee. The dancers were presented with neatly printed programmes.

RESOLUTIONS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

At the last regular meeting of California Lodge No. 260, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with feelings of heartfelt sorrow that we are called upon to announce the death of our beloved Bro. A. J. Henderson who lost his life August 21, 1885, by his engine running off a misplaced switch at Tamarack Station, therefore, be it

Resolved, By the death of Bro. Henderson, his wife loses a kind and loving husband, and our Brotherhood a most faithful member whom every brother will miss; but it is with feelings of satisfaction that we can remember and cherish his noble qualities.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved wife and relations our heartfelt sympathies, in this their great affliction, and tender to those who in any way assisted in caring for the body of our deceased brother, our grateful thanks; and to E. C. Fellows Lodge No. 143, B. of L. F., we tender many thanks for the floral tribute which they placed on the grave of our brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of sixty days, and a copy of these resolutions forwarded to the editor of the Firemen's Magazine for publication, a copy to be sent to the family of deceased, and a copy to be spread on our minutes.

FRED WITHAM, }
G. E. HANFORD, } committee.
J. M. LITTLEFIELD, }

KANSAS CITY, MO.

At a regular meeting of Kansas City Lodge, No. 74, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the death of Bros. Fred Hill and Geo. Zehring, this Lodge has lost two of its most worthy and efficient brothers, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the final departure of Bros. Hill and Zehring, and regret to know we have lost two of our noblest and most esteemed comrades.

Resolved, That we extend to their parents our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of deceased, and published in Firemen's Magazine.

M. HURLEY,
G. N. HERRON, } Committee.
WM. PIERCEY, }

DICKINSON, DAKOTA.

The members of Onward Lodge, No. 41, were very pleasantly surprised at a regular meeting on August 9th, by the receipt of a handsome altar cloth with "B. of L. F." hand painted on each of the four corners. The following letter of presentation and resolutions of thanks explaining themselves, will be read with interest by all the friends of the order:

Worthy Chief and Members of the B. of L. F.—Please accept this altar cloth as a token of our respect and appreciation of your Order.

May prosperity attend your Order, that you may each and every one receive one day, the rich reward that God has in store for the worthy members of your noble association, and remember that we, who have united in presenting this small gift, have your interest and welfare ever at heart.

Very Respectfully,
MRS. CHAS. CANAVAN.
MISS WINNIE MCGRAW.

The following acknowledgement of the gift was made in behalf the Lodge:

Mrs. Chas Canavan and Miss Winnie McGraw—We, the undersigned members of the committee appointed by Onward Lodge 41, of the B. of L. F., in reply to your favor of the 1st inst., inclosing an altar cloth for said Lodge, have the honor to transmit the following resolutions passed by the members of Onward Lodge No. 41, at a regular meeting held August 9, 1885:

WHEREAS, Mr. Chas. Canavan and Miss Winnie McGraw have presented to this Lodge a very handsome and elegant altar cloth to be used in our Lodge room. Therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended the above named ladies for their most courteous and esteemed token of good will.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly signed, be transmitted to said ladies by the proper committee, and that a copy, together with the letter of Mrs. Chas. Canavan and Miss Winnie McGraw, transmitting said altar cloth to this Lodge, be forwarded to the editors of the Firemen's Magazine for publication, also that a copy of the same be given to the editor of the Dickinson Press for publication.

W. F. CUNNINGHAM, } Committee.
J. WILLIAMS, }
W. MULCHAY }

OMAHA, NEB.

At a regular meeting of Overland Lodge No. 123 B. of L. F., August 12th, there was presented to it by the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of our members, a magnificently bound and engraved copy of the Holy Bible and a beautiful Bible scarf of black satin with the emblems of our Order, name and number of our Lodge, and the letters "B. of L. F.," and two wreaths beautifully hand-painted, and it was therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of Overland Lodge do return our sincere thanks to the ladies for these magnificent presents and to the friendly interest they take in our Lodge.

Resolved, That our special thanks be tendered Mrs. Jas. B. Fair for the leading part she took in getting up the present, and to Miss Connelly for contributing the hand painting, and to Miss A. Quinley for the touching presentation speech which found an echo in all our hearts.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the gifts of the ladies, and that we will prize it as the tribute of our dear ones.

After the presentation, while the boys were entertaining the ladies, some of them stepped out, but soon returned with a string band, and a call to get partners for a waltz was quite as much a surprise to the ladies as their coming to us. Dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning and all went home well satisfied with two surprises in one night. Come again ladies, you will always find the doors of Overland Lodge open to you and a friendly welcome from its members.

H. P. CALLAHAN, } Committee.
E. E. FAIR, }
H. A. AMIDON. }

LETTERS OF THANKS.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, August 24, 1885

To the Officers and Members of Guide Lodge No. 125:

DEAR SIR: Will you allow me, through the Magazine, to return my sincere thanks to the officers and members of Guide Lodge No. 125 of L. F., for the beautiful hanging lamp which they presented me. I value the gift very much indeed. May this noble Order ever prosper be the wish of their friend.

MRS. J. T. DUTHEL

LAS VEGAS, N. M., August 22, 1885

To the Officers of Montezuma Lodge No. 224, B. of L. F.:

I desire to return thanks for your kind and sympathetic as shown at the death of my late son Ira Knox. I also desire to acknowledge receipt of a draft for \$1,500 at the hands of A. W. Schuch Financialer. That the Almighty Ruler may preserve the Order from all harm, is the wish of an afflicted mother. Yours, sincerely,

MRS. A. C. KNOX

LOGANSPOUT, IND., July 25, 1885

Editors Magazine:

As our Lodge is the recipient of a beautiful banner bearing the inscription "Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F., Logansport, Ind.," members, through the Magazine wish to tender their sincere thanks to the following ladies: Mrs. Sam'l Bricker, Mrs. M. W. Jamison, Mrs. J. Carrol and Mrs. Frank Beam, who so kindly assisted in preparing the same.

MEMBERS OF GOOD WILL LODGE

NEW YORK, N. Y., August 1, 1885

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of the draft for fifteen hundred dollars from W. J. McCaff, Financialer of Just in Time Lodge No. 149, the full amount due me on the policy held by my son Mogul Call. I wish to tender my heartfelt thanks to the members for their many acts of kindness during my sickness. The Brotherhood will always have my most sincere wishes for its prosperity.

Yours respectfully, MARIA CALL

COLUMBIA, PA., August 28, 1885

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received \$100 paid me by Mr. M. M. Hinkle, Financialer of

lumbia Lodge No. 252, B. of L. F. Words cannot express to the Brotherhood my heartfelt thanks and gratitude for their kind assistance. The respect I bear you is something beyond mere friendship, for the ties of remembrance end not at the grave. Trusting as the years roll on an opportunity may offer itself to prove my sincerity. I hope that the Divine Ruler may keep all firemen from such a sad fate, and that they may prosper in all their undertakings.

LIZZIE W. BROWN.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, July 21, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, paid to me by Bro. James Clark, Financier of Gulf City Lodge No. 15, the full amount of insurance on the policy which I held in your Order. I take this opportunity to express my heartfelt gratitude to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the substantial aid they rendered me during the long, weary months of pain and suffering that it was my misfortune to endure, and also the kindness, courtesy and sympathy they invariably bestowed upon me at all times and under all circumstances. With the most earnest wishes for the continued success of our beloved Order I am

Sincerely yours,

C. D. GREEN.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., August 20, 1885.

To Jno. B. Carter, Past Master:

DEAR SIR: I desire to express to you, and through you to the members of Adair Lodge No. 100, B. of L. F., my heartfelt thanks for the magnificent "Maltese cross watch charm" presented to me by you on the 17th inst., on behalf of the members of Adair Lodge No. 100, B. L. F. Words are inadequate to express the gratitude and pleasure I feel in receiving so beautiful a reward for so small a service. The charm is beautiful and costly, but its intrinsic value does not constitute its worth to me—it is the generous impulse which prompted it, the same chivalrous and knightly spirit that has done so much to make life pleasant to me. Accept my sincere thanks and believe me, my services will ever be cheerfully given in behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and our dear Lodge.

Your humble servant,

J. H. FENWICK.

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

NOVEMBER ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Nos. 10 and 11—\$2.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., November 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities.

77. Thos. J. Nelson, of Lodge 78, died from injuries received in a railroad accident July 10.

78. A. J. Henderson, of Lodge 200, died from injuries received in a railroad accident August 21.

79. Geo. W. Zehrung, of Lodge 74, died of pinal disease August 21.

80. Thos. Filburn, of Lodge 103, died from injuries received in a railroad accident August 22.

81. Louis Stoehr, of Lodge 14, died from injuries received in a railroad accident August 23.

82. J. Coddington, of Lodge 12, died of typhoid fever August 23.

83. James Moran, of Lodge 25, was declared totally disabled with hemiplegia, August 26.

84. P. Hansen, of Lodge 86, was declared totally disabled with spinal disease, August 27.

85. Wm. H. Hull, of Lodge 83, died of thermic fever, August 27.

86. Jas. K. Minter, of Lodge 155, died of pneumonia, August 31.

87. Robert Sanderson, of Lodge 149, was declared totally disabled with hemiplegia, Sept. 1.

88. H. W. Smith, of Lodge 16, was declared totally disabled with heart disease, Sept. 5.

89. J. Goben, of Lodge 44, died of tuberculosis, September 8.

90. Thos. McElligott, of Lodge 65, was declared totally disabled with fracture and dislocation of knee and ankle joints, Sept. 10.

91. John Dalton, of Lodge 144, died from injuries received in a railroad accident, Sept. 11.

92. Henry Charles, of Lodge 275, died of remittent fever, Sept. 12.

The amount of Two DOLLARS is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership Sept. 12, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before December 1, 1885. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before December 10, 1885. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

NOTICE.

All communications for Past Grand Master Frank W. Arnold should be addressed to 77 S. High street, Columbus, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

M. T. KELLY.

M. T. Kelly, of Onward Lodge No. 41, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

B. S. DUEL.

B. S. Duel, of West Shore Lodge No. 213, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOHN S. WOOD.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of John S. Wood will please notify L. H. Linn, Box 402, Charleston, Ill.

L. O. LEONARD.

L. O. Leonard, of Cloud City Lodge No. 196, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOSEPH E. TONER.

Joseph E. Toner, of Red River Lodge No. 8, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

MEMBERS OF NO. 19.

Bros. W. S. Hurd and R. W. O'Hara are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

MEMBERS OF 135.

Absent members of New Year Lodge No. 135, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once and save trouble.

MEMBERS OF 113.

N. C. Grant, Michael Carr, J. R. Christie, and E. B. Nye, of Lodge No. 113, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

M. GANEY.

M. Ganey, of Loyal Lodge No. 207, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. The last heard from him he was at Big Springs, Texas.

C. E. ROSEBURGH.

B. E. Roseburgh, of Stuart Lodge No. 20, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 146.

H. E. Stittler and W. M. McMurray, of Lodge No. 146, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier's of their Lodge at once.

MEMBERS OF 127.

J. C. Witheral and Edward Halloway, of Northern Light Lodge No. 127, are requested to correspond with their Financier and avoid trouble.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of September:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
2	Geo. H. Trask.*	120	Frank Ramsey.*
2	A. D. Myrick*	120	B. S. Clawson.¶
7	Jno. Bell.*	127	Thos. McKercher.*
10	E. M. Craine.*	127	Thos. Taylor.*
11	Wm. Casper.*	134	H. Hanault.*
17	Jno. Hook.*	136	A. Martin.*
17	Jno. C. Hensler.*	136	F. Wesley.*
17	D. W. Jenkins.*	136	R. Mackey.*
20	O. C. French.*	136	J. Nichols.*
22	Geo. W. Mathews.*	146	Steve Moriety.*
26	Peter Denny.*	148	Wm. Hurst.*
29	M. G. Evans.*	149	Martin Burdick.*
29	R. A. Eddy.*	150	Terrance Metzker.*
30	O. S. Pratt.*	153	W. A. Thompson.*
38	Jas. Matherson.*	156	F. Bennett.*
45	W. B. Johns.¶	156	T. J. Foley.*
46	Anton Kohlbecker.*	156	Henry Viger.*
47	Joseph Miller.*	156	Chas. Reitch.*
47	M. M. Kane.*	158	Thos. H. Barrett.¶
48	Geo. H. Nicol.*	158	C. C. Reynolds.*
52	Thos. Sullivan.*	164	Ed. Whitmore.*
53	Geo. E. Brooks.*	174	H. G. McNally.*
53	C. L. Moorehouse.†	177	E. Maroney.*
54	E. S. Williamson.†	184	Fred. Lineberg.*
54	B. Freeman.†	185	C. W. Bull.*
57	Fred. Rahn.*	185	C. Becker.*
57	Henry Mayon.*	188	Wm. L. Kaneaster.*
61	Jno. Martin.*	196	Geo. M. Houts.*
61	Wm. Redington.*	196	Wm. Kremling.*
66	J. Burns.*	200	Geo. Welch.*
66	F. Brown.*	200	F. W. Brown.*
70	W. C. Sample.*	200	M. Nicholson.*
70	J. T. Lynch.*	203	Thos. Hamler.*
70	John Carlisle.‡	211	Wm. Sittler.*
71	M. S. Morse.*	217	R. H. Dye.*
75	Dan. A. Guest.*	217	Jas. Vannausdell.*
75	G. James.*	224	Geo. Sincerebox.*
80	H. W. Fomes.*	243	J. S. Driscoll.*
81	Wm. Glynn.*	243	J. L. Ison.*
82	Jno. Danahy.*	243	I. W. Johnson.*
97	Chas. Small.*	246	W. H. Harrell.*
100	Chas. McCarty.*	257	Geo. Lahey.*
103	A. M. Judd.*	257	P. B. Pereria.*
118	P. C. Leavitt.*	267	Pat. McGiveney.*
118	Geo. Hastings.*		

- * Non-payment.
 ‡ Contempt of Lodge.
 † Defrauding Lodge.
 ‡ Defrauding members.
 † Defrauding creditors.

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of September:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
31	Harry Wing.	59	M. Lund.
46	E. T. Cody.	72	Ed. Farr.
51	W. J. Blanchard.	74	F. Wilbert.
54	Geo. W. Malone.	97	Chas. Small.
56	H. S. France.	97	Joseph Oman.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. O. F. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 1, 1885.
To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending September 30, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Assessm't 8.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't 6 and 7.	Assessm't 8.	Total.
1	\$7	\$112			\$119	71	\$15	\$92			\$107
2	20	44			64	72	7	116			123
3	39	238			277	73	15	68			83
4	1	112			113	74	48	110			158
5		138			138	75	45	286			331
6	30	26			56	76	1	62			63
7	3	46			49	77	59	148			207
8	16	48			64	78	2	182			246
9	39	130			169	79		70			139
10	7	92			99	80		\$71			170
11	10	230			240	81		144			284
12	32	482			514	82		107			621
13		192			192	83	32	116			208
14	3	262			265	84	3	150			315
15		110			110	85		98			208
16	15	242			257	86	8	76			333
17					87			64			151
18	9	88			97	88	2	106			209
19		74			74	89		78			162
20		51			54	90		12			66
21	6	16			22	91	7	38			65
22	4	54			58	92	4	36			72
23	1	80			84	93	5	136			141
24	20	\$43			63	94	1	110			134
25		72			72	95		134			208
26	2	130			132	96	8	82			220
27	4	148			152	97	2	106			258
28	7	128			135	98					265
29		86			86	99	26	114			340
30	2	62			64	100		72			136
31	20	108			128	101	47	190			318
32	7	44			51	102					103
33		110			110	103	18	216			324
34	2		55		57	104	17	58			115
35	8	36			44	105		162			176
36	22	100			122	106	9	36			131
37		108	55		163	107	12	90			253
38	3	130			133	108	2	54			135
39			85		105	109	14	118			223
40	8	158			166	110	5	44			171
41		34			34	111	17	18			51
42		64			64	112	12	108			120
43		134			134	113	13	34			147
44		142			142	114		44			186
45	34	142			176	115	11	54			230
46	28	52			80	116		90			170
47						117		98			195
48	14	98			112	118	5	46			127
49	16	44			60	119		60			120
50		258			258	120	8	142			266
51	8	72			80	121	12	50			92
52	12	190			202	122	11	66			213
53	12	76			88	123		164			252
54	1	132			134	124	27				161
55	8	61			69	125	11	68			80
56	3	18			21	126					127
57	20	238			258	127	14	158			272
58	1	42			43	128		58			131
59						129		118	30		148
60	3	170			173	130	22	84			195
61	51	102			153	131	29	42			182
62	23	98	51		172	132					223
63	18	58			76	133		64			140
64	1	72			73	134	15	28			88
65	18	130			148	135		120			268
66	16	100			116	136	10	30			146
67	45	156			201	137	2	56			257
68						138		72			140
69	5	76			81	139	6	26			87
70	25	46			71	140	4	134	68		242

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back Assessm't	Assessm't 6 and 7	Assessm't 8	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assessm't	Assessm't 6 and 7	Assessm't 8	Total.
141		\$154	\$20	\$234	213	\$6	\$18		\$24
142	\$54	108		162	214	3	36		39
143	6	26		26	215		80		80
144	6	56		62	216	4	91		95
145	77	68		145	217	10	10		20
146	29	42		71	218		26		26
147	43	32		75	219	4	24		28
148	19	34		53	220	2	16		18
149	39	211		250	221		66	\$33	99
150		66		66	222	7	38		45
151	7	108		108	223		28		28
152	5	20		27	224	3	38		41
153	1	102	50	152	225	17	16		33
154	9	78		87	226	5	52		57
155	1	34		35	227	2	34		36
156	19	76		95	228	1	77		78
157	2	56		58	229		62		62
158	5	90		95	230		86		86
159	13	90		103	231		70		70
160		76		76	232	62	8		70
161	6	94		100	233	6	26		32
162	5	202	103	305	234	17	26		43
163	5	32		37	235	24	8		32
164	39	64		103	236	1	26		27
165	15	56		71	237	19	88		107
166	1	61		65	238	1	22		23
167	5	90		95	239		42		42
168	7	54		61	240		25		25
169	11	148		159	241	2	11		13
170	8	40		48	242		34		34
171	3	18		21	243	4	58		62
172	3	98		98	244		45		45
173	3	56		59	245	1	28		29
174	6	128		134	246	5	30		35
175		36		36	247		40		40
176			17	17	248	3	18		21
177	10	42		52	249	1	26		27
178	7	110		117	250		68		68
179	4	134		138	251		30		30
180	6	22		28	252		76	46	122
181		58		58	253		46		46
182	3	46		49	254		28		28
183		66		66	255	1	40		41
184	2	46		48	256		36		36
185	29			29	257	12	26		38
186	11	38		49	258		31	18	49
187		12		22	259		36	20	56
188		100	51	151	260		30		30
189	2		39	41	261	7	14		21
190	8	58		66	262		20		20
191	26	48		144	263	3	18	12	33
192	1	28		29	264	10	40		50
193		28	18	46	265		21		21
194		66		66	266		56		56
195	6	62		68	267		22		22
196	26	50		76	268		50		50
197					269		22		22
198	3	20		23	270	2	36		110
199		46		46	271		26		26
200	19	14		33	272		18		18
201		52		52	273		36		36
202		84	45	129	274		2		2
203	6	61		70	275				
204	19	30		49	276				
205	28	82		110	277				
206	1	32		33	278				
207	2	78		80	279				
208		44		44	280		10		10
209	7	41		51	281				
210	1	58		59	282				
211	4	76		80	283				
212	4	56		60	284		14		14

Balance on hand September 1 \$547 50
 Received during month 23,530 00
 Total \$23,066 50

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

By claims Nos. 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, and 68 22,500 00

Balance on hand October 1 \$1,406 50
 Respectfully submitted,
 EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

CORRECTION.

W. Austin, of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, was reported expelled for non-payment and published in the October Magazine. The name was sent in by mistake. Bro. Austin is a member in good standing of No. 11 and has never been expelled. Hence this correction.

BLACK LIST.

C. O. Hart has been expelled from Bee Hive Lodge No. 179, of Lincoln, Neb., for non-payment of dues, defrauding members and beating board bills. Look out for him, he may come your way.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
 Terre Haute, Indiana.
 F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
 S. P. R. R., Yuma, Arizona.
 E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
 Terre Haute, Indiana.
 S. M. Stevens Grand Organizer and Instructor
 Terre Haute, Indiana.

TRUSTEES

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
 C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
 A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. B. Mayo, Chairman Ft. Howard, Wis
 W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
 F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
 C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
 Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
 J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
 A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
- 2. HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
 Meets 2d Monday and 4th Tuesdays.
 W. A. Aldrich, Woonsocket, R. I. Master
 C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
 T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
 H. F. Freeman, 74 Erie St. Secretary
 G. Auchter, 107 Fourth St. Financier
- 4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
 L. P. Bailey, 26 May St. Secretary
 W. O. Small, 2 Stevens Place Financier
- 5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
 Meets every Tuesday.
 D. T. O'Shea, Box 784 Master
 J. H. Holman, Box 784 Secretary
 T. L. Hoyt, Box 784 Financier
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
 J. Tully Master
 G. Cheney Secretary
 G. Barrett, Box 204 Financier
- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 E. Kemp, Alexandria, Va. Master
 H. A. Wilvert, 807 Sixth st., S. W. Secretary
 P. P. Luddy, 426 1 1/2 St., S. W. Financier

- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
C. Cain Master
S. M. Babb Secretary
A. T. Eckstrom Financier
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Baker, C. St. L. & P. Shops Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops Financier
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St Financier
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. Strouse, 547 Fayette St Master
C. W. Vannatta Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St Financier
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
E. J. Dwyer, 4 Florence Place Master
F. R. Degroff, 260 Communipaw
avenue Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave Financier
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. Lindeman, I. B. & W. shops Master
J. Zahm, 193 Bates St Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St Financier
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Clark, 19 Conde St Master
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St Secretary
T. A. Dickson, 72 Mullin St Financier
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
O. E. Raidy, 316 N. 11th St Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St Financier
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Appel, O. & M. Shops Master
D. W. Moses, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Smart Master
W. H. Storms Secretary
S. Washburn, Box 131 Financier
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Pollock, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
W. Zerwick, Box 252 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Financier
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave Master
F. Obenhouse, Station B. South
St. Louis Secretary
P. Glenn, 1726 So 12th st Financier
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 78 Master
L. Sullivan Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Conlin Master
G. Watts Secretary
G. Spurlock Financier
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. McDonald Master
C. T. Pfeffer Secretary
L. D. Harrington, Box 338 Financier
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
O. Dougherty Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 686 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Master
G. A. Kartack, Box 1055 Secretary
S. W. Dixon, Box 1236 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. C. Byers Master
L. S. Getts Secretary
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St., West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
G. M. Barnes Master
H. B. Maxwell Secretary
W. Thompson Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
P. A. Loveland Master
J. Fulton Secretary
A. H. Tucker Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. F. Gates Master
H. Conoughy Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. B. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
Mondays.
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St Master
A. W. Abrant, 917 Commercial St Secretary
W. Jacobia, 1515 Utah Ave Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. Hardesty, Box 234 Master
T. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
G. McClure, Box 160 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
D. Price Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Sugg Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
F. A. Kinch, Box 381 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Gascoigne Master
J. F. Maloney, Box 389 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romie St Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. M. Shepherd, Box 554 Master
C. A. Posten Secretary
S. Hall Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. A. Ball, Box 318 Master
J. Cooper, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Clark, Box 874 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier

- BLOOMING**; Bloomington, Ill.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714 1/2 W. Washington St. . . . Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. . . . Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. . . . Financier
- ONWARD**; Dickinson, Dakota.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. Taylor, Box 223 Master
W. T. Cunningham Secretary
A. C. Wirtz Financier
- ELMO**; Madison, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. . . . Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. . . . Secretary
W. D. Scampton Financier
- ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. E. Shortell, 705 So. 10th St. . . . Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 6th St. . . . Secretary
J. Hyndman, 2102 S. 5th St. . . . Financier
- F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ill.
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. T. Sullivan, Box 116 Master
M. J. Cunningham, Box 112 Secretary
T. Halpin, Box 171 Financier
- ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. N. Horton, 1704 W. 3d St. . . . Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. . . . Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So. Cross St. . . . Financier
- CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ill.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
J. Summerhill, 1417 E. Munro St. . . Financier
- TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 265 Maxwell Ave. . . . Master
H. Schilling, 3247 Dearborn St. . . Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E. Washington St. . Financier
- W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ill.
Meets 1st and Sunday at 2 P. M.
P. J. Smith, 423 Third St. Master
W. A. McMillan, 504 W. Jefferson
Street Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- J. M. RAYMOND**; Decatur, Ill.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. Davis Master
L. Litterer, 410 Mason St. Secretary
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. . . . Financier
- GARDEN CITY**; Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
L. E. Davis, 164 E. Harrison St. . . Master
A. C. Wright, Auburn Junction, Ills. . . . Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4004 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- FRISCO**; North Springfield, Mo.
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Salsman Master
E. Rush Secretary
J. Hulse Financier
- GOOD WILL**; Logansport, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. W. Shaver Master
V. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
C. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kansas.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
B. McNeil, Box 1210 Master
G. Gallagher, Box 1172 Secretary
G. McNeil, Box 1210 Financier
- NCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. P. Carlisle, Box 802 Master
D. Dyar Secretary
A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- LUFF CITY**; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
Fox, L. & N. Shops Master
J. Cody, L. & N. Shops Secretary
A. Ashley, L. & N. Shops Financier
- 56. BANNER**; Stannberry, Mo.
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
P. McDermott Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
W. B. Genung Financier
- 57. BOSTON**; Boston, Mass.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, 76 Hammond street. . . Master
E. E. Roundy, 28 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. . . . Financier
- 58. SACRAMENTO**; Rocklin, Cal.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
L. G. Jeardau Master
J. P. Clark Secretary
G. W. Culver Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE**; South Pueblo, Colo.
Meets every Monday night.
M. Zumbrum Master
H. L. Foster Secretary
W. Henthorn Financier
- 60. UNITED**; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. Maxheimer Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 W. Front St. . . . Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAWA**; St. Paul, Minn.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
L. Sharpless Master
A. Danielson Secretary
B. Bradley, 703 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN**; Carbondale, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. W. Bayley Master
T. McCauley Secretary
O. E. Histed, L. Box 733 Financier
- 63. HERCULES**; Danville, Ill.
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
W. Pickering, Box 765 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX**; Sioux City, Iowa.
G. Martin Master
W. E. Shipman, Box 384 Secretary
L. B. Cuttling, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY**; Waseca, Minn.
M. English, Box 348 Master
J. Taylor, Box 82 Secretary
L. A. Bullard Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE**; Belleville, Ontario.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Muir, G. T. Ry Master
C. Spry, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION**; Toronto, Canada.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Reid, 31 Leonard ave. Master
W. C. Farrance, 68 Dennison ave. . . Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE**; Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cline, Altoona, Wis. Master
J. B. Hurley, Box 141, Altoona, Wis. . Secretary
F. Cary, Box 142, Altoona, Wis. . . . Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY**; Brockville, Ontario.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields, Box 238 Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR**; Longview, Texas.
J. P. Wesley, L. Box 364 Master
I. H. Stout, L. Box 349 Secretary
C. Higby, L. Box 364 Financier
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA**; Oneonta, N. Y.
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier

- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Rue, 14 Hudson St. Master
Wm. Laird, 430 Mickle St. Secretary
J. Gibbs, 14 Hudson St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. C. Wilson, 79 Harrison St. Master
G. T. Craft, 7 Salmon St. Secretary
G. F. Newton, 6 Riley St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Zang, 1858 Mercer Place Master
W. Piercey, 1354 Liberty St., W. Kansas City Mo. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. S. Groff, 126 N 32d St. Master
H. Walton, 40 So. Spring Garden St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Burke Master
F. A. Catlin Secretary
F. A. Catlin Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Salmon, Box 1828 Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie, Box 701 Secretary
W. Holcroft, 514 Summit St. Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
R. Carroll Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
J. Hyndman Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. E. Tucker Master
W. B. Miller Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Master
W. J. Bain, Box 1856 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. So. Master
C. D. Stevens, 20 Royalston Ave. Secretary
W. E. Richmond, 820 N. Girard Ave, Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. G. Nash Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
R. L. Craig, L. Box 406 Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. Buckley Master
D. Coughlin Secretary
B. Stapleton Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. T. Kellum, Box 553 Master
R. Roggeveen, L. Box 1026 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Rich Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
W. Konold Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. A. Measures Secretary
G. Jordan Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne, Box 109 Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
Harry Henn Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
Wm. TenEyck Secretary
B. F. Rondebush Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. Hewitt, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St. Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Lee, 109 West Albany St. Master
G. E. McCathron, 224 W. 6th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St. Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Schwartz, 1013 Bank St. Master
M. L. Eversoll, 1213 Bank St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
J. C. Stout, Box 218 Master
A. W. McQueen, Box 218 Secretary
C. W. Wilcox, Box 218 Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
C. Gleason, 266 W. Lake St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 685 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 685 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 239 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
H. C. Hall, Box 72 Master
W. P. Styles, Box 72 Secretary
F. C. Bishop, Box 72 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
J. W. Millman, 6 Hubbell Park Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St. Secretary
G. N. Kingsley, 88 Channing St. Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
W. Ailsap Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Degnan, Box 404 Master
F. A. Neely Box 476 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, L. Box 319 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Combs Master
C. M. Krull, C. R. I. & P. engine house Secretary
F. Warrick, C. R. I. & P. Engine house Financier

- 3. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
C. Carroll, 1207 Churchill St. Master
T. Filburn Secretary
T. McGuire, 935 Dumesnell St. Financier
- 4. "OLD KENTUCK;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 5. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Fridays and 3d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. D. Lowe, 826 So. Seminary St. Master
C. G. Nelson, 522 N. Seminary St. Secretary
J. L. Weeks, 436 So. Academy St. Financier
- 6. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
D. Schaffner, 1974 Jackson St. Master
G. B. Unapher, C. M. St. P. shops Secretary
J. P. Sandry, 142 High St. Financier
- 7. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. Gollady Financier
- 8. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Davis Master
W. Gordon, Box 20 Secretary
H. Berndt Financier
- 9. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
L. Fisher, 214 S. Beaumont St. Master
E. A. Pendleton, 710 S. Broadway Secretary
John L. Pate, 3121 Caroline St. Financier
- 10. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Master
J. Craft Secretary
E. Stauffer Financier
- 11. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. W. O'Brien Master
A. Heffron Secretary
J. Tiernen, Box 365 Financier
- 12. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
R. Wild Master
C. Branham Secretary
C. Branham Financier
- 13. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
L. Oram, Box 13 Master
J. Gorman Secretary
J. Moore, Box 13 Financier
- 14. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. Gutch Master
J. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
N. Wind, Box 354 Financier
- 15. JULE CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
L. Briggs, 36th St. bet. Broadway and K. Sts. Master
Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
McDonough, Avenue K, bet. 36th and 37th streets Financier
- 16. T. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
D. Anderson Master
L. Gray Secretary
Blodgett Financier
- 17. EVERET; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Angles, 385 Grey St. Master
Lister, 140 Colborne St. Secretary
T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Financier
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- 119. COLONIAL; Rivier du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
G. Findlay, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Station Financier
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Master
S. W. Walkins, Jr., 1½ Welch Block, Fabius St. Secretary
L. G. Roussen, 56½ Gertrude St. Financier
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Orcutt Master
F. E. Hamner Secretary
G. R. Quirk, L. Box 232 Financier
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Master
H. Henson Secretary
W. W. Seeley, Box 198 Financier
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and 3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
T. Anderson, U. P. round house Master
E. E. Fair, 1117 Pacific St. Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St. Financier
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
B. H. Giles Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Speers Master
F. W. Snyder Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. F. McNamara Master
F. A. Fairbanks Secretary
J. G. Johnson Financier
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. F. Marshall, C. P. R. R. shops Master
S. Partington, 130 Logan St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 226 McWilliams St. Financier
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Clayton, Box 24 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
M. McVicker, Box 55 Financier
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Simmonson, Box 426 Master
M. Shields Secretary
R. E. Gorham, Box 422 Financier
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Knapp, 434 Barclay St. Master
G. Tripp, 358 Jackson St. Secretary
J. F. Duggan, 53 5th St. Financier
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
M. J. Moore Master
W. S. Collins Secretary
E. C. Clifford Financier
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Master
J. Bowes, Box 20 Secretary
C. A. Bates Financier

- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Miller Master
M. E. Montgomery Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
L. Robinson, Altoona, Wis. Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
L. Robinson, Farnham, Quebec Financier
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Cowan, Box 184 Master
C. M. Young, Box 184 Secretary
J. M. Barton, Box 184 Financier
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
T. A. Pratt, Box 173 Master
J. McMahon, Box 173 Secretary
R. M. Johnson Financier
- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
W. T. Brown Master
J. Hull Secretary
L. C. Allen Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Flack, Box 1301 Master
S. Shaughnessy, Box 1489 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. A. Lewis Master
J. J. Norton Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. N. Lowry, Box 176 Master
J. L. West, Box 39 Secretary
S. P. Sappington, Box 39 Financier
- 141. A. G. POSTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. C. Short, 5 Pearl St Master
A. J. Kohler, 34 Allen St Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d Wednesday.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. M. White, 1714 Lincoln St Master
Geo. Randall, 1061 Campbell st Secretary
F. S. Small, 914 Wood St Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. C. Arnold Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
H. M. Brown Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
A. A. Ritchie Master
H. I. Daniels, 49 McKee St Secretary
J. J. Sangster, 63 Centre St Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
E. Gerard Master
T. Robbins Secretary
P. E. Corcoran Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Taaff Master
E. E. Smith Secretary
R. J. McCool Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M. and East 59th street.
G. Ford, 508 W. 125th St Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave Secretary
W. J. McColl, 326 9th Ave Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St Secretary
H. R. Hall, 93 Murray St Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
W. A. Searles Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
J. W. Page Secretary
H. L. Wright, Box 89 Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
E. E. Webb Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Corn, L. Box 164 Master
E. H. Sims, L. Box 164 Secretary
L. Ryan, L. Box 92 Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Jones, Box 256 Master
I. A. Green, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. H. Wair Master
H. P. Matthews Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
E. Heidenrich, 124 Hastings St Secretary
J. Nopper, 124 Hastings St Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Clark, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
E. P. Bishop, Jr., 69 So Union St Secretary
E. P. Bishop, Jr., 69 So Union St Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St Master
W. Winder, 1206 Walnut St Secretary
A. J. Warfer, 710 Upper 5th St Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House Master
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
D. F. Wagner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday Evening at 7 P. M.
M. R. Carson, L. Box 56 Master
D. Hope, L. Box 56 Secretary
H. J. Fitzjohn, L. Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
E. A. Laughran, Box 247 Master
P. J. Richardson Secretary
J. Derck, Box 47 Financier

5. **ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. J. Boughton Master
T. Cunningham, Box 790 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier

6. **WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**

F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 825 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier

7. **MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**

Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
I. N. Johns Financier

8. **GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**

Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. 3d Sunday at P. M.
T. Cawley, Box 165 Master
G. E. Hiscox, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier

9. **H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**

H. Grover, Box 689 Master
J. Hammond Secretary
A. H. Spencer, Box 1025, Hornellsville, N. Y. Financier

10. **PRAIRIE; Haron, Dakota.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. P. Malone Master
D. Bartlett, Box 36 Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse, Box 187 Financier

11. **SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**

Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
F. Geddes Master
T. Fitzgerald, 227 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
M. T. White Financier

12. **F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**

Meets alternate Sundays
J. Wilson, 140 Queen St. west Master
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Financier

13. **PAIFC; Winslow, Arizona.**

Meets every Sunday evening.
D. J. Sandford Master
A. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier

14. **HARRINBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
V. C. Taylor, 1506 N. 5th St. Master
E. R. Curl Secretary
I. McNeal, 1208 Sixth St. Financier

15. **TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. C. Beall, Box C Master
Adkins, Box C Secretary
Adkins, Box C Financier

16. **MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
V. F. Gorman, Box 285 Master
G. Turley, Box 41 Secretary
H. Porter, Box 41 Financier

17. **SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**

Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
Pink Master
M. Lovett Secretary
K. Kane, Box 184 Financier

18. **SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**

Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Suess, D. & R. G. shops Master
W. Foote, 329 Southwest Temple street Secretary
T. Tibbs, 146 S. 3d W. St. Financier

19. **BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Robinson, 1341 K St. Master
W. Hedges, 1240 U St. Secretary
Walters, 437 S. 9th St. Financier

20. **THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**

Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Egan Master
F. Howie Secretary
Hewitt, C. V. & C. R. R. Financier

21. **WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Caudle Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier

22. **GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**

Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French streets Master
G. W. Welch, 17th and Hickory Sts. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier

23. **LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**

Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Gains Master
H. I. Miller Secretary
G. W. Moses Financier

24. **LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. A. Branson Master
J. Caddy Secretary
C. M. Hufty Financier

25. **FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Van Geisen Master
J. Kuhns Secretary
John Kuhns Financier

26. **CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
P. Hartney, 29-6 Dearborn St. Master
G. A. Updegraff, 3205 Hanover St. Secretary
G. H. Mitchell, 2011 Wabash ave. Financier

27. **LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Traimor Master
H. T. Lyons Secretary
L. H. Linn, Box 402 Financier

28. **S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. K. Doherty, 156 Northwestern Ave. Master
E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St. Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St. Financier

29. **BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**

Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 4 Master
J. Woods, L. Box 352 Green Bay, Wis. Secretary
I. R. Johnson, Box 215 Financier

30. **FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Master
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier

31. **CUNTER; Livingston, Montana.**

Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. S. Foley Master
H. H. Dupuis Secretary
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Financier

32. **MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
C. W. Tullis Master
A. Geary, Box 526 Secretary
F. H. Andrews Financier

33. **J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287, East Portland, Oregon Master
H. W. Ingalls Secretary
E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier

34. **BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. P. Case Master
J. A. Foster Secretary
W. E. Watson Financier

35. **RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**

Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Woffington Master
J. Becker Secretary
D. Hill Financier

36. **CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**

Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
E. G. Haskins, Box 330 Master
L. C. Cooper, Box 330 Secretary
W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Financier

- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. S. Griffith, L. Box N. Master
C. Latham, Box 446 Secretary
James Bailey Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
C. E. Bayler, Jr., Lock Drawer 170 Secretary
C. E. Bayler, Jr. Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. H. Mulvey Master
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Secretary
D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St. Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
M. Fulcher Master
S. M. Jackson Secretary
L. H. Munn Financier
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. G. Emmons Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. D. Bledsoe Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Sunday afternoon and 3d Monday evening.
D. Sheets Master
A. E. Maunsell, Box 1231 Secretary
J. R. Schooley, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
T. H. Mowry, Box 287 Master
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Secretary
H. Bradford, Box 116 Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Barber, Box 45 Master
A. J. Armagost, Box 492 Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45, Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
G. Atherton, 44 So. Klein St. Master
H. A. Seelinger, 146 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. A. Raudlett, 79 Jefferson St. Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
G. M. Jones Master
H. Byron Secretary
Wm. O'Brien Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. S. Taylor Master
J. McKee Secretary
A. Heckman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every alternate Saturday.
J. J. Lannan, Box 131 Master
W. B. Smith, Box 155 Secretary
C. Anderson, Box 155 Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
T. Dorcal Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. VanVrauken, Box 497 Master
T. Smith, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
D. W. Henry, Wilkesbarre St. Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St. Secretary
C. Long, Berwick St. Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. E. Baker, 104 Arsenal St. Master
J. E. Exner, 28 Meadow St. Secretary
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meadow St. Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
W. F. Wright Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
M. E. Stafford Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bowen, 261 N. Caroline St. Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. L. Baker, 113 Third St. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St. Financier
Greenbush, N. Y.
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, 20 South St. Master
F. S. Moore, 20 Cross St. Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St. Financier
- 217. DEEBICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Master
W. B. Davis, Union St, 32d Ward Secretary
E. McHugh, Bertha St., 32d Ward Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
E. D. Cawley, 225 Washington Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. E. Bowen Master
L. Campbell Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
S. Allward, Box 69 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
C. Wilkie Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
G. Kelly Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 167 E. High St Secretary
Huntington, W. Va
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Financier
- 224. T. C. BOERN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 8 P. M.
G. E. Glassford, Neebring, Ont Master
H. Poole, Neebring, Ont Secretary
D. J. McDonald, Neebring, Ont Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, L. Box 100 Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghampton, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays.
F. W. Parsons Master
W. W. Stonier, 99 Eldridge St Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier

- 28. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Wint, 1333 Mylert St. Master
E. Tewksbury, Fairview Ave. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 614 Marion St. Financier
- 29. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. J. Quirk Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St. Secretary
E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St. Financier
- 30. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 5th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Gilkerson, 38 Knox St. Master
J. J. Gill, 180 N. Pearl St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St. Financier
- 1. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Nugent, 905 Elm St. Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St. Secretary
W. Lytle, 1009 Lombard St. Financier
- 2. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
E. Wood, L. Box 1431 Master
A. E. Briggs, L. Box 1431 Secretary
E. G. Reynolds, L. Box 1431 Financier
- 1. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- 1. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. K. Graham Master
O. Lassman Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- 3. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. K. Brett, cor 26 and Smallman Sts. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East
Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Moyer, 323 Penn Ave. Financier
- 1. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. D. Teter, Box 156 Master
J. H. Tilford Secretary
J. K. Nutty Financier
- 1. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
D. J. Fane Master
G. L. Grewe Secretary
T. Chew Financier
- 1. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Brewer Master
H. B. Drullard Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- 1. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
A. L. Weiser Master
A. R. Edington, Box 54 Secretary
D. Edington, Box 54 Financier
- 1. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every Sunday.
H. Hastings, 115 Orange St. Master
Bentley Secretary
Verberg, 113 East Ave. Financier
- 1. MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
McCall Master
Krafft Secretary
C. Hagerty Financier
- 1. WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Delaney, 418 Powell St. Master
Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- 1. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
L. Caudle Master
F. Rowe Secretary
H. Christman Financier
- 244. T. P. O'BROURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
P. C. Winn, 142 W. 12th St. Master
E. Atkins, 180 Maxwell St. Secretary
N. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
F. Goolsby, 212 1/2 Harris St. Master
A. Hutton, 117 1/2 Barnard St. Secretary
S. Bolneau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
N. S. Outler, South Macon Master
W. M. Walker, 3 Arch St. Secretary
A. J. Vining, 36 Hazel St. Financier
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets every Saturday at 7 P. M.
J. H. Achey, 9 Jones St. Master
C. Bellows, E. T. V. & G. R. R. shops Secretary
C. H. Dunbar, 204 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. Brown Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
L. McKee, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, Ashley, Pa. Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Asa Gruver, Box 176 Master
H. B. Fulton, Box 155 Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. Mellinger Master
W. A. Glosser Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. H. Johnson, 32 Berrine ave. Master
R. Stackhouse 172 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. P. Parsons, 349 Berry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 206 Secretary
J. H. Royce, Box 199 Financier
- 255. NEIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter, Box 464 Master
F. S. Reid, L. Box 494 Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 452 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Tompkins Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer, Box 105 Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Miller, Box 50 Master
T. Gattfield, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 147 Master
G. H. Arnold Secretary
M. Norton, Box 264 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
P. Schmidt Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier

- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
F. Witham, C. P. Round House . . . Master
G. E. Hanford . . . Secretary
C. W. Cox, 1517 N st . . . Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. Lyons, Box 110 . . . Master
J. W. Murray, Box 85 . . . Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 . . . Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY, West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick . . . Master
W. Wyndman . . . Secretary
F. A. Sproule . . . Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
I. P. Greene, Box 10 . . . Master
A. E. Hayden, Box 10 . . . Secretary
M. Moynahan, Box 10 . . . Financier
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
T. Malec, Box 832 . . . Master
J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 . . . Secretary
O. Adams, Box 832 . . . Financier
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and last Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Norris, 59 River St. . . . Master
L. A. Ogden, 525 S. Division St. . . Secretary
J. Kitzelman, 5 Olive St. . . Financier
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
G. P. O'Connell . . . Master
J. Conway . . . Secretary
A. Krienke . . . Financier
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Evans, Gretna, La. . . . Master
H. H. Hardey, Gretna, La. . . Secretary
W. B. McGuire, 66 Oliver St. . . Financier
- 268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Jeffrey, 5 Boyce St. . . . Master
C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. . . Secretary
T. O'Leary, 5 Boyce St. . . Financier
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. . . Master
F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington, Kentucky . . . Secretary
J. B. Wiltshire, 23 Neve St., Covington, Kentucky . . . Financier
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 Third St. south . . Master
S. B. Thompson, 2216 Cedar ave. S., Secretary
C. Kraft, 2116 twenty-ninth St. S., Financier
- 271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 A. M.
Wm. Weiler, Box 25, Port Morris, N. J. Master
R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Port Morris, . . Secretary
Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. . . Financier
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. Kirkendall . . . Master
G. B. Weller . . . Secretary
Peter Young . . . Financier
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
F. F. Desmond, 266 Santa Fe St. . . Master
G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St. . . Secretary
G. Smith, 208 Thirteenth St . . . Financier
- 274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
J. C. Clark . . . Master
B. H. Thomas, . . . Secretary
J. J. Cochran . . . Financier
- 275. LEE; Richmond, Va.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. R. Dean, 2900 Venable St. . . Master
J. K. Anderson, 1008 Buchanan St. Secretary
C. L. Johnson, 1009 Buchanan St. Financier
- 276. GRAFTON; Grafton, W. Va.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
G. Wright . . . Master
Geo. W. Williams, Piedmont W. Va. Secretary
A. I. Enoch, Grafton W. Va. . . Financier
- 277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
R. L. Jewell, L. & N. shops . . . Master
G. B. Clark, L. & N. shops . . . Secretary
L. S. Smith, L. & N. shops . . . Financier
- 278. ANDERSON; Vicksburg, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
H. E. Parks . . . Master
L. W. Christmas, Box 482 . . . Secretary
C. Bradford . . . Financier
- 279. METEOR; McComb City, Miss.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. S. Fisk, Box 87 . . . Master
S. D. Ford, Box 87 . . . Secretary
R. E. Davidson, Box 87 . . . Financier
- 280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday evening.
H. McFee . . . Master
H. P. Colvin . . . Secretary
G. Bennett . . . Financier
- 281. TUNNEL HILL; New Albany, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. D. Fisher . . . Master
F. A. Stephens . . . Secretary
John Clare . . . Financier
- 282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Bert Launt . . . Master
J. Sanders . . . Secretary
Frank T. Barton . . . Financier
- 283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
F. J. May, Great Bend Village . . . Master
J. F. McCormick, Great Bend Village Secretary
H. P. Trowbridge, Great Bend Village . . Financier
- 284. ELM CITY; New Haven, Conn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. McCabe, 65 Spring St . . . Master
E. S. Ailing, 100 Spring St . . . Secretary
C. T. Downs, 160 Spring St . . . Financier
- 285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
W. W. Hosford, 15 Elm St . . . Master
W. F. Day, 119 Ann St . . . Secretary
H. L. Stearns, 115 Trumble St . . . Financier
- 286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
D. Patterson, 722 N. Third St . . . Master
H. Meyers, L. Box 554 . . . Secretary
C. L. Sterling, 701 N. Jefferson St . . Financier
- 287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
W. W. Brantlinger, 1316 10th Ave . . Master
C. W. Armstrong, 431 8th Ave and 5th St . . . Secretary
I. Craig, 2000 1/2 8th Ave . . . Financier
- 288. EMMET; Estherville, Iowa.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Monday at 7 P. M.
W. S. Davis, L. Box 17 . . . Master
P. J. Sullivan, Box 48 . . . Secretary
G. Godden, Box 124 . . . Financier
- 289. GRAND ISLAND; Grand Island, Neb.**
Meets every Friday evening.
J. W. Allwine, L. Box 135 . . . Master
G. Morgan, Box 575 . . . Secretary
J. F. Shannon . . . Financier
- 290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.**
J. T. Hart, 412 Washington St . . Master
G. Coffman . . . Secretary
J. C. Shaw . . . Financier
- 291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. R. Johnston, 36 N. Oxford St . . Master
H. W. Martin, Jamaica, L. I. . . Secretary
W. C. Latimer, 118 Hall St . . . Financier

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 12.

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS.

by William O. Stoddard.

CHAPTER I.

There was not a larger house in all the valley than Grandfather Vrooman's. It was old and comfortable, and seemed to lie sound asleep, with a snow blanket all over its roof.

Nothing short of a real old-fashioned Christmas could wake up such a house as that.

Christmas was coming!

Unless Santa Claus and the Simpsons and the Hopkinses should forget the day of the month, they could all be there at waking-up me to-morrow morning.

"Jane," said Grandmother Vrooman, that afternoon, to her daughter, Mrs. Hardy, who lived with her— "Jane, I've got 'em all fixed now just where they're going to sleep, and I've made a bed on the floor in the store-room."

"Why, mother, who's that for?"

"You wait and see, after they get here, and we've counted 'em."

"Anyhow there's cookies enough, and doughnuts."

"And the pies, Jane."

"And I'm glad Liph gathered up piles of butternuts."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed little Sue, "I gathered as many as he did, and beech nuts, and hickory nuts, and—"

"So you did, Sue; but I wonder how two turkeys'll go round, with only one pair of chickens?"

"Mother," said Mrs. Hardy, the inn-pudding?"

"Yes, but all those children! I

do hope they'll get here to-night in time for me to know where I'm going to put 'em."

At that very minute, away up the north road, two miles nearer town, there was a sort of dot on the white road. If you were far enough away from it, it looked like a black dot, and did not seem to move. The nearer you came to it the funnier it looked, and the more it seemed to be trudging along with an immense amount of small energy.

Very small, indeed, for anybody close up to it would have seen that it was a five-year-old boy in a queer little suit of gray, trimmed with red. He had on a warm gray cap, and right in the middle of it were worked a pair of letters—"O. A."—but there was nobody with the gray dot to explain that those two letters stood for "Orphan Asylum." No, nor to tell how easy it was for a boy of five years old, with all the head under his gray cap full of Christmas ideas, to turn the wrong corner where the roads crossed south of the great Orphan Asylum building. That was what he had done, and he had walked on and on, wondering why the big building did not come in sight, until his small legs were getting tired, and his brave little black eyes were all but ready for a crying spell.

Just as he got thoroughly discouraged, he came to the edge of the woods, where there stood a wood sleigh with two horses in front of it, drawn close to the roadside, and heaped with great green boughs and branches.

"The sleigh's pretty nigh full, grandfather," sang out a clear boyish voice beyond the fence, and a very much older one seemed to go right on talking.

"Your grandmother, Liph, she always did make the best mince pies, and she can stuff a turkey better'n any one I know."

"Grandfather, do you s'pose they'll all come?"

"Guess they will. That there spruce'll do for the Christmas tree. Your grandmother said we must fetch a big one."

"That's a whopper. But will Joe Simpson and Bob Hopkins be bigger'n they were last summer?"

"Guess they've grown a little. They'll grow this time, if they eat all their grandmother'll want 'em to. Hello, Liph, who's that out there in the road?"

"Guess it's a boy."

"I declare if it isn't one of them little gray mites from the 'sylum! Way out here! I say, bub?"

"I'm Bijah."

There was a scared look in the black eyes, for they had never seen anything quite like Grandfather Vrooman, when he pushed his face out between the branches.

The trees all looked as if they had beards of snow, but none had a longer or whiter one than Liph's grandfather.

"Bijah," said he, "did you know Christmas was coming?"

"Be here to-morrow," piped the dot in gray, "and we're going to have turkey."

"You don't say! Just you wait until I cut a tree down and I'll come out and hear all about it."

"Is your name Santa Claus?"

"Did you hear that Liph? The little chap's miles from home and I don't believe he knows it."

"Is that your sleigh?"

"Yes, Bijah, that's my sleigh."

"Those ain't reindeers, and you're bigger'n you used to be."

"Hear that, Liph?"

Bijah had not the least doubt in

the world but that he had discovered Santa Claus in the very act of getting ready for Christmas, and his black eyes were growing bigger every minute, until Liph began to climb over the fence. Then he set off on a run as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hold on," shouted Liph. "We won't hurt you."

"Let him go," said Grandfather Vrooman. "He's on the way to our house. We'll pick him up."

"Took me for Santa Claus, did I declare! Liph, this here tree'll just suit your grandmother."

It was a splendid spruce tree, with wide-spreading boughs at less than two feet from the snow level. Grandfather Vrooman worked his way carefully in until he could reach the trunk with saw and axe, and then there was a sharp bit of work for him and Liph to get that "Christmas tree" stowed safely on top of the sleigh load.

"Now for home, Liph. Your grandmother'll cut into one of them new pies for you when you get there."

"Look!" shouted Liph, "that little fellow's waiting for us at the hill."

The hill was not a high one, and the road led right over it, and there on the summit stood Bijah.

"I'm so tired and hungry," said to himself, "and there comes old Santa Claus, sleigh and all."

"He was getting colder, too," he was standing still, and when Grandfather Vrooman came about the road, walking in front of the sleigh, while Liph perched among the evergreens and drove, they seemed to be something warm about him.

It was not so much his high hat, or his tremendous overcoat, or his long white beard, or the way he smiled, but something in the sound of his voice almost drove the fear out of Bijah's nose.

"Well, my little man, don't you want to come to my house and eat some pie?"

"Yes, sir."

Bijah could not think of one other word he wanted to say, and he mustered all the courage he had not to cry when Grandfather Vrooman picked him up, as if he had been a kitten, and perched him by the side of Liph among the evergreens.

On he went, and Bijah did not answer a single one of Liph's questions for five long minutes. Then he turned his black eyes full on his driver and asked, "Do you live with Santa Claus in his own house?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Liph, with a great chuckle of fun; but all he had to do the rest of the way home was to spin yarns for Bijah about the way they lived at the house where all the Christmas comes from.

When they got there, Liph's father and the hired man and Grandfather Vrooman were ready to lift off that Christmas tree, and carry it through the front door and hall, and set it up in the "dark room" at the end of the hall. That ought to have been the nicest room in the house, for it was right in the middle, but there were no windows in it. There were doors in every direction, however, and in the corner of the ceiling was a "scuttle hole" more than two feet square, with a wooden lid on it.

"John," said Grandfather Vrooman to Mr. Hardy, "we'll hoist the top of the tree through the hole. You go up and open the scuttle. Litch the top good and strong. There'll be lots of things to hang on them branches."

Liph's father hurried up stairs to open the scuttle, and that gave Grandfather Vrooman a chance to wink at Bijah. "Where is he, Liph?"

"Oh, he's all right. Grandmother's got him. She and mother caught him before he got into the house. He tried to run away, too." Bijah's short legs had been too red to carry him very fast, and

Grandmother Vrooman and Mrs. Hardy had caught him before he got back to the gate.

The way they laughed about it gave him a great deal of courage, and he never cried when they took him by his red little hands, one on each side, and walked him into the house.

"Jane," said grandmother, "what will we do with him? The house'll be choke jam, packed full, and there isn't an extra bed."

"Father found him in the snow somewhere. Just like him. But what a rosy little dot he is?"

"Are you Santa Claus' wives?" asked Bijah, with a quiver of his lip in spite of himself.

How they did chuckle while they tried to answer that question! All they made clear to Bijah was that the place for him was in a big chair before the sitting-room fire-place, with a plate of mince pie in his lap, and Bush, the big house-dog, sitting beside him.

"It's Santa Claus' dog," said Bijah to himself; "but his house isn't as big the 'sylum.'"

CHAPTER II.

There were fire-places in every room on the ground floor of Grandfather Vrooman's house, and some kind of stove in more than half of the rooms up-stairs.

There were blazing fires on every hearth down-stairs, and Liph got hold of Bijah after a while and made him and Bush go around with him to help poke them up. Bijah had never seen a fire-place before, and it was a great wonder to him, but Bush sat down in front of each fire and laughed at it.

It was getting dark when they reached the great front parlor, and the fire-place there was wonderful.

"Woof, woof, woof," barked Bush.

Bijah stood still in the door while Liph went near enough to give that fire a poke, and he could hear Grandfather Vrooman away back in the sitting-room:

"Now, my dear, we'll stick him away somewhere. Put him in one of the stockings, and hang him up."

"That's me," groaned Bijah. "He's going to make a present of me to somebody. Oh, I wish I could run away."

But he could not, for there was Liph, and there was Bush, and it was getting dark.

"Now, my dear," went on grandfather, "I'll just light up, and then I'll go and meet that train. I'll bring Prue and her folks, and Pat'll meet the other, and bring Ellen and hers. Won't the old house be full this time?"

"He's caught some more somewhere," whispered Bijah to himself. "I wonder who'll get 'em? Who'll get me?"

That was an awful question, but Liph and Bush all but ran against him just then, and he heard grandmother say:

"You'll have to stick candles on the window-sills. I can't spare any lamps for up-stairs."

"But, my dear, it's got to be lit up—every room of it, I wan't 'em to know Christmas is coming."

"That's what they were all saying at the 'sylum this morning," thought Bijah, "and here I am, right where it's coming to."

So he was, and he and Liph and Bush watched them finish setting the supper table, till suddenly Bush gave a great bark and sprang away toward the front door. Grandfather Vrooman had hardly been gone from the house an hour, and here he was back again.

Jingle, jingle, jingle. How the sleigh bells did dance as that great load of young folks came down the road, and what a racket they made at the gate, and how Bush, and Liph, and the grandmother, and the rest did help them!

"He's caught 'em all," said Bijah, "but they ain't scared a bit."

No one would have thought so if he had seen Mrs. Prue Hopkins and her husband and her six children

follow Grandfather Vrooman into the house.

They were hardly there, and some of them had their things on yet when there came another jingle, and ever so much talking and laughter down the other road.

"He's caught some more. Some are little and some are big. I wonder who'll get the baby?"

Bush was making himself hoarse, and had to be spoken to by Mr. Hardy, while Mrs. Simpson tried to unmix her children from the Hopkinses long enough to be sure none of them had dropped out of the sleigh on the road.

Then Liph set to work to introduce his cousins to Bijah, and Bush came and stood by his new friend in gray, to see that it was properly done.

"Where'd you come from?" said Joe Simpson.

"Sylum," said Bijah. "Where'd he catch you?"

"Catch what?" said Joe, but Liph managed to choke off the chuckle he was going into, and to shout out:

"Why, Joe, we found him in the road to-day. He thinks grandfather's old Santa Claus, and the house is Christmas."

"So I am—so it is," said Grandfather Vrooman. "We'll make him hang up his stocking with the rest to-night."

Bijah could not feel scared at all with so many children around him, and he was used to being among a crowd of them. Still, it was hard to feel at home after supper, and he might have had a blue time of it if he hadn't been for Liph and Bush. He had somehow got into Bush's mix-up, that the dot in gray was under his protection, and he followed Bijah from one corner to another.

All the doors in the "dark room" were open, and it was the lightest room in the house, with its big fire on the hearth and all the lamps that were taken in after supper; but there was not one thing hanging on

the Christmas tree until Grandfather Vrooman exclaimed:

"Now for the stockings! It's getting late, children, I must have you all in bed before long."

"Stockings?"

They all knew what that meant, and so did Bijah, but it was wonderful how many that tree had to carry. Bob Hopkins insisted on hanging two pairs for himself, and Phad Simpson was begging his mother for a second pair, when Liph Hardy came in from the kitchen with a great, long, empty grain bag.

"What in the world is that for?" asked grandmother, perfectly astonished. "Why, child, what do you mean by bringing that thing in here?"

"One big stocking for grandfather. Let's hang it up, boys. Maybe Santa Clause'll fill it."

There was no end of fun over grandfather Vrooman's grain-bag stocking, that was all leg and no foot, but Uncle Hiram Simpson took it and fastened it strongly to a branch in the middle of the tree.

It was close to the trunk, and was almost hidden; but Liph saw Uncle Hiram wink at Aunt Ellen, and he knew there was fun of some kind that he had not thought of.

Grandmother Vrooman had been so busy with all those children from the moment they came into the house that she had almost lost her anxiety; but it came back to her now all of a sudden.

"Sakes alive! Jane," she said to Mrs. Hardy, "every last one of mine's got to be in bed before we can do a thing with the stockings."

Bijah heard her, for he was just beyond the dining-room door, with a cruller in each hand, and it made him shiver all over.

"I wish I was in the 'sylum. No, don't either, but I kind o' wish I was."

Bijah was a very small boy, and he had not seen much of the world, but his ideas were almost as clear

as those of the other children and Grandma Vrooman for the next fifteen minutes. The way the Simpson and Hopkins families got mixed up, with Liph and Sue Hardy to help them, was something wonderful. Old Bush wandered from room to room after them, wagging his tail and whining.

"Mother," exclaimed Mrs. Hardy at last, "the bed you made on the floor in the store-room!"

"Just the thing for him. All the rest go in pairs. I'll put that poor little dear right in there."

So she did, and not one of her own grand-children was tucked in warmer than Bijah. He did not kick the bed clothes off the next minute either, and he was the only child in the house of whom that could be said. Grandfather Vrooman paid a visit of inspection all around from room to room, and Bush went with him. It took him a good while. When he came to the store-room and looked in, Bijah's tired eyes were already closed as tight as were the fingers of the little hand on the coverlet, which was still grasping a cruller.

He was fast asleep, but Grandfather Vrooman was not; and yet, when Bush looked up at him, the old man's eyes were shut too, and there was a stir in his thick white beard as if his lips were moving.

Things got pretty still after a while, and then there began a steady procession in and out of the "dark room," which was not dark.

Boxes went in, and bundles, and these were opened and untied, and their contents spread out and looked at and distributed. It was no wonder Grandfather Vrooman's big sleigh had been so full, and the one Pat had driven, when they brought the Hopkins and Simpson families from the north and south railway stations.

Grandfather himself went away out to the barn once for something he said he had hidden there, and while he was gone Aunt Ellen Simp-

son and Uncle Hiram slipped a package into the grain bag, and grandmother handed Uncle Hiram another to slip in on top of it, and Uncle John Hardy and Uncle Martin Hopkins each handed him another, and the bag was almost half full, but you could not see it from the outside; and then they all winked at each other when grandfather came in with a backload of sleds. Grandmother may have thought she knew what they were winking about, but she didn't, for Uncle Hiram whispered to Aunt Ellen:

"I'm glad it's a big stocking. One'll do for both of 'em."

It was late when they all went to bed, and there was so much fire in the fire-place they were half afraid to leave it, but Grandfather Vrooman said it was of no use to try and cover it up, and the room would be warm in the morning.

When they got up-stairs the children must all have been asleep, for there was not a sound from any room, and the older people went to bed on tiptoe, and they had tried hard to not so much as whisper on the stairs.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, how beautiful the country was when the gray dawn came next morning!—white and still in the dim and growing light.

So still! But the stillest place was the one Bijah woke up in. He could not guess where he was at first, but he lay awhile and remembered

"Santa Claus' house, and they're all real good. He's going to give me to somebody as soon as it's Christmas."

He got up very quickly and looked around him. It was not dark in the store-room, for there was a great square hole in the middle of the floor, and a glow of dull red light came up through it which almost made Bijah feel afraid.

There was his little gray suit of clothes, cap and all, close by his

bed on the floor, and he put them on faster than ever he had done before.

"Where's my other stocking?"

He searched and searched, but it was of no use, and he said, "I can't run away in the snow with a bare foot."

He had been getting braver and braver, now he was wide awake, and he crawled forward and looked down the scuttle hole. He knew that room in a minute, but he had to look twice before he knew that the

"Ever so many stockings! And they're all full. Look at those sleds. Oh, my!"

Whichever way he looked he saw something wonderful, and he began to get excited.

"I can climb down. It's just like going down stairs."

It was just about as safe and easy with all those branches under him, and all he had to do was to sit on one and get ready to sit on the next one below him. He got about half-way down, and there was the grain-bag, with its mouth wide open. Just beyond it, on the same bough but further out, there hung a very small stocking, indeed.

"That's mine!" exclaimed Bijah. "It's cram full, too. They've borrowed it, after all theirs were full. I want it to put on now, but I can't reach it out there."

Just then he began to hear noise up stairs, and other noises in the rooms below—shouts and stamping and people calling to one another—and he could not make out what they were saying.

"Oh, dear, they're coming! Santa Claus is coming! What'll I do!"

Bijah was scared; but there was the wide mouth of Grandfather Vrooman's grain-bag "stocking," and almost before Bijah knew what he was doing he had slipped in.

Poor Bijah! The moment he was in he discovered that he could not climb out. He tried hard, but there was nothing on the sides of the bag for his feet to climb on.

Next moment, too, he wanted to crouch down as low as he could, for all the noise seemed to be coming nearer.

So it was, indeed, and at the head of it were grandfather and grandmother and the other grown-up people, trying to keep back the boys and girls until they should all be gathered.

"Where's Bijah?" asked grandfather, after he had counted twice round, and was sure about the rest.

"Bijah!" exclaimed Liph. "Why, looked in the store-room; he isn't here."

"Hope the little chap didn't get scared and run away."

"Dear me—through the snow!" exclaimed grandmother.

"Of course not," said Aunt Jane. "He's around somewhere. Let's let the children in. They're all here."

"Steady, now!" said grandfather as he swung open the door into the dark room. "Don't touch anything till we all get in. Stand round the tree."

He himself stepped right in front of it, and he looked more like a tall, old Santa Claus than ever as he stood there. The children's eyes were opening wider and wider as they slipped around in a sort of very impatient circle; but grandfather's eyes shut for a moment, as they had the habit of doing sometimes, and his white beard was all of a tremble. It was only for a moment, but when he looked around again he said:

"Now, children, wait. Which of you can tell me what child it was that came into the world on the first Christmas morning?"

They had not been ready to answer a question that came so suddenly, and before any of them could speak, a clear, sweet voice came right out of the middle of the tree:

"I know. And the shepherds found Him in a manger, and His mother was with him. He sent down my mother last summer."

"Bijah!" exclaimed grandfather, but grandmother was already pushing aside the boughs, and now they could see him. Only his curly head and his little shoulders showed above the grain bag, and Uncle Hiram shouted:

"Father Vrooman, he is in your stocking! Who could have put him there?"

"I think I know," said grandfather, in a very low, hushed kind of voice; but all the Simpsons and Hopkinses and Hardys broke loose at that very moment, and it took them till breakfast time to compare with other the things they found in their stockings, and all the other wonderful fruits of that splendid Christmas tree.

Bijah was lifted out of the bag, and he got his stocking on, after it was empty. For some reason he couldn't guess why all the grown-up people kissed him, and grandfather made him sit next to him at breakfast.

That was a great breakfast, and it took ever so long to eat it, but it was hardly over before grandmother followed grandfather into the hall, and they heard her say:

"Now, husband, what are you wrapping up so for, just to go to the barn?"

"Barn! Why, my dear, I'm going to town. I told Pat to have the team ready."

"To town? Why, husband——"

"Mother, there'll be stores open to-day. I can buy cords of toys and candy and things. When I get to the Orphan Asylum, to tell 'em what has become of Bijah, and why he won't come back there again, I'm going to have enough to go around among the rest of 'em—I am, if takes the price of a cow."

"Give 'em something for me."

Uncle Hiram heard it, and he shouted, "And for me," and Uncle John followed, and all the rest till the children caught it up, and there was a contribution made by every stocking which had hung on that

Christmas tree. They all gave just as fast as they understood what it was meant for, and the last one to fully understand was Bijah.

"You ain't going to take me?"

His lip quivered a little.

"No, Bijah, not unless you want to go. Wouldn't you rather stay here?"

"Course I would."

That was not all, for both his hands were out, holding up the store of things which had come to him that morning, and he added, "Take 'em."

Something was the matter again with Grandfather Vrooman's beard, but he told Bijah he would get plenty of other things in town.

"Keep 'em, Bijah. Good-by all of you. I'll be back in time for dinner. Children, you and Bush must be kind to Bijah. He came to us on Christmas morning, and he has come to stay."

Bush and the children did their part, and so did all the rest, and so did Bijah, and so it was a perfect Christmas.

DAYS OF HENRY CLAY.

Some Interesting Incidents in the Great Orator's Life—Mr. Clay in Philadelphia—
A Visit to Ashland in 1847.

The affection of Philadelphia for Henry Clay was far more ardent than any man since his day has inspired, writes Morton McMichael in the New York Tribune. When he visited the city the place was agog, and day or night, crowds gathered wherever there was a chance to catch a glimpse of him. A particular memorable visit was made in the early part of 1848, when the demonstration was most imposing. Over a thousand gentlemen on horseback accompanied Mr. Clay from the station to his hotel, and wherever he passed the streets were packed with uproarious admirers and the windows filled with ladies waving flags and handkerchiefs and demonstrating in every way they could their enthusiasm. Effort after effort was

made to take the horses from the carriage and drag it by hand, but that Mr. Clay would not consent. A reception, under municipal direction, was given the following day in Independence Hall, and, as ladies dared not venture into that crush, a subsequent one for women was given at the Chinese Museum, where some five thousand of the softer sex listened to a short speech on "Women's Real Rights" from their favorite.

In that same Chinese Museum a few month's later (June, 1848), the Whig convention gave a death-blow to Mr. Clay's well-founded hopes by nominating General Taylor to the Presidency. The hall was a large one, very long in proportion to width, with galleries. The seats of delegates filled the main floor, and the crowd jammed the galleries and shouted tumultuously whenever Clay was named. But, spite a gallant struggle and immense outside pressure, expediency and General Taylor triumphed over "Harry of the West." There was downright grief felt in many a home that night, quite different from mere political chagrin. The fact is, Henry Clay was not only a born political leader but he had that sympathetic nature which magnetically attracts friends and can "grapple them to your heart with hooks of steel."

In the autumn of 1847 Mr. Clay determined to arraign the administration of Mr. Polk for the conduct of the Mexican war in a set oration which should at the same time formulate his own opinions and views for the coming Presidential campaign. Partly, it may be, to talk over the forthcoming speech, Mr. Clay wrote a warm invitation to McMichael, of Philadelphia (my father) to visit "Ashland." It was my good fortune to accompany him. There were no such things as through traffic forty years ago, and the journey to Lexington was a complicated one enough. We took a steamboat from Philadelphia down the Delaware to

ewcastle, there got into a train of old-fashioned English coach-cars, which ran some sixteen miles to Frenchtown, on an arm of the Chesapeake bay, where we changed to a steamboat for Baltimore. From Baltimore there was rail to Cumberland, Md. At that point we took "Concord" coaches with six-horse teams across the mountains and to Wheeling, Va. The ride over the national road was delightful, and the driver told blood-curdling tales—mostly lies, no doubt—of accidents and robbers. There was no doubt, however, about the interest of meeting lines of Conestoga wagons with fine teams, either stretched out Indian file or in pairs, but always carrying bells which jingled musically and could be heard afar off. These lumbering vehicles were used in 1847 and earlier to transport between waterways a large part of the produce coming East and the merchandise going West, and the teamsters constituted quite a class. A much less pleasant thing to meet, though it was a pretty frequent experience, was a drove of hogs, as the animals crowded the road and were anything but savory as they slowly carried their pork to market.

When we reached Wheeling we had to wait some time for a good boat going down to Cincinnati. A steamboat was advertised to start at once, but kept delaying from time to time in hopes of getting more freight and passengers. Finally the last bell did ring, and we steamed down the river very deliberately, but in comfortable quarters. At Cincinnati we took another boat for Marysville, Ky., and thence completed the journey to Lexington by stage-coach.

Mr. Clay's place, "Ashland," near Lexington, was a thoroughly comfortable home, but by no means a grand residence. The house was inordinately large and well appointed without being at all luxurious. The grove of shade about the house was fine, and gave ample and delightful

shade, and the outbuildings and quarters were in excellent order. The largest room on the first floor was the library, which had an air of homeliness only to be seen in rooms lived in by a family—little indications of occupancy by men, women and children. Besides an ample supply of books and current literature there were many interesting objects, and especially some mementoes from the battle-field of Buena Vista, where, only a few months before, Mr. Clay's son and namesake had been killed, gallantly fighting. Adjoining the library was the large dining-room. The apartments upstairs were such as one met with in a gentleman's country-house a generation ago.

Mr. Clay was tall, rather spare, and then carried his sixty-five years very well, walking with a very youthful step, and hardly looking his age, in spite of his recent bereavement, which was a great one to him. His appearance was striking, and the most unobservant must have been impressed with his fine head and face. His forehead was very high, his eyes expressed courage and kindness as well, and his large and mobile mouth was capable of great expression and a most winning smile. His voice was both sonorous and sympathetic, and more than once I have seen numbers of his auditors affected to tears as well as wrought to enthusiasm by his oratory. On the occasion of the great gathering on the market-place at Lexington, when half Kentucky seemed assembled, it was natural enough that eloquent allusions to the brave young Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista should move the listeners to tears, but I saw the same effect produced on an audience of strangers at Cape May.

Mr. Clay was a born leader of men, full of confidence in himself and with ability to back it he never lost courage. His manner was frank and cordial, but above all courtly. In that characteristic he was prob-

bly unequalled. As evidence that his courtliness arose, as to be genuine it must, from true gentleness, I mention a personal incident. It happened that Mr. McMichael and myself arrived at "Ashland" only a very short time before dinner, to which a considerable number of Kentucky magnates had been invited to meet him. Thinking it more than likely that a boy of my years had not been counted on at the table, my father suggested my not going down, and so, nothing loath to get off, I kept out of the way until the party was seated, and then had a fine time at the barns and quarters, where the darkies professed decided approval of late Philadelphia fashions, the barefooted little "nigs" especially admired a pair of patent-leather pumps. I had hardly returned to the house when the dinner was over, and the gentlemen came into the library. The moment Mr. Clay saw me sitting there he expressed profound mortification, said he had been most remiss to a guest, and had felt conscious that one was missing at the table, and spite of all protestations insisted on taking me to the dining-room, where he sat while I was served, drank a glass of Madeira with me, and talked most charmingly—not down to a twelve-year-old level, but about early Kentucky history, and some exploits of General Leslie Coombs. A long time after, being present when Mr. Clay was the "observed of all observers," he called me to him, putting his arm about my shoulders said to those about him: "I was once extremely remiss to this young guest of mine, and wish to repeat the apology I then made him." His auditors evidently thought his slight oversight had already been amply atoned for—quite surely his "young guest" did.

After enjoying the proverbial hospitality of Kentuckians at Lexington, Mr. McMichael and myself went on to Frankfort to see Mr. John Crit-

tenden. His home was on the well-shaded main street of the town, a two-story double brick house which was and still is known as the Crittenden mansion. The Senator's office was in his house, and he was just as cordial as other Kentucky Whigs. He was altogether a man of the finest parts, and lived long enough to be well known to the generation, whereas his greater friend, Mr. Clay, dying early in 1852, has become a historic character to most people. None who witness it will ever forget the solemnity of the scene when one night Henry Clay's funeral cortege, escorted by many hundreds of torch-bearers, wound its solemn way through the streets of Philadelphia, the city which loved him so well. It is a figure of speech to say that there were thousands of mourners, and hundreds of men and women who wept as the coffin was borne past.

JOHN BROWN.

New York Sun.

When it became known in Richmond, Va., on the afternoon of an October day in 1859 that Governor Wise had called out the First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers to proceed to Harper's Ferry, and "capture or kill the foreign insurgents who had invaded and desecrated the sacred soil of the State," the excitement which prevailed beggars description. Political feeling ran high, and events that had previously occurred in Kansas and elsewhere had warmed the hot blood of the South to fever heat. That John Brown was in the State, and in the possession of Harper's Ferry, threatening to swoop down on the peaceful farms of the neighborhood and release the slaves, was a monstrous fact that the impulsive Virginians met war to the knife.

The several companies of the regiment responded quickly, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. There were then only young and inexperienced soldiers, who had

any a bitter lesson to learn afterward. But for the moment they were heroes in the eyes of the assembled mothers, wives and sweethearts, heroes who were about to risk their lives in the then much talked of irrepressible conflict." There were those, however, in the great multitude which gathered at the point of departure who scanned with anxious eyes the future, of which this was but the rising of the curtain. They were the fragment of the old Whig party then in existence, who, when the real struggle began in 1861, rallied around the flag of the union under the leadership of John Minor Botts, and with him remained true to the end. Virginians though they were, it was a sad hour to them when the flower of their young chivalry stepped forth to inaugurate a war which they even then felt was to end only in disaster.

The point of rendezvous was in Broad street, near Ninth, where stood a special train ready to take the troops to the scene of action. Just before the moment of starting Henry A. Wise, the Governor of Virginia, arrived, and when it was announced that he had left the cares of State to engage in the supposed carnage of the coming battle the cheers for "the game-cock of the Accomac" were long and vociferous. As he entered the cars the band, led by James Smith, a noted cornet player in those days, played "Hail to the Chief," and as the train moved slowly up Broad street, followed by thousands on a half-run along the sidewalks, the air was changed to "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The Old Folks at Home."

Leaving Richmond soon after dark, the soldiers arrived in Washington before daylight the following morning. Hoping to be recognized by President Buchanan, the regiment marched past the White House, but the heavy tramp of a thousand men failed to disturb the slumbers of the Chief Magistrate, or at least he did not show himself,

which caused Wise to indignantly declare, "Were I President of the United States, no body of armed men should march through the capital of the Union without my knowing it." And he never forgave Buchanan for what he termed a studied slight. A train being in readiness to convey the Virginia soldiers to Harper's Ferry, there was no delay, and they arrived at the southern or eastern end of the bridge before daylight. For reasons that have not been explained, the cars did not cross, and the regiment, headed by the Governor, disembarked. Having been formed into line, Wise addressed the men in one of his impassioned speeches, in which he called attention to the perilous mission they were about to enter. He did not know, he said, who might be on the other side of the bridge, ready to receive them with murderous arms, but no man was compelled to cross against his will. Then, raising his voice, he exclaimed in his passionate way: "But those who believe in the integrity of Virginia, and would not see our old mother State stained by the deeds of assassin invaders, let them follow me." Thereupon the excitable old gentleman dramatically stepped out, and, of course was followed by every man in the regiment. Much to their surprise there was not a being to be seen on the opposite side of the bridge. They moved down the hill to the immediate vicinity of the United States armory and arsenal, and there remained under arms, waiting to see what would turn up after daylight.

The scene was not without interest. To a lover of nature it was full of beauty. The foliage of the Maryland Heights was clad in autumn hues; the great mountains on the Virginia side threw their broad shadows over the rippling Shenandoah, and calm rested on the little town that was to be soon a theatre of strife. To the public man, watching the course of events a great trag-

edy was about to be enacted. The attention of the American people was fastened to that one spot. A principle was at stake, and men on both sides were there to defend it with their lives.

Opposite the camp of the First Virginia Regiment, and well out of gun-shot range, were the armory and engine house. In the latter John Brown and his little force had taken refuge, and that they were desperate to their environment was indicated by the muzzles of a score or more rifles which could be seen protruding from the apertures in the walls. It would have required a good marksman to send a bullet through one of those narrow openings through which the Kansas men could at will do effective work. Meanwhile, Gov. Wise and the commanding officers of the regiment had adjourned to a neighboring hotel for consultation. With the early morning hours other trains arrived, bringing soldiers from various parts of the state, from Winchester, Staunton, Lexington and other towns. How these people from the valleys reached Harper's Ferry so quickly was a mystery to the soldiers from the tide-water. Subsequently it was learned that where there were no railroads the stage lines, private vehicles, and country wagons were pressed into service for the purpose of bringing to the scene of action the thousands of impetuous men who were then a good deal more eager to fight than they were a few year afterwards, when they became famous as "Stonewall Jackson's Foot Cavalry."

The trains of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been ordered by telegraph not to pass Harper's Ferry until further orders, and there was, therefore, a blockade west of Martinsburg. Every patriot on the field who wished to die for old Virginia was well aware of this and therefore great was the consternation when in the rear a train was heard approaching. It made no sign. The whistle

of the locomotive was silent, and at a snail-like pace it crept across the bridge and stopped at the depot. Directly a band of uniformed men were seen alighting from the cars. They were a body of United States marines under the command of Robert E. Lee. They marched with disciplined step in front of the volunteers and stacked arms. Wise was an exceedingly sensitive man, and, as a Governor jealous of his prerogatives. Under the existing conditions he was not disposed to brook any outside interference in behalf of Virginia. Accordingly, when a little later, accompanied by Gen. Taliferro, he visited the temporary headquarters of Col. Lee, he announced to the latter as he did the Governors of the Southern States who had offered assistance in men and money, "Virginia will vindicate herself and defend her own honor." In his peculiar manner he added, "What right, sir, has the Federal Government, through one of its officers, to interfere with the duties which belong solely to the people of Virginia? We can uphold the honor of the State, sir, without assistance from outside sources, as we propose to do so."

Those who overheard the remark heartily applauded, but it was plain that neither they nor Henry A. Wise knew the soldier who stood before them. Lee did not hesitate a moment, but in his quiet, yet emphatic manner, answered: "It so happens, Governor, that I am a Virginian by birth, but our State has nothing to do with that property over there, pointing to the armory. "The ground was ceded to the general Government by Virginia, and the property which stands upon it belong to the United States. I am sent here to protect it. When the armory is freed from the insurgents now in possession, I shall hand them over to you, sir, but until then I respectfully demand that the representatives of the United States, shall not be interfered with."

while doing our duty in protecting the property of the whole people." Then, turning to those who were standing nearest to him, Col. Lee said: "Gentlemen, we are soldiers by training and profession. We are here for doing our duty, and we propose to obey orders." With the keen sense of a politician Wise recognized the point and interposed no further objection.

Lee at once gave orders for the division of his marines into two companies, and led by him they moved toward the building of which John Brown had taken possession. The future Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies at this period was in the prime of life, and his handsome face, commanding figure, and utter disregard of danger while the bullets of the Kansas rifles were rattling around him, elicited the admiration of the amateurs who looked on, wondering what he was about to undertake. They doubtless would have endeavored to take the place by storm, to scale the walls, or do some other foolish though daring act, in which lives would have been sacrificed by the score. Not so with Lee. As the marines advanced, they were ordered to lay hold of two pieces of scantling that happened to be convenient, and to use them as battering rams. Giving the timbers a swing the men advanced with charge, and in less time than it takes to write it the massive gate was struck with such force that it gave way, and the men, dropping their rams, rushed up the steps leading to the tower occupied by the insurgents. The first officer to reach John Brown was Lieutenant Greene, one of the marines, but to him the sturdy old patriot refused to surrender his sword. In the excitement of the moment the Lieutenant slashed the old man's head with his sabre. By this time Lee reached the tower, when Brown immediately handed him his sword, saying, "I surrender to no one but you, sir. Three times

have I had a bead on you, but you were too brave to kill, and my heart failed me."

The prisoners were then delivered to the Virginia authorities and under a heavy guard sent to Charlestown jail, while the marines retained possession of the armory and arsenal. The trial, conviction and execution of the little party are matters of history, but there are several incidents in connection with those exciting days that never have been in print.

Notorious among the followers of John Brown was one Capt. Cook, as he styled himself. He was not captured in the armory, but in the mountains, after murdering in cold blood the old and infirm Col. Washington and his wife in their own house. Cook was reported to be related to the then Governor of Indiana, and was ably defended during his trial by the Hon. Daniel Voorhees. The closing speech by Mr. Voorhees is to-day in many a Virginia scrap book, and remembered for its rare eloquence. But it was of no avail, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

After the trial was concluded, fears were entertained that an effort would be made to rescue the condemned men, and accordingly the guards around the jail were doubled and pickets were thrown out on all the converging roads, with strict orders to allow no one to pass without the countersign. It so happened that during this stormy period Gov. Wise, accompanied by some friends, made a visit to a neighboring locality, and did not return to Charlestown until after midnight, when they were encountered and challenged by one of the pickets—Mr. John A. Pizzini, the present agent of the Associated Press in Richmond. The Governor and party had neglected to obtain the password before leaving camp, and the challenge was peremptory. The Governor remarked: "I am Henry A. Wise, the Governor of Virginia,

and am responsible for the gentlemen of my company.

"I don't care who you are, you can't pass here, and if you move another step before the sergeant of the guard puts in an appearance, it will be at your own peril," answered Pizzini.

There was no alternative but to await the arrival of the officer, who at once permitted the gentlemen to go to their quarters. Pizzini was well acquainted with the Governor, and naturally thought he would be reprimanded for halting the Chief Magistrate of the State, but the contrary proved to be the case, for after the return of the regiment to Richmond, Wise sent for Pizzini and presented him with a magnificent gold watch as recognition of the soldierly action.

On another occasion two figures were discovered by a sentinel stealing along the jail wall, and apparently making an effort to escape under cover of the darkness of the night. For the moment the guard became confused or frightened, but as neither of the men jumped, the soldier quickly recovered his presence of mind and gave the alarm by discharging his gun. The camp was alert in an instant. The long roll beat, and the troops hurried into line expecting some new enemy. It was then discovered that Capt. Cook and one of the colored prisoners had escaped from their cells and climbed the wall with the intention of making a break for liberty. Seeing the sentinel, neither dared to leap, and they were both taken into prison again to await the day of the execution. But for the cowardice of Cook, both might have made their escape, as it was not likely that either of them would have been hit by a bullet in the darkness of the night.

Strange as it may appear, a mingled feeling of sympathy, if not of admiration prevailed with reference to John Brown. While all Virginians declared that he should be

punished, there were many among them who regarded him as a fair and too brave to swing. The story that Brown kissed a negro baby, the foot of the gallows is an indication, for there were no colored people in the immediate vicinity of the execution. John Brown demeaned himself like a hero. His step was firm, his eyes steady, his voice free from any indication of weakness, and his commanding figure, with long, flowing beard, together with the unquestionable bravery with which he met his doom, all combined to elicit the respect of even his enemies.

MR. CHIRRUP'S CHRISTMAS.

By Helen Whitney Clark.

Mr. Chirrup was glum. Any one else, any one with a less amiable disposition, that is, would have been "cross" under the same provocation.

But Mr. Chirrup was never cross and he was seldom "glum."

However, when it comes to the day before Christmas and you have no money to buy your wife a Christmas gift, or anything to put into children's stockings, and no prospective turkey, or mince pie, or plum pudding for your Christmas dinner, you are excusable for being glum.

So, at least, thought Mr. Chirrup as he sat looking out of the window of Lawyer Ledgerly's office, where he was employed at a by-no-means extravagant salary. Lawyer Ledgerly was ill—too "ill" to be seen, his mother-in-law said. So there was no hope of anticipating the next quarter's salary, as he had sometimes done on similar pressing occasions.

For Mr. Chirrup's salary was small and his family so large. It was not much wonder there was usually some difficulty in making the salary stretch from one quarter end to the other.

All these things Mr. Chirrup pondered as he sat looking out of the

window in Lawyer Ledgerly's office, which was on Fifth street, just opposite Union Market. And our hero—if little Mr. Chirrup can be called anybody's hero—grew glummer than ever, and beat the "devil'sattoo" on the window-sill, as glum people usually do. For the sight of the market stalls crowded with Christmas luxuries was not exactly calculated to cheer up a man in Mr. Chirrup's circumstances.

He was still gazing moodily at the well-filled market stalls, at the crowds of people, jostling and elbowing each other, when he suddenly started and peered sharply from under his eyebrows, as if he had seen some one he knew.

That short, sleek-looking gentleman in the nobby hat and overcoat, with a huge market basket in one hand, and a gold-headed cane in the other. Surely that was Mr. Chirrup's elder brother, Rothschild!

As he made the discovery, Mr. Chirrup—Mr. Rothschild Chirrup, that is—was evidently pricing a turkey; a monster turkey it was, too, the biggest that Mr. Chirrup—either of the Mr. Chirrups—had seen in the market. And the would-be purchaser held it up, punched it, turned it around and held it up again, for all the world as if he were exhibiting it for the benefit of his brother, looking glumly down from the window opposite.

But in reality he was only deciding in his own mind that this was really the biggest, the plumpest, the tenderest, and most tempting-looking fowl he had seen yet, and therefore he would take it. And plump it went, forthwith, into Mr. Rothschild Chirrup's huge market-basket, which seemed yawning to receive it.

Mr. Chirrup—our Mr. Chirrup this time—came as near sneering as he had ever done in his life, when the turkey disappeared in his brother's basket. For a bitter estrangement had existed between the two brothers from time immemorial—or thereabout.

"No doubt he can buy turkeys," said Mr. Chirrup—Caleb, his name was. "No doubt he can buy turkeys, and celery, too." For a big bunch of celery, large enough for a winter boquet, had followed the mammoth turkey to its hiding place.

"And if there's one thing I like better than another, it's celery," thought Mr. Caleb Chirrup, trying very hard to look crabbed and revengeful, but not succeeding very well. However, he did manage to look quite savage and resentful for him, which is saying a good deal.

Mr. Rothschild, in the meantime, pursued the even but pompous tenor of his way through the crowd which jostled him on every side. Now and then he stopped at the best filled stalls, and added relays of vegetables and other articles to the contents of his roomy basket, bunches of rich bananas, dozens of golden-rinded oranges and lemons, "seeds" of candies and cakes, and other indigestible compounds also disappeared in the same ample receptacle.

"Humph! I trust the little Rothschilds have well-seasoned stomachs to dispose of all that trash," thought Mr. Caleb, sarcastically. Though in reality he could not have told whether his brother was a bachelor or a Benedict, so long had been the feud between them. And then Mr. Caleb Chirrup's humble abode was many, many blocks removed from the aristocratic precincts of "West End," where his brother resided.

The elder Chirrup—for Mr. Rothschild was the elder—seemed at last to have completed his purchase of edibles, and paused in front of a flower-stall, where he selected a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums.

"The very pot," thought Mr. Caleb, glumly, "that I picked out over a month ago, as a Christmas present for poor Patty."

"Poor Patty" was Mr. Caleb's wife.

Mr. Rothschild, however, depos-

ited his purchase in his basket, and trudged away in blissful ignorance of the shabbily dressed brother glowering at him from the window across the street.

* * * * *

"What—what's this?"

Mr. Caleb Chirrup had ascended to the two second-story rooms he called home, had kissed his wife and babies, shook hands with his sister-in-law, and had hung up his hat and overcoat preparatory to eating his supper.

There were no signs of glumness here, for Mrs. Patty and her sister, Miss Melissa, looked cheerful and smiling, and wore their faded print dresses as if they had come from the richest silk-loom of the East.

And the young Chirrups had clean faces and pinafores, and looked as happy as if "Santa Claus" was not intending to give their stockings the "go-by" on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Mr. Chirrup still felt a little glum as he thought of the empty stockings and other vexations, and he turned to the tea-table in some impatience. But—"What is this?" he demanded, starting back as if a snake had bitten him. And no wonder he started, for on the table lay a mammoth turkey, plump and yellow-breasted, squads of vegetables, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe bananas, golden rinded oranges and lemons, piles of candies and confectioneries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of white chrysanthemums; a familiar-looking market basket also stood on a chair by the table.

Mr. Chirrup was about to pinch himself to see if he was awake when "Merry Christmas, Brother Caleb," sounded in his ear, as from some mysterious corner came Mr. Rothschild Chirrup himself, sleek and well-kept looking—nobby hat, gold-headed cane, and all! "Merry Christmas, Brother Caleb," he repeated, extending a well-kept hand. "I've been waiting all these years

for you to make some advances toward a truce. So let by-gones be by-gones, if you are willing, and let us be friends hereafter, as well as brothers."

Then, turning to the table, he held up the fat turkey, turning it round and round, just as he had done in the market.

"A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market on purpose for you," he added. "And the pot of flowers is a peace offering to my sister-in-law, if she will accept," he added, while Caleb still looked on, half dazed.

And the children's stockings were not destined to hang empty after all, that Christmas Eve.

And a better Christmas dinner or a jollier party to eat it, was not found anywhere that Christmas day for Mr. Rothschild Chirrup proved to be an old bachelor, and so very willingly accepted an invitation to dine at his brother's. And Mr. Chirrup's sister, Miss Melissa, being an old maid, she and Mr. Rothschild very romantically fell in love with each other, and when another Christmas day came around, Mr. Rothschild was no longer a bachelor, and Miss Melissa no longer an old maid.

And when Lawyer Ledgerly came well enough "to be seen" again, he was obliged to provide himself with another clerk, as Mr. Chirrup had gone into partnership with his brother in the mercantile business.

A NEW NAVAL INVENTION.

Chicago Tribune.

The United Service Gazette reports that the French have discovered a new backing for armor-plate which promises to add greatly to the invulnerability of war-ships. This substance is a cellulose made from the fibers of cocoa-nut tissue. The Gazette says:

"Experiments have been carried out at Toulon with the following results: A target was erected composed of fourteen parts of cellulose

and one part of cellulose in fiber, the whole compressed into a felt-like mass, with a lining two feet thick upon the inside of an iron-plated pipe. A shot seven inches in diameter was fired against this strange target, at a distance that would insure penetration. The result was not only satisfactory, but most extraordinary; the shot, which carried away about one-fifth of a cubic foot

the composition had no sooner passed through than the cellulose closed up so firmly that a strong man was unable to insert his arm to the hole.

"A tank filled with water was then hung against the place where the shot had entered, and after an interval of fifteen minutes water began to trickle through, but not more than a man with a pail could easily intercept. As soon as the composition became thoroughly soaked it offered increased resistance to the entry of the water, which eventually ceased to flow, and the breach in the target was closed automatically. The result was the same when shells were used in the place of solid shot, and, what is still more extraordinary, the composition is proof against fire. Red-hot coals were heaped upon the cellulose without causing ignition."

American naval officers have been experimenting with shells loaded with wet gun-cotton, to be exploded at will, which promise to put this cellulose to a new and severe test, and restore the equilibrium between attack and defense.

"JOSH BILLINGS" GONE.

Henry W. Shaw, Humorous Author and Lecturer.

Henry W. Shaw, "Josh Billings" popular literature and the rosm, died at Monterey, Cal., on October 14, 1885. America loses in a wise as well as a funny man. His sagacity lay underneath his humorous sayings. "Josh" was the first philosopher to wear the top hat and bells. His readers and his

audience would have been but few had not "Josh" made the hard good sense of his utterances palatable by the devices of the professed humorist.

Mr. Shaw was of good family. Both his father and grandfather were members of Congress, and the former acted as political manager for Henry Clay, in New England. He was born in Lanesboro, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in the year 1820. From the time of his birth until 1834 his life was spent at his native place. In the year last named, when he was only fourteen years of age, he joined a party animated with the resolve to cross the plains to the Pacific Ocean and colonize under the Mexican Government. The project failed, and Shaw thereupon pursued the avocation of frontiersman, turning his hand to everything presenting him a means of livelihood. He reached California in 1849, but did not remain there long. Returning East at the age of twenty-seven he married. Accompanied by his New England wife he soon after started for the West, where he was again not successful. Finding himself at the age of forty with three young and growing daughters, with no facilities for their education, he went East and settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, where he took up the business of an auctioneer and dealer in real estate. Poughkeepsie had a small daily newspaper, and its editor upon hearing the words of wit and wisdom that fell from Mr. Shaw's lips while engaged in his calling, invited him to write for his journal. He consented, and contributed about forty articles, among which was an essay on the mule. They were published and fell flat. Why? was the problem.

Reading a sketch by "Artemus Ward," and comparing it with work of his own, Mr. Shaw concluded that the secret of his failure was in the correctness of his spelling. He accordingly took down his essay on

the mule, "slewed around the spelling," as he expressed it, and mailed it with the signature "Josh Billings" to the New York Era. It was published and went the round of the press. From that time forward the quaint misspelled productions of "Josh Billings" commanded great popularity, and were remunerative to both author and publisher. He was equally fortunate as a public lecturer subsequently to a brief period of comparative failure. At the close of the war, after having delivered a few lectures in country towns, he spoke in Philadelphia, at the invitation of the Press Club, and made what he called the first success of his life. Henceforward his acceptability as a speaker was, at least, equal to his good fortune with his pen. What estate "Josh" left is not known, but there is no doubt that it is of considerable value. His services on the platform commanded high rates, and his literary productions were paid for exceedingly well. One weekly paper alone in New York paid him \$100 a week for a half column of matter. In 1873 he began the publication of his "Farmers' Almanax," a book which in its second year had a sale of 127,000 copies, and in ten years had netted the author and publisher \$30,000 each.

Mr. Shaw looked like a very melancholy person, but was a happy man, devoted to home and family.

He wore grotesque clothes and long hair. Especially in his last years he had many warm friends, who speak in the highest manner of his qualities of heart and head. He was well educated and possessed excellent literary taste.

Mr. Shaw leaves a widow, two daughters and several grandchildren. One of his daughters was married to a millionaire of South America, the other to a wealthy banker of this city.

Here are "Sum ov his Sayings." It is better to no less than to know so much that ain't so.

A broken reputashun is like a broken vase; it may be mended, but always shows where the krak was.

If you kant trust a man for the full amount let him skip. Thisthing to get an average on honesty has always been a failure.

There is no treachery in silence—silence is a hard argument to beat.

Don't mistake habits for karaktar. The men ov the most karaktar has the fewest habits.

Thare iz cheats in all things—even pizon iz adulterated.

The man who iz thoroughly polite iz 2 thirds ov a Christian ennybody.

Kindness is an instinkt, politeness only an art.

Mi dear boy, there are but few who kan commence at the middle ov a ladder and reach the top—and probably you and I don't belong to that number.

KEYS.

Long ago in the old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locks his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.
Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime
Vanished as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.
Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly love to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth,
For no more shall we behold. Our Granada's name is Youth.
We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

"We are young" we cried triumphant, thrilled with old-time joys and glees.
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key!

—Bessie Chandler

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

OF NORTH AMERICA.

EUGENE V. DEBS Editor.
 M. F. HYNES Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

PER ANNUM \$1 00
 SINGLE COPY 10

Address,

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

DECEMBER, 1885.

RAILROAD KINGS.

It is not presumed that the term, "Railroad Kings," when coined, was intended for anything more than a compliment to such men as had acquired large railroad interests, or were at the head of what are termed "railroad systems," but of late the title is made to signify something more, and a Railroad King has come to mean power, often equal and sometimes superior to any power known to the legislative bodies of the country—that is to say, Railroad Kings, by virtue of influences which they can command, and of circumstances which they can create, can often shape legislation to suit their interests and defeat opposition.

It is not to be assumed that the average citizen is familiar with the vast power which railroads exert in public affairs, nor is it surprising at such should be the case. The growth of the railroad interests of the United States and of North America has been phenomenal to an extent that defies exaggeration. There are now in operation about 5,000 miles of railroad in the

United States, and men are living, in the prime of their mental faculties, whose recollection goes back to the period when the first mile of the entire system was built.

In making such statements, it occurs to us that the readers of the Magazine would like to have the figures showing the strides railroad building has made from the time ground was first broken for that purpose—say 1825, or sixty years ago. The highest railroad authorities in the country give the following figures showing railroad construction since 1830:

Year.	Miles in operation.	Annual increase of mileage.	Year.	Miles in operation.	Annual increase of Mileage
1830	23	1858	26,998	2,465
1831	95	72	1859	28,790	1,821
1832	229	134	1860	30,635	1,846
1833	390	151	1861	31,296	651
1834	653	253	1862	32,120	834
1835	1,098	445	1863	33,170	1,050
1836	1,273	175	1864	33,908	738
1837	1,497	224	1865	35,085	1,177
1838	1,913	416	1866	36,801	1,716
1839	2,302	389	1867	39,250	2,449
1840	2,818	516	1868	42,229	2,979
1841	3,535	717	1869	46,844	4,615
1842	4,026	491	1870	52,914	6,070
1843	4,189	159	1871	60,283	7,379
1844	4,377	182	1872	66,171	5,878
1845	4,633	256	1873	70,278	4,107
1846	4,630	297	1874	72,383	2,105
1847	5,598	968	1875	74,096	1,712
1848	5,966	368	1876	76,808	2,712
1849	7,365	1,399	1877	79,069	2,261
1850	9,421	1,656	1878	81,776	2,687
1851	10,982	1,961	1879	86,497	4,721
1852	12,098	1,926	1880	93,671	7,174
1853	15,300	2,452	1881	104,813	11,142
1854	16,720	1,390	1882	113,329	10,516
1855	18,374	1,654	1883	117,580	4,251
1856	22,016	3,647	1884	124,317	6,737
1857	24,503	2,487			

Such figures are eloquent of enterprise, such as embellishes the history of no other land under the sun, for it should be stated that the railroads of the United States, in extent, about equal the sum total of miles in all other lands combined. The railroad history of the country is one of marvels. It is the romance of fact, and to build and equip these roads, has required an expenditure of more than six billions of dollars

—a sum so vast that no ordinary mind can grasp it.

It might be interesting to show the quantities of the various materials that have entered into the construction and equipment of railroads in the United States, and the number of men required to build them, but such statistics would be foreign to our purpose at this writing, but it is pertinent to say that these roads employed, in 1880, 236,058 men, other than clerks, they employed 2,069 officials, and 12,331 clerks and book-keepers, a grand total of 250,458. If it be assumed that 200,000 of these employes are married men, with families averaging five members—then we would have a population dependent upon railroads of 1,050,248.

In view of such facts, it is not surprising that when individuals control systems of railroads, which embrace a large number of miles, that they should receive the title of "King." There is more in the title than appears on the surface, as we shall endeavor to show.

As we have intimated, the title "Railroad King," whether applied to the owner of railroad property or the President of railroad corporations means that the man bearing the title possesses great power, that he is chief ruler—having the power to enforce his views and if antagonized, can remove those who have the temerity to oppose him.

We shall not attempt to tell how many Railroad Kings there are in the United States. There are, doubtless, a large number who have not yet been crowned and whose coronation day may never come, but

who exercise Kingly powers, nevertheless. The powers of railroad kings are numerous, extending the way from granting a railroad pass to the purchase of a Judge or a Legislature. They have the power to "water stocks." It is an extraordinary power, and takes on some of the peculiarities attending the working of miracles. The miracle of changing water into wine is familiar to our readers, but railroad Kings have been known, in numerous instances, to transform water into stocks and money. When railroad Kings combine their power they can make the products of the soil cheap or dear, as they may choose. They can put up or put down rates of transportation, and when complaints are made, they ask, with frigid nonchalance, "What are you going to do about it."

When Legislatures meet, the first thing in order is to see that every member has a railroad pass. The Kings see to it that their decrees in this regard are obeyed to the letter, the theory being that a legislator with a railroad free pass in his pocket, is going to vote the way the rides. From the moment he accepts the pass he is secure. It is what is called strategy. If there are those in the Legislature who have refused passes, then the Kings adopt other means to accomplish their purpose. Lobbies are organized, and money directly or indirectly is used in a way to do the most good (?) What has been said of Legislatures applies with equal force to Congress.

Railroad kings, it should be said, are without exception men

brains, men of large intellectual calibre. They are not only practical business men, but are shrewd politicians and far-seeing statesmen, and whether reasoning from cause to effect, or *vice versa*, are acutely logical. They understand the maximum, that politics is the science of government, and they assume that government ought to be of the railroads, by the railroads and for the railroads, and to a man Railroad Kings have the courage of conviction.

Instances are rare in which Railroad Kings have taken their titles by inheritance. As a general proposition, Railroad Kings are of the Napoleonic school, men who have fought their way into prominence and power, and have earned the right to rule. We have selected for the embellishment of this article, a few names known to fame, who are recognized as Railroad Kings in this and in other lands, giving the number of miles of the railroad systems which constitute their realms. They are as follows:

KINGS.	SYSTEMS.	MILES
Wm. H. Vanderbilt . . .	Vanderbilt	2,800
Jay Gould	Wabash	6,000
Alex. Mitchell	Chicago, Mil. & St.P. . .	5,000
J. P. Huntington . . .	Huntington	9,000
Leland Stanford . . .		
As. Clark	Illinois Central	2,000
Robert Garrett	Baltimore & Ohio . . .	1,700
Hilton H. Smith	Louisville & Nashv'l . .	2,386
Frank S. Bar	Cincinnati Southern . .	1,200
W. B. Shay	Sante Fe	2,000
W. F. Oaks	Northern Pacific . . .	2,000
W. A. Hill	St. Paul, M. & Man . .	1,700
W. H. Moffatt	Denver & Rio Grande .	1,700
Chas. Francis Adams . .	Union Pacific	4,700
Albert Keep	Chicago & Northw'n . .	5,000
no. P. Roberts	Pennsylvania	2,200

Here are sixteen Railroad Kings who control 50,666 miles of the railroads of the country, an average of 3,166 miles each, or about one-third of all the railroads in operation.

We have shown that the 125,000 miles of railroads employ, all told,

250,458 persons, or say, two to the mile. This would give the Railroad Kings named control of 101,333 men, who with families, averaging five persons each, would give a grand aggregate of 506,665 persons dependent upon them for support; omitting officials, and for the sake of round numbers we will say 500,000 persons are directly within control of the Railroad Kings we have named.

To what extent Railroad Kings can exert their power over employes, and the methods employed in that direction, are regarded as questions of great importance. They can, at their pleasure, increase or decrease wages. They are not required to consult their employes on the subject, nor do they. This is a tremendous power. If the Railroad King is just, noble and humane, and history gives accounts of such potentates, then employes are comfortable, happy and contented; their homes are bright and cheerful, their wives wear smiling faces and their children are blithe, but when the Railroad King is mercenary, cold and callous, a man, who, to dress in purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day, reduces wages, then the condition of employes is changed; then discontent prevails; then is gloom in the homes of the employes, and content takes its departure. And it may be said, as a further illustration of the power of railroad Kings, that they may at their pleasure dismiss the discontented employes, exile them from work entirely and absolutely, and reduce them to tramps and vagrants.

Are we asked for a remedy for such exhibitions of the power as we have pointed out? We answer, we did not start out to discuss remedies, but rather to show the vastness of the railroad systems of the country, in the management of which men have developed into what has been significantly styled "Kings," possessed of vast powers which are yearly becoming more formidable. What the result will be, time only can determine, but the close observers of the signs of the times are of the opinion that labor is organizing for the purpose of discussing with employers, propositions looking to a more perfect agreement relating to the subject of wages, and a more equitable distribution of the wealth which labor creates. And as railroads are, in every instance, the creations of legislation, and partake quite as much of public as of private enterprise, it is not surprising that the people have their attention particularly directed to their management.

WORK.

Mr. John Ruskin, an Englishman by birth, became distinguished as an art critic and a lecturer. Some years ago he delivered a lecture before the Workingmen's Institute at Camberwell, England. His subject was, "work."

The lecture in question has taken its place among the "prose masterpieces" of the times, and is therefore entitled to high consideration.

Mr. Ruskin, it should be understood, was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Oxford. As an art critic he won

distinction, and as a lecturer, his success was scarcely less gratifying.

Working people, doubtless complimented when John Ruskin, who had been educated at Oxford and had spent his life in studying the beautiful in art—painting, sculpture and architecture, consented to tell them as he says "a few plain facts," and ask them, "some plain but necessary questions." Artists, we conclude, are usually men of highly sympathetic natures. They are, if true artists, in love with the beautiful, and art critics, though they wield neither brush nor chisel, must be thoroughly versed in all that pertains to painting, sculpture and architecture.

Artists are keen observers—guilty of princes and peasants, nothing that will bear transferring to canvas escapes their attention. Artists are poets. They may or may not write poems, but they do paint them, and the cold marble, under the hand and eye of the sculptor, becomes eloquent in its testimony of divine inspiration.

John Ruskin won prizes as a poet and thereby demonstrated his right to criticise art. But when he sought to instruct workingmen in their duties to themselves and their country, he did that which few artists and art critics, who preceded him, have since come upon the stage to find time to do, or had the inclination to do.

Mr. Ruskin, in the lecture before us, had, we conclude, a special purpose in view, which was to impress upon the "working class" of England, the fact that they must for ever constitute the "working class" of the

lks of the "upper class" and of the "lower class," and asks working men, if they think the distinction "is truly or falsely founded?" He asks them if they "accept it?" or if they wish it modified? or, if they think the object of education is to face it? Mr. Ruskin might ask the India subjects of Victoria if they accept the distinction of *castes*. If they think it truly or falsely founded? If they wish it to be modified? The poor creatures, educated to their condition might answer, "Let the old order of things remain." But in England, working people do not like to be told that the throne and scepter are to endure forever. They do not like to be told that a pampered aristocracy are never to relax their grasp upon the earnings of working men. They prefer to believe that the time is not remote, when the odious term *classes* or "*caste*" will be retired for that better term "sovereign citizen," and if there is anything in the signs of the times, titles of nobility and the prerogatives of the aristocracy will be of such little value, that a ton of them will not be worth an ounce of chalk.

But it must not be inferred that Mr. Ruskin, the art critic and L. L. D., did not, in his "prose masterpiece," say something which working men can remember with pleasure and profit. He referred particularly to the great games played in England, and it may be remarked, that similar games or the same games, are played in America. The first great English game, said Mr. Ruskin, is "making money," and the next great place to play the game is

London. A "great foul city" where there is "rattling, growling, smoking, stinking,—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore. It is a great city of play.—It is Lord's cricket ground without the turf,—a huge billiard table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit."

There is the great English game of "hunting and shooting," "costly and useless," but requiring some beautiful laying out of ground by which grouse and blackcock, "so many brace to the acre are secured" and "so many brace of men and women are sent to the garret." Then there is the game of Fashion—fashion for the rich, who get the money, and fashion for the poor who earn the money—the "lower class" upon whose bowed forms the "rich" step into palaces; and then there is the "game of war"—"a gentleman's game" a "costly game"—costing millions. All of which, says Ruskin, is paid for by hard labor's work in the furrow and furnace."

Here we have the admission that labor pays all the cost of war—wars created in direct antagonism to the interests of labor, war brought about by the "upper class" which compel the "lower class" to suffer—which simply means the "rich" and the "poor," those who live by their work, and those who live by the work of others. And this distinction, says Mr. Ruskin "exists more sternly to-day than ever in the world, Pagan or Christian, till now"—and yet, says Ruskin, "but a distinction which rests on two basis," one of

which "is lawful and everlastingly necessary" and the other "unlawful and everlastingly corrupting." Now, if one man is rich and another man poor, the distinction may be—indeed is, lawful, provided the rich man has not robbed the poor man, but it is not in either case, "everlastingly necessary." But it should be understood that Mr. Ruskin, however severely he may denounce the "games" of England, is careful to be silent about the game of power, of the right to rule, which in all aristocratic, despotic and kingly lands, is called a "divine right," a right which creates all offensive distinctions. Working men, the moment they have the right to a voice in their government, expand to sovereign proportions—"upper classes" become in their eyes simply contemptible. The strut, the swagger, the supercilious airs of the rich, are treated as they deserve, with proud disdain. It is then that the badge of labor loses its "lower-class" significance. Titles and thrones, despots and aristocrats, classes and casts, are things for flings and jeers, and labor asserting the truth that it creates all the wealth and pays all the debts of the world, points to the ballot as its scepter and to its triumphs, and ceases to ask of "upper classes" the right to live. There are no distinctions in society that are "everlastingly necessary;" but it is perhaps everlastingly required to assert that all men are "born equal," and that "God is no respecter of persons."

The great burden of Mr. Ruskin's lecture, or "prose masterpiece," on work was to reconcile working men

to the idea that they are the "lower class" in England, and in publishing the lecture in America, the wish was, doubtless, to inoculate American workingmen with the English idea. A great many American employers have already adopted the English view of the subject. But such logic will not flourish on this side of the Atlantic. Work—honest work—is not degrading. The man who by honest toil earns an honest living is a peer of the realm. He is not a mendicant. Equal to the richest and proudest before the law. Equal to any man in all the rights and prerogatives of citizenship, with every avenue to advancement open to him, he spurns the idea of "upper" and "lower" class, and says "we, the people."

The time has come for working men to put a stop to the canting, patronizing talk of men who are always asking, "what can we do for the laboring men?" as if, as Ruskin says, they constitute a "lower class" and are disqualified to take care of themselves. Such talk may do in England and other European countries, but it won't do in America, and the fact should be widely known. The triumph of "work" is now at hand, the time when it will unify, and demand their rightful share of the wealth they create, and such honors and emoluments as belong to those whom the people select to administer public affairs. It may take years of patient effort to usher in the new era of work, but it will dawn. Harbinger notes are heard, and the highways of labor are to be hewed out straight from the plow, and loom, and anvil.

proudest places known in a government, in which "class" and "caste" are not known, but instead, government of the people, by the people, and for the PEOPLE.

FAREWELL TO 1885.

For those early days, when patriarchs dwelt in pastoral tents, that rose beneath the palm, when life was pure, and every bosom felt the warped affection's sweetest, holiest balm, and like the silent scene around them, calm, the stars stole along in one unruffled flow, their hearts aye warbled with devotion's psalm, as they saw their buds around them blow, their keenly glistening eye revealed the grateful glow."

There is nothing unusual nor unusual, when contemplating the flight of time, if masculine natures become sentimental, nor are we disposed to be censorious when we meet rugged men who sigh for the boyhood days of the long ago—when "patriarch's dwelt in pastoral tents," or for a return of their boyhood years, and yearn to revisit

The orchard, the meadow,
The deep, tangled wild-wood
In every loved object their infancy knew."
Admitting that it is well to be utilitarian, to have an eye to the practical, still, the wisdom of experience teaches the lesson that the mind and the body are so constituted that both revolt when compelled to forever wear the harness of drudgery and drag the car of utility along the old beaten pathways traveled by those who ceaselessly exalt work and regard sensibility, heart yearnings for the beautiful, with outspoken or ill-disguised attempt.

We write of the year 1885, and herefore we shall again address the readers of the Magazine it will have when its departure. Has it no record but of work, toil, struggle,

disappointment and death? Are there no hallowed memories written upon its pages to be treasured as souvenirs? no sunbursts of joy, of triumphs won, of noble deeds, of duty done, of sorrows assuaged, of love requited, of high resolves and success achieved? Shall we write of such things, or simply refer to the year 1885, as we bid it good bye, as a year in which so much cotton and corn was produced, so many miles of railroad constructed, so much money collected for revenue, so many hogs slaughtered, and give the sum total of exports and imports? Admitting there are many men of many minds, we are inclined to write of facts, and of fancies born of facts.

The estimate is that the population of the world amounts to 1,500,000,000 souls—of all races and all lands. The estimate is that it requires thirty-five years for death to dispose of this vast number of human beings. If these estimates are correct then the fact is that during the year 1885 about 43,000,000 of the human family, keeping step to the drum-beat of death, have become inhabitants of the unknown world. Shall we be practical in the presence of such broad based, grim and sombre facts? Estimate coffins and caskets, shrouds and palls, fix a price and tell the business value of death to undertakers, grave diggers and speculators in grave yard real estate, and those who chisel out monuments, that vulgar pride may designate the spot beneath which worms are banqueting upon corruption? The world is aware that there is little, if anything, senti-

mental about death. If impersonated, as is often done, he is referred to as a monster—seldom spoken of as a friend, but rather as an enemy, inexorable and cruel—and yet, but for his visitations there would be universal famine. Bryant, in his "hymn to death," takes exceptions to the title "King of Terrors," and calls it "slander," and in his high estimate of the blessings conferred by death sings

* * * "From the first of time, hast thou been found
On virtue's side; the wicked but for thee,
Had been too strong for the good; the great of earth
Had crushed the weak forever."

If there is a bright and benevolent side to death it ought not to be a difficult task, to find much else to commend in the wide realm of that

"Divinity, which shapes our end,
Rough hew them as we will."

It may be true that the present is a mercenary, money getting age. Have it so. We shall not attempt to controvert the proposition. But is money getting totally divorced from sentiment? Is there nothing connected with it but the sordid desire to get money for the sake of hoarding it? Suppose it be true in a majority of cases, the few great and generous souls who make money for the good they can do with it, make the world bright and beautiful in spite of the avaricious crew, who worship gold with Pagan idolatry, and who extort from wise men the exclamation

"O, for a scourging tongue, a scorpion's lash,
To flay the backs of fools, who worship cash."

Have we drifted away from our subject? Only apparently. Farewell to 1885 is our theme. It has been like all other years—neither better nor worse. Three hundred

and sixty-five times the earth has turned on its axis, giving us night and day, and it has made its shining circuit around the sun, giving us the seasons in their order, sowing time and harvest, the early and the latter rain. These are eminent practical facts. As a people, we exult in the knowledge of overflowing granaries. Is that all? No, verily. In saying farewell to 1885 our hearts are aglow with gratitude for the opportunities which it afforded the great and good of earth to exhibit before men and angels traits of human nature, which, as what we will, allies it to that Infinite goodness which finds expression in the declaration that "God made man a little lower than God."

Who does not contemplate with exultant pride the benevolent spirit which animates men and women to mitigate suffering. Fashion her votaries, and gold its worshippers. There is a headlong rush for money. There is a wild scramble for place and power. There is pride, arrogance, and cruelty, hardness and neglect, but there is, thank heaven, goodness, truth, and benevolence in the world. The poor are fed and clothed, the blind the deaf and dumb, and the insane are cared for, and 1885 bears eloquent testimony that the world is growing better. The great heart of the people responds as never before to appeals for money with which to make brighter the weary journey of the unfortunate to final repose.

To our readers of the Brotherhood what shall we say as we stand together at the close of 1885, and bid it farewell? Shall we make the

it of the Brotherhood from ocean
ocean—

"Sighing like the night wind,
And sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost ones
Who come not again?"

And yet, in fancy, we go where
our brave have fallen, and into
places where sorrow has been the
lot of the bereaved, and as 1885 dis-
appears there is a joy in the presence
which hyperbole sits dumb, in
knowing that it bears testimony to
the deeds of the Brotherhood worthy to
be sung by the minstrels of the bet-
ter land, when angel fingers touch
their harps of gold. The year 1885
has been fruitful of experience and
the wisdom which experience
alone can supply. Its lessons are en-
graven upon heart and memory, and
as we write upon the tablets of 1885
we say farewell. If we have done
well in the past bear the glad tidings
to comrades gone and tell them we
will do better in the future.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAIL- ROAD BRAKEMEN.

About two years ago, in the town
of Oneonta, N. Y., the Brotherhood
of Railroad Brakemen, of the
Western Hemisphere, was organ-
ized. The first Annual Convention
of the Order was held at Oneonta,
N. Y., in October, 1884. The second
Annual Convention was held in the
city of Burlington, Iowa, in October,
1885. At this convention it was
determined that 161 Lodges had been
organized and that the membership
amounted about 7,000.

Such rapidity of growth demon-
strates very conclusively that there
is a necessity for the organization.
There are on the Western Hemis-
phere at least 75,000 railroad

brakemen. Their work is arduous
and hazardous, and their wages
comparatively small. In railroad
transportation the position of brake-
man is one of responsibility. They
must promptly respond to the sig-
nal when a train is to be "slowed"
or brought to a "stand-still," and
there are times when every thing,
life and property, depends upon the
strong arm of the brakeman. That
his services are properly appreciated
we doubt very much.

Be this as it may, there was man-
ifestly, an urgent demand for the
organization of the Brotherhood,
and we rejoice to know that it starts
upon its career under especially fa-
vorable auspices. The Firemen's
Magazine takes a lively interest in
all that pertains to the welfare of
railroad employes, and especially to
those whose employment forces
them to take the hazards of the rail
and it affords us real satisfaction to
be of service to them in the columns
of our widely circulated publication.

The Grand Officers of the Brother-
hood of Railroad Brakemen are
F. E. Wilkinson, Grand Master;
Neal Sullivan, Vice Grand Master;
Ed F. O'Shea, Grand Secretary and
Treasurer; L. C. Foster, jr., Grand
Organizer and Instructor.

Assuming that it will be of special
interest to our readers to have a
more intimate knowledge of the
men to whom, for the time being,
the interests of the Brotherhood of
Railroad Brakemen has been com-
mitted, the following brief sketches
will prove interesting:

Grand Master F. E. Wilkenson is
a native of Ohio, and was born at
Monroeville, Stuben county, Octo-

ber 16, 1845, and is therefore forty years of age—just in the prime of his manhood. His first railroad service was on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western, as brakeman. Afterward he was engaged in the construction of the Logansport, Crawfordsville & Southwestern R. R. In 1871 he entered the employment of the Rock Island & Peoria R. R. In 1877 he left the R. I. & P. R. R. for the position of conductor. Subsequently he took service in the freight department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. After this Mr. Wilkinson entered the employment of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R.R. as freight brakeman. In 1879 he abandoned railroading and went to farming in Nebraska, but subsequently returned to the business, taking employment with the Peoria, Pekin & Union R. R., switching in the yard at Peoria, where he remained until called into service of the Brotherhood of Brakemen as its Grand Master. Before his election, as Grand Master, he was appointed by the executive committee to fill an unexpired term, occasioned by the retirement of Mr. McCarty, who had held the position. It will be observed that Mr. Wilkinson is a thoroughly trained railroad man, who brings to the important position he now holds a large experience, and is therefore regarded as the right man in the right place. He enjoys the confidence of the Brotherhood in a large degree, and it is greatly to his credit that he also had the confidence of his late employers, who, upon his retirement, said they hoped he would be

as faithful to the Brotherhood as he had been to their interests, a recognition of merit won by fidelity and obligation.

Vice Grand Master, Neal Sullivan, is a native of the great city of New York, where he was born, June 9th, 1850, and is therefore thirty-five years of age—just the half-way line in the allotted years of manhood. Mr. Sullivan commenced his railroad career at the early age of the teen years, by carrying water on a gravel train of the old New York & Erie R. R. In 1868, Mr. Sullivan entered the shops of the road at Susquehanna, to learn the trade of a machinist, under Master Mechanic Jas. D. Gregg. Subsequently he took service on the N. & L. Division of the Delaware & Hudson Canal R. R. as fireman, but afterward entered the service of the N. Y. Midland R. R. He then went into the meat and tile business, but in 1881 re-entered railroading on the H. & H. R. R., where he remains to-day, in the capacity of brakeman. Mr. Sullivan is a member of Parlor City Lodge No. 36, at Binghampton, N. Y. He is thoroughly posted; quick in his perceptions, and a most agreeable speaker; in fact, an orator. He has the interests of the Brotherhood at heart, and will make his mark by carrying out its policy.

The Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Ed. F. O'Shea, is a western man, a native of Illinois, and was born at Galesburg, September 1860, and is therefore twenty-five years of age. He is a graduate of the Western Business College, and is a thorough accountant, and therefore eminently qualified for the

stant position he now holds. He began his railroad service in 1878 as hitchman in the C., B. & Q. yards at Galesburg, where he remained for three years. Subsequently he went to Minneapolis, where he served as road foreman, and then as train gagaman. Returning to the employment of the C., B. & Q. he served six years as brakeman. Mr. O'Shea became a charter member of C. E. Edge Lodge, organized at Galesburg, August 11, 1884, and was a delegate to the First Annual Convention, held at Oneonta, N. Y., in October of that year, when he was elected Secretary of the Grand Executive Committee. January 1st, 1885, he was appointed Deputy Grand Organizer, and served in that capacity until July 10th, when, by the removal of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, he was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. O'Shea found the Brotherhood deeply in debt, and his financial records sadly confused. By close work he has brought order out of chaos and put the affairs of the Order on a solid basis. This good work has given him the confidence of the Brotherhood, and he has been elected to fill the important position for two years longer. The Grand Organizer and Instructor, L. C. Foster, jr., is a native of the Empire State, having been born at Elmira, January 12, 1858, and is therefore twenty-seven years of age. He served an apprenticeship to the trade of printing, at Ithica, and took his first service in railroading on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, in the freight department. Subsequently he became a brakeman on the road, where he remained until

the first Convention of the Brotherhood, at Oneonta, where he was elected Grand Organizer and Instructor for two years. Mr. Foster fills the bill, and gives universal satisfaction. That he is a vigorous worker, it need only be said, that, with his Deputy, seventy Lodges were organized last year, from Massachusetts Bay to Puget Sound.

Such is a hasty outline of the men who are now charged with carrying forward the interests of a great and growing Brotherhood of railroad employes. The Order is benevolent in its policy, and the disabled members, or their heirs, receive the sum of \$500.

The dangers to which brakemen are subjected are largely increased by a lack of uniformity in the height of cars, as also by the coupling arrangements now in vogue, and as remedies for these evils are easily found, it is to be hoped they will not be long delayed.

The Convention at Burlington, Iowa, was a pronounced success. About 150 delegates were present, and the citizens of Burlington were highly pleased with the appearance of the men and the quick dispatch of business. The Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen has a brilliant future before it, and we wish it the largest possible measure of success.

PRATT, who by showing the white, instead of the red light, caused the Hackensack-meadow disaster, had the courage to say, "I will tell the truth; I made a mistake." We like his manliness. It takes a man all over to assume all the responsibilities of his own mistakes. Pratt may have to suffer, but he is not a bad man.

MR. HENRY N. SMITH remarked that he "would live to see Jay Gould grinding a hand-organ and leading a monkey through Wall street." This demonstrates very conclusively that he didn't know the man he was talking about. Mr. Gould, it should be remembered, started out with a patent mouse-trap, which has been improved until it catches bulls and bears.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is now wrestling with the question, Can a State lawfully fix tariff rates, prescribe localities for depots and make other regulations for railroads which are built and operated under charters of other States, or of the United States? The question is one of great importance and the decision will be one of far-reaching consequences.

A PHILADELPHIA paper asserts that the Reading Railroad management has "plastered" that road with mortgages "ten or twelve deep," and that these plasters cover every foot of ground the company owns. If these plasters were of the sort that raise blisters instead of money, the agony of the road would be so excruciating that the cross-ties wouldn't remain in bed a half hour.

THE indications are that during the year 1886 the work of building new railroad lines will exhibit great activity. In the Southern States, east of the Mississippi river, one hundred and seventy-eight new lines have been projected. The great Northwest is wide awake to the necessity of more railroads, and more are to be built. The estimate is that at least 10,000 miles will be completed within the year. It is well said that in a large measure the prosperity of the country "hinges upon the railway managements."

THOSE who are familiar with the reports made to the State Department by American Consuls stationed in China, know upon what wages

a Chinaman can live. If it were not that these reports are official, the general belief would be that they are pure fiction gotten up to deceive credulous people. But they are known to be stubborn facts. In Chinese laborers in their native land manage to live a month upon wages which would poorly support a white man in the United States a day, and when these Pagan labor scourge reach this country, they are prepared to enter the labor market at prices with which no white man can compete, unless he is willing to degrade himself to a level which would make an average dog dissatisfied. It is such facts that create the hostility to the Chinese, a hostility which will never be abated. Chinese labor is death to American labor, and those who favor it are the enemies of the American laborer, the enemies of American institutions, and as such ought to be held up as targets for the scorn of all right-thinking men. The fact might as well be understood first as last. American laborers will not tolerate the Chinese, and it will be better for them to go away, and it will be better for those in authority to aid the exodus to the fullest extent of their power.

WE notice that a distinguished railroad President of Indiana has said that his State stands in need of no more railroads at present.

In 1883 Indiana had in operation 6,948 miles of railroads, the cost of which, including equipments, was given at \$277,168,906. This enormous property is valued for taxation at about \$55,000,000, a reduction of \$222,168,906. Such figures are startling, but they will be found to be approximately correct. Every year Indiana furnishes the owners of railroad property, an opportunity for the purpose of taxation, what is known as a State Board of Equalization, before which they may appear and talk down the value of their property, and the railroads are certain to be represented by gentlemen

men who are eloquent in stating facts, and how concerning they are may be estimated by the figures we have furnished. One not versed in modern methods of money-making, the statements made in regard to the value of railroad property in Indiana for taxation would overwhelm them with amazement. But when the gentlemen who appear before the board of Equalization address those who would purchase railroad property in Indiana, *presto*, another tale is told, and the property worth only \$5,000,000 for taxation is found to be held for other purposes at about four times that amount. But such is the way of the world, and what is true of Indiana is doubtless true of every other State in the Union.

JAY GOULD was recently in St. Louis, where he was interviewed. Mr. Gould is a good talker. He always says something when he speaks. His words are worth anywhere from one dollar, to, say, ten thousand dollars—depending largely upon the listener's ability to understand their meaning. In the course of the interview the question of strikes was brought forward. The reporter says "Mr. Gould deprecates labor strikes on railroads, and did not believe there would ever be any if both sides could fully realize the intimate relations they hold to each other. He expressed a strong desire that the employes on his road should purchase homes for themselves along the line and would be very glad to know that every employe of the Missouri Pacific was the owner of some stock of the company." It would be most gratifying to know that the average railroad employe could save enough from his wages to build a home at a convenient place along the line of said road—and purchase stock in the road and have a voice in its management. We know of men of families, who work seven days in the week and twelve hours

each day for \$40 a month. By the time expenses for the month are paid, there is not enough left to buy a tenpenny nail with which to begin building a cottage along the line of the road, and, as for purchasing stock in the road, if they were to talk of such a proceeding they would be regarded as candidates for an insane asylum. It is, however, a pleasing hallucination, and may serve to prevent strikes.

THE public has a right to inquire if railroad managers are not in the habit of overtasking the physical powers of some of their employes. There is a point beyond which sleep will not be postponed. It asserts its power, and animal creation must succumb, no matter what terrible consequences may follow. It is impossible for men, however capable or conscientious, to march and be on the alert when fatigue and exhaustion compel drowsiness, and if calamities result, as they are likely to do under such circumstances, no graver question can arise than that which relates to the responsible party. Accidents often occur, which, seemingly no foresight could prevent, but railroad disasters, in a vast majority of cases are preventable. The recent terrible disaster in New Jersey, by which a number of lives were lost, is said to have resulted from the inexplicable failure of one man to do his simple duty. It is said his orders were plain and that he knew their importance and the consequences of mistakes or neglect, and yet, it is charged, that he "deliberately gave signals which hurled three trains to destruction." The probabilities are that the man was for the moment confused, but that he *deliberately* made a mistake is preposterous, unless it can be shown that he is a deliberate wholesale murderer. It is held that railroad managers are powerless to protect themselves and the public against such "murderous incapacity." Railroad man-

agers can, it is claimed, provide the well patrolled road, the substantial and flawless rails, the powerful locomotives, the comfortable cars, the tireless vigilance of train dispatchers, the most satisfactory code of signals, and the amplest telegraph facilities, but as at some point, all depends upon one man, disasters are unavoidable. If this conclusion is correct, the case is hopeless. If railroad managers have exhausted every resource, and calamities come notwithstanding, the extreme limit of caution has been reached, and all that remains, when getting on board of a train, is make your will, go to praying and trust to Providence. We are satisfied that railroad employes are often, from overwork, disqualified for their positions. We could give instances indefinitely, and while we offer no excuses for the man whose mistake brought about the Hackensack bridge disaster, we are convinced that railroad managers should see to it, that the man who has charge of the department of the business, upon which the safety of trains and the security of life depends, should not have their mental and physical faculties overtasked. That such is the case now, in numerous instances there can be no doubt.

NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you've anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with fears,
If poverty bides near you,
And your days are dimmed by tears,
If you find with soul despairing
No answer to your prayers,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And pain and sickness bring
A gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything.
If you feel that lot so weary
But seldom mortal bears,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

This world is fond of pleasure,
And, take it at its best,
'Tis sadly bored unless you
Meet it with smile and jest;
It yawns o'er Want's complainings,
At Sorrow coldly stares,
So never tell your troubles, for
Nobody really cares.

—Margaret Eyttinge.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

ONCE MORE.

It came almost with a shock to a few hours ago, when I heard some brayed girls discussing Christmas preparations and I have been ever since trying to persuade myself that the holiday season again upon us. It seems such a short time since the Christmas chimes were ringing, the feast was spread, children were shouting with delight at all the world was commemorating the dawning of Christianity. The old story? Oh, *this* is the old, old story. Time is passing and we are growing. This is the chapter that has been so fully read by all the past generations. "Time goes? ah, no. Time starts on!" The increasing speed with which the years fly away is the surest indication that we are leaving a greater number behind us than are yet to come. "Benings brighten as they take their flight and never does time seem so unutterably precious as when we realize that we have spent the greater part of our inheritance." "Oh, affluence of love and time" it spreads out vast and exhaustless before the enraptured vision of youth! Time without end, and time without limit. And it is so careless of the one, so proud of the other! For is not life full of joy and does not time stretch out to eternity?

Sometimes I think it is a blessed thing that young people do not learn anything except from experience. While it is quite true that by avoiding the mistakes or by following the example of the elders they would be spared much anxiety, trouble and regret, yet they would miss all the light-hearted, carelessness of youth, the lively, reckless indifference to consequences, the healthy appetite and sound sleep possible only to an unconscience and a thoughtless, inexperienced nature. If they considered every word, weighed every action, counted every cost and looked only to future effects, they would lose all the delight of happiness of the present and be old before their time. We need our boys and girls, the world needs them, with all their faults and frivolities and aggravating ways. The earth grows old but youth is perennial, as fresh and sweet to-day as it was in those generations whose history no man has written, or as it will be even the memory of those who now shall have passed away.

We should not notice the lapse of time were it not for the anniversaries that mark the fleeting hours. "What!" we

im, "have I another birthday already? The kind wishes of the last still echo in my ears." And then, "Is it again Thanksgiving Day? The aroma of last year's still lingers in the air." And as we ponder how the months have gone so quickly, all the air is full of music and everybody looks happy and the children shouting "Merry Christmas." Hark! They are singing, "Christmas comes but once a year." Once a year? Surely it has not been twelve long months since that beautiful jubilee? And while we are dreaming of Christmas days gone by, the old children are planning for years yet to come! All that have passed forgotten by these thoughtless, merry youngsters who regard what has passed as only so much rubbish to be kicked in the garret, out of sight and out of mind. But it will only be a few years till each one of these Christmas anniversaries shall become a hallowed memory and these children will exclaim, "After all, those were the happiest days, I shall never see their like again!" How gladly would we keep our children young and free from sorrow, if only it were in our power. How willingly would we add a few more years to our own, a few more trials to those we already have borne, if only we could relieve our children and keep their lives bright and happy a little longer. Another year, another sorrow do not matter for the sacrificial parent whose life is almost finished, they fall heavily upon those who have not learned the lessons of age and sorrow. But there is a higher and a wiser authority which divides the burdens and actually brings all alike under the influence of an inexorable discipline.

A year ago, when I wrote a few words for Christmas greeting for the readers of *Magazine* I was in Florida, surrounded by the luxuriant beauties of that tropic State. The air was filled with the perfume of the orange and pomegranate; in my garden by my window were great clumps of magnificent roses, clusters of white lilies, honeysuckles, crape myrtles and many other exquisite blossoms; and I had been out walking in the country where there were whole hedges of hollyhocks and bowers of jessamine and all flowers; and all the morning I stood on the dock and seen the big boats come in laden with bananas and apples; crowds of strangers from all parts of the country on one hand, swarms of shifty and ignorant whites on the other; but over all the soft, balmy air made it impossible to realize that the holiday season was at hand.

Today I am in northern Ohio, a guest at the wedding of a relative. The air is

clear, cold and bracing, with an invigorating touch of frost; the trees are bare, the flowers have long since faded; the fruits of autumn are stored away in the cellar for winter use. There is none of the soft atmosphere, the dreamy languor of a southern clime, but instead there is the bright eye, the alert step, the quick, elastic, energetic air pervading everything. In place of the bored and weary tourist, seeking health or pleasure in an aimless fashion, one sees strong, active men and women, full of business, making every hour count and employing life to some purpose. Instead of the crowds of shiftless negroes and "poor, white trash," one beholds each morning and evening the long line of industrious laborers going to and from the honest day's work. For the strong and healthy, the diligent and ambitious, there is scarcely a comparison to be made between the North and the South, between Ohio and Florida, for instance.

And now the wedding bells have ceased ringing, the beautiful bride, in her trailing robes of white satin and lace and mist-like veil, has departed to her new home. The lights are turned out. The young people have gone to sleep, flushed and happy, to see in their dreams rosy visions of their own approaching bridal days. The older guests lie awake into the long, dark hours of the night, wondering, hoping, praying for the future of the fair, graceful, young bride, gone from beneath her father's sheltering roof to a strange and untried home.

When the bells sound again it will be for the dawning of another Christmas day, the ancient, musical chimes that have "rung out the old, rung in the new" of years and people for generations past. They speak a secret, separate language to every heart, which no one can interpret for another. Have the past twelve months been kind to you, dear friends? Accept congratulations, warm and sincere. Have they brought you grief and disappointment? Be sure that many a loving heart is filled with tenderness and sympathy for your misfortunes. Put them aside, just for one day, and let us all be joyful. Merry Christmas, beloved comrades, and a Happy New Year!

YOUNG American men are settling in Mexico, but they are not marrying there. The story that a Mexican woman seventy-two years old has just been blessed with a new baby has sort o' scared them away from the *senoritas*.

"FOR fifty-three years," says General Toombs, "my dear wife was my constant friend, companion and adviser. We traveled four continents of the world together, and visited many islands of the seas. Now she is waiting for me with the same sweet faith she so well illustrated here."

ATCHISON, KAN., Sept. 7, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

A few evenings ago was a memorable one in the history of R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31, of Atchison, Kan. Upon this occasion the Lodge was presented with not only a beautiful, but a magnificent and costly, altar cloth, the handiwork of Mrs. Rosella C. May, of this city, wife of Bro. J. A. May, of Lodge No. 31. I wish I could describe this cloth, but I cannot. It is necessary to see it to appreciate it. The ground was fine black silk velvet, beautifully ornamented with arasene, chenille and silk work; in the center in old gold were the letters "B. of L. F." and on the four corners, respectively, the words "Benevolence," "Sobriety," "Industry," "Lodge No. 31." The presentation speech was made by Mrs. May and the response on behalf of the Lodge by Mr. Chas. Salisbury, Chaplain of the Lodge. The attendance of ladies and gentlemen was very large and an evening of rare enjoyment was passed. The lodge room was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. After the presentation ceremonies, refreshments were served in grand style, and after these, there was dancing until one o'clock, when all departed well pleased with their evening's enjoyment.

The locomotive fireman is an institution peculiar unto himself, a nerry, brainy, generous, open-hearted man, with probably faults of his own, and a broad charity for the faults of others. His life is one of labor and constant peril; he holds not only his life, but the lives of others in his own hands, dependent upon his judgment and coolness. His hours of recreation are few, but for that same reason they are probably the more heartily enjoyed. One could but think of this as he gazed upon the pleasant party of Brotherhood people assembled in the Lodge room, the smiling faces, the light, joyous footsteps, the hearty greeting to all, the general good fellowship. God bless the Brotherhood and these boys! May they all stick to the rail straight along and live to repeat often these pleasant occasions is the wish of a friend,

MRS. DICK DEADEYE.

NEW ALBANY, IND., Oct. 11, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

List! Is it the old town clock tolling the hours of night? It tolls the hours of night, slowly, sadly, for time is knocking—one, two! Heavily the sound falls on the air of the cool autumn night. Softly break the waves along the river shore, and darkly loom the cliffs and ragged rocks. Wildly flit the clouds across the infinite space; around the throne the moon glimmers with a fading light. A weird, still night, a night when memory hovers near, and brings back to our view the forms and faces of the loved and lost; of those who have finished their life work and are waiting on the misty shores of the far shadow-land. But, hark! Out upon the still night air come the deep tones of a swaying bell. It brings one back to life and its realities; but an ordinary and unnoticed sound

to an uninterested hearer. But where are the jewels there are their hearts also, and they follow those who, day after day, go out on the rail, leaving the loving ones behind to wait again, it may be, perhaps, nevermore, until the Great Judge of all has gathered His children around the Great White Throne, where they will be on that day when Jesus shall come for his own. All honor to the men who, in the dangerous work God has appointed for them, faithfully their duty. May they at last receive their reward in the home God has prepared for them in that land where there is neither trouble nor pain.

One word for the B. of L. F. in this place. Though of recent organization, it has proved its actions to be in truth a Brotherhood. Its earnest wish of all is that it may grow and prosper and that each can say,

"Let us, then, be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Li

For Woman's Department:

THANKSGIVING.

Far differently this festal day

Was welcomed in my childhood's year
When sounds of mirth and gladsome play
Burst forth from hearts unchilled by fear

When every lip was wreathed with smiles
And clustered on each sunny brow.
The dawning hopes which youth beguiles
And sweetly beamed affection's glow.

No shadows crossed our fancy's gleams.
Nor mist obscured our golden sky;
No sadness troubled life's young dreams
No cloud of sorrow flitted by.

Where are they now—those joyous ones—
That erst were wont to circle here?
The happy looks and kindly tones
Which gave the board its brightest cheer

Ah! Time with rapid flight hath passed
The household group is scattered wide.
Our youthful sports and pleasures fast
Have floated down life's ebbing tide.

But though in months and years grown old
And doomed diverging paths to rove.
Will absence make the heart grow cold?
Or chill the gushing fount of love?

Oh, no! With fond imaginings
They'll linger near the spot once more.
And swiftly borne on memory's wings
Will live again their pastimes o'er.
Yes, thought unchanged will quickly roam
And gladly hail this hallowed day:
Dear absent ones will think of home,
And we of loved ones far away.

Oh! May we meet once more around
The hearthstone of our early years.
If but to breathe each farewell sound,
And mingle here our parting tears.

—Mrs. M. E. M.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Oct. 1, 1885.

Woman's Department:

The Magazine is just at hand and contents read
 's pleasure. I am glad to see so many new
 ters, but would like to hear from the old ones
 in, as I think their letters very interesting. I
 ee with you, Mrs. Miller, that home is the
 ce to train our children, but will refrain
 n giving any special rules till mine are more
 hey should be. I think home is what we
 ose to make it, to a great extent. A happy
 e is one of the greatest blessings of this
 h. It is something that cannot be bought,
 one don't have to be rich to have it, but it
 r every one who has a place to call home. I
 n think of some lines learned when I was a
 e girl. I think they are so beautiful I will
 at them:

"There is beauty all around,
 When there's love at home.
 There is joy in ev'ry sound,
 When there's love at home.
 Peace and plenty there abide,
 Smiling sweet on ev'ry side,
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.

"In the cottage there is joy,
 When there's love at home.
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
 When there's love at home.
 Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
 All the earth's a garden sweet,
 Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home."

Oh, dear Editor, as I fear I am taking up too
 of your valuable space, with best wishes
 to the Brotherhood and their dear ones, I
 in,
 INEZ CARLTON.

TAYLOR, TEX., Nov. 9, 1885.

Woman's Department:

me again, asking permission to say a few
 in regard to a mistake which occurred in
 a letter written by me to the Firemen's
 line and which was published in the Sep-
 er number of the same. In the letter to
 I refer I am made to speak of T. D. Casey
 Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Loco-
 e Firemen. Now, it is a fact well known
 , and one which I plainly stated in my
 r letter, that Tom Casey is nothing more
 s than a railroad yard master at Taylor,
 am not aware that he has any connection
 ver with the Brotherhood. I observed the
 it once, but failed to correct it, and had
 forgotten the matter until my attention
 ain called to it by a letter written by "Arte-
 ard," in which he corrects what he natu-
 rposes to be my mistake. This is all right
 i, but will "Artemus" please bear in
 hat there are different ways in which it is
 e for mistakes like this to occur, and that
 it does not always lie with the writer. I
 his not merely to correct the mistake, as
 have been done, but in justice to my-
 I do not want the boys here to think that

one so totally ignorant of Brotherhood affairs
 should venture to place her name on the pages
 of the much-valued Magazine.

I read with a great deal of interest the letter
 written by "Anonymous" on the subject of In-
 temperance. I am glad to see so much discus-
 sion of a subject which is of such vast importance
 not only to railroad men, but to the world at
 large. "Anonymous," you express my views
 exactly on moderate drinking, for the toper of
 to-day is the moderate drinker of yesterday. By
 this I do not mean to say that all moderate
 drinkers become toppers, for they do not, but they
 should be careful, lest the love of drink should
 overcome their better judgment. The noble
 Brotherhood has done much toward stemming
 the tide of this fearful evil. Long may it go on,
 elevating its members to a higher standard.

Where are all the old writers, "Irene," "A
 Fireman's Wife," "Louisa," "Ida," and a great
 many others whose names were so familiar to the
 readers of the Magazine in "days gone by."
 "Irene," write again and give us your views on
 Intemperance, I love so much to read your
 letters. Fearing I am getting too lengthy, I will
 close,
 GERALDINE.

*For Woman's Department:***THE PRODIGAL SON.**

Dear mother, though I cannot see
 With human eyes your face,
 My soul delighteth constantly
 Its loving looks to trace.

'Tis deeply graven on my heart,
 And mem'ry calls at will
 Pictures with which I may not part
 'Til my heart is still.

I trace each line upon your brow,
 Records of time and care,
 And feel—with heartfelt sorrows now—
 That I wrote some lines there.

O! ever dead and buried years,
 Could we call back a few,
 To live and profit through our tears,
 And spend our lives anew.

Vain, foolish thought! It cannot be!
 We must live to the end of life,
 And face eternity
 To descend or ascend.

Ascend! I know the end is yours
 To make your life divine,
 And with God's help while life endures
 I'll let that aim be mine.

Your tender love shall ever be
 My guiding star and goal,
 And with the prayers you pray for me,
 Shall save my erring soul.

—Mamie O'Brien.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

ONE of the lady friends from Longview, Tex.,
 pays a high compliment to the members of Lone
 Star Lodge. She regards them as true Brother-
 hood men and a credit to the Order.

THAYER, Mo., Sept. 14, 1885.

To Woman's Department:

I have eagerly scanned the pages of your last two numbers, expecting to see some communications from Ozark Lodge No. 280, but "nary a word" could I find from any of the boys. I knew their worthy Master had been on the sick list for quite a while, and the Secretary is on duty down the road, while the Financier has the heart disease pretty badly when off duty, although we do not think him dangerous, but that he will recover "When the leaves begin to fall, and the summer days are o'er." But then there are others who are capable of writing if they would, for there is good material in this Lodge. Of course I am not acquainted with all, but those I know are sober, industrious and straightforward young men, of whom the Order may well be proud; who, at no distant day, should their lives be spared, will make their marks in the world—if none other they will be sure to leave it on "somebody's" stock, if they are promoted and run down here.

Thayer is a thriving little railroad town on the K. C., S. & M. Railroad, one of the finest and best managed roads west of the Mississippi. George H. Nettleton, General Manager, and J. S. McCrum, General Master Mechanic, are two men who cannot be discounted in their respective positions, either east or west. You have only to look in their faces to see justice and fair dealing written there in legible letters that time cannot efface. The road traverses a country from Kansas City to Memphis, whose beauty is not outvalued by the Pennsylvania Central or Lehigh Valley, and I think the scenery along those roads is most beautiful.

Well, I might go on and describe our place, might tell you what the Lodge was doing, and all about the members, if I knew, but I do not, for I am neither fireman nor engineer; but my mother-in-law has a son an engineer, and I am somewhat interested in his business. Now, I will tell you what I will do. If some of the members do not write once in a while to let you know what they are doing, I will break the silence and tell you all about them, and I know they will not want me to do that but once.

Hoping your Order will meet with all the success it deserves, I remain, ever a friend to all worthy firemen,

BETSY BOBBITT.

To Woman's Department:

SUSQUEHANNA, PA., Nov. 12, 1885.

As I look over our Magazine each month, I grow more and more interested in the work of the Brotherhood, and have often felt impelled to write a word of encouragement for Lodge No. 208; but diffidence has restrained me until my sympathy was aroused by reading "Anonymus" on intemperance, and I determined to "face the music." I wish each brother might say, as he does, I have never taken one drink to feel the effects.

I would that each one might say, I will never take another glass. There are many who will

not disgrace their Lodge and calling with drunkenness, but take a sort of pride in their ability to stop at one social glass. I would ask of you an one: Have you ever considered your influence upon a brother who has not your strength to resist the effects of one glass, but will go again and again, and finally become what you would scorn to be?

Although Lodge 208 has met with some reverses recently, by the united efforts of better brothers, together with the untiring zeal of the worthy Master Jno. Lannon, and trusty Clara Anderson as Financier, she is again to the front and doing a noble work for the boys of Susquehanna.

Hoping that this feeble effort may find a home somewhere outside the "waste basket," I am,

Most respectfully,

A. BROTHER'S WIFE.

*For Woman's Department:***AUTUMN.**

The Autumn wind blows cold and drear
O'er hill-top, tree and dale,
The fallen leaves all brown and sere
It's presence now proclaim;
The summer flowers that sweetly bloom'd
Are withered now and dead—
Are scattered like the fallen leaves
Around the path we tread

The Autumn wind whose chilly blast
Comes sweeping 'round our door.
Reminds us of the silent past
That can return no more;
We think of friends of former years—
Of hopes, of joys long fled—
They've withered, faded like the leaves
And rest among the dead.

The Autumn winds with mournful dirge
Tell of a summer gone,
The fading leaves speak of decay
As one by one they fall;
And we shall soon be laid to rest
Where Autumn winds shall sigh
A requiem o'er our lonely graves
Where we in death shall lie.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

—Mrs. Nellie Bland.

Miss Bland, the daughter of a farmer near Reading, Pa., made elaborate preparations for her wedding on Saturday, but the groom, whose home was in the next town, failed to put in an appearance, sending a note instead that he had changed his mind. Instead of fainting or allowing her hair to turn white in a single night, or making herself ready for a lunatic asylum, or vowing to withdraw from the world, as is the custom of maidens in such circumstances, Miss Bland gathered the cakes and "goodies," which were made the wedding feast, and took them to the children of a neighboring picnic. Her friends on the occasion were to the effect that she wasn't having such a real good time because there was no reason why the young folks should have a treat. This departure from the method of behavior should be taken by story writers who desire to vary the same monotonous romances they have been printing.

Firemen's Department.

Edge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Discussion and Moral Courage.

Macaulay says that "the liberty of discussion the great safeguard of all other liberties." The enjoyment of this freedom is the foundation the greatest school for the elevation of the masses, and the enlightenment of the people on the philosophy of self-government. Only ignorance and superstition suffer by its toleration. We are indebted to discussion and agitation for living given us the greatness of such minds as Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Henry George, and a host of others, of all ages, ancient and modern, lifting for the liberties of the people, and lifting the minds of their countrymen to a realization of their condition and the degrading possibilities of future generations, by the electric fires of a Patrick Henry or a Stewart Parnell. Without discussion the simplest conversation becomes monotonous and disinteresting. We must be careful in advancing our views, when asked, not to descend to billingsgate. Billingsgate is a low, debased counterfeit of discussion, and is no more to be compared to the beauty of genuine than the chirp of a sparrow is to the song of the linnet, or the cawing of a crow to the singing of the sky-lark. Theories or assertions that cannot be discussed are of no value, and should not be advanced. To differ in opinion with some people, or question the correctness of what they set forth, is, in their eyes, an unpardonable sin, and the person or persons so sinning would thereupon be silenced. The mere utterance of a statement does not make it true, nor is it more than we can be honest by simply defending it, or virtuous by defending virtue, but when the fire of debate has been turned upon it, the real points, if any, show themselves, and if a correct conclusion is not arrived at, there have been at least some things learned in connection with it that were not generally known before.

Who is faithful to his manhood and has the courage of his convictions will never hesitate to stand promptly and firmly to the place that duty assigned him and that he feels is his by

every throb of his heart and the consciousness of the truth of his own belief, there to remain, defending a right, denouncing a wrong, or protecting the weak in the uneven fight that is too often seen in our daily lives. He is feared because he is fearless, he is respected because he is honest. He that is morally courageous has within him the qualifications necessary for the greatest citizen, and no battle, no matter how brilliant may be its heroes or their achievements, or how important may be its results, ever developed the grandeur or value to his country of a character that possesses the admirable attributes of moral courage. It requires a greater effort, a greater sacrifice of our feelings to apologize for a wrong done another than to enter the thickest of the fight at a Clontarf, a Waterloo, or a Gettysburg.

It is less than a year ago since the Republic of Mexico first enjoyed the warmth and glow of a free and untrammelled sovereignty, given to them by the young and talented Miron, who alone and unaided, stood on the floor of the assembled Congress of his country, and denounced with all the vigor of his youth, and his injured sense of justice, the tyranny and oppression of the then existing Administration, charging them with the miseries and humiliations that his people had suffered. This grand outburst of indignation found a responsive chord in the hearts of his countrymen, and the result was the overthrow of a most despotic rule, and the record of an inspiring chapter of the history of Mexico. Our schools and universities have long since seen the importance of cultivating this branch of education, and have spared no pains in pushing it forward and giving it every encouragement, indeed all nations have displayed an ambition to give to their children its highest perfection. Every law, which is brought forward for the guidance of the people, previous to its adoption, should be examined by discussion, argued pro and con, stripped of all superfluous adornments and accepted only on its absolute merits. Every contradiction is not an argument. In debating any question we must be careful not to injure the feelings of others, and never lose respect for their opinions, or be slow to defend our own. Defend principles rather than men, and men when they represent principles.

W. F. HYNES.

Editors Magazine:

It has been my good fortune during the past month to be permitted to visit a number of our Eastern Lodges and attend meetings with their members, and I feel that I would be doing my Eastern brethren an injustice did I not mention through the columns of the Magazine the interest manifested in our Brotherhood by all with whom I came in contact, and the substantial growth of the organization in the Eastern States.

On Sunday, October 4th, I was present at a regular meeting of Boston Lodge No. 57, where I found a membership of 263, under the leadership of Bro. A. W. Spurr, and financially guarded by Bro. Joe Edwards, a brother who never gets left,

even though he delays the boat. The meeting was very interesting, and the brothers showed that they took a great interest in all matters that pertained to the good of the organization. After the meeting was over we had the pleasure of shaking hands with some of the old veterans of the Lodge, and an hour was spent in social chat. We were invited to take dinner with the worthy Master, and feasted on the good things of his larder. It was well supplied but it became somewhat diminished before my departure.

On Sunday, October 11, I visited W. A. Foster Lodge No. 216, Fitchburg, Mass. Here we find a membership of sixty-five. Bro. W. E. Taylor wields the gavel, and he is a man of sterling worth, and under his management No. 216 has become one of the bright stars in the constellation of our Order. I was pleased with the way the meeting was conducted, as it showed careful attention had been paid to the instructions of the Master, the ritualistic work and all being done correctly and all members taking an active part in everything that was brought before the Lodge. After some time spent in debate, and each brother had spoken in behalf of the Brotherhood, it was proven to me that No. 216 was heart and hand with us in the work of the Order. After adjournment I was entertained by the Master, and during the evening had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wm. Deering, a gentleman well known in the East, and an engineer on the Fitchburg Railroad. Mr. Deering is a warm friend of the Brotherhood, and has always taken a great interest in everything pertaining to it. He has been of great assistance to No. 216 and is proud of all her members. I feel grateful to Mr. Deering for many kind words of advice and encouragement. He, having been for years an active member of the B. of L. E., and associating with men of our calling all his life, was in a position to give me some points that I feel will be of service in coming years. I left Fitchburg feeling that the Brotherhood had a stronghold there in No. 216.

Monday, October 12, I visited Hand-in-Hand Lodge No. 2, at Providence, R. I. Here we find a Lodge numbering thirty members. There was a time when No. 2 was in rather a bad condition and the Delinquent List was exceedingly large, but by the earnest and faithful work of Bros. Aldrich, Harmon and Wardwell, assisted by the other members of the Lodge, she is fast coming to the front, and I am confident great results will come from the persistent efforts of these devoted brothers. Bro. Wardwell is Financier, and to him No. 2 owes a large debt of gratitude for the way he has looked after her financial interests. The meeting was an interesting one, and all showed that they were determined to make her one of the best. After spending the night, and being entertained at the Hotel Narragansett, I left for the "Hub," feeling that the B. of L. E. had a fine representative at Providence.

Friday, October 16, I was with Bay State No. 78, Worcester, Mass. Here is located a Lodge of

fifty-nine members, staunch and true to the principles laid down in our Constitution and By-Laws. A meeting was held in the evening and well attended. We were entertained by Bro. Roach, who, it will be remembered, will graduate to the last Convention, and a man who has the good of the Brotherhood at heart. We were, for good results from this meeting, as it was shown that the brothers were determined to bring No. 273 to the front rank among the New England Lodges.

On Saturday I left for Portland, Maine, and on Sunday, October 18, met with Great Eastern No. 4. There was a time in our history when this was the jumping-off place of our Brotherhood, but it is not so at present, as the far-reaching influence of the Order has penetrated to the Province of New Brunswick, where our members are employed by Old Sol to give him a hand as he starts on his daily journey. Great Eastern has a membership of seventy-eight, and is in excellent condition. Bro. F. A. Huff presides, and everything is done according to Rules of the Order. No. 4 has the secret work perfect, and I doubt if there are many who can go through the degree equal to them. The meeting was exceedingly interesting, as we were permitted to hear Bro. Dennison and Small in debate, and I never enjoyed anything better. Before the close of the evening I had something to say, and the meeting was one of the best I ever attended. During my stay in Portland I met Bro. John Savage, of No. 285. There are many of the older members of the Order that will remember Bro. Savage, being attended several Conventions, and always being prominent. He is now in the employ of the Boston & Maine R. R., and pulls the Fireman's Yankee on the Eastern Division. Bro. Savage is one of those jovial fellows one is always glad to meet, and a true friend of the Brotherhood.

Sunday, October 25, I spent with one of our new Lodges, Charter Oak No. 285. Bro. Wm. Hosford is the Chief Fireman of this Lodge, and his long experience in the Order has fitted him to lead this young member of our fraternity to certain victory. No. 285 was organized August 23 and has a membership of nineteen active members. The meeting was held on Sunday evening, called to order at 7:30 P. M., and adjourned at 12, midnight. During all this time there was no lack of interest, but the evening was taken up in the transaction of regular order of business and debate. I think some of the members of the older Lodges of the Brotherhood could have been present. If they would have seen many things that they would have been of profit to them. I predict for Lodge a bright future. During my stay in Hartford I was the guest of Bro. Hosford, and under many and great obligations to him.

Monday, October 26, we were entertained by another of our infant family, Elm City No. 284, Haven, Conn. Organized August 22, and has a membership of nineteen, she starts out on the most favorable auspices. On account of the hall used by No. 284 being engaged it was not

ble to hold a meeting, but the brothers secured room at the hotel and a social time was had. During the first part of the evening we were entertained by remarks by the Master and other members of the Lodge, all of which was for the good of the Order. About 10 o'clock a brother moved we adjourn, and on the motion being put it was carried without a dissenting voice, as it was understood by the members what the adjournment meant. We were invited to the dining room and there found the tables loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Eating was the first order of business, and it was near the hour of midnight when that order was passed.

Some of the brothers had hard work to return upstairs. After the banquet we retired to the room where was spent one hour in social enjoyment, some of the boys telling some very excellent stories, all of which was very much enjoyed. Some of the brothers came from New York and having to report for work at 4 a. m., we had all good night and went to our room, beginning to realize what noble, whole-souled brothers we had in New Haven. During our stay there we were the guest of Mr. Corbett, an engineer on the N. Y. & N. H. R. R. A finer gentleman we never met, nor was it ever our good fortune to become acquainted with a more excellent family. I would do an injustice did I fail to speak of Bros McCabe, Alling, Downs, and Dellert, who did all they could to make our visit pleasant. 284 will prove a great addition to our list of excellent Lodges, and in the near future she will represent a large membership.

October 29—"Just in Time" to meet with eighty-four of as good Brotherhood men as to handle the scoop or pull the throttle, members of Nos. 149, 3, 13, 291 and 11. Unfortunately the night was dark and stormy and one of the worst I ever experienced. The meeting was called to order at eight p. m., by Bro. Ford, Master of Just in Time Lodge, under whose auspices the meeting was held. From this time until 11:30 p. m. there was no lag in the proceedings. The brothers, considering that they had come together for the purpose of furthering the merits of our Order in that locality, and knowing how much good would be derived if all took an active part, vied with each other in seeing which could make the most earnest appeal in behalf of the organization.

Speeches were made by Bros. McCaffery, Chambers, Freeman and others of 149, while Bro. Morehouse, of No. 3, assisted by Bro. Johnson, No. 291, entertained the brothers with some very wise sayings, all of them being such as will do good to the good of the Order. Bro. Morehouse is well known throughout the Brotherhood as one of our most able speakers. While his addresses are short they are very frequent and right to the point. One thing we admire in Bro. Morehouse, he is always Reddy. There were wall flowers in the hall of 149 that evening. At the adjournment the brothers were invited to a banquet, where plates were laid for one hundred. The tables were decorated very hand-

somely and all presented a beautiful appearance. The following is the bill of fare:

MENU.		
Oysters on Half Shell.		
SOUP.		
Claret.		Bouillion.
ENTREES.		
Chicken Patties.		
Baked Haddock with Rhine Wine sauce.		
Pork.		
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.		
ROAST.		
Leg of Veal, with Tomato sauce.		
Philadelphia Turkey, with Cranberry sauce		
DESSERT.		
Ice Cream.		Cheese.
Cakes.	Fruit.	Coffee.

After the brothers had done justice to the viands the Master of Ceremonies called the members to order, and a vote of thanks was tendered to No. 149, and the brothers gave three hearty cheers and all departed to their respective homes, and another happy event was noted in the history of the brothers of the East.

Sunday, November 1 finds us in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, with Bros. Sinclair and Wilson as guides, while our Dutch brother was detailed to look after our interests and see that we did not go astray. A meeting of No. 11 was held in the afternoon and there we again heard the eloquent Wilson, that brother we all admire and respect and to whom this Brotherhood owes a large amount of gratitude for his earnest work in our behalf. Again we heard from those old veterans of No. 11, that stood by her when she was in the balance and seemed she must go down, how they stood by this Brotherhood, how they battled for it, and how, to-day, they can look with pride and say to us, take pattern and stand firm, no matter what comes. It did me good to sit there among those old heroes and hear them tell how they had worked to preserve this great organization when she was but a stripling, and to hear them speak of her as the grandest Order in existence made me feel proud to think I was a member and in active service. I shall never forget this meeting and it will have a lasting impression on my mind. Members were present from Nos. 211, 272, 149 and 13, and all joined in debate for the good of the Order, and it was a most profitable meeting. We were entertained at the house of Bro. Wilson and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his family. His home is a Christian home. No one can pay a visit to Bro. Wilson's without coming away a better man. All the brothers of No. 11 are solid men, and our Brotherhood is ably represented at Phillipsburg.

November 3, and we are with the Banner Lodge, No. 12, Buffalo. Unfortunately it was election day, and I did not meet as many of the brothers as I should have done at any other time. However, the meeting was well attended and was of much interest to me. This Lodge numbers 278 members. The presiding officer, Bro. F. H. Coe, is a most excellent gentleman and is well calculated to handle so large a body of men. Bro. Jacobs looks after the cash, and I doubt if there are many better Financiers or

sharper dealers than he. Woe to him that goes over the allotted time. The regular business was transacted, then debate being in order, remarks were made by several of the brothers. Meeting adjourned at 11 p. m., and I came away proud of our Banner Lodge. I accepted the hospitality of Bro. Coe, and was enabled to become acquainted with his excellent wife and beautiful children. I met our old friend Crossman and found him busy peddling votes, for the right side, of course. He is never in the wrong. He is still mourning because he did not get to Philadelphia, although I believe he expects to get a position in Washington when Congress meets.

Wednesday morning finds me on the road again, and as I am informed by my friend and partner that it is time I was getting home, I will make no more stops. In conclusion, let me say if any doubt the worth of the Brotherhood men in the East let them go and investigate, as I have done, and I am confident they will return convinced that we have there a living fortress, garrisoned by as true a body of men as wear the badge of our grand Brotherhood.

F. P. S.

Editors Magazine:

Another mile-stone in our career as an Order has been passed and left behind. The Twelfth Annual Convention has become a thing of the past, and its victories or defeats, its pleasures or its griefs, will never return to us. As the things of the past are beyond remedy and recall, it behooves us to look well to our future, and to consider well whatever we may be about to say or do, so that no matter what the future may have in store for us, both as individuals or as an Order, we may be able to say that "we acted according to the best of our knowledge and ability." In order that we may be able truthfully, to say this, we ought to be ready and willing to listen to the views of others whenever presented in a proper manner, and supported by reason and figures, and not to reject every new idea advanced, simply because it is new, and has never been tried. If the new ideas conceived and brought forth in the last fifty years, had obtained no credence or support, our Order would not exist, for locomotives would be unknown, and there would be no need of a fireman or engineer, and if we were engaged in the inland inter-commerce of our nation at all, it would probably be as drivers of mules or even ox teams. Having seen what has been accomplished in the rapid march of improvement, by taking up ideas new and strange, and perhaps far in advance of the common rank and file, let us be ready to give a fair consideration to anything new in plan or design, even if it should be contrary to some of our long cherished, but probably untenable opinions. Only in this way will we be able to keep abreast of the ranks of progress, and march of improvement. If we refuse, the wave of progress upon which we have ridden into prosperity and power, may recede from us, and we may

find ourselves stranded on the shores of time—wreck of a once noble Brotherhood. The onward march of civilization and progress is ever changing the habits, the wants, the mode of living, the very words we use and even our thoughts. The prevailing habits of fifty or a hundred years ago—how strange and fantastic they appear to our present age. The wants of our forefathers, how few they were and how easily satisfied—the old homestead used to produce nearly everything needed for the whole family. Now whole continents—yea, even the whole world is made to contribute to the daily comforts of our changed mode of life. Things which, fifty or one hundred years ago were thought right and proper, and what not indulged in by a person, led to his being voted a zealot or fanatic, are now regarded in a far different light, and from being regarded as attributes of good breeding and blue blood, have come to be regarded as the true traits of beastliness and vulgarity. Let me simply allude to a common proverb to make my meaning plain:—"As drunk as a lord," and then allude to the open lewdness which, not only indulged in by many, but even countenanced by the most select society. While we are not any means pure, yet there is a vast difference in the way in which these vices are regarded now to what they were. Hence with all the changes going on, it is an utter impossibility for any man, or body of men to say "that we come thus far under the old way, and done so, and we will now stop, take no notice of the changes going on, and will not accommodate ourselves to them," without showing that they do not understand the truth, that there is such a position as standing still, but that we ever attempts to stand still, will eventually find that he has retrograded, and has not even the position he formerly occupied.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has grown from a small beginning, twelve years ago to an organization, the peer of any Order embracing only one branch or kind of labor. What were suitable swaddling clothes for the infant Order, are not sufficient to cover the growing limbs of the sturdy urchin, who is in our hands, hence the necessity of changes from time to time, to meet the growing wants. This will continue in the future, although so great an extent as now, for our increase is not, in the very nature of the case, as rapid as the next decade, as it has been in the past. Much is said about the futility of changes, that we ought now have reached a point where changes were not needed, but it seems to me twelve years is but a short time in which to expect an Order to acquire perfection, when Orders much older than ours, are still forced to make changes to meet emergencies and disasters.

One of the best measures adopted by the convention in the city of Philadelphia, was the idea of having all proposed changes in constitution and management, pass into the hands of

and Officers and be inspected, improved, modified, approved or rejected by them, as they, their good judgment, may deem best. This will give each one a fair show to present his views, and after a careful review by the Grand Officers, they can come before the Grand Lodge, its yearly meeting, in such a shape as to need no "tinkering," and thus greatly facilitate our business. In the course of a few more years, we may thus hope to have a code of laws and regulations which will be clear and explicit, and readily applicable to every case and emergency.

X. L. C. R.

Editors Magazine:

The labors of the Twelfth Annual Convention having concluded, and being one of the Delegates, I will venture to say that I think it would be a hard matter to please all; some are very well pleased at the results of said Convention, while others are not at all backward in condemning some of its actions, but still it would be a queer world if all were of the same opinion. I did not start, however, to write about fault finding, it about some of the incidents of the occasion. Guess everybody agrees that everything passed off very nicely, as all were loud in their praises in the royal manner in which we were treated by the members of the Lodges in and around Philadelphia; and well they may be, for one and all worked hard to make our stay in the City of otherly Love pleasant, and I, for one, can say at least I appreciate their kindness. I have heard outsiders say they did not know that the Organization consisted of such a gentlemanly body of men, but thought we were simply Firemen, who might be banded together to terrorize the whole country. I am glad their opinions have changed and that they no longer regard us in that light. It is not strange that we are judged by our actions and conduct on such occasions, and we cannot be too careful of our behavior, lest we be misjudged.

Some of the Delegates had their hearts broken in having to go down into their pockets to produce the cash; therefore I think we should be satisfied as soon as possible by the Grand Lodge, as to give us as much time as possible to prepare ourselves. Big Dick fairly wanted to fight when they said "Cash," and Texas Charley was out to lasso the villain. Poor "Razor-buck" is so exhausted from carrying his grip that he could not say anything, but only grunted. By the way, Buffalo Bill, did not have time to call on you, but hope to see you at the next Convention. Now, Brothers, this is all in fun, and when I again meet you I may have my full share of

CALAMITY.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I do not wish to take up any unnecessary space in apologies for the members of Glad Tidings Lodge, No. 233, in not making themselves heard from, through the columns of our magazine, as we are a bashful crowd, but would

merely state, if this epistle is not worthy of space please consign to the waste basket, and thus nip in the bud the aspirations of one who would, perhaps, ere the millennium comes, equal, if not surpass the writings of a Maculey, Dumas or a Hugo.

No. 233 started with a membership of eight. We now number on our beneficiary statement eighteen active, wide awake men, but in the past year have suffered the loss of two brothers, by death, namely: Bros. McLellan and Kidd. Bro. McLellan, being Vice Master and one of the most energetic workers in our Lodge, will be greatly missed. We wish to thank our genial locomotive foreman, N. L. Rand, for his exertions in our behalf, in allowing all the Brotherhood men to attend the funeral. We also thank Mr. James McHugh, night foreman, for his many kindnesses. "Jimmy" is a thorough gentleman and ranks high in the esteem of drivers and firemen on the I. C. R.

Fraternally yours.

JAY EYE SEE.

OTTAWA, ONT., Oct. 28, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Perhaps some of our readers imagine that 172 is not in existence, but when I tell them that we are in a flourishing condition, with a membership of fifty-five, all in good standing, they may change their opinion. During the last few months some half dozen of our brothers have taken the right side—among them J. Smith, who is running a switch engine in C. P. Junction yard. The girls say they are all mashed on him. Johnny, be sure not to let Jenny know. J. Ferguson, who has just returned from the Convention, handles Sarah Jane, in Ottawa yard; says he does not require to see a tailor but that Roxy Ann knows nothing about it. Bro. Sutherland has taken one of Smith Falls' fairest daughters to be a life partner. Billy knows we don't smoke.

A few of our boys attended a grand ball in the country. They all enjoyed themselves very much, with the exception of one, who could not find room for his feet. Johnny says that it was not the latter that smashed the cab.

JUMBO.

WRITE to Mr. J. S. Townsend, Jeweler, 1551 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ills., for a sample of his handsome B. of I. F. ear rings. Ladies will find them very beautiful and attractive.

A good deal has been said about the patience of Job, but think of a poor Mrs. Job.

A husband with one boil is bad enough, but a husband covered with them requires a heroic woman to take care of him.—*Denver Opinion.*

PHILADELPHIA PRESS: Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railway, in this state, is the only female railroad official in the country. She is young and handsome and presides over the pay car with dignity and nerve.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Nov. 1, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It is with sorrow and deep regret I inform you of the death of Bro. M. L. Rice, who was killed by the overturning of his engine at Northwood, on the night of October 30, at 11:30 p. m., engine and nine cars going in the ditch and burying Bro. Rice in the wreck. Death, from all appearance, was instantaneous. Bro. J. E. Collins, his fireman, was seriously bruised and scalded, but will probably recover. Bro. Rice was unmarried but leaves an aged father, mother, brother and sister to mourn his death. He was a man endowed with sterling qualities of manhood, highly respected by all. His sudden and untimely death will be sincerely mourned. It will be a hard matter to replace him, both in the B. of L. E. and B. of L. F.

No. 27 is acquiring new members from time to time, but the inroads of death, disability and withdrawals of those who, by circumstances, are compelled to go abroad, keep our membership about even. We have an earnest set of members, doing all they can to promote the cause of the Brotherhood.

Hoping I have not taken too much space, I remain

Yours truly,

EAGLET.

RATON, NEW MEX., Nov. 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I am a constant reader of the Magazine, and as Kit Carson Lodge No. 257 has never been mentioned in its columns, I thought I would make an attempt, and perhaps some of the able writers, seeing this communication will take up the pen in our behalf. No. 257 is in a prosperous condition, with thirty good, steady, sober men, ever on the alert to promote the welfare of our noble Order. I am proud to hear of the progress of our Order, but am very sorry to see so many names on the expulsion list every month. Brothers, we are in a noble cause, and shame on the one who allows his name to go on that list. Bros. Lynch, Delaney, Bennett, Crouse and Williams are now occupying the right hand side. As this is my first attempt, I will close, hoping to hear from some of our able writers at an early date, and am also in dread of the waste basket.

CONSOLIDATED.

STRATFORD, ONT., Nov. 2, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

When the business of our last regular meeting was concluded our worthy Master said, "brothers, I have something here," and producing a very mysterious looking package," he added "this was given me before entering the Lodge room. What is in it, I don't know." Some of the boys, who had read many instances of infernal machines being sent in packages for the purpose of causing wreck and ruin to the receiver, became afraid. One said it might be an infernal machine, while another mentioned dynamite, and a third, who was probably more afraid than the others, said, "worthy Master, for fear there should be any explosives contained in the pack-

age, would it not be as well to take it out of the Lodge room to open it?"

At this our worthy Master became alarmed for he had not courage enough left to open but handed it to our Financier, who handled as if it were only a package of assessments. He was about to distribute among the boys. It was not long in untying the string and on the off the wrapper a small box presented its view. Meanwhile, the mystery deepened. The boys looked on with bated breath; everyone was silent—even Bro. Drummond was speechless—but our Financier heroically determined to finish the task he had undertaken, for he came off that box in the twinkling of an eye and behold what did he see. He drew forth a magnificent sum of thirty dollars, which a forth loud acclamation from the brothers. No doubt, would have been prolonged. In the present, if they had not discovered Bro. Rice about to put the money in his pocket. Now he thought it was all for him, but while reaching the money on the desk his eyes fell on that mysterious box, and he drew forth an elaborate, decorated altar cloth, and from a manner in which it fitted our altar you would have concluded that the donors had either insured it or made a very accurate guess. Herein lay the mystery; who were donors? No one knew, but our Financier took hold of the box again and turned it over and gave it to the men when out dropped the following explanation address, which caused an explosion of humor from the brothers.

To the Officers and Members of Aron Lodge B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS—The members of Good Endeavor Lodge, Ladies Society, B. of L. F., present compliments and ask you to accept the accompanying token of their esteem and goodwill. It was our determination to make a parting gift in money, for the reason that we were deterred from doing many little things, which would otherwise do, if Aron Lodge possessed a Lodge room of its own. Surrounded, as we are by danger on every side, it is meet that we should be ready for that call from Heaven. It may come at any moment and we believe the higher and nobler the moral life, the nearer it be nearer the Heavenly. We wish to assure you of our earnest co-operation. Aron Lodge in anything you may attempt for the good of the Order, and it will always be a great pleasure to assist in that which will help will prove useful, we are pledged to the B. of L. F., and we intend to do so in every possible way we can. Thanking the brothers for their great help in our recent assembly, we leave to sign ourselves sincerely your friends for the cause of the Brotherhood.

MRS. J. S. JOHNSON,
Secretary L. S. B. of L. F.

After reading of the above the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The ladies of Good Endeavor Lodge, Ladies Society B. of L. F., have seen fit to present Aron Lodge with a purse of thirty dollars and an elegant altar cover

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of Aron Lodge be conveyed to the ladies of Good Endeavor Lodge, L. S. B. of L. F., for the part some gift presented by them to Aron Lodge. We again reiterate our thanks for the donation which they have displayed in the interest of our noble Order and so kindly manifested

our magnificent offering, and we will always endeavor to walk through life that we may merit our good opinion.

Resolved. That a copy of the above be forwarded to the ladies of Good Endeavour Lodge, S. B. of L. F., and also a copy be sent to the Magazine for publication.

BEN YAPP,
J. BATTLEV,
S. J. MCKOWEN, } Committee.

GARRETT, IND., Oct. 22, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Please allow us to intrude upon you once more and ask a little corner in the Magazine, to communicate with our absent members.

Again, on the 3d of the present month, No. 203 is overshadowed by a cloud of gloom, occasioned by a sad accident which happened to O. D. D. Smith. In the following manner: There had been a wreck at Gravelton, caused by No. 25, fast freight, sidwiping No. 24, which was idling in on the side track.

Bro. Smith had been told that the wreck had happened at Syracuse, and having passed that station was not looking for any obstruction at Gravelton. On arriving there, and seeing the lights of the wreckers moving to and fro and an engine lying on her side a short distance ahead, supposed there had been another wreck, and at the train men had not had time to send out flag, jumped off. Being on the Atlantic Express, and on good running ground, the train must have been running at the rate of forty-five to fifty miles an hour when Bro. Smith left the board. Landing on his feet, he fell forward, his face striking a pile of steel rails lying beside the track. When first picked up it was supposed he was dead, and was so reported. He was brought to his brother's house in Garrett, where he has been making his home, and examined by a physician, with the following results: The right cheek bone broken, three small pieces of the bone being taken out; a bad gash in right side of face, extending from below right eye through the upper and lower lip down to the lower part of the chin; the arch above the right eye cracked, and five ribs fractured. It was indeed a close call, but through the aid of a divine providence Bro. Smith lived, and at present can walk about the house and sit up quite comfortably. He is a very courageous fellow, for while suffering the most intense pain (there being fifty-six stitches taken in his face) not a moan escaped him, and he refused to take any drugs to dull the pain. His face will be considerably disfigured, but his noble character, benevolent heart and manly principles will remain the same. Although nearly midnight when our little Master arrived, he went straightway to see Bro. Smith and make sure there was nothing wanting in the way of nurses, etc. Bro. Will George was appointed nurse and did his work all.

Bro. Coats was considerably stove up in getting out of No. 25, the night of the wreck at Gravelton, but is now walking about as lively as ever. Bros. Getz, Hurley, Hanafee and Reneman have crossed over to the right-hand side.

Bro. Hamler, formerly of No. 203, has also been promoted. In Mr. Hamler we think the Chicago Division can boast of the most diminutive engineer in the employ of the B. & O. R. R. Now, Tommy, you have sown your "wild oats," settle down and return to the "fold."

It is really too bad to note the little interest taken in the B. of L. F. by the wives and sisters of the members of Garfield Lodge. O! for a few such as the members of Good Endeavor Lodge Ladies of B. of L. F. We raise our caps to you, ladies of Good Endeavor, and that some "good fairy" may guide the steps of at least a few of you in the direction of Garrett, is the sincere wish of
SLIGO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Oct. 20, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Lodge No. 265 was organized April 26, 1885, by Bro. H. A. Beardsley, of Lodge No. 85. He did all in his power to start us right. We had nine members to start with, but on the 9th of June, death stole into our ranks and took from us Bro. H. Pitmoyer. Our numbers have been increasing one and two at every meeting, until now we have twenty-one members on our rolls. Bro. Harry Norris, of the Lake Shore, is Master. Bro. Ogden, of the G. R. & I. is our Secretary, and Bro. J. Kitzelman, our Financier. All our officers are faithful to their duties, and with such leaders it is not difficult to succeed. If any Brotherhood man comes this way, let him give us a call, we will be glad to give him a welcome.

Hoping that you can find space for this, I will close, with best wishes to the Brotherhood.

J. K.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCT., Oct. 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

It is nearly two years since anything has been in the columns of the Magazine concerning 172. Now, there have been a number of changes in that time. Our Lodge is in a flourishing condition. We expelled L. G. Griffin from our Lodge, a short time ago, for violating his obligation and defrauding the Lodge; he is a man without principal or honor, and although he is not very large there is a lot of roguery in him and I warn all brothers to look out for him. Bro. John S. Ferguson still looks after the cash, and a better one could not be found; he has been promoted to the right-hand side. Bro. J. G. Armstrong has handed the pen to Professor Smith. Bro. Smith has been promoted to the right side of the yard engine at Carleton. I see him in Ottawa very often, and there must be some attraction. Bro. Fraser works the opposite shift at Carleton and he makes the 115 hustle up to Paddy's siding. The others that have been promoted, are Bros. Carmody, Kelly and McLeas.

Bro. Sutherland got married rather quietly a few weeks ago to Miss Katie Brennan, one of Smith's Falls' fairest daughters. I think he might have given the boys notice.

On behalf of 172, I wish you health, wealth and prosperity. Yours fraternally,

STOKER.

*For Firemen's Magazine:***BE KIND TO THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.**

Be kind to the widow, her hopes are all crushed,
The light of her spirit has flown,
The dear voice that ever consoled her is hushed,
Her pathway is dreary and lone.

Be kind to the widow, the rainbow that cast
It's beautiful hues on life's stream
Has vanished away, and the joys of the past
Are nothing to her but a dream.

Be kind to the widow, for sorrows and fears
Have stolen the light from her brow.
Her cheek, once so lovely, is faded with tears,
Her heart is all desolate now.

Be kind to the widow, who toils thro' long hours
Alone by her emberless hearth,
While others are wreathing gay garlands of
flowers,
And winding the moments with mirth.

Be kind to the orphan and teach him to meet
With firmness the snares he must brave;
The heart that to his once responsively beat
Sleeps now in the night of the grave.

Be kind to the orphan, he cannot forget
The dear ones who loved him of yore,
And far from the home and the hearth where
they met,
He weeps that they meet never more.

Be kind to the orphan, for many a lure
Will tempt him to wander astray.
O, teach him that virtue alone will endure,
When life, with its dreams, fades away.

Be kind to the orphan, the lone one apart,
Bowed down by the chastening rod.
O, guide his young footsteps and teach his young
heart
To trust in the promise of God.
LAFAYETTE, IND. —W. B. W.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 22, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

As a good many of our boys are in different parts of the country, I will say that we have had quite a change on two Divisions, the Los Angeles Division now goes to Summer, and is running the big consolidated engines on both freight and passenger trains. The boys call them "hogs." Jim. Hanley had to give up his Golden Chariot and Billy Stuart has got her on the Yuma passenger, which now has ten-wheel engines. The big Duffer's engine, No. 41, with Jewitt running her gave out entirely on her first trip on passenger and came in with both sides down. Weitzel got caught on the other side of the Colorado river with the 46. As the bridge has burnt up, we now have to transfer at that point. Green's back got lame when he found he had to back up one hundred and nineteen miles, and laid off—the boys don't like to back up so far it seems. Bro. Parker just returned from the east and brought back one of the fine girls from the state of Illinois. It sort of surprised some of his ac-

quaintances here, but he has the best wives all the boys. Our fat man Bro. Poidere is the Yuma Division seems to hold his own; he got married. Bro. Stevens has not got keeping house as yet. Bro. Shepherdson seems to have the broadest smile of the whole lot; he have recently got married, when he gets out his lunch basket. The "Baron" has got a bargain, it is not yet known whether he has to get out his knife. Bro. Elton is running the A. P. R. R. The boys are making good on that line. We are not doing very well; twenty-two days per month on an average. Thayer and his partner, Bro. Williams, are on vacation—Williams has gone back east. S. is talking of having a grand ball; as Bro. Ve sang is at the head, it is sure to be O. K.

Yours fraternally,

OLD NO.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have waited for some time, expecting something from 270, but as nothing has appeared I will endeavor to break the ice. 270 has been in existence some nine months, and I am going to say we number about fifty members, with several counties to hear from. We have a special hall, nicely furnished. We feel very proud of our Lodge and its officers, when we consider the difficulties under which we started. We thank them for our success. No. 82 deserves credit for the financial boost they gave us.

A wave of prosperity has struck quite a number of our boys in the way of promotion to engineers. In the list appears the names of Bros. Sharrak, Scheide, Shattuck, Morse, Johnson, McGovern, Fillmore, Davidson, and Hancock. Bro. Fultz thinks it pretty hard when he has to pay \$1.00 fine for taking his girl to theatre.

Hoping some one will see this and do something of the kind themselves, I am

SHORT L.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., November 1885.

Editors Magazine:

Saratoga Lodge No. 209 is in a flourishing condition, with a roll call of thirty members and good standing. Our delegate, Mr. Wm. C. did excellent service at the late Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., but he objects to sleeping three in a bed. He is one of the most competent men on the road, and has proved himself possessed of business capacities commensurate with his abilities as a fireman; we hope to see him transferred to the right side. Our Master escaped a terrible accident September 1st. The engine struck a rock, left the rails, and ran down the bank. The engineer was killed instantly. Bro. Barron is happy over the fact that a ten-pound boy. Bro. Dan Keting is doing good service on the right side. We thank the Brotherhood all over the country for the respect of the best people, and by a future display of integrity we will endeavor to retain the respect we have already evoked.

BALTIMORE, MD., Oct. 23, 1885.

itors Magazine:

No. 287 was organized Oct. 18th, under the auspices of Bro. Hannahan, Bro. Joe Cash, of No. , acting as Secretary. The following named others, from 231, were present: Bros. B. Con- , E. Nugent, F. Hawkins, J. McGowan, also members of No. 7, T. Chiles, F. Schwalen- . A very pleasant time was had after the organization of the Lodge, by visiting the homes of the newly admitted brothers, where we were cordially received. Just as we were about to part, one of the ladies sent Bro. Cash a lump of sugar. He said he would return the compliment the next time he visited Baltimore.

FIREMAN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., November 17, 1885.

itors Magazine:

As I have a little spare time I thought I would say something about No. 12, through the columns of the Magazine. Bro. J. G. Miller has been promoted and is rendering good service on the right and left side. Bro. Jas. O'Neill is the happiest member of No. 12. A little daughter has been added to his domestic circle. It is said that Annie Williamson has been rather blue lately. Probably a trip to Auburn would relieve his troubled mind. I wonder if Bro. Crossman has been on the roller skates since September 3d! As he is an artist in that line all will testify, so have witnessed his graceful performances on the floor of the rink. Buffalo Lodge No. 12, has more bald-headed skaters than probably any other Lodge can boast, but they are none the less proficient in the art. We are getting along nicely, in every respect. Our officers are well qualified for their respective positions and we have full confidence in their ability to keep No. 12 in the front ranks.

Yours, fraternally,

BUCKEYE.

MT. CARMEL, ILL., Nov. 7, 1885.

itors Magazine:

Turnside Lodge No. 282 has as yet never been mentioned. Our Lodge was organized August 7th, with a membership of ten. At present we have seventeen members in good standing. Master Bert Lout has been enjoying a hunt of a week's duration. During his absence his chairs were filled by Bro. David Fields. Bros. K. Holst and J. Sumner are visiting their parents, the latter having not seen his parents for eight years. Bro. Geo. House is carrying his arm in a sling from the effects of a boil. Our Lodge has adopted a very good plan of fining members for non-attendance. Our officers are efficient and energetic men, and upon them depends largely the success of our Lodge. Bro. Ed Parker, of 1st Post Lodge No. 17, paid us a visit this week, and we extend to him an invitation to come again. We are making preparations to have our annual ball on the evening of December 25th, and are doing our utmost to have it a success.

J. R. P.

DENVER, COL., November 15, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

One of those jolly, free-for-all, go-as-you-please parties, met at Harvey Meldman's, 231 South Seventh street, Denver, and celebrated the 21st birthday anniversary of James Dooner, of 77, brother to Andy Dooner, of Como. It was on All Hall o' Eve, and the way that they made night fly was like the dust that flew from the heels of Joe Brown, while making his descent from the tower of Liberty Hall, in Philadelphia, when the clock struck. Joe wasn't frightened. Oh! no; he was only in a hurry to get out. Bro. Dooner entertained his friends with that characteristic hospitality of his race—a hospitality that reaches a polished degree of perfection in the historic old county of Meath, where Jim received his earliest instructions, under the shadow of the hill of Tara, on which the Pagan Kings of Ireland lit the Baa-teen. Oh! the way that they tripped it and rattled on the flure, laughed and sang and shouted with delight would gladden the hearts of the kind old people at Mullingar. After supper—worthy of the house of Dooner—his friends, through their spokesman, one Fagan, from Cork, presented Jim with the complete works of Moore and Shakespere handsomely bound in two volumes. Jim was equal to the occasion, and expressed his gratitude in a brief but neat speech.

Fraternally yours,

ERIN.

DENVER, COL., Oct. 14, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The last time I wrote to the Magazine was from California. I intended to write again soon, but kept putting it off from day to day, until the present time.

Bro. W. F. Brundage has returned from the convention, and looks as if the trip agreed with him. It is my good fortune to be quite well acquainted with Bro. Brundage and his estimable wife, (although I am not a member of No. 77,) and have spent many pleasant hours in their company. To use the words of Rip Van Winkle, "May they live long and prosper."

The October number of the Magazine, I have just received. The first article in the Woman's Department, "Home Pictures," makes me think of my own home in far away York state, where my dear father and mother still live. How sweet the sound of that word to those who are far from home. How it causes sweet memories of the past to rush through our mind. How plainly we see the faces of loved ones in our mind's eye at the sound of the word home. Home—that means father, mother, sister and brother, husband, wife, children, rest, peace, happiness. It is almost impossible to say how much it does mean. How often the thought of "home and mother has caused us to pause and think before committing some deed, may it be good or bad. How often the thought "what would mother say" has turned an intended bad deed into a

good action. How often those of us who are far from home, at the close of the day, stop and think, "I wonder what they are all doing at home to-night?" or "how I would like to be at home to-night." Then we fade away, figuratively speaking, until we almost think we are with them again, and can hear them speak and laugh. Home—what a sweet word. How much it means to us. How we love it.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

NEEDLES.

CLOSE OBSERVATION.

FRANKFORT, N. Y. OCT. 23, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

The question is asked, "why doesn't some one say something for 213?" So I have concluded to make a few remarks in her behalf. We had a picnic and ball last month. The weather was so cold that the picnic was a failure, but the ball, which we held in Loftie's hall in the evening, was, to express it just right, a rouser; every one was satisfied. Our worthy Financier, who was one of the picnic committee, was so full of business, one would have thought he was a machine. The other two of the committee, Bros. Heglon and Melroy were out on the road. Our worthy Secretary Gifford, assisted by M. Melroy, tended the stand which was in one corner of the hall, where they transacted a very good business in the sale of soda, birch beer, etc. Worthy Master Wright wore a face as long as my arm, with his hand full of tickets which he distributed quite freely, at the same time putting down fifty cents for the noble Order of B. of L. F. for every ticket. Bro. Marshall, of Deer Park Lodge No. 1, acted as floor manager, in which position he gave universal satisfaction. Bro. Wheeler was there with his best girl, or at least one of them. Bro. Joe Depuy tried to cut Bro. Wheeler out, but did not carry enough steam. Bro. Giller danced so much I was a little afraid he would have blisters on his feet. Bro. Peters acted as door tender, which duty he discharged with much courtesy. Bro. Sisk was not present owing to the death of his child. Bro. Embler wore his best tight pants and looked as pleasant as a basket of chips. Among those present were Mr. Joe York and wife; although it might not be well to be too free in speaking I will venture to say we all look upon that gentleman with more than ordinary respect and that success for him is the hearty wish of the members of 213. Judging from the actions of the people of Frankfort, I think it perfectly safe to say that they approve of our Order, for we have had the use of the picnic grounds both this and last year, and the owner, Mr. Palmer, has declined to take pay. Mr. Loftie gave us the use of his hall, and when our committee went to settle the account he said there was none standing; Thanks to those generous gentlemen for their kindness.

Initiation is getting to be one of the foremost orders of business at our meetings of late, but we find plenty of time to give ample attention, although I think the "goat's" back is getting a

little sore, for he seemed to flinch just a bit to-day when Bro. Wood rode in to our Order; when Bro. Potter came in he acted somewhat lame, but when Bro. Weller came in he seemed better.

Hoping that I may see something more from N. Y. W. S. & B. before long and that our club will contribute this to the waste basket I deems it not worth the space in the magazine will close, but he must not forget this is my fraternal,

Fraternally,

HORNELSVILLE, N. Y., NOV. 9, 1885.

Editors Magazine:

I have looked for something from No. 188 for a long time, but have looked in vain. I will say a few words in our behalf, so the sister Lodge will not think we have gone out of existence. Our Lodge was organized in July, 1883, and was at present a membership of one hundred, a good standing, and four applications to work. We never have had a sick or disabled member or death yet, so consider ourselves very fortunate. Business on the "Old Erie" was not better than it is at present. The boys are getting in good time, so all are happy. Bros. Shomway, A. Young, F. Harper, J. Oakes, the Arnold and B. A. Smith have been promoted and are holding down the right side of our best consolidated engines. Bro. Harper on the Bradford branch, firing and running extra. Our worthy Master, Bro. Grover, is on an extended tour in the west. Our worthy Master, A. Sly, is still on the old 397, which is in the yard. Bro. D. F. Patten, our Vice Master, has been promoted to the position of training fireman of the Western Division, to learn the boys the art of burning smoke. We wish you the success in the world, Bro. Patten, but you will have to prevail on the authorities to furnish a better quality of coal before you can do with much success.

MORRIS.

PERSONALS.

J. J. HART, of Lodge No. 121, has been promoted to the right hand side.

BROS. DAVIS and Wright, of Topa, are fitting up very nice rooms of their own.

C. A. POTTER, of No. 91, has been married, and has the best wishes of a host of friends.

G. OSTENDARPH and H. Brockman of No. 231, each rejoice over the arrival of a son.

THE promotion of G. A. Smith, of No. 272, meets with the satisfaction of all his numerous friends.

THE brothers of Las Vegas would like to know what attraction there is in the East. Bro. Archibald.

KEYSTONE LODGE No. 208, is still a deck doing good work, with Chas. Anderson officiating as Financier.

IRA RUMNER and Wm. Dye, of Lodge No. 198, now sit upon the right-hand side and manipulate the throttle.

BROS. WIRTZ, Strattan, Haskins, Karns, and Burt, of Onward Lodge No. 41 are now occupying the right hand side.

BRO. H. E. MAGNER, of No. 59, is the happy possessor of a bran new boy. Its magnitude is something wonderful.

E. P. HUTTON, of No. 3, has gone into shoe business with fine prospects of securing a liberal patronage he deserves.

JOHN GRATTAN, one of the members of No. 231, has taken unto himself a wife. His many friends extend their congratulations.

BRO. JOHN SCHERMERHORN, of Success Lodge No. 33, has served his apprenticeship, and is steps upon the right foot-board.

MR. HOFFECKER, of the Delaware & Kawawana, is now located at Las Vegas, having been appointed Master Mechanic there.

BROS. J. PARSON, E. HARPER, W. MEARNS, BARROW, and JOE MAGUIRE, of No. 231, have been promoted to the right-hand side.

MONUMENTAL LODGE No. 202 is represented by our Grand Instructor to be doing good work. All her members are thoroughly in earnest.

THE many friends of E. Hayward, Secretary of No. 231, rejoice to see him around once more. Ed has been in the hospital several months.

P. V. STROBLE, F. W. MAXWELL and G. VOLLER, of No. 272, have been promoted to the right-hand side and handle the throttle like old pros.

GEORGE FORD presides over No. 149 in the most commendable manner. Our Organizer asks of him as one of the most proficient Masters in our Order.

A TRUE member of the Order is Bro. JOWAN, of No. 231. He displays the right idea and is on hand on all occasions when his services are required.

AMONG the recent marriages are those of Bros. H. O. SMITH, J. SMITH, G. MOORE, W. LOR and E. SCOTT. The members of No. 231 send their best wishes.

VESLEY HEMINGWAY has recently taken unto himself a life partner, Miss Adelle. Oughby being the fortunate young lady; we wish them a prosperous future.

BROS. ROBERT ALLISON and MAT LINES, of No. 59, we understand, are about to depart ranks of single blessedness and join the multitude of married misery.

AT A bazaar held recently by the Catholic congregation, at Moncton, Bro. McGUIGAN awarded an ebony and gold cane, being the property of a popular engineer on the I. C. R.

LAD TIDINGS LODGE No. 233 desires to send its sympathy to the relatives and friends of late Bro. JOHN DALTON, of No. 144, who lost life in a railroad accident at Canaan.

IT is with the deepest regret we chronicle the death of the wife of Bro. BRIGHAM, of the Gorge Lodge, No. 59. Bro. Brigham has the warmest sympathy in his sad affliction.

THE boys of No. 233 are wondering what takes "Scotty" to St. John so often. All right, "Scotty," we won't give you away; only please to send us an invitation, if not that, a cake.

THE boys of No. 96 join in wishing Bro. PEOPLES much happiness in his new venture. It is all right, Ben, but don't stay from meetings more than one day for the "racquet" will come.

THE boys of No. 3 are beginning to think that Bro. Archie Hill has got a big claim in Newark, as he is seen going and coming from there three nights a week. Go it, old boy, we have been there.

SINCE the announcement of the marriage of Bro. Hill, of No. 3, Bro. Auchter has been well nigh inconsolable. Between sobs he has been looking for a new room-mate to supply the vacancy of his old time partner.

IT is said that Bro. Joe Brown, of No. 77, while on his way to the Convention, stopped at Buffalo and had the color blind test applied to him. It is further said that he failed to pass the examination. How is it, Joe?

A. F. SOUTHWORTH, Esq., foreman of the C. & O. shops of Huntington W. Va., is a firm friend to our cause and manifests a commendable interest in the welfare of our members in the employ of that company.

THE death of Edgar Hill, the bright little son of Bro. and Mrs. Daniel Hill, of Shoshone, Idaho, is a severe blow to the sorrowing parents, and the members of No. 195 extend their warmest sympathy to the bereaved family.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine the members of Saginaw Valley Lodge, No. 286, desire to return thanks to Bros. Frank Shlensky and Frank Barker; to the former for organizing the Lodge, and to the latter for assistance rendered him in so doing.

WE understand that "Nova" Frank is going to decrease the population of Rogerville by one. It was rumored that "Nova" was going into the hotel business in Rogerville. This, we believe is not true. Frank still intends to remain true to the footboard.

THE Engineers on the C. & O. are entitled to great credit for the active service they rendered in establishing our Lodge at Huntington, W. Va. They helped our boys financially and otherwise, and we hope they may never have cause to regret it.

THE fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Past Grand Master and Mrs. Frank B. Alley was appropriately commemorated at their home on the 25th of October. The occasion was a felicitous one and will long be remembered. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Bro. Alley and his family.

A MERIDIAN correspondent advises us of the promotion of Bro. Angle of No. 200, also of Bro. Leary, of the same Lodge, for whom he bespeaks a bright future. We are pleased to know that the members of No. 200 are doing well on the road as well as in the Lodge.

MICHAEL E. CARROLL, of Lodge 210, was lately united in marriage to Miss Ellen Welch. The bride is a charming young lady of Schenectady and the groom is one of the most popular gentlemen in that city. A large number of friends attended the ceremony, and Bro. and Mrs. Carroll were assured that they had the best wishes of the entire community.

IN Palmerston, Oct. 28th, Bro. W. B. Ritchey, Vice Master of Queen City Lodge, was married to Miss Mary Ann Ranton, daughter of Adam, Ranton, of Palmerston. The members of No. 262 heartily join in wishing Bro. Ritchey and his partner joy and happiness in their wedded life, and hope they may enjoy an abundance of this world's blessings.

H. W. HALL, of J. B. Maynard Lodge No. 193, has been awarded an elegant hunting case gold watch as his prize for last year's Magazine. Bro. Hall was entitled to second prize, but by an error this prize was mis-awarded, and the Convention adjusted the matter by awarding another prize to Bro. Hall, whose faithful service fully entitled him to such recognition.

At a regular meeting of Just in Time Lodge, held October 24th, Bro. J. J. Hannahan, Grand Organizer, surprised the members by stepping into the Lodge room, accompanied by a delegation from Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3. The members were highly pleased with Bro. Hannahan's visit and appreciated the advice and instructions he gave them. During the evening Bro. Hannahan, in behalf of the Lodge, presented Bro. A. Edward Freeman, Past Master, with a set of resolutions handsomely engrossed and framed as a token of their appreciation of his services as Master. After a few pleasant remarks by Bros. Auchter, Morehouse and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Creston Independent gives an extended account of the marriage of Bro. Casper Weydert, of Advance Lodge No. 101, from which we clip the following: "Mr. Casper Weydert and Miss Effie Vickers were married at the bride's parents on Thursday evening, Sept. 24, 1885. Some two hundred guests thronged the spacious mansion, to witness the ceremony that united this justly popular pair of young people in the bonds of matrimony. Miss Vickers was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Vickers, a handsome young lady of fine accomplishments and the admired bell of a large circle of friends. Mr. Weydert is a locomotive engineer and a young man possessing all those qualifications of manhood so necessary for a successful and honorable life. Rev. Welty presided at the hymenal altar. After the wedding ceremony the entire company sat down to a most sumptuous supper and spent the evening in social festivities. On behalf of the invited guests, Dr. Christie presented the happy couple with the many tokens of friendship which they had brought in as reminders of their numerous friends. The presents were numerous and costly and bore substantial testimony to the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their friends. The congratulations of the Brotherhood are heartily extended upon the happy event.

WE are in receipt of a copy of the FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The firemen can justly feel proud of their magazine as one of the best edited official publications we have seen. This magazine is filled with good solid reading matter, and one that we could recommend to any class of readers.—*American Railroaders*.

AMUSEMENTS.

MC COMB CITY, MISS.

On the evening of October 15th, the B. of L. F. of McComb City, Miss., gave a grand fancy dress ball for the benefit of Meteor Lodge No. 279. It was a delightful entertainment. The boys surprised their friends in the most agreeable manner. Their hall was artistically and emblematically decorated. Meteors were scintillating everywhere, while two headlights (sent by our worthy M. M.) threw their rays upon the merry throng, who moved in the graceful dances to delightful music. It would require too much space to tell of all the decorations, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning the miniature engine made by Mr. S. D. Greener; coming in with her headlight and her number, 287, looming up, it was unique and appropriate. Their central figure consisted of three stars bearing their motto: "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," with the word "Welcome" beneath. The name and number of their Lodge swayed from overhead in letters of gold and green. It was decidedly the social event of the season. May the B. of L. F. of McComb City prosper; they are truly as bright and scintillating in the noble deeds as their name, "Meteor."

FAIR FRIEND OF THE B. OF L. F.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I will not offer any apology for writing on this occasion, but will proceed and give the readers of the Magazine an account of a grand vocal and instrumental entertainment, given under the auspices of Salt Lake Lodge, 178, on October 1885. Our hall was well filled with members, their wives, sisters and sweethearts and many invited guests. Our worthy Vice Master, J. Duntun, occupied the chair, in the absence of our Master, Geo. J. Suess, who was unavoidably detained from being present. Bro. Duntun called the assembly to order and delivered the opening address, which was very appropriate and at the close received great applause.

PROGRAMME.

Organ Solo—Clayton's Grand March . . . Miss Lucy M.
Bass Song—Let me Dream while Life is Lingerin' . . . P. T. T.
Recitation—Curfew will not Ring to night . . . Ed. Sh.
Duet, Vocal—Lar Board Watch . . . Messrs. E. W. Foote and D. L.
Song—Far from Home . . . Miss Lucy M.
Recitation—Paddy in the Butte . . . Thos. H.
Intermission of 15 minutes.

PART SECOND.

Glee—Soldiers' Chorus . . . Salt Lake Glee
Duet, Instrumental . . . Miss T. Morris and Mr. J. C. D.
Song—Weep Not . . . Mr. John E.
Recitation—"Brutus' Address to the Romans" . . . Mr. A. M. Camp.
Duet, Vocal—"What are the Wild Waves Saying" . . . Miss T. Morris and P. T. T.
Glee—Good Night . . . Salt Lake Glee
Organist . . . Miss Lucy M.
Musical Director . . . P. T. T.

It is needless to say that all acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. All present expressed themselves as having enjoyed the treat and are anxiously looking forward to the next entertainment.

JCH

Death of Brother H. T. Charles.

The Williamsburg Gazette, in speaking of the death of Bro. H. T. Charles, of No. 275, pays the following touching tribute to the deceased:

We have many sad and sorrowful deaths to perform, but none so sad and so mournful as recording the death of a dear young brother. Thus feeling that "touch of nature that makes all the world akin," we grieve to have to announce the death, on Thursday last, of Bro. Charles, youngest son of Mr. John S. Charles, the oldest resident of our city. Making preparations to attend the circus, he was taken suddenly ill. His brother was telegraphed to by Newport News, and on his arrival there he found him in articulo mortis. The deceased was conveyed home, and was met at the depot by a number of sorrowing friends. He never regained his consciousness, and passed away in the bosom of his family at 6.40 o'clock on the 12th inst. This young man was in all respects an example worthy to be imitated by others of his age. He was exceedingly generous, temperate almost to abstemiousness, devoted to his friends, kind, loving, and devoted to his relatives. In strict accord with his father to aid his parents, he connected himself with the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," organized in Richmond several months ago, under the name of "Lee" Lodge, No. 279. This organization extends over North America, and all railroads exist, and each member is insured. This order is something more than an organization for pleasure, for no sooner do we hear of deceased's illness than a committee composed of Messrs. Charles R. Dean and J. C. Clowes came to see after him, and did all in their power for the comfort of the

ring brother. Not only did the Brotherhood tend and drop a tear of love and affection upon its grave, but his immediate friends and companions in service (engineer J. B. Burnett and conductor Welford Trevillian) stayed by his side, and were with him when his soul took its flight to the God that gave it. Kind friends, both male and female, gathered around his bed, and watched him as his young life ebbed away; and when his lifeless body was placed in the cold, old ground, followed it to its final resting place, and strewed his grave with immortelles. Some of those floral tributes bore cards inscribed with words of sincere regard and affection. His funeral was largely attended, and attested the appreciation our people had for the deceased. It leaves behind a record worthy of imitation. He was a good boy. May the clouds lie lightly on the grass be forever green on his grave, and may flights of angels wait him to his rest."

The Locomotive Firemen.

The growth of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has, we believe, been the most rapid of all the various associations of railway men. Of late, it now has the most numerous membership. It includes within its folds nearly the whole force of Locomotive Firemen employed on the railways of North America. It has, and is exerting a powerful influence for the elevation of the class it represents, in every way. It has added greatly to their standing, intellectually, morally, socially and financially. The nineteenth century cannot boast of a more intelligent, sober and industrious class of young mechanics or laboring men than the Locomotive Firemen of North America. For this grand work of education and reformation the credit is mainly due to the influence of the Brotherhood. Nor has the good influence of the Brotherhood been felt only by its members. Railway companies and the public have also shared its benefits. With its older auxiliary, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, it has given to the railway communities a force of engineers which, in point of safety and reliability, is so nearly perfect that the additional improvement can be hoped for. While the daily press is reeking with reports of the ruin wrought by rum, we are rarely now, if ever, told of a train wrecked by a drunken engineer. While ten thousand railway trains every hour and every moment of the day and night are thundering on their way in every conceivable direction, and through intricacies that stagger the brain when it attempts a conception of the whole tremendous system, railway travel has become so safe that a man is in as little or as much danger when he walks the highway. It is not a fact that to the influence of the brotherhoods of the engineers is largely due the safe and steady hands that guide these trains?

RESOLUTIONS.

PALESTINE, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Neches Lodge No. 156, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Messrs. Rufus Bailey and M. P. Gibson for their attention to Bro. Ed. Marney during his late illness. Bro. Marney is a member of Hercules Lodge No. 63, and has been in Palestine about a year. I. E. GREEN, Secretary.

BALTIMORE, MD.

At the first regular meeting of Monumental Lodge No. 292, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Division No. 97, B. of L. E., for their kindness in postponing their meeting, on Sunday, Oct. 25, to allow the brothers of this Lodge to hold their next regular meeting in their hall.

JNO. W. KELLY,
W. RAMSEYER, } Committee.
H. GROFF,

GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

At a regular meeting of Grand Island Lodge No. 240, the following resolutions were adopted: WHEREAS, Bros. P. Sullivan, H. Clark, Hartman and others of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, and Bros. T. Barry, Casey, Campbell, and others of Overland Lodge No. 123, aided us both by their presence and their earnest labor in organizing this, our Lodge.

Resolved, That we extend to these brothers our heartfelt thanks and assure them that they shall always be held in grateful remembrance by the members of Lodge No. 240.

J. F. SHANNON,
WM. H. ANYAN, } Committee
A. NEVINS,

MCCOMB CITY, MISS.

At a regular meeting of Meteor Lodge No. 279 the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are hereby tendered to Mesdames Divine and Knowles, Misses Callahan, Dannis, Devine, Rothas, and Mr. S. D. Greener, for the beautiful and artistic manner in which they decorated our hall for our first ball.

Resolved, That the success of the ball was mainly due to the ladies, and their kindness will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each lady and one to the B. of L. F. Magazine for publication.

CHAS. S. FISH,
E. M. COE, } Committee.
R. E. DAVIDSON,

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

At a regular meeting of Saginaw Valley Lodge No. 286, held at East Saginaw, Oct. 11, 1885, the members of the Lodge were agreeably surprised by being presented with a beautiful altar spread; it is worked in silk on dark brown ladies' cloth, with floral decorations, which are worked in a very tasteful and artistic manner. On each end appears the letters B. of L. F. It was presented by Miss Lizzie Bader and Miss Carrie Beckbisinger through Bro. Frank Shinsky.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge tender their sincere thanks to the above named ladies for the elegant and valuable gift, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

ADOLPHUS FIXEL,
HENRY MEYERS, } Committee.
O. L. STERLING,

TYLER, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Sunny South Lodge No. 148, B. of L. F., held October 23, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to remove from our midst our beloved Bro. George McDaniel, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. McDaniel Lodge No. 148 sustains a heavy loss, he having been a staunch supporter and an ardent lover of our Brotherhood, and having endeared himself to us all, therefore be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That we tender resolutions of condolence and sympathy to his relatives and many friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished his bereaved mother, published in the Firemen's Magazine and be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

JAMES TAAFF,
JAS. H. DUNCAN, } Committee
R. VOSS,

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

At a special meeting of F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, B. of L. F., held in their hall, September

10, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, who in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our worthy and beloved Bro. Joseph Goblen, who died of Tuberculosis, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Goblen, our Lodge has lost one of its best members, his wife a fond and devoted husband, and the community an honorable and upright citizen, and although we sincerely deplore his loss, we humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Lodge be, and is hereby extended to the wife and children of our departed Brother.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Lodge and a copy be presented to the wife and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. BISSON,
T. J. HAYES, } Committee.
J. SULLIVAN.

ATCHISON, KANSAS.

At a regular meeting of Railroad Center Lodge No. 31, B. of L. F., Oct. 18, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Divine providence has removed from our midst our respected Bro. M. P. Glancy, having met his death by a freight train running over him at Kansas City, Oct. 8, 1885; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Glancy, our Lodge has sustained an irreparable loss and the community in which he resided a worthy citizen.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Lodge are hereby extended to the bereaved father, sisters and brothers of our departed brother in their hour of trouble; and we assure them while their loss is great, ours is none the less, for the kind and generous actions of the deceased brother endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That as a token of respect, our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. J. DAWSON,
A. W. ABRANT, } Committee.
J. A. MAY.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

At a special meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of respect were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-wise Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed Bro. M. L. Rice, and

WHEREAS, In the sad and sudden fate of Bro. Rice, who met his death by his engine leaving the track and turning over, the Brotherhood loses an earnest and faithful supporter of our principles and a true and efficient member, and his family a kind and affectionate son and brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him whose mysterious ways are past finding out, we mourn none the less for our brother who has been called from this to a better world;

Resolved, That to the family and relatives of our deceased brother we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this time of their bereavement, assuring them that we share their loss and sorrow.

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem for our departed brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine, Cedar Rapids Daily Republican and Daily Gazette, and also entered upon the minutes of this Lodge.

L. S. GETTS,
S. W. THORPE, } Committee.
WM. TURNER.

MOBERLY, MO.

At a special meeting of Anchor Lodge No. 1, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, His all-wise providence, to remove from our midst our beloved brother and worthy Secretary John T. Dyer.

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Dyer, Nature sustains a heavy loss, he having been a staunch supporter and an ardent lover of our Brotherhood, and had endeared himself to us all as a token of our respect and esteem, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Dyer, our Lodge has lost a most worthy member and a family a true husband and loving father, and that we tender to the loved ones around the departed family circle, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days as a token of respect to our late Bro. Dyer, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and printed in the Firemen's Magazine and Moberly Daily Headlight.

J. EVERITT,
F. NEBERGALL, } Committee.
WM. DRISKELL.

RICHMOND, VA.

At a meeting of the committee appointed to Lee Lodge No. 275, Sept. 29, 1885, the following was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to call from this world of trials and suffering, our deceased Bro. Henry Charles, at Williamsburg, Va., on the 12th inst. therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Charles Lee Lodge has suffered an irreparable loss, and the Brotherhood has been deprived of a true and noble member.

Resolved, That we desire, beyond any formal expression of regret, to mingle ours with the sad feelings of others bowed in grief, over the early departure of our beloved brother, of his noble friendship, of sure and steady support, and far reaching benevolence.

Resolved, That we feel most sensibly the loss of this honorable and useful man, brave active fireman, and true and faithful friend.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his aged parents, brother and sisters, their bereavement, sharing as we do, their irreparable loss. In testimony whereof, we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted and sorrowing family of our late brother, that they be published in the Magazine and spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

HORATIO YARBROUGH,
JOHN K. ANDERSON, } Committee.
WALTER PHILLIPS,
NAPOLEON ARNOLD.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Buffalo Lodge No. 1, B. of L. F., held September 1, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has once more invaded the fraternal band that meet around this altar, and taken from our midst one who was delighted to call brother; his untiring labors for the welfare of our Order had greatly endeared him to the many members who were privileged to meet him, and while we realize the sad fact, no more in earthly lodges shall we look for that kindly face, nor grasp by the hand of that mented brother, yet may we hope that the Grand Master has received from him that word which has permitted him to enter the eternal Lodge where sorrow and death never come.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Coddington this Lodge has lost a faithful, worthy and true

member, and while we deeply mourn his loss we will ever cherish his memory with the kindest feelings of brotherly love.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrow stricken wife and to those fatherless children and relatives of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That as a token of the regard and esteem in which our late brother was held, a memorial page be set apart on the minutes of this Lodge and these resolutions inscribed thereon, and a copy thereof sent the family of our deceased brother and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and that the charter of the Lodge be draped for a period of thirty days.

AMOS L. JACOBS, }
W. A. DIAMOND, } *Committee.*
F. H. COE, }

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Trinity Lodge No. 83, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Supreme Grand Master to remove from our midst, our worthy and beloved Bro. W. H. Hull, who died of congestion of the brain, on the morning of August 28, at Baird, Texas. Bro. Hull was away from home but was kindly cared for by brothers and friends who did all in their power to stay life's parting wings. His father was notified and the train bearing him to the bedside of his affectionate son was but within a few hours of its destination, when the angel of death relieved Bro. Hull of his suffering. His remains were brought to Ft. Worth, on the evening train, and conveyed to the Lodge room where services were held, and the remains lay in state until the next morning when they were taken to his home at Patoka, Illinois, accompanied by his father and Bro. R. D. Craig.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Hull, our Lodge has lost a worthy and honored member, and his parents an affectionate son, and while we mourn our loss, we humbly submit to the will of Providence and commend his spirit to his Divine mercy and keeping.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved parents, sisters and brothers our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Superintendents W. Cummings and L. L. Keller, who kindly furnished us with transportation, and to all who rendered us valuable assistance.

Resolved, As a token of respect to our departed brother, we drape our Lodge room and charter in mourning for sixty days, and a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, a copy presented to his parents, and also sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

I. M. DEAN, }
J. G. NASH, } *Committee.*
FRANK CAULFELD, }

LOUISVILLE, KY.

At a regular meeting of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F., held August 27, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty God who, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved and worthy brother, Thomas Filburn, who met his death by his engine running into a tree across the track on the night of August 23, causing instant death, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for death.

Resolved, That while in the sorrowful event we see the hand of Divine Providence, and while we submit humbly to the will of God, yet we are not unmindful of the gloom it has cast on the family and relatives of our departed brother, and that we sincerely mourn his untimely end and deplore the sad fate that has deprived us of the companionship of a noble hearted brother. We are consoled by the hope that our loss is his gain, and that he is now enjoying the reward of the just and the good.

Resolved, That words cannot express the sympathy we have for the sorrowing mother and brothers who are called upon to mourn the loss of one who was truly near and dear to them, and who, in every walk of life, proved himself to be an honest, upright, manly man.

Resolved, That we commend the stricken family to Him who doeth all things for the best, and who alone can heal the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Filburn our Lodge has lost a true and faithful brother and secretary, and the community in which he lived an honest and upright man.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our deceased brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days, and that a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother and spread on the minutes of the Lodge, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. J. LAWSON, }
JNO. WYNN, } *Committee.*
FOSTER MILLER, }
WM FITZGERALD, }
GEO. J. SHERLEY, }

NICKERSON, KAN.

At a regular meeting of Reno Lodge, No. 258, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon for the first time to drape their Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of Almighty God in his mysterious providence, to remove from our midst our worthy and well beloved brother H. H. Valton, of typho-malarial fever, on Sept. 19, 1885.

WHEREAS, While we mourn the loss of so excellent a brother, we are consoled by the thought that our loss is his gain in that noble Brotherhood above.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. H. H. Valton, we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife, father and sisters, assuring them that he was honored and esteemed among his comrade firemen.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to his many friends for their kindness, and especially to Master Mechanic Spencer, of Coolidge, Kan., for granting leave of absence to those who wished to attend the funeral, also for his floral tribute.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our deceased brother, our chart and charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his bereaved family, also to M. M. Spencer, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

G. H. ARNOLD, }
B. E. DICK, } *Committee.*
C. H. DEMING, }

SEDALIA, MO.

At a special called meeting of Golden Eagle Lodge No. 78 B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his omnipotent power to remove from our midst our late brother, Michael Kelly, who was killed by falling off his engine (passenger) while running at full speed near Warrensburg, Mo., on the Missouri Pacific railroad, on the night of October 4, '85, and

WHEREAS, The messenger of death had scarcely taken its upward flight since it had taken suddenly, by accident, our worthy brother Peter Mahanna, ere it again returned and claimed another one of our beloved ones for its victim, and

WHEREAS, Brother Kelly was taken away from us and all earthly cares in the very prime of his life, therefore, be it

Resolved, That by the sad fate of our departed brother the B. of L. F. loses an earnest supporter of its principles; this Lodge one of its best members; his family an affectionate son and brother, and his employers an honorable and faithful servant.

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his untimely end, and deeply deplore the sad fate that

has deprived us of the companionship of a noble hearted brother; that consolation is afforded us by the thought that our earthly loss is his eternal gain, and he is now enjoying the reward of the just and good; and be it further.

Resolved, That we tender the members of the bereaved family our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing full well how inadequate are words to lessen the desolation of an aching heart, earnestly wishing it was in our power to soften the grief and anguish of the bereaved ones.

Resolved, That we assure the parents, brothers and sisters of Brother Kelly, that he was dearly beloved and highly esteemed by all his comrade brothers; that by his death a vacant chair is left in our midst which will be hard to fill.

Resolved, That as a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother we drape our chart and charter in mourning for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family of Bro. Kelly. Also that our thanks be extended most heartily to our kind and generous hearted superintendent, Mr. E. K. Sibley, for his kindness towards us in furnishing passes for the remains of our deceased brother, and one for his brother, Mr. P. Kelly, who is a worthy B. of L. E., from this place to Zanesville, Lewis county, N. Y., their former home. Also to Mr. T. W. Newell, our worthy M. M., and his foreman, Mr. Ford, for favors shown in permitting us to lay off to attend the funeral in a body; be it further.

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, also to the city papers of Sedalia.

Resolved, That we acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, that was extended to us in doing all they could to aid us in caring for Bro. Kelly's remains at their boarding house.

C. W. GOODWIN,
S. J. GRAHAM, } Committee.
M. TURNHAM.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

VICKSBURG, MISS., Nov. 2, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Neches Lodge No. 156:

GENTLEMEN—I hereby return my sincere thanks to you for kindnesses shown me in my illness, and also for a draft for \$1,500.00 in full of my insurance; said draft received at the hands of W. P. Mallory, Financier of No. 156. Hoping that God will bless all the members of the Brotherhood, and wishing them continued prosperity, I am,

Fraternally yours,

W. H. PASK.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., October 29, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN—I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the payment of \$1,500. due me on the policy of my husband, Stephen Gosnell, who died May 7, 1885, and especially do I thank the members of St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, for the interest they took in my behalf. May our Heavenly Father bless you, wherever you may be, and may the Brotherhood long continue a blessing to the widow and orphan, is the wish of your friend.

MRS. ELIZABETH GOSNELL.

KIRKWOOD, N. Y., September 4, 1885.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I desire through your organ to express my appreciation of the honorable and business like manner in which your Order has paid the prescribed sum of \$1,500 in the instance of my son's death. This amount was duly paid to me, as his policy directed, by J. C. Barnes, Financier of Keystone Lodge No. 208. I shall ever regard your order with feelings of the highest respect and gratitude. Respectfully yours,

D. S. NEWBERRY.

TORONTO, ONT., Oct. 30, 1886.

To the Officers and Members of Dominion Lodge No. 67, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS—We desire to express our sincere thanks to you for your kindness to us at the death of our son, Wm. H. Reddie, and for the respect you showed him by burying him under the auspices of your Order. We also acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,500.00, which we receive from Jas. Pratt, Financier of Dominion Lodge No. 67. Hoping sincerely that God will bless the Brotherhood, we remain, your friends,

MR. AND MRS. REDDIE.

WELLSVILLE, O., Nov. 5, 1886.

After the regular meeting of Alexia Lodge No. 96, Nov. 1, 1886, our Lodge was presented a beautiful hand painted picture and two silk ties hand-painted, by Mrs. W. P. Scheets, for our hall. Mrs. S. is a devout friend of the B. of L. F. and an earnest worker in the good cause, and the members take this way of tendering their sincere thanks to the donor, and hope she will always think of the Order as she now does.

D. W. DAVIDSON,
D. R. BROWN, } Committee.
I. CABLE,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., September 21, 1886.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received from Healy, Financier of Lodge No. 265, the sum of \$1,500 due me on the death of my husband, Henry Pitmoyer. Accept my warmest thanks and permit me to express the hope that prosperity may ever attend the Brotherhood, and that it may long continue a blessing to its members and their families.

MRS. C. PITMOYER.

PIPESTONE, MINN., August 23, 1886.

To the Officers and Members of Prospect Lodge No. 162:

DEAR BROTHERS: I received yesterday a draft for \$1,500 in full for disability claim, for which I wish to return heartfelt thanks; also for the you have given me the past year. To Bro. J. E. Russell I desire to return thanks for favors during the past winter. I feel that words are too weak to express my thanks to the B. of L. F. May heaven's choicest blessings rest on every member, is the wish of myself and wife.

G. M. WINEGARDEN.

SALISBURY MILLS, N. Y., October 1, 1886.

To the Officers and Members of Deer Park Lodge No. 1:

DEAR SIR: I desire to return thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the full amount of insurance on the policy of my late husband, Andrew J. Shiner. I desire also my sincere thanks to the members of Deer Park Lodge No. 1 and West Shore Lodge No. 1, who manifested their sympathy in kindly assisting me in the time of my great trouble.

Yours, very sincerely,

MRS. A. J. SHINER.

CORNING, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1886.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood Locomotive Firemen:

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) due me at the death of my husband, Wm. Burpee, who died May 21st. Especially do I thank the members of Fellowship Lodge No. 121 for their acts of kindness at the time of my bereavement, and for the respect they showed my husband by burying him under the auspices of their Order. The prompt payment of the claim is fully appreciated. That the Order will always prosper is the sincere wish of

MRS. WM. BURPEE.

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 30, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received from R. H. Coggan, Financier of Glad Tidings Lodge No. 233, the sum of \$1,500.00 on the policy of my late son, J. R. McLellan. I wish also to extend thanks to the members, one and all, for their sympathy and attention in my bereavement. God bless the Brotherhood, is the earnest prayer of

MRS. JOHN MCLELLAN.

MONCTON, N. B., October 16, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I have this day received of R. H. Coggan, Financier of Glad Tidings Lodge No. 233, the sum of \$1500.00, in payment of policy held by my late son, Gilbert Kidd. Please accept my sincere thanks, and the attention shown me by the Brotherhood will ever be held in kindly remembrance. That the Brotherhood may live long and prosper is the wish of

Yours truly, HUGH KIDD.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Oct. 30, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR BROTHERS—We, the parents, sisters and brother, of E. L. Shields, late of Delaware Lodge No. 231, of your Order, wish to express our sincere thanks to you, one and all, for your prompt payment of \$1,500.00, the amount due upon his policy of insurance. We sincerely hope that the B. of L. F. may live long and prosper.

Yours fraternally, JNO. J. SHIELDS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 15, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—Please allow me to extend to you an acknowledgment of a draft for \$1,500.00, the amount due me on the policy held by my late son, John Sexton, the same coming to me through the hands of Mr. Thomas McGuire, Financier of the Louisville Lodge. Also I would particularly thank those who by their presence helped to brighten and cheer the weary hours of his last illness. I also wish to express my appreciation the beautiful floral tribute, feeling grateful for the same as well as for other courtesies shown me by the members of your noble Brotherhood. Again I wish to tender my sincere thanks to the members of Lodge No. 103, and also to the visiting members who attended the burial of my son. Hoping that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood, and that it may long continue a blessing to the members and their families, I am

Respectfully yours,

MRS. HANNAH SEXTON.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, September 21, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I desire to acknowledge through the columns of your Magazine the receipt of \$1,500 from H. L. Wright, Financier of H. C. Lord Lodge No. 153, as payment in full on policy held by my deceased husband, J. McDaniels, who was killed by his engine going through Ninescaw bridge April 22. Permit me to say that I fully appreciate the noble effort put forth by the Brotherhood in our behalf, or how often is a weak mother's hand left as the only protection against the unfeeling world, but through your noble Order we are greatly comforted and spared many a day from hard toil. I look upon our Locomotive Firemen as being a noble class of men; they may look black and weary while on duty, but still they are noble and true. God alone knows how often their hearts eap with terror, yet they never shrink from duty. Again permit me to express the hope that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood, and may it long continue a blessing to the members and their families, is the wish of

MRS. MAGGIE MCDANIELS.

Grand Lodge Department.

This Department is for the exclusive use of the Grand Lodge, and will contain all notices of assessments and other official notices, reports and statements emanating from the Grand Lodge. All Lodges and members of the Order should note carefully each month the contents of this department.

DECEMBER ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 12—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified of the following deaths and disabilities.

93. W. C. Mathis, of Lodge 50, was declared totally disabled with Anchylosis, August 18.

94. D. Garrett, of Lodge 19, was declared totally disabled with Softening of the Brain, September 10.

95. Robert Davis, of Lodge 14, died of Typhoid Fever, September 12.

96. J. R. Schooley, of Lodge 202, was totally disabled by Amputation of Leg, September 14.

97. Lee St. John, of Lodge 23, was declared totally disabled with Consumption, Sept. 15.

98. John T. Wall, of Lodge 17, was declared totally disabled with Congestion of Brain, September 15.

99. Wm. W. Bray, of Lodge 13, was declared totally disabled with Partial Paralysis, September 16.

100. Peter Mahoney, of Lodge 78, was killed in a Railroad Accident, September 17.

The amount of ONE DOLLAR is due on the above claims from all members whose names were on the rolls of membership Sept. 17, 1885, and must be paid to your Financier on or before January 1, 1886. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before January 10, 1886. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage, as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

No. 1—\$1.00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1885.

SIRS AND BROTHERS: You are hereby notified that a special assessment of One (\$1.00) Dollar has been levied upon all members whose names appear on the rolls of membership December 1, the same to constitute a special fund, as provided by the Twelfth Annual Convention, and must be paid to your Financier on or before January 1, 1886. The Financier is required to forward the above assessment so it will reach the Grand Lodge on or before January 10, 1886. Members failing to make payment as above provided, will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order during such arrearage as per Section 4 of Article 5 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS, FRANK P. SARGENT,
G. S. and T. G. M.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MEMBERS OF NO. 167.

M. S. Williams, F. S. Langdon and M. Conroy, of No. 167 are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

CHARLES SHERMAN.

Charles Sherman, of Mount Ouray Lodge No. 140, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge at once.

MEMBERS OF NO. 145.

R. D. Wallace, John Payne and B. F. Gadley, of Lodge No. 145, are requested to correspond with their Financier and save trouble.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. O. L. F.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., November 1, 1885.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending October 31, 1885:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assess'm'ts.	Assess'm't	Assess'm't	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assess'm'ts.	Assess'm't	Assess'm't	Total.
8.	9.		8.	9.		8.	9.		8.	9.	
1	\$4	\$55			\$59 00	71	\$13	\$45			\$58 00
2	16	23			39 00	72	30	59			89 00
3	95	136			231 00	73	43	50			93 00
4	26	42			88 00	74	47	60			107 00
5	6	22			26 00	75	105	152			257 00
6	59	23			82 00	76	34	36			70 00
7	18	30			48 00	77	43	59			102 00
8	34	30			64 00	78	48	92			92 00
9	40	80			124 00	79	28	48			76 00
10	11	36			47 00	80		\$71			71 00
11	10	120			130 00	81	74				74 00
12	53	251			304 00	82	3	103			106 00
13		97			97 00	83	24	57			81 00
14	42	128			170 00	84					163 00
15	2	56			58 00	85	49				164 00
16	41	129			170 00	86	47	51			99 00
17						87	87	81			31 00
18	11	35			46 00	88	3	52			55 00
19		37			37 00	89	39	167			39 00
20	12	34			46 00	90	2	7			9 00
21	17	11			28 00	91	13	23			36 00
22	2	26			28 00	92	22	22			34 00
23	23	38			61 00	93	3	70			73 00
24						94	5	50			55 00
25	22	34			56 00	95	28	42			70 00
26	4	60			64 00	96	2	42			44 00
27	25	71			96 00	97	4	57			61 00
28	14	63			77 00	98					176 34
29	2	46			48 00	99	21	58			177 17
30	14	23			37 00	100	2	29			31 00
31	46	59			105 00	101	83	100			178 14
32	18	27			45 00	102	7	49			179 1
33	6	48			54 00	103	27	108			180 4
34	2	55			57 00	104	27	29			181 1
35	20	19			39 00	105	3	84			182 8
36	36	59			95 00	106	17	19			183 8
37			\$55		55 00	107	23	46			184 20
38	2	64			66 00	108	26	26			185 28
39			84		84 00	109	13	52			186 11
40	7	81			88 00	110	5	23			187 1
41		17			23 00	111	20	12			188 8
42		33			33 00	112	20	51			189 1
43		70			70 00	113	50	28			190 5
44		72			72 00	114	22				191 14
45	33	69			102 00	115	7	25			192 35
46	45	26			71 00	116	47				193 12
47	3	140			143 00	117	49	49			194 25
48	57	61			118 00	118	17				195 26
49	45	34			79 00	119	28				196 1
50		120			120 00	120	11	65			197 5
51	54	53			107 00	121	34	25			198 23
52	12	92			104 00	122	28	39			199 41
53	11	33			44 00	123	83				200 26
54	22	74			96 00	124	43				201 7
55	19	34			53 00	125	33	32			202 20
56	13	19			32 00	126	34				203 3
57	256	160			416 00	127	53	93			204 30
58		21			21 00	128		30			205 40
59	190	96			286 00	129	30	59			206 18
60	17	85			102 00	130					207 8
61	77	42			119 00	131	17				208 6
62						132	57	23			209 29
63	23	19			42 00	133	32				210 6
64		37			37 00	134	4	5			211 14
65	16	67			83 00	135	1	72			212 4
66	21	43			64 00	136	15				213 26
67	36	77			113 00	137	4	29			214 23
68	137	19			156 00	138		36			215 41
69	13	39	40		92 00	139	38	28			216 20
70	37	27			64 00	140					217 16

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assessm'ts.	Assessm't	Assessm't	Total.
		8.	9.					8.	9.		
141					\$115 00	219					\$21
142	\$66	\$49			30 00	220	\$7	\$41			\$48
143	16	14			30 00	221					30 00
144		25			25 00	222	18	22			40 00
145		34			34 00	223	21	20			41 00
146	33	23			56 00	224	2	18			20 00
147	6	16			22 00	225	10	13			27 00
148	14	21			35 00	226		27			27 00
149	87	120			207 00	227	6	20			26 00
150	26	46			72 00	228	3	38			41 00
151	6	52			58 00	229		31			38 00
152	16	12			28 00	230	2	46			48 00
153		1			1 00	231	22	31			53 00
154	12	37			49 00	232	32	16			48 00
155	4	16			20 00	233	4	16			20 00
156	19	28			47 00	234	8	15			23 00
157	4	25			29 00	235	51	13			64 00
158	35	47			82 00	236	6	14			20 00
159	8	22			30 00	237	6	40			46 00
160	27	38			65 00	238	4	13			17 00
161	16	32			68 00	239	2	21			23 00
162						240					
163		9			13 00	241	7	\$13			
164	17	40			57 00	242		15			
165	12	24			36 00	243		28			
166	4	29			33 00	244			47		
167		44			44 00	245	4	15			
168		28			28 00	246	3	10			
169	13	73			86 00	247	2	19			
170	29	8			37 00	248	12	11			
171	16	10			26 00	249		13			
172		51			51 00	250		35			
173	8	27			35 00	251	16	23			
174	9	70			78 00	252					
175	8	16			24 00	253	2	24			
176	34	\$16			50 00	254	10	12			
177	17	22			39 00	255	10	17			
178	14	47			61 00	256	10	20			
179	1	63			64 00	257			26		
180	4	7			11 00	258			17		
181		19			19 00	259			20		
182						260					
183		34			34 00	261	3	18			
184	8	24			32 00	262			16		
185	20	26			20 00	263		10			
186	28	26			54 00	264	3	24			
187		11			11 00	265	4	16			
188					51 00	266		32			
189	1		51		41 00	267	4	1			
190	8	18	40		26 00	268					
191					269	269					
192	5	14			19 00	270	12	13			
193						271	4	20	44		
194		35			35 00	272		12			
195	12	25			37 00	273		17			
196		26			26 00	274					
197	1	27			28 00	275		12			
198	5	7			12 00	276		17			
199		23			23 00	277		11			
200	41	18			59 00	278		8			
201		26			26 00	279		14			
202						280		17			
203	7	27			34 00	281	1	6			
204	20	3			23 00	282			13		
205	30	33			63 00	283		15			
206	30	31			61 00	284					
207	40				40 00	285					
208	18	26			44 00	286					
209	8	23			31 00	287					
210	6	29			35 00	288			5		
211	14	37			51 00	289					
212	4	28			32 00	290					
213	26	15			41 00	291			3		
214	23	23			49 00	292					
215	41				41 00	293					
216	20	48			68 00	294					
217	16	7			23 00	295					
218	50	10	20		80 00						

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT—Continued.

Balance on hand October 1	\$1,406 50
Received during month	14,881 00
Total	\$16,287 50
By claims Nos. 60, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, and 76	12,000 00

Balance on hand November 1 . . . \$4,287 50
Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

The following expulsions have been reported for the month of October:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
1	Russell Hull.*	125	G. Peterson.*
8	J. G. French.*	127	D. O'Leary.
8	E. L. Gale.*	127	A. McNabb.*
8	Chas. McCann.*	127	J. Witherall.*
14	W. A. Harrell.*	135	R. E. Fallis.*
14	Ben Miller.*	135	Thomas Flynn.*
16	Ed Mumper.*	142	John Farbaugh.*
16	Frank Brokaw.*	147	S. McCary.*
36	Mike Castello.*	164	John Preston.*
36	L. C. Rutherford.*	172	L. G. Griffin.]
36	Wm. E. Thomas.*	174	H. E. Kochenderfer.*
40	Geo. Smith.*	174	George Markley.*
48	John Sheible.*	175	John Bowman.*
48	John Powell.†	177	J. W. Dalton.*
49	Barney Sanders.*	177	C. W. Tucker.*
49	Louis Decker.*	177	Wm. Nelson.*
50	J. Yoder.*	177	J. M. Ross.*
51	J. W. Neeley.*	179	C. O. Hart.*
51	Hugh Schafer.*	208	J. C. Barnes.*
62	H. Schentzer.*	211	John Bostein.*
63	George Schuster.‡	212	E. Mohan.*
63	Wm. Schuster.‡	213	Joel Atwell.*
70	H. Turner.*	219	J. McCaslin.*
70	A. O'Donnell.*	219	J. W. Brown.*
70	George Mull.*	219	S. H. Kidd.*
73	F. E. Tubbs.*	219	A. Taggart.*
75	Wm. H. Pou.*	228	Ralph Richmond.*
78	D. E. Freeburn.*	230	Michael Hughes.*
84	Jas. Donald.*	231	D. J. O'Leary.*
85	Frank Tucker.*	235	H. H. Hawe.†
97	W. H. Burnham.*	235	G. Z. Hughes.*
100	K. Mollan.*	235	Frank Hugo.*
107	Ed Smith.*	240	Chas. Coolbaugh.*
107	F. Kuhn.*	269	G. Quadlin.*
107	Frank Keeler.*	280	A. Payne.*
118	E. H. Atkins.*	280	Jas. Giddings.*
120	Charles Palmer.*		
	* Non-payment.		
	† Drunkenness.		
	‡ Defrauding members.		
	§ Drunkenness and Contempt of Lodge.		
	¶ Defrauding Lodge.		
	** General Dead Beat.		
	†† Defrauding		

REINSTATEMENTS.

The following reinstatements have been reported for the month of October:

Lodge.	NAMES.	Lodge.	NAMES.
3	F. W. Charnley.	65	Wm. Orelin.
8	W. M. Davis.	78	J. R. Dillon.
11	Wm. Casper.	78	A. B. Cochrane.
14	W. O. Edwards.	78	James Hogg.
16	Arch Shoemaker.	78	D. Riley.
16	E. E. Dearnin.	107	H. Allman.
16	Robert Miller.	115	Wm. Smith.
21	N. A. Blake.	116	W. Riggs.
29	J. M. Phillips.	136	R. Mackey.
40	Jno. Martin.	139	W. Bateman.
47	Wm. H. Kenefick.	196	G. M. Houts.
49	Geo. Hauser.	225	D. A. Morton.
59	Peter W. Mayett.		

CORRECTION.

W. A. Thompson, of Lodge No. 153, was reported expelled and published in the November Magazine. The name was sent in by mistake. Bro. Thompson is a member in good standing of No. 153.

GRAND LODGE.

F. P. Sargent Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
J. J. Hannahan Vice Grand Master
Englewood, Ill.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
J. J. Hannahan Grand Organizer and Instructor
Englewood, Ill.

TRUSTEES

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
C. A. Cripps Vincennes, Ind.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton Chairman Philadelphia, Pa.
W. E. Burns, Secretary Chicago, Ill.
F. W. Dyer St. Paul, Minn.
C. A. Wilson Jersey City, N. J.
Sid. Vaughan Toronto, Ont.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. E. Cook, Box 215 Secretary
A. McAllister, Box 1024 Financier
- HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday and 4th Tuesdays.
W. A. Aldrich, Woonsocket, R. I. Master
C. E. Harmon, E. Providence, R. I. Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. P. Hutton, 214 York St. Master
H. F. Freeman, 74 Erie St. Secretary
G. Auchter, 107 Fourth St. Financier
- GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
L. P. Bailey, 26 May St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 12 Brown street Financier
- CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Tuesday.
D. T. O'Shea, Box 784 Master
J. H. Holman, Box 784 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Box 784 Financier
- PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 1 P. M.
J. Tully Master
G. Cheney Secretary
G. Barrett, Box 294 Financier
- POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
E. Kemp, Alexandria, Va. Master
H. A. Wilvert, 807 Sixth st. S. W. Secretary
P. P. Luddy, 426 1½ St. S. W. Financier
- RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets every Saturdays at 8 P. M.
C. Cain Master
S. M. Babb Secretary
A. T. Eckstrom Financier
- FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Monday and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Evans Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
J. D. Coffey, C. St. L. & P. Shops Financier
- FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders, 58 Merchants' Ave. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 42 Michigan St. Financier
- EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. Strouse, 517 Fayette St. Master
C. W. Vannatta Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier

- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
E. J. Dwyer, 4 Florence Place Master
F. R. Degroff, 260 Communipaw
avenue Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 147 Pacific Ave. Financier
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. Lindeman, I. B. & W. shops Master
J. Zahn, 193 Bates St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Clark, 19 Conde St. Master
E. Upton, 7 Burgeois St. Secretary
T. A. Dickson, 72 Mullin St. Financier
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
O. E. Raidy, 316 N. 11th St. Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Appel, O. & M. Shops Master
D. W. Moses, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Smart Master
W. H. Storms Secretary
S. Washburn, Box 131 Financier
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
A. Pollock, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
W. Zerwick, Box 252 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
O. C. Wells, Box 117 Financier
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. Ladenburger, 800 Geyer Ave. Master
F. Obenhouse, Station B. South
St. Louis Secretary
P. Glenn, 1726 So 12th st. Financier
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 78 Master
L. Sullivan Secretary
W. Rundel, Box 345 Financier
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Conlin Master
G. Watts Secretary
G. Spurlock Financier
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. McDonald Master
C. T. Peffer Secretary
L. D. Harrington, Box 338 Financier
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
O. Dougherty Secretary
T. W. Smith, Box 886 Financier
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Master
G. A. Kartack, Box 1055 Secretary
S. W. Dixon, Box 1230 Financier
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. C. Byers Master
L. S. Getts Secretary
W. R. Graves, 390 2d St., West Financier
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
G. M. Barnes Master
H. B. Maxwell Secretary
W. Thompson Financier
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
P. A. Loveland Master
J. Fulton Secretary
A. H. Tucker, Financier
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. F. Gates Master
H. Conoughy Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and
Mondays.
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Master
A. W. Abrant, 917 Commercial St. Secretary
W. Jacobia, 1515 Utah Ave. Financier
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
J. Hardesty, Box 234 Master
T. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
G. McClure, Box 160 Financier
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays.
D. Rice Master
D. Cheshier Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
F. A. Kinch, Box 381 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Gascoigne Master
J. F. Maloney, Box 389 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 49 Romic St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 187 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. M. Shepherd, Box 554 Master
C. A. Posten Secretary
S. Hall, L. Box 6 Financier
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. A. Ball, Box 318 Master
J. Cooper, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Clark, Box 874 Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ W. Washington St. Master
J. Augersbach, 703 Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavanaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
- 41. ONWARD; Dickinson, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Taylor, Box 223, Maudan, Dak. Master
W. T. Cunningham Secretary
A. C. Wirtz Financier
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. O'Loughlin, 807 W. Dayton St. Master
J. L. Cashen, 402 W. Wilson St. Secretary
W. D. Scampton Financier
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. E. Shortell, 705 So. 10th St. Master
J. Widner, 2314 S. 8th St. Secretary
J. Hyndman, 2102 S. 5th St. Financier

- F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
J. T. Sullivan, Box 118 Master
M. J. Cunningham, Box 112 Secretary
T. Halpin, Box 171 Financier
- ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. N. Horton, 1704 W. 3d St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
T. Howell, 310 So Cross St. Financier
- CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Hogan, 222 N. 5th St. Master
C. J. Cullom, S. 11th St. Secretary
J. Summerhill, 1417 E. Munro St. Financier
- TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
H. Schilling, 3247 Dearborn St. Secretary
E. J. McGuirk, 3 E Washington St. Financier
- W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. Wambacher, 623 W. Wash St. Master
W. A. McMillan, 504 W. Jefferson
street Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
- J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. Davis Master
L. Litterer, 410 Mason St. Secretary
L. Miesse, 1021 E. Eldorado St. Financier
- GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Master
W. C. Wright, Auburn Junction,
Ills. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dearborn St. Financier
- FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Salsman Master
E. Rush Secretary
J. Hulse Financier
- GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. W. Shaver Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
- EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. B. McNeill, Box 1210 Master
J. Gallagher, Box 1172 Secretary
J. G. McNeill, Box 1210 Financier
- ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle, Box 302 Master
L. W. Cass Secretary
R. A. Blades, L. Box 1474 Financier
- BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
T. Fox, L. & N. Shops Master
J. G. Cody, L. & N. Shops Secretary
W. A. Asley, L. & N. Shops Financier
- BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
P. McDermott Master
M. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
W. B. Genung Financier
- BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, 76 Hammond street Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 19 Russell St., Bunker
Hill District, Boston, Mass. Financier
- SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
L. G. Jeardeau Master
J. P. Clark Secretary
G. W. Culver Financier
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets every Monday night.
M. Zumbum Master
H. L. Foster Secretary
W. Henthorn Financier
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
J. Maxheimer Master
J. A. Minges, 1714 W. Front St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
- 61. MINNEHAWA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
L. Sharpless Master
A. Danielson Secretary
B. Bradley, 705 Reaney St. Financier
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. W. Bayley Master
T. McAuley Secretary
O. E. Histed, L. Box 733 Financier
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 4th Sundays and 2d Friday.
W. Pickering, Box 765 Master
P. J. McGuire, Box 772 Secretary
J. Wakeley, Box 772 Financier
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
G. Martin Master
W. E. Shipman, Box 381 Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
M. English, Box 348 Master
J. Taylor, Box 82 Secretary
L. A. Bullard Financier
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Muir, G. T. Ry Master
C. Spry, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Reid, 31 Leonard ave. Master
W. C. Farrance, 68 Dennison ave. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. Cline, Altoona, Wis. Master
J. B. Hurley, Box 141, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Box 51 Altoona, Wis. Financier
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Shields, Box 248 Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
J. P. Wesley, L. Box 384 Master
I. H. Stout, L. Box 349 Secretary
O. P. Cuberly, L. Box 411 Financier
- 71. NUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. E. Ryan, Box 637 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Rue, 14 Hudson St. Master
Wm. Laird, 438 Mickle St. Secretary
J. Gibbs, 14 Hudson St. Financier
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. C. Wilson, 79 Harrison St. Master
G. T. Craft, 7 Salmon St. Secretary
G. F. Newton, 6 Riley St. Financier
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Zang, 1838 Mercer Place Master
W. Piercey, 1354 Liberty St., W. Kansas
City Mo. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier

- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
A. S. Groff, 126 N 32d St Master
H. Walton, 4080 Spring Garden St Secretary
F. Dupell, 743 N. 37th St. Financier
- 76. NEW ERA; Barnesville, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. F. Burke Master
F. A. Catlin Secretary
F. A. Catlin Financier
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Salmon, Box 1828 Master
W. F. Brundage, 292½ Larimer St Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St Financier
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 701 Master
D. Ritchie, Box 701 Secretary
W. Holcroft, 514 Summit St Financier
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays and 1st and 3d Mondays.
R. Carroll Master
W. E. S. Gibson, Box 1134 Secretary
J. Hyndman Financier
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. E. Tucker Master
W. B. Miller Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Master
W. J. Bain, Box 1856 Secretary
W. F. Ripson, Box 1827 Financier
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. So Master
C. D. Stevens, 20 Royalston Ave Secretary
W. E. Richmond, 820 N. Girard Ave, Financier
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. G. Nash, Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
R. L. Craig, L. Box 406 Financier
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. Buckley Master
D. Coughlin Secretary
B. Stapleton, Box 1709 Financier
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. T. Kellum, Box 553 Master
R. Roggeveen, L. Box 1026 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. Rich Master
J. Costin, Box 165 Secretary
W. Konold Financier
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
T. F. Croake Master
J. A. Measures Secretary
G. Jordan Financier
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
A. Payne, Box 109 Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
Harry Henn Financier
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. R. Capell Master
Wm. TenEyck Secretary
B. F. Rondebush Financier
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, Financier
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. Hewitt, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th St Financier
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Lee, 109 West Albany St Master
G. E. McCathorn, 224 W. 6th St Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 W. Utica St Financier
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Schwartz, 1013 Bank St Master
M. L. Eversoll, 1213 Bank St Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St Financier
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
J. C. Stout, Box 218 Master
A. W. McQueen, Box 218 Secretary
C. W. Wilcox, Box 218 Financier
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
J. H. Warn, Ravenswood, Ill. Master
C. Gleason, 266 W. Lake St Secretary
A. C. Miller, 643 N. Robey St Financier
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Liebstag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 239 Financier
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
H. C. Hall, Box 72 Master
W. P. Styles, Box 72 Secretary
F. C. Bishop, Box 72 Financier
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields Master
E. J. Turner Secretary
A. Ludlam, Wells, Nev. Financier
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
J. W. Milliman, 6 Hubbell Park Master
D. C. Frost, 495 E. Main St Secretary
G. N. Kingsley, 88 Channing St Financier
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
W. Allsop Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
M. Degnan, Box 404 Master
F. A. Neely Box 476 Secretary
J. F. Bryan, L. Box 319 Financier
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Combs Master
C. M. Krull, C. R. I. & P. engine house Secretary
F. Warrick, C. R. I. & P. Engine house Financier
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Thursday at 2 P. M.
C. Carroll, 1207 Churchill St Master
T. Filburn Secretary
J. W. Wynn, 717 12th St Financier
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
C. Smith Financier
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 2d Thursdays and 4th Friday at 7:30 P. M.
S. D. Lowe, 826 So. Seminary St Master
C. G. Nelson, 522 N. Seminary St Secretary
J. L. Weeks, 513 E. Berrian St Financier

- KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
D. Schaffner, 1874 Jackson St. Master
G. B. Uncapher, C. M. St. P. shops Secretary
J. P. Sandry, 142 High St. Financier
- ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. H. Cronin, Box 41 Secretary
C. Gollady Financier
- PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. Davis Master
W. Gordon, Box 20 Secretary
H. Berndt Financier
- PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
L. Fisher, 214 S. Beaumont St. Master
G. A. Pendleton, 710 S. Broadway Secretary
John L. Pate, 3121 Caroline St. Financier
- OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. R. Gordou, L. Box 235 Master
A. J. Craft Secretary
E. Stauffer Financier
- BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. W. O'Brien Master
M. Heffron Secretary
T. Tiernen, Box 365 Financier
- EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
S. R. Wild Master
J. C. Branham Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
- CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. L. Oram, Box 18 Master
John Gorman Secretary
T. Moore, Box 13 Financier
- MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
H. Gutch Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 Secretary
R. N. Wind, Box 354 Financier
- GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
H. L. Briggs, 36th St. bet. Broadway
and K. Sts. Master
J. Killeen, 37th St and H Ave Secretary
J. McDonough, Avenue K, bet. 36th
and 37th streets Financier
- ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
M. D. Anderson Master
J. L. Gray Secretary
D. Blodgett Financier
- BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednes-
day at 7:30 P. M.
T. Angles, 385 Grey St. Master
R. Lister, 140 Colborne St. Secretary
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Financier
- STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the
last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond Station Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond Station Financier
- COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Findlay, Hadlow Cove, S. Quebec Master
L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station Secretary
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry. Station Financier
- FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Mangin, 179 Marcellus St. Master
W. W. Walkins, Jr., 112 Welch Block,
Fabins St. Secretary
L. G. Roussen, 561 1/2 Gertrude St. Financier
- 191. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. B. Orcutt Master
F. E. Hanmer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 232 Financier
- 192. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
D. A. Sherman, Box 148 Master
H. Henson Secretary
W. W. Seeley, Box 198 Financier
- 193. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets 1st, 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings and
3d Sunday afternoons at 1 P. M.
T. Anderson, U. P. round house Master
E. E. Fair, 1117 Pacific St. Secretary
James B. Fair, 912 So 12th St. Financier
- 194. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. Draper Master
H. H. Giles Secretary
G. Gregg Financier
- 195. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. M. Speers Master
F. W. Snyder Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
- 196. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
P. F. McNamara Master
F. A. Fairbanks Secretary
J. G. Johnson Financier
- 197. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. F. Marshall, C. P. R. R. shops Master
S. Partington, 131 Logan St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 221 McWilliams St. Financier
- 198. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Clayton, Box 24 Master
T. J. Pollard, Box 55 Secretary
M. McVicker, Box 55 Financier
- 199. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Simmonson, Box 426 Master
M. Shields Secretary
R. E. Gorham, Box 422 Financier
- 200. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Knapp, 434 Barclay St. Master
G. Tripp, 358 Jackson St. Secretary
J. F. Duggan, 53 5th St. Financier
- 201. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
M. J. Moore Master
W. S. Collins Secretary
E. C. Clifford Financier
- 202. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. J. Canfield, Box 80 Master
J. Bowes, Box 20 Secretary
C. A. Bates Financier
- 203. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Miller Master
M. E. Montgomery Secretary
C. H. Morgan Financier
- 204. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
L. Robinson, Farnham, Quebec Master
E. W. Gibson, Sutton Junc., Que. Secretary
J. F. Simmons Financier
- 205. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. Cowan, Box 184 Master
N. H. Luff, Box 184 Secretary
J. M. Barton, Box 184 Financier
- 206. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
T. A. Pratt, Box 173 Master
J. McMahon, Box 173 Secretary
R. M. Johnson, Box 273 Financier

- 137. PROTECTION, Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
W. T. Brown Master
J. Hull Secretary
L. C. Allen Financier
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Flack, Box 1301 Master
S. Shaghnassy, Box 1489 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
P. A. Murray Master
J. J. Norton Secretary
W. M. Cole, L. Box 242 Financier
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. N. Lowry, Box 176 Master
J. L. West, Box 39 Secretary
J. P. Sappington, L. Box 599 Financier
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. C. Short, 5 Pearl St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 34 Allen St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d Wednesday.
J. M. Gorman, 40 Middle St. Master
J. Higgins, Cor. Dix and Middle Sts. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. M. White, 1714 Lincoln St. Master
Geo. Randall, 1061 Campbell st. Secretary
F. S. Small, 914 Wood St. Financier
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M. in Pat-
terson's Hall, I. C. R. Depot.
W. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Financier
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. C. Arnold Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
H. M. Brown Financier
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
A. A. Ritchie Master
H. H. Daniels, 49 McKee St. Secretary
J. J. Sangster, 63 Centre St. Financier
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
E. Gerard Master
T. Robbins Secretary
P. E. Corcoran Financier
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Taaff Master
E. E. Smith Secretary
R. J. McCool Financier
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M., at 143
East 50th street.
G. Ford, 508 W. 125th St. Master
E. Chambers, 1035 Sixth Ave. Secretary
W. J. McColl, 952 6th Ave. Financier
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive St. Secretary
H. R. Hall, 93 Murray St. Financier
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
W. A. Searles Financier
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
J. W. Page Secretary
H. L. Wright, Box 89 Financier
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
E. E. Webb Financier
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Corn, L. Box 164 Master
E. H. Sims, L. Box 164 Secretary
L. Ryan, L. Box 92 Financier
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
H. Jones, Box 256 Master
I. A. Green, Box 256 Secretary
W. P. Mallory, Box 256 Financier
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and
4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. H. Walr Master
H. P. Matthews Secretary
Thos. H. Wade, Box 336 Financier
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 386 Fort St., E. Master
E. Heidenrich, 124 Hastings St. Secretary
J. Nopper, 124 Hastings St. Financier
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Clark L. & N. Shops, E.
Nashville, Tenn. Master
P. M. Heslon, N. & D. shops Secretary
E. P. Bishop, Jr., 69 So Union St. Financier
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Master
W. Winder, 1206 Walnut St. Secretary
A. J. Warner, 710 Upper 5th St. Financier
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
F. W. Barlow, C. B. & Q. Round House B.
J. M. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Master
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Secretary
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st Sundays at 2 P. M. and every
Tuesday at 7 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
D. F. Wagner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M. in Mes-
D. M. Carson, L. Box 56 Master
D. Hope, L. Box 56 Secretary
H. J. Fitzjohn, L. Box 56 Financier
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
E. A. Laughran, Box 247 Master
P. J. Richardson Secretary
J. Derck, Box 47 Financier
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. J. Boughton Master
T. Cunningham, Box 799 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oreg.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Kalmbach Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
Ed E. Joslin, Box 199, Albina, Ore. Financier
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. 3d Sunday
P. M.
T. V. Cawley, Box 165 Master
G. E. Hiscox, Box 90 Secretary
C. McCain, Box 90 Financier

- H. G. BROOKS; Hornellville, N. Y.**
 I. Grover, Box 669 Master
 J. Hammond Secretary
 A. H. Spencer, Box 1025, Hornellville, N. Y. Financier
- PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 J. P. Malone Master
 J. Bartlett, Box 36 Secretary
 V. H. Parkhouse, Box 187 Financier
- SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
 J. Geddes Master
 J. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
 J. T. White Financier
- F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
 Meets alternate Sundays
 J. Wilson, 140 Queen St west Master
 J. Smith, 672 Wellington St Secretary
 J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa, Ont Financier
- PAIFC; Winslow, Arizona.**
 Meets every Sunday evening.
 J. Sandford Master
 A. Neely Secretary
 A. C. Seely Financier
- HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 J. C. Taylor, 1506 N. 5th St Master
 E. R. Curl Secretary
 J. McNeal, 1208 Sixth St Financier
- TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
 J. C. Beall, Box C Master
 J. Adkins, Box C Secretary
 J. Adkins, Box C Financier
- MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 V. F. Gorman, Box 236 Master
 A. G. Turlay, Box 41 Secretary
 J. H. Porter, Box 41 Financier
- SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
 Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
 J. Fink Master
 J. M. Lovett Secretary
 V. Kane, Box 184 Financier
- SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
 Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. Sues, D. & R. G. shops Master
 E. W. Foote, 329 Southwest Temple street Secretary
 J. T. Tibba, 146 S. 3d W. St. Financier
- BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 J. Robinson, 1341 K St Master
 J. W. Hedges, 1240 U St Secretary
 J. Walters, 437 S. 9th St Financier
- THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
 Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. S. Egan Master
 J. Howie Secretary
 J. Hewitt, C. V. & C. R. R. Financier
- WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. Caudle Master
 J. J. Nicoll Secretary
 J. Williams Financier
- GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
 Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
 J. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French streets Master
 J. W. Welch, 17th and Hickory Sts. Secretary
 J. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St Financier
- LAKE SHORE; Collingwood, Ohio.**
 Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
 J. M. Gains Master
 J. I. Miller Secretary
 J. W. Moses Financier
- LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. A. Branson Master
 J. L. Melhorn Secretary
 J. M. Hufty Financier
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 W. Van Gelsen Master
 J. Kuhns Secretary
 Henry Prilliman Financier
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 P. Hartney, 2806 Dearborn St Master
 G. A. Updegraff, 3205 Hanover St Secretary
 G. H. Mitchell, 2245 Wentworth ave. Financier
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. Tralmor Master
 H. T. Lyons Secretary
 L. H. Linn, Box 402 Financier
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. K. Doherty, 156 Northwestern Ave. Master
 E. P. Tobias, 1069 Fulton St Secretary
 H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St Financier
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
 Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
 E. B. Mayo, L. Box 4 Master
 J. Woods, L. Box 352 Green Bay, Wis. Secretary
 I. R. Johnson, Box 215 Financier
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 G. H. Kings, Box 405 Master
 W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Secretary
 H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
 Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 J. S. Foley Master
 H. H. Dupuis Secretary
 W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Financier
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 C. W. Tullis Master
 A. Geary, Box 526 Secretary
 F. H. Andrews Financier
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; Albina, Oregon.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 H. W. Hall, Box 267, East Portland, Oregon Master
 H. W. Ingalls Secretary
 E. C. Smith, Albina, Oregon Financier
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 J. P. Case Master
 J. A. Foster Secretary
 W. E. Watson Financier
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
 Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Woffington Master
 J. Becker Secretary
 D. Hill Financier
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
 Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. G. Haslins, Box 330 Master
 L. C. Cooper, Box 330 Secretary
 W. H. Joyner, Box 330 Financier
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. S. Griffith, L. Box N Master
 C. Latham, Box 446 Secretary
 James Bailey Financier
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
 L. A. Sherman Master
 J. E. Houghton Secretary
 E. E. Bishop Financier
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
 J. H. Mulvey Master
 D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St Secretary
 D. Heinselman, 313 Henrietta St Financier
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
 Meets every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
 M. Fulcher Master
 S. M. Jackson Secretary
 L. H. Munn Financier

- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
T. G. Emmons Master
D. W. Shea Secretary
J. D. Bledsoe Financier
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 1st Sunday afternoon and 3d Monday evening.
D. Sheets Master
A. E. Maunsell, Box 1231 Secretary
J. R. Schooley, Box 1231 Financier
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
T. H. Mowry, Box 287 Master
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Secretary
H. Bradford, Box 118 Financier
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Barber, Box 45 Master
A. J. Armagost, Box 492 Secretary
A. W. Schuster, Box 45 Financier
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
G. Atherton, 44 So. Klein St Master
H. A. Seelinger, 146 Jefferson St Secretary
F. A. Randlett, 79 Jefferson St Financier
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
G. M. Jones Master
H. Byron Secretary
Wm. O'Donnell, 34 Cherry street, Cleveland O. Financier
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. S. Taylor Master
J. McKee Secretary
A. Heckman Financier
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays and Saturdays.
J. J. Lannan, Box 131 Master
W. B. Smith, Box 76, Hornellsville, N. Y. Secretary
C. Anderson, Box 337 Financier
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
T. Dorcal Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. VanVranken, Box 497 Master
T. Smith, Box 497 Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, 71 Park Place Financier
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
D. W. Henry, Wilkesbarre St Master
H. L. Breisch, 107 Philadelphia St Secretary
C. Long, Berwick St Financier
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. E. Baker, 104 Arsenal St Master
J. E. Exner, 28 Meadow St Secretary
T. H. Lynch, 33 Meadow St Financier
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
W. F. Wright Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
M. E. Stafford Financier
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. S. Bowen, 261 N. Caroline St Master
L. G. West, 97 N. Bond St Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St Financier
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. L. Baker, 113 Third St Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, 20 South St Master
F. S. Moore, 115 Myrtle St Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, 41 Winter St Financier
- 217. DFBICK; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Wednesday
J. A. Kennedy, Box 157 Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Master
W. B. Davis, Union St, 32d Ward Secretary
E. McHugh, Bertha St., 32d Ward Financier
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St Master
H. B. Shaffer, 319 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
E. D. Cawley, 225 Washington Ave Financier
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. E. Bowen Master
L. Campbell Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
S. Allward, Box 69 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
C. Wilkie Financier
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. W. Gardner Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
G. Kelly Financier
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets 1st and 3d Thursday.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, 107 E. High St Secretary
Huntington, W. Va Financier
W. J. Mead, Box 116, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
A. Vogel, Box 367 Financier
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets 1st Monday at 8 P. M. and 2d Tuesday at 3 P. M.
G. E. Glassford, Neebring, Ont Master
H. Poole, Neebring, Ont Secretary
D. J. McDonald, Neebring, Ont Financier
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, L. Box 100 Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays.
F. W. Parsons Master
W. W. Stonier, 69 Eldridge St Secretary
J. W. Millett, 101 Eldridge St Financier
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Wint, 1333 Mylert St Master
E. Tewksbury, Fairview Ave Secretary
J. O. Bayley, 1803 Sanderson ave Financier
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. J. Quirk Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleecker St Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 139 Elizabeth St Financier
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 5th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Gilkerson, 38 Knox St Master
J. J. Gill, 180 N. Pearl St Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario St Financier
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. Nugent, 905 Elm St Master
J. B. Cash, 400 1/2 Poplar St Secretary
W. Lytle, 1009 Lombard St Financier

- LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
E. Wood, L. Box 1431 Master
A. E. Briggs, L. Box 1431 Secretary
E. G. Reynolds, L. Box 1431 Financier
- GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
E. Hayward Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
- NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. R. Graham Master
O. Lassman Secretary
J. Fallon Financier
- THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
R. H. Scott, 131 46th St. Master
J. B. Barney, 9 Mayflower St., East Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Moyer, 3323 Penn Ave. Financier
- HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. D. Teter, Box 158 Master
J. H. Tifford Secretary
J. K. Nutty Financier
- CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M. and last Wednesday at 7 P. M.
D. J. Fane Master
E. L. Gerew Secretary
F. Chew Financier
- PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
I. H. Brewer Master
H. B. Drullard Secretary
H. C. Kehlman Financier
- BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
A. L. Weiser Master
A. R. Edgington, Box 534 Secretary
I. D. Edgington, Box 534 Financier
- GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets every alternate Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Hastings, 115 Orange St. Master
I. Bentley Secretary
J. Verberg, 113 East Ave. Financier
- MOUNTAIN CITY; Hazelton, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. McCall, Box 300 Master
A. Krapf, Box 300 Secretary
J. C. Hagerty, Box 300 Financier
- WHEATON; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
V. T. Delaney, 418 Powell St. Master
E. Denio, 223 Franklin St. Secretary
H. Bartholomew, 108 Ferris St. Financier
- J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
L. Caudle Master
V. F. Rowe Secretary
E. H. Christman Financier
- T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. C. Winn, 142 W. 12th St Master
E. Atkins, 180 Maxwell St Secretary
I. E. Nare, 19 O'Brien St. Financier
- GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Goolaby, 212 1/2 Harris st. Master
H. Hutton, 117 1/2 Barnard at Secretary
J. Boineau, 60 W. Broad St. Financier
- MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
J. S. Outler, South Macon Master
V. M. Walker, 3 Arch St. Secretary
J. J. Vinling, 353 Fourth St. Financier
- KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.
H. Achey, 9 Jones St. Master
J. Bellows, E. T. V. & G. R. R. shops. Secretary
H. Dunbar, 264 Decatur St. Financier
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. Brown Master
Chas. E. Hollis Secretary
W. E. Boynton Financier
- 249. CALUMET; Stony Island, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Hooper, South Chicago, Ill. Master
O. J. Austin, South Chicago, Ill. Secretary
L. McKee, South Chicago, Ill. Financier
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkes Barre, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Van Why, Ashley, Pa. Master
Z. B. Stevens, Ashley, Pa. Secretary
E. W. Cole, Ashley, Pa. Financier
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Asa Gruver, Box 176 Master
H. B. Fulton, Box 155 Secretary
C. Roberts, Box 275 Financier
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
L. Mellinger Master
W. A. Glosser Secretary
M. M. Hinkle Financier
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. H. Johnson, 32 Berrine ave. Master
R. Stackhouse 172 Jefferson St. Secretary
F. P. Parsons, 349 Berry St. Financier
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Lenhart, Box 45 Master
I. C. Perrin, Box 280 Secretary
J. H. Royce, Box 180 Financier
- 255. NIGHBOR; McCook, Neb.**
Meets every Sunday.
C. G. Potter, Box 464 Master
F. S. Reid, L. Box 494 Secretary
V. T. Thoman, Box 452 Financier
- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
D. Tompkins Master
George Long Secretary
W. S. Weamer, Box 105 Financier
- 257. KIT CARSON; Baton, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Miller, Box 50 Master
T. Gattfield, Box 25 Secretary
J. W. Crouse Financier
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Ramsey, Box 147 Master
G. H. Arnold Secretary
M. Norton, Box 264 Financier
- 259. LA JUNTA; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. Turk Master
P. Schmidt Secretary
H. S. Shrum, Box 143 Financier
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
F. Witham, C. P. Round House Master
G. E. Hanford Secretary
C. W. Cox, 1517 N st. Financier
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. Lyons, Box 110 Master
J. W. Murray, Box 85 Secretary
E. C. Comstock, Box 41 Financier
- 262. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Junct., Ont.**
Meets alternate Sundays.
J. M. Roddick Master
W. Hyndman Secretary
F. A. Sproule Financier
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
I. P. Greene, Box 10 Master
A. E. Hayden, Box 10 Secretary
M. Moynahan, Box 10 Financier

264. J. K. GILBREATH, Butte City, Montana.

Meets every Thursday at 8 P. M.
 T. Malee, Box 832 Master
 J. S. Sweeney, Box 832 Secretary
 O. Adams, Box 832 Financier

265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
 last Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 H. Norris, 59 River St. Master
 L. A. Ogden, 525 S. Division St. Secretary
 J. Kilselman, 5 Olive St. Financier

266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.

Meets alternate Sundays and Wednesdays.
 G. P. O'Connell Master
 J. Conway Secretary
 A. Krienke Financier

267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 G. H. Evans, Gretna, La. Master
 H. H. Hardey, Gretna, La. Secretary
 W. B. McGuire, 66 Oliver St. Financier

268. CHICKAMAUGA; Chattanooga, Tenn.

Meets every Friday at 2 P. M.
 A. C. Jeffrey, 118 Boyce St. Master
 C. H. Blakeslee, 217 Tenth St. Secretary
 T. O'Leary, 118 Boyce St. Financier

269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. O. Miller, 27 Hathaway St. Master
 F. Hackathorn, 67 E. 13th St., Covington,
 Kentucky Secretary
 J. B. Wiltshire, 23 Neve St., Covington,
 Kentucky Financier

270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Saturday
 at 7:30 P. M.
 J. D. Sharrar, 1901 Third St. south. Master
 S. B. Thompson, 2216 Cedar ave. S., Secretary
 C. Kraft, 2116 twenty-ninth St. S., Financier

271. BYRAM; Stanhope, N. J.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 A. M.
 Wm. Weiler, Box 25, Port Morris, N. J. Master
 R. F. Trezise, Box 30 Port Morris, Secretary
 Isaac J. Shields, Stanhope, N. J. Financier

272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 A. Kirkendall Master
 G. B. Weller Secretary
 Peter Young Financier

273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.

F. F. Desmond, 266 Santa Fe St. Master
 G. Wilson, 368 So. 9th St. Secretary
 G. Smith, 208 Thirteenth St. Financier

274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.

Meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.
 J. C. Clark Master
 B. H. Thomas Secretary
 J. J. Cochran Financier

275. LEE; Richmond, Va.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 C. R. Dean, 2000 Venable St. Master
 J. K. Anderson, 1008 Buchanan St. Secretary
 C. L. Johnson, 1009 Buchanan St. Financier

276. GRAFTON; Grafton, W. Va.

Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 G. Wright Master
 Geo. W. Williams, Piedmont W. Va., Secretary
 A. I. Enoch, Grafton W. Va. Financier

277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.

Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
 R. L. Jewell, L. & N. shops Master
 G. B. Clark, L. & N. shops Secretary
 L. S. Smith, L. & N. shops Financier

278. ANDERSON; Vicksburg, Miss.

Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 H. E. Parks Master
 L. W. Christmas, Box 482 Secretary
 C. Bradford, L. box 482 Financier

279. METEOR; McComb City, Miss.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. S. Fisk, Box 87 Master
 S. D. Ford, Box 87 Secretary
 R. E. Davidson, Box 87 Financier

280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.

Meets every Saturday evening.
 H. McFee Master
 H. P. Colvin Secretary
 G. Bennett Financier

281. TUNNEL HILL; New Albany, Ind.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 T. D. Fisher Master
 F. A. Stephens Secretary
 John Clare Financier

282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Bert Launt Master
 J. Sanders Secretary
 Frank T. Barton Financier

283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 F. J. May, Great Bend Village Master
 J. F. McCormick, Great Bend Village Secretary
 H. P. Trowbridge, Halstead Pa. Financier

284. ELM CITY; New Haven, Conn.

Meets 1st Saturday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
 at 2 P. M.
 J. McCabe, 65 Spring St. Master
 E. S. Ailing, 100 Spring St. Secretary
 C. T. Downs, 160 Spring St. Financier

285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
 W. W. Hosford, 15 Elm St. Master
 W. F. Day, 119 Ann St. Secretary
 H. L. Stearns, 115 Trumble St. Financier

286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 D. Patterson, 722 N. Third St. Master
 H. Meyers, L. Box 554 Secretary
 C. L. Sterling, 701 N. Jefferson St. Financier

287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
 W. W. Brantlinger, 1316 10th Ave
 C. W. Armstrong, 431 8th Ave and
 5th St. Secretary
 I. Craig, 2000½ 8th Ave Financier

288. EMMET; Katherville, Iowa.

Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Monday
 at 7 P. M.
 W. S. Davis, L. Box 17 Master
 P. J. Sullivan, Box 48 Secretary
 G. Godden, Box 124 Financier

289. GRAND ISLAND; Grand Island, Neb.

Meets every Friday evening.
 J. W. Allwine, L. Box 135 Master
 G. Morgan, Box 575 Secretary
 J. F. Shannon Financier

290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at Constable
 Hall.
 J. T. Hart, 412 Washington St. Master
 G. Coffman Secretary
 J. C. Shaw Financier

291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 J. R. Johnston, 36 N. Oxford St. Master
 H. N. Martin, Jamaica, L. I. Secretary
 W. C. Latimer, 118 Hall St. Financier

292. MONUMENTAL; Baltimore, Md.

W. H. Zepp, 140 Ridgely St. Master
 S. E. LaBarrre, 172 Scott St. Secretary
 J. S. Norris, 642 S. Charles St. Financier

293. LAFAYETTE; Philadelphia, Pa.

J. Lahey, 2627 Freemont St. Master
 W. J. Sharkey, 2908 Somerset St. Secretary
 E. Farley, 2658 Memphis St. Financier

294. OHIO RIVER; Huntington, W. Va.

Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Thursday at
 8 P. M.
 B. Hagar Master
 J. D. Terrill Secretary
 H. R. McLaughlin Financier

295. U. S.; Davenport, Ia.

E. W. Mason, Room 8, Davis Block Master
 M. L. Mitchell, 320 Rock Island St. Secretary
 W. T. Emerson, 221 Harrison St. Financier